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VOLUME III.

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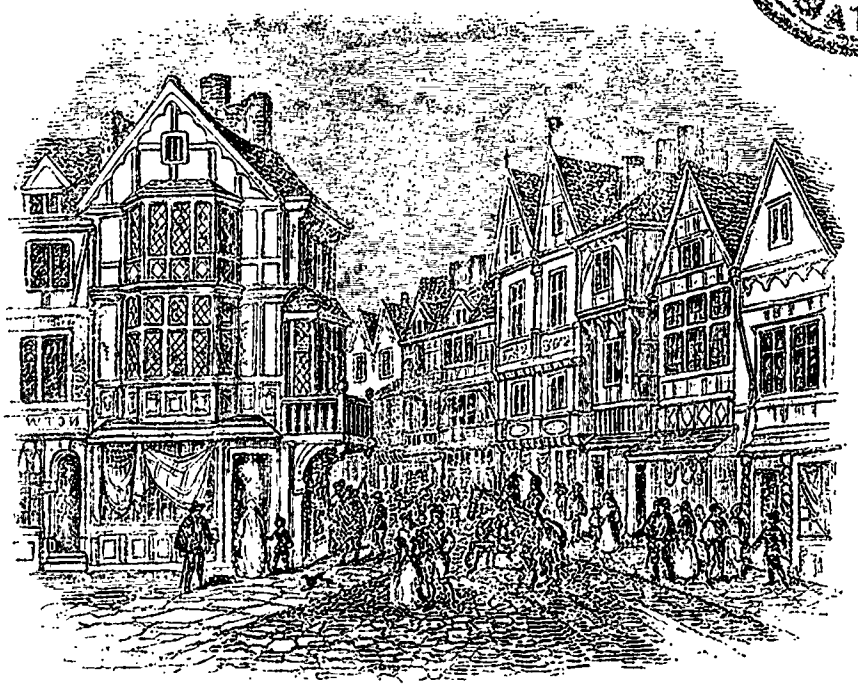

[Southwark in the Sixteenth Century.]

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* It is erroneously stated that this Cartoon was a recent acquisition, but, though little known, it has in fact been a considerable time in the possession of the Hospital. It was at one time the property of the late Prince Hoare.

† By an accident the figures are wrong in this page, and also in page 351. Instead of 360 and 400, the numbers should be 460 and 500.

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[Existing Remains of the Conventual Buildings.]

LI.—BERMONDSEY.

THE ABBEY.

It is a curious circumstance, and one in which the history of many changes of opinion may be read, that within forty years after what remained of the magnificent ecclesiastical foundation of the Abbey of Bermondsey had been swept away, a new conventual establishment has risen up, amidst the surrounding desecration of factories and warehouses, in a large and picturesque pile, with its stately church, fitted in every way for the residence and accommodation of thirty or forty inmates—the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. We read in the records of our own immediate time, that "A Convent was built adjoining the Roman Catholic chapel, in Parker's Row, in the year 1838, for the order of the Sisters of Mercy. On the 12th of December, 1839, the ceremony of the profession of six of the aforesaid sisters took place in the chapel adjoining. The high mass, performed by Mr. Collinwidge, was celebrated at eleven o'clock, at which the Right Rev. Dr. Griffith assisted; after which the novices were introduced."* Subsequently "a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Maguire, and a collection made toward the funds of the convent." When the sermon was concluded the "profession" took place. The novices, attired in the "pleni-

* From the 'History and Antiquities of Bermondsey,' by G. W. Phillips, p. 101.

tude of worldly ornament," declared in the usual formula that "they renounced the world, and dedicated themselves to works of charity." This ceremony over, they retired and assumed the sober garb of "Sisters of Mercy." "The assemblage of spectators was most numerous, and the collection apparently a very good one." One of the nuns "was the Lady Barbara Eyre (second sister of Francis Earl of Newburgh), who has been a liberal benefactress to the chapel and convent, and has taken the vows under the name of Sister Mary." The remaining nuns were Miss Ponsonby (a convert), now Sister Vincent; Miss Conner, now Sister Ursula; Miss Lalcham, now Sister Xaiver; and Sister Theresa, and Sister Joseph, whose worldly designations are not mentioned.

With the abstract utility of such institutions we have here nothing to do, but we may observe that the building, &c., of the Sisters of Mercy, as well as the order to which they belong, are of an interesting character. The church is really a fine edifice, in the plain but noble pointed architecture of a very early period. The confessionals, the gilt altar-piece, with the tapers on each side, and the square black board on the wall in the aisle, covered with small printed papers, desiring the prayers of the faithful for the souls of the different deceased persons mentioned in them, beginning with the touching motto from Job, "Have pity on me! have pity on me! at least you, my friends;" and ending with the phrase, "Requiescat in pace," all remind you of the ancient religion, here again established on the spot where it flourished so many centuries ago.

The names of ancient places form a fruitful subject for the display of learning and ingenuity, and if the results are not generally so satisfactory as might be desired in the way of producing conviction, they are seldom destitute of interest, and are sometimes positively entertaining. In the instance of Bermondsey, the oldest known explanation of the name is, that *Beormund* was in very ancient times the Saxon proprietor of the place *ea* or *eye*, which in Saxon signifies water, and is here supposed to denote the nature of the soil. Wilkinson, in his account of the Abbey,* adds that the words *ea*, or *eye*, "are frequent in the names of places whose situation on the banks of rivers renders them insular and marshy." If true, this explanation may apply to other places in and near London as well as Bermondsey. Battersea, for instance, is very similarly situated with regard to the Thames. But a more fanciful explanation of the name is given by the writer already mentioned in a note, where he says that "in the Saxon language *beorn* signifies a nobleman or prince, and *mund* peace or security; and when to these is added the termination *ea*, water, the word Bermondsey may signify 'the prince's defence by the river.' This interpretation may probably show the original use to which the manor was applied."

Looking, then, upon the original Bermondsey as a kind of marshy island when the tide was out, and a wide expanse of water when it was in, till gradually reclaimed and made useful, one cannot help being struck with the many indications of the old state of things yet remaining, although the *present* Bermondsey be densely covered with habitations and warehouses. The descent down that long flight of steps at the foot of London Bridge tells you how low lie the terri-

* Londina Illustrata.

tories you are about to explore; the numerous wharfs, and docks, and water-courses, and ditches, which bound and intersect so considerable a portion of it, seem but so many memorials of the once potent element; the very streets have a damp *feel* about them, and in the part known as Jacob's Island the overhanging houses, and the little wooden bridges that span the stream, have, notwithstanding their forlorn look, something of a Dutch expression. In short, persons familiar with the history of the place may everywhere see that Beormund's Ea still exists, but that it has been embanked and drained—that it has grown populous, busy, commercial. Its manufacturing prosperity, however, strikingly contrasts with the general aspect of Bermondsey. Its streets generally are but dreary-looking places; where, with the exception of a picturesque old tenement, projecting its story beyond story regularly upwards, and fast "nodding to its fall," or the name of a street suggestive of some agreeable reflections, there is little to gratify the delicate eye. The alleys and courts in particular with which this extensive neighbourhood abounds are of the most wretched-looking character, and inhabited by an equally wretched race, if we may judge by the squalid aspect of the shivering, half-clad, and frequently shoeless creatures we see going in and out. In this circumstance the site of the once-famous Priory of Bermondsey reminds us of the site of St. Bartholomew, which is still, to a certain extent, and was a few years ago much more so, occupied by houses and a population presenting similar aspects. It were perhaps a bold speculation to ask if there be not something of cause and effect in this; yet, when we remember the magnificent hospitalities of the old and wealthier monasteries, there seems nothing improbable in the supposition that a large number of the poorer classes of the people would gather around them, as it were, for shelter; and, once there, we need not wonder to find them still clinging to the place three centuries after their benefactors disappeared from it. Inhabitants of this kind are slow to move, and still slower is the process of effacing the character which they have impressed upon it, when they do leave. Noble arches here and there bestride the streets of Bermondsey, bearing up a railway, with its engines puffing like so many overworked giants, and its rapid trains of passengers; lofty and handsome piles of warehouses are occasionally passed; an elegant free-school enriches one part, and a picturesque church another: but they all serve by contrast to show more vividly the unpleasant features of the neighbourhood, and, whilst they cannot but command the spectator's admiration, make him at the same time wonder how they got there. The answer is at hand. There is great industry in Bermondsey, and the wretchedness is more on the surface than in the depths of this quarter of the town. What modern Bermondsey is, we shall describe in our next paper.

The earliest mention of the Priory occurs in the account of Bermondsey in Domesday; and it is interesting to notice the comparative solitude of the place at that time, when "woodland" could be afforded for "hogs" so near the city. From the Conqueror's record it appears that he, the king, was then lord of the manor, as Harold had been before him. It was then rated, including Rotherhithe, to the land-tax at twelve hides, which, according to the computation usual in the midland counties, of 120 acres to a hide or carucate, would amount to above 1400 acres. The same computation would make the arable

land amount to 960 acres. There was also *a new and fair church*, with twenty acres of meadow, and as much woodland as yielded pannage for a number of hogs, the lord receiving five by way of payment from the owners. The demesne land was one carucate occupied by the lord himself, and four carucates in the tenure of twenty-five villains, and thirty-three bordars.* Thirteen burgage tenements in London were also held of this manor, at the rent of fifteen pounds, and the Earl of Moriton (Morton) possessed a hide of land, on which, it appears from another part of the record, he had a mansion-house. The "new and fair church" here mentioned was that belonging to the Priory.

In the 'Chronicles of Bermondsey' (a manuscript preserved among the Harleian collection, to which we are indebted for the greater part of what information we possess as to this once-famous monastery) we find the writer, most probably a monk of Bermondsey, before noticing the foundation of his own house, referring in the following terms to an event which had occurred five years before, in connexion with another establishment: "Anno Domini 1077, Lanzo, first prior of St. Pancras, Lewes, came into England;" and if we look into the charter of that priory we see very clearly his reasons for so doing: for we have there recorded the circumstances which brought about the introduction of the order, to which both Lewes and Bermondsey belonged, into this country; and very interesting circumstances they are. The charter in question was granted by William Earl of Warren, who came over with the Conqueror; and in it that nobleman gives us the following history. It appears that he, with the Lady Gunfreda, his wife, were going on a pilgrimage to St. Peter's at Rome, and in their passage through France and Burgundy visited divers monasteries to make their orisons; but understanding in Burgundy that they could not in safety proceed with their purpose, on account of the war which was then carrying on between the Pope and the Emperor, they took up their abode in the great monastery of St. Peter at Cluny in that country, and there paid their devotions to the saint. The appearances of sanctity, religion, and charity which they met with in that abbey were great beyond their expectation; and these, together with the special respect shown to them by the prior, in the abbot's absence, and the whole convent, who admitted them to their fraternity, charmed them, and raised their esteem both for the order and the House of Cluny above all others. And because, long before that time, the earl and his lady had determined, by the advice of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, to found some religious house to make atonement for their sins, and for the welfare of their souls, they forthwith resolved that it should be rather of the Cluniac than of any other order. They therefore, soon after, sent over their request to Abbot Hugh, and the convent of Cluny, that they would favour them with two, three, or four monks out of their flock; and the intention was to give them a church, anciently dedicated to St. Pancras, under the castle of Lewes, and which the earl and countess purposed at the

* The original word *villains* appears to have meant simply the cultivators of the soil of a villa, or township. Their position was superior to the lowest class, the servi or serfs, for, although their lives and personal property were to a great extent at the disposal of the lord, they had a right of maintenance out of the land, from which they could not be separated; they formed, it is supposed, the origin of the present copyholders. The exact meaning of the word bordar, or bordarii, is unknown. Maitland calls them cottagers.

setting out to endow with lands and possessions sufficient for the maintenance of twelve monks. The abbot at first made great difficulty in the affair, and seemed unwilling to comply, as the proposed place of abode for his monks was to be a long way off, in another land, and especially as the sea would be between them and the parent convent; but understanding that the earl had obtained licence from King William to introduce monks of their order into England, and being satisfied of his approbation thereof, he became reconciled to the proposal, and agreed to send them four monks of his convent, *Lanzo* being chief. . . . . "And thus it was," says the earl, "that I and my wife procured a convent of Cluniac monks in England."* The first difficulty got over, other establishments of Cluniacs were soon formed in England; Wenlock was founded in 1080, and Bermondsey two years later. A citizen was the chief benefactor in the present instance; his name, Aylwin Child; who, through the favour of the eminent churchman Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, obtained four Cluniac monks from another of the great Cluniac houses—the monastery of La Charité in Normandy. The Cluniacs, it may be necessary to observe, were the first offshoot of the Benedictine branch of monachism, and had their origin, like the parent tree, in the desire to improve upon the previous discipline. The reformation desired by the sterner Benedictines was begun by Bernon, abbot of Gigni, in Burgundy, but consummated by Odo, abbot of Cluny, about 912: he, therefore, is chiefly looked on as the founder of the order of Cluniacs.

A brief view of their customs may be acceptable. The following extract is from Stevens's translation of the French history of the Monastic Orders, given in his continuation of Dugdale, and transcribed in the great edition of the 'Monasticon.' "They every day sung two solemn masses, at each of which a monk of one of the choirs offered two hosts. . . . . If any one would celebrate mass on Holy Thursday, before the solemn mass was sung, he made no use of light, because the new fire was not yet blessed. The preparation they used for making the bread which was to serve for the sacrifice of the altar is worthy to be observed. They first chose the wheat, grain by grain, and washed it very carefully. Being put into a bag, appointed only for that use, a servant, known to be a just man, carried it to the mill, washed the grindstones, covered them with curtains above and below, and having put on himself an alb, covered his face with a veil, nothing but his eyes appearing. The same precaution was used with the meal. It was not boulted till it had been well washed; and the warden of the church, if he were either priest or deacon, finished the rest, being assisted by two other religious men, who were in the same orders, and by a lay brother particularly appointed for that business. These four monks, when matins were ended, washed their faces and hands: the three first of them did put on albs; one of them washed the meal with pure clean water, and the other two baked the hosts in the iron moulds; so great was the veneration and respect the monks of Cluni paid to the holy Eucharist." The sites of the mill and the bakehouse of Bermondsey Abbey are both yet traceable.

The rapidity with which the new order spread was most extraordinary; before any very great length of time had elapsed there were at least two thousand religious houses looking up to the Abbot of Cluny as their spiritual head. We may

* Monasticon, vol. v. p. 1.

judge of the wealth and influence of the House of Cluny by the fact, that in 1245 it was able to entertain within its walls, and without disarranging the habits of the four hundred monks resident in it, the reigning Pope, twelve cardinals, a patriarch, three archbishops, the King of France, his mother, and three of his sons, the Emperor of Constantinople, and dukes and lords too many to enumerate. The other chief foreign houses at that time were those of St. Martin des Champs, at Paris, and La Charité. The building belonging to the latter was considered the finest in the kingdom. No doubt the Priory of Bermondsey must have been here similarly distinguished for its architectural grandeur; for although no portion of the chief feature, the church, has been preserved to us even in engravings, the long list of benefactors, occupying several folio pages of the 'Monasticon,' is of itself a sufficient testimony. Among those benefactors we find the names of William Rufus, who gave to the monks the manor and manor-house, or palace, then standing there; Robert Bloet, Bishop of Lincoln, and Chancellor of England; Mary, sister to Maud (good Queen Maud), the wife of Henry I.; Henry I. himself; King Stephen; John, son of Hubert de Burgh; and a host of other distinguished persons. Some of the gifts are sufficiently curious. Thus in 1152 Alan Pirot gave six thousand herrings and one acre of land. The first Prior of Bermondsey was Peter, one of the four monks of La Charité. Among his successors we need only mention Richard, elected prior in 1210, who built an almshouse or hospital adjoining the monastery for poor children and converts, called St. Saviour's Hospital, to which Agnes, sister of Thomas à Becket, was also a benefactor; John de Causancia, during whose rule the Priory became involved in trouble, Causancia and several monks being arrested on account of their having received some rebels into their house for shelter, supposed to be adherents of the Earl of Lancaster, who had been defeated at Boroughbridge; and Richard Dunton (1372), the first English prior, the previous heads of the monastery having all been appointed by the Abbot of Cluny. This last-mentioned change was in consequence of the priory having been restored, after its sequestration with the other alien houses in the previous reign, by Richard II., who released it from its subjection to Cluny, made a *denizen* instead of an *alien* monastery of it, and at the same time raised it to the rank of an abbey. Two hundred marks was the price of this favour. This was not the only benefit conferred on the house by Prior Dunton: he rebuilt the cloister and refectory, and in 1387 covered the nave with lead, made new glass windows in the presbytery, and gilt tables for the high and morning altars. Why he did not stay to enjoy the honours of the abbacy, so peculiarly his own, we know not; just at the period in question he resigned, and John Attilburg was created abbot by Pope Boniface IX., at the request of Richard II.

The few brief and incidental notices of the conventual buildings, included in the foregoing pages, are in effect all that have been preserved. The records of incidents connected with the history of the monastery are not much more numerous; but what may be wanting in this respect through the loss of the records, &c. in the general wreck at the dissolution, is more than compensated for by the interest which attaches to those which do exist. The least important we shall dismiss first. Provincial Chapters it appears were frequently held here; and the King occasionally used it for important state councils. Thus during the

Christmas of 1154, Henry II., immediately after his coronation, held an important meeting here of his nobles, to consult with them on the general state of the country, and the measures it was advisable to adopt. In the reign of Henry III., many of the nobility having determined upon an expedition to the Holy Land, met at Bermondsey, to arrange the order of their journey. Many eminent and noticeable persons were buried in the church; among whom may be mentioned Mary, sister of good Queen Maud, before mentioned; Leofstane, provost, shrive (sheriff), or domesman of London, 1115; and Margaret de la Pole, 1473. In 1397 the body of the murdered Duke of Gloucester, (murdered at Calais, there is little doubt, by the order of Richard II., his nephew,) was brought to Bermondsey, and placed in the church, where it remained till the interment in Westminster Abbey.

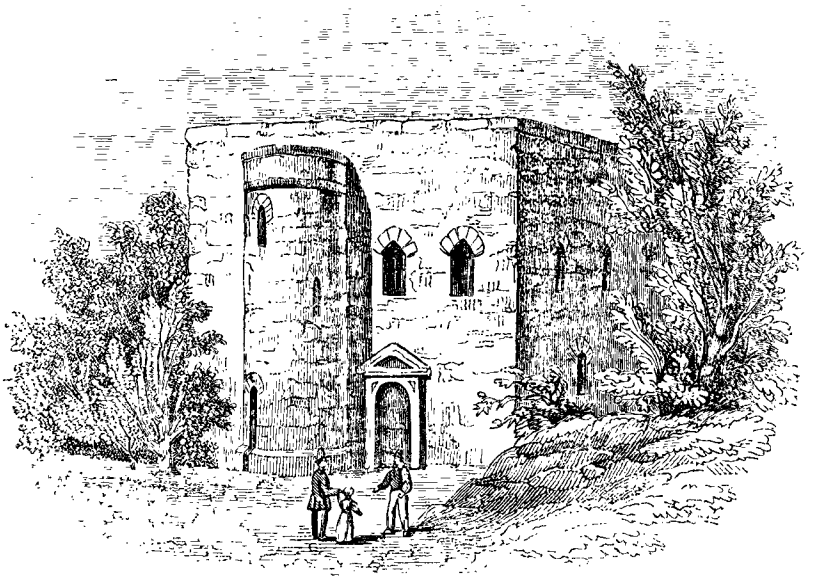
Hospitality was one of the duties enjoined upon the inmates of religious houses, and to the last it appears to have been the duty they most constantly and willingly fulfilled. In the cases of persons of high rank the reception of visitors was an affair of great ceremony and importance. Bermondsey had at different times two visitors, to whom we may be sure every possible honour was done: the first of these was Katherine, the wife of Henry V., the French Princess whom Shakspere has made so familiar to us in connexion with the blunt wooing of her gallant lover, and by her own pleasant attempts as a student of the English language, and who alone perhaps of all her country's children could have so quickly reconquered France from the conqueror, as she now did, by throwing around him the nuptial tie. Few marriages promising so much of state convenience have ended in giving so much individual happiness, as Henry enjoyed with his young and beautiful bride. His early death was grieved by all; his courtiers and nobles wept and sobbed round his death-bed: what, then, must have been *her* feelings at his loss? Fortunately, perhaps, Katherine was not present at the last moment, nor did she learn the dreadful tidings for some days afterwards. It was to receive this distinguished visitor that some years later the monks of Bermondsey were suddenly summoned from all parts of the monastery by the stroke on one of the great bells, twice repeated, who, hurrying into the church, robed themselves, and prepared everything for the reception of the new comer. Upon the Queen's near approach, two of the great bells would ring out a peal of welcome, and then the abbot would advance to meet her, saluting her with his blessing, and sprinkling holy water over her. The procession then entered the church, and made a stand before the crucifix, where the visitor prayed. Service in honour of the Saviour as the patron saint followed; the singing-boys in the choir sang, the organ played, and at the termination of the whole the Queen would find the best accommodation the Abbey could furnish provided for her use. She appears to have found all she desired, for she remained at Bermondsey till her death. One little incident has been recorded on the subject of her residence here, which is supposed to have been caused in some way by the dissatisfaction of the court at her second marriage, with Owen Tudor, a gentleman of Wales, and, through this match, the founder of the Tudor dynasty. On the 1st of January, 1437, her son, the young Henry VI., sent to her at Bermondsey a token of his affectionate remembrance, in the shape of a tablet of gold, weighing thirteen ounces, on which was a crucifix set with sapphires and pearls. She was then, no doubt, very ill,

for two days later she died. There is a striking connexion between this and the next distinguished visitor, Elizabeth of York, a lady who, if not one of the most interesting of female characters in herself, is unquestionably so from the circumstances of her strange and eventful history. She came to Bermondsey quite as much a prisoner as a visitor, and she owed that imprisonment to the man whom she herself had been to a considerable extent the means of placing on the throne,

[Queen Elizabeth Woodville.]

Henry VII., the grandson of the widow of Henry V., and of her second husband, Owen Tudor. That two such women should meet in the same place, to spend the last years of their lives, forms, in our opinion, no ordinary coincidence. The history of Elizabeth of York, though but an episode of that of Bermondsey, is so full of romance, and so closely connected with it, by her imprisonment and death within its walls, that the ancient priory may not improbably be freshly remembered through those circumstances, when all others might have else failed to preserve more than the barest and driest recollections of the great house of the Cluniacs. Her history is, indeed, from first to last a romance, but a romance of a stern and melancholy nature; not destitute of sweet passages on which the imagination would love to rest but cannot, for there is always to be seen, through the opening vista of the future, ghastly and monstrous shapes, from which there is no averting the eye. It was on a visit to Jaquenetta, Duchess of Bedford, then married to a second husband, Sir Richard Woodville, that Edward IV., the handsomest, most accomplished, and most licentious man of his time, first beheld the duchess's daughter, Elizabeth Gray, the widow of Sir John Gray, a Lancastrian, slain at the second battle of St. Alban's. The knight's estates had been forfeited to Edward, and the young widow, who is said to have been as eloquent as she

was beautiful, availing herself of the opportunity, threw herself at the king's feet, and implored him, for the sake of her innocent and helpless children, to reverse the attainder. The irresistible petitioner rose with more than the grant of what she had asked—the king's heart was hers. Edward, perhaps for the first time, was seriously touched; and, to the astonishment of the nation generally, and to the rage of no small portion of the King's own partisans, the Yorkists, the King, some months after, at a solemn assembly of prelates and nobles, in the ancient abbey of Reading, announced his marriage with the widow of the fallen Lancastrian knight; and, amid the surprise which prevailed throughout the assemblage, the King's brother, the Duke of Clarence, and the Earl of Warwick, led the *Queen* into the hall, and caused her in that character to be welcomed by all present. Thus ends one phase of her history. In the next we behold her again as a widow: but this time her widowhood has brought her new and more anxious public duties; she is not merely a mother, but the mother of the young King Edward V. and of his brother the Duke of York. Into the particulars of the momentous period which includes the death of the young princes in the Tower, of course we are not about to enter; but it may be permitted to us to observe, that few parents ever have endured keener agonies for their children than this unfortunate lady. The wild rumours that so quickly floated about as to the intentions of the Duke of Gloucester, the sudden shedding of the blood of her son and brother at Pomfret (Lords Gray and Rivers), the messages and deputations to and fro between the Protector and the Sanctuary at Westminster,



[Sanctuary, Westminster, from a sketch by Dr. Stukeley, before its destruction in 1775.]

where she had taken refuge with her youngest son, distracting her with conflicting thoughts—one moment fearing to give the young prince up to destruction, the next fearing to bring that destruction on him by indiscreet jealousy, or by thwarting Gloucester's views—all this must have been terrible to the lately-made

widow, had nothing remained behind. But when at last, calling for her child, she delivered him up to the Cardinal Archbishop; and, as soon as she had done so, burst into an uncontrollable fit of anguish, she but too rightly felt she had lost both her children.

In the interval between the death of the princes and that of their murderer, Richard, occurs the most unromantic, and in every way most unsatisfactory, part of the history of one whose misfortunes, so unexampled for their severity, make us regret to meet with any incidents that tend to deprive her of our sympathy through the lessening of our respect. Suffice it to say, that whilst at one period we find her eagerly engaging in the scheme proposed of marrying the Earl of Richmond to her daughter Elizabeth; at another, when the prospect looked less bright for the exile, she appears to have listened to Richard's overtures, first of marrying her daughter Elizabeth to his son, and when that son died, of giving her to himself. Whether there may not have been some dissimulation practised, in the hope of silencing the fears of Richard, who was aware of the project with regard to Richmond, cannot now be known, but the circumstances render such a supposition not improbable. Whatever her conduct at this period, there is, unhappily, no doubt as to her subsequent misfortunes. The king, Henry VII., certainly did redeem the promise as to the marriage made by the Earl of Richmond, but it was done so tardily and so ungraciously, that the very people were disgusted at his conduct; and by their sentiments we may judge of the mother's. But this was not all. In the month of November, 1486, an extensive insurrection broke out in Ireland, at the head of which was, nominally, a youth who it was pretended was the Earl of Warwick (then in reality confined in the Tower), the son of the late Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. A great council was immediately held at the Charter House near Richmond, where, first, a general pardon was resolved on, free from all exceptions, and the second resolution was (a curious commentary on the first) to arrest Elizabeth Woodville, the Queen Dowager. This is altogether one of the most inexplicable of those many and subtle strokes of policy that mark the history of the English king, whose "life," it has been well observed, "produces much the same effect on the mind as the perusal of the celebrated manual of Machiavelli, most of whose notions he anticipated and put into practice."* The queen was immediately arrested, deprived of all her property, and placed a close prisoner in the monastery of Bermondsey. Henry's historian, Bacon, may well observe, "whereat there was much wondering that a weak woman, for the yielding to the menaces and promises of a tyrant, [he is alluding to her transactions with Richard III.,] after such a distance of time wherein the king had showed no displeasure or alteration, but much more after so happy a marriage between the king and her daughter, blest with issue male, [only two or three weeks before,] should upon a sudden mutability or disclosure of the king's mind be so severely handled:" for such it appears was the motive for this arrest set forth by the king. No one, however, believed in the truth of the allegation; and Bacon, following the chronicler Hall, gives a remarkable explanation of the affair. Having observed that the prompter of the young counterfeit of the Earl of Warwick, a priest, had never seen the latter, he continues, "so it cannot be, but that some *great* person,

* 'Pictorial England,' vol. ii. p. 318.

that knew particularly and familiarly Edward Plantagenet, had a hand in the business, from whom the priest might take aim. That which is most probable, out of the precedent and subsequent acts, is, that it was the Queen Dowager from whom this action had the principal source and motion. For certain it is she was a busy, negotiating woman, *and in her withdrawing chamber had the fortunate conspiracy for the king against King Richard III. been hatched, which the king knew, and remembered perhaps but too well;* and was at this time extremely discontent with the king, thinking her daughter, as the king handled the matter, not advanced but depressed; and none could hold the book so well to prompt and instruct this stage-play as she could." In the words of the old proverb, misfortunes never came single to the unhappy queen: the Marquis of Dorset, her son by her first husband, was arrested soon after and thrown into the Tower. At the coronation of the queen, his half-sister, in the following year, he was however released; and was, we believe, present at the ceremony. The mother appears to have been still left to pine away in her enforced solitude at Bermondsey, where she lingered till 1492, when a fatal illness seized her. On her death-bed she dictated the following pathetic will, which is of itself a decisive answer as to the doubts that have been raised concerning the penury of her latest days. It is dated Bermondsey, April 10, 1492:—"I, Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, late wife to the most victorious prince of blessed memory Edward the Fourth, being of whole mind, seeing the world so transitory, and no creature certain when they shall depart from hence, having Almighty God fresh in mind, in whom is all mercy and grace, bequeath my soul into his hands, beseeching him of the same mercy to accept it graciously, and our blessed lady queen of comfort, and all the holy company of heaven, to be good means (or mediators) for me. Item, I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, according to the will of my said lord and mine, without pomps entering or costly expenses done thereabout. Item, *whereas I have no worldly goods to do the Queen's Grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children, according to my heart and mind,* I beseech Almighty God to bless her Grace, with all her noble issue; and with as good heart and mind as is to me possible, I give her Grace my blessing, and all the aforesaid my children. Item, I will that *such small stuff and goods that I have* be disposed truly in the contentation of my debts and for the health of my soul as far as they will extend. Item, if any of my blood will any of the said stuff or goods to me pertaining, I will that they have the preferment before any other. And of this my present testament I make and ordain mine executors, that is to say, John Ingleby, Prior of the Charter-house at Shene, William Sutton and Thomas Brente, Doctors; and I beseech my said dearest daughter, the Queen's Grace, and my son Thomas Marquis Dorset, to put their good wills and help for the performance of this my testament." And thus closes the eventful life of Elizabeth of York. Some thirty years ago, when the workmen were busy in the vaults of Windsor, preparing a place of sepulture for the family of George III., they lighted upon a stone coffin buried fifteen feet below the surface. It contained the remains of Queen Elizabeth Woodville.

Bermondsey has yet another memory in connexion with this unfortunate queen's persecutor, Henry VII., and one that illustrates another remarkable trait of his

character—his superstitious piety. If we could trace the secret springs of action that were here at work, we should no doubt find a close and striking connexion between the King's religious and political character; the one, indeed, being perhaps cherished as a kind of expiation for the other. His masterly policy was not often a very upright and honourable policy; so, this stroke was followed by the erection of a chapel, that, by the founding of masses to be said evermore for his soul, he might keep a tolerably fair reckoning in the great account-book of his conscience. He is not the only monarch who has endeavoured to keep an "even mind" by the adoption of a similar kind of offset. Henry was in both the chief features of his character a not unworthy follower of the French Louis XI.; it was fortunate that he did not superadd the cruelty of his crafty original. It appears that an indenture was executed between the King, the city of London, and the abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey, some time after the death of his queen, the daughter of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, by which the abbot and monks of Westminster were to pay 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* annually to those of Bermondsey, for the holding of an anniversary in the church on the 6th of February in every year, to pray for the good and prosperous estate of the King during his life and the prosperity of his kingdom, also for the souls of his late queen and of their children, of his father, the Earl of Richmond, and his progenitors, and of his mother, the Countess of Richmond, after her decease. Full directions are contained in the indenture as to the mode of performing the ceremony. As a glimpse of what was sometimes doing in the old church, as well as of the old custom itself, the following extract will be found interesting:—"The abbot and convent of St. Saviour of Bermondsey shall provide at every such anniversary a hearse, to be set in the midst of the high chancel of the same monastery before the high altar, covered and appareled with the best and most honourable stuff in the same monastery convenient for the same. And also four tapers of wax, each of them weighing eight pounds, to be set about the same hearse, that is to say, on either side thereof one taper, and at either end of the same hearse another taper, and all the same four tapers to be lighted and burning continually during all the time of every such Placebo, Dirige, with nine lessons, lauds, and mass of Requiem, with the prayers and obeisances above rehearsed." Why Bermondsey, with its reminiscences of his wife's mother, whose soul, be it observed, is not included in the list of souls to be prayed for, should have been chosen by Henry VII. for the solemnization of the anniversary, were a curious problem to solve.

At the dissolution, the Abbot of Bermondsey had no tender scruples about conscience or principle, like so many of his brethren, but arranged everything in the pleasantest possible manner for the King; and he had his reward. While the poor monks had pensions varying from 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* a-year to 10*l.* each allotted them, his amounted to 336*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The revenue of the abbey then amounted to 548*l.* 2*s.* 5½*d.* The monastery itself, with the manor, demesnes, &c., the "court-leet, the view of frank-pledge, and the free warren," were granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Robert Southwell, knight, Master of the Rolls, who sold them to Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. It is to this gentleman that the antiquary's maledictions on the destroyer of the fine old Abbey of Bermondsey legitimately belong. He pulled down the conventual church and most of the other buildings, and erected a mansion on the site; and

then, as if satisfied with what he had done, re-conveyed the mansion with the orchards, gardens, &c., to Sir Robert. The manor he subsequently sold to a "citizen and goldsmith" of London. In the mansion built by Sir Thomas Pope afterwards resided the Earl of Sussex, Elizabeth's chamberlain; and here also, it appears from Stow, he died. The old chronicler's account of his funeral is picturesque, as usual. "On the ninth of June (1583), deceased Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, lord chamberlain to her majesty, a knight of the garter, at Bermondsey, beside London; and was on the eighth of July following conveyed through the same city of London toward Newhall, in Essex, there to be buried. First went before him forty-five poor men in black gowns, then on horseback one hundred and twenty serving-men in black coats, then twenty-five in black gowns or cloaks, besides the heralds at arms; then the deceased Earl in a chariot covered with black velvet, drawn by four goodly geldings; next after was led the Earl's steed, covered with black velvet; then Sir Henry Ratcliffe, the succeeding Earl, chief mourner, and eight other lords, all in black; then the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London riding in murrey (dark-red or purple); and then on foot the gentlemen of Gray's Inn; and last of all the Merchant Tailors in their livery, for that the said Earl was a brother of their company, as many noblemen and famous princes, kings of this realm, before him, had been." According to the earl's directions, his executors kept open house, as we should now say, for twenty days after his interment. Altogether, this was a tolerably expensive funeral; the burial charges amounting to above 1600*l.*, and the housekeeping to 158*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*

A walk over the site of the great Abbey of the Cluniacs can now afford little gratification, either to the lover of antiquities or to the man of taste generally. The remains spared till the present century have now mostly disappeared, including the gateway represented in our engraving at the end of this paper. The entire site is pretty well covered with modern houses and dirty streets and courts. The Long Walk, once perhaps a fine shady avenue, where the abbot or his monks were accustomed to wile away the summer afternoon, is about one of the last places that would now tempt the wandering footsteps of the stranger; the Grange Walk no longer leads to the pleasant farm or park of the abbey, and is in itself but a painful mockery of the associations roused by the name; the great or Base Court Yard is changed into Bermondsey Square, flanked on all sides by small tenements, the handiwork of the builders who completed a few years ago what Sir Thomas Pope began; and though some trees are yet there, of so ancient appearance that for aught we know they may have witnessed the destruction of the very conventual church, yet they are dwindling and dwindling away, as though they felt themselves a part of the old Abbey, and had no business to survive its destruction. They will not have much longer to wait; little remains to be destroyed. In the Grange Walk is a part of the gate-house of the east gateway, with a portion of the rusted hinge of the monastic doors. In Long Walk, on the right, is a small and filthy quadrangle (once called, from some tradition connected with the visits of the early English monarchs to Bermondsey, King John's Court, now Bear Yard), in which are the houses represented on our commencing page, where the stone-work, and form and antiquity of the windows, afford abundant evidence of their connexion with the monastery. Lastly, in the

churchyard of the present church of St. Mary Magdalen are some pieces of the wall that surrounded the gardens and church of the Cluniacs.

But there are two other memorials of the Abbey, which are not likely to

(Remains of the Eastern Gate-house of the Abbey.)

perish with the establishment to which they belonged. In the church of St. Mary, a handsome edifice, built on the site of a smaller one erected by the monks at a very early period (it is supposed for the use of their servants and tenants), is a very curious ancient salver, of silver, now used for the collection of alms. On the centre is a beautifully chased representation of the gate of a castle or town, with two figures, a knight kneeling before a lady, who is about to place his helmet on his head. The long-pointed solleretts of the feet, the ornaments of the arm-pits, and the form of the helmet, are supposed to mark the date of the salver as that of Edward II. The other memorial to which we have referred is of a much more interesting character. In the Chronicle of Bermondsey before mentioned we read at one part as follows:—

"Anno Domini 1117. The cross of St. Saviour is found near the Thames." And again, under the date of 1118, "William Earl of Morton was miraculously liberated from the Tower of London through the power of the *holy cross*." This Earl of Morton was a son of the nobleman mentioned in Domesday. It appears he had as much faith as the monks could have desired in the truth of the miracle, for the Chronicle subsequently states, "In the year 1140 William Earl of Morton came to Bermondsey, and assumed the monastic habit." Before we pursue the history of this Holy Cross, which we have no doubt was the Saxon cross found in the manner commemorated, we may observe that pilgrimages to churches and shrines were, according to Fosbroke, the most ancient and universal of all pilgrimages. If the Saxon cross had not been set up at Ber-

mondsey, before Earl Morton's release, it would assuredly have been raised immediately after. These pilgrimages were remarkably profitable things to a monastery. Sir David Lindsay, the old Scottish poet and church reformer, has given us an agreeable account of the feelings and customs once universally prevalent with regard to this kind of idolatrous worship of "imagery," which, says the poet finely,—of the

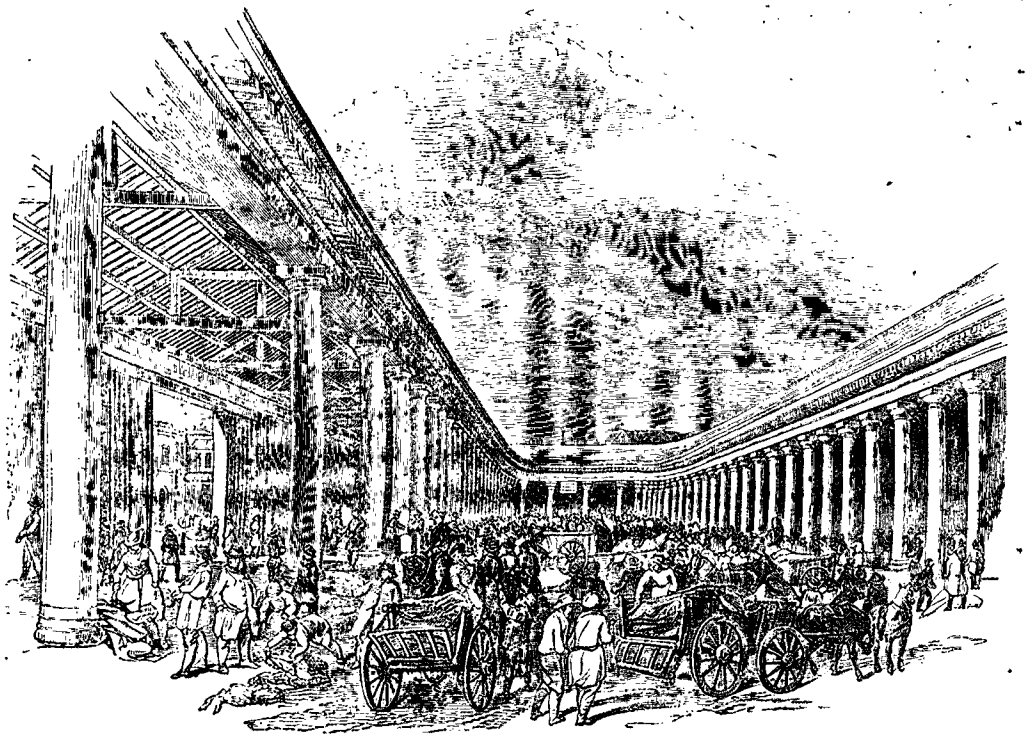
> " ——— *unlearned be the books;*
> For when the laicks on them looks
> It brings them to rememberance
> Of Saintes lives the circumstance;
> How, the faith for to fortify,
> They suffered pain right patiently.
> Seeing the image on the rood,
> Men should remember on the blood
> Which Christ into his passion
> Did shed for our salvation;
> Or when thou seest the portraiture
> Of blessed Virgin Mary pure,
> A pleasant babe upon her knee,
> Then in thy mind remember thee
> The worde which the prophet said,
> How she should be both mother and maid.
> But who that sitteth on their knees,
> Praying to many imageries
> With oration and offerands,
> Kneeling with cup into their hands,
> No difference be I say to thee
> From the Gentile's idolatry."

Sir David's doctrine obtained wide acceptance; and one of the earliest popular manifestations of Protestant feeling was the destruction of all these "imageries," including, no doubt, many an exquisite and matchless piece of workmanship that the Protestant world of the present day could well wish to have been spared. In the account of St. Paul's Cross is given a description of the striking circumstances that attended the destruction of the Rood of Grace from Kent. The degradation of the Rood of Bermondsey was, it appears, an appendix to that day's proceedings. In an ancient diary of a citizen, preserved among the Cottonian MSS., under the date of 1558, occurs the following passage:—"M. Gresham, mayor. On Saint Matthew's day, the apostle, the 24th day of February, Sunday, did the Bishop of Rochester preach at Paul's Cross, and had standing afore him all his sermon-time the picture* of Rood of Grace in Kent, and was [*i. e.* which had been] greatly sought with pilgrims, and when he had made an end of his sermon, was torn all in pieces; then was the picture of Saint Saviour, that had stood in Barmsey Abbey many years, in Southwark, taken down." "Taken down" are the words, not "destroyed." If the reader will turn to the engraving at the end of this paper, he will see, in the front of the building attached to the chief or north gate, the rude representation of a small cross, with some zigzag, *Saxon*-like ornaments, the whole being evidently something placed upon or let into the wall, not a part of the original building; and there it

* This word was often used to express an image, or statue.

remained till the comparatively recent destruction of the pile. Going further back, we find the same cross in the same situation in 1679, when a drawing was made of the remains of the Abbey, which was afterwards engraved by Wilkinson. There can then, we think, be no doubt, apart from the corroborative evidence of tradition, that this is the old Saxon cross found near the Thames, or that it is a part of the "picture" before which pilgrims used to congregate in the old conventual church.

[Remains of the Abbey, from a drawing made immediately before their demolition.]



[New Leather and Skin Market, Bermondsey.]

LII.—MODERN BERMONDSEY.

It is a bold act to take up arms against old proverbs—those condensed epitomes of worldly wisdom, which charm by their brevity quite as much as by their truth: yet to the dictum that "two of a trade can never agree" we feel impelled to reply by pointing to Bermondsey. The inhabitants of that land of leather, that region of skins and pelts, afford a significant contradiction to the proverb: there are many "of one trade" here congregated, and we have reason for knowing that they "agree" very well. Why it is that the bazaar-system of the East is thus acted on in many parts of London—why it is that we find the watchmakers in one locality, the silkweavers in another, the sugar-refiners in a third—need not here be discussed; but there appears reason for believing, as we shall endeavour to explain farther on, that the selection of Bermondsey as a "local habitation" for the leather-manufacturers is greatly dependent on a series of *tide-streams*, which intersect the district, and which afford that abundant supply of water so indispensably necessary in the manufacture. Be the cause what it may, however, the fact is certain, that almost the whole circle of operations connected with this manufacture, so far as the metropolis is concerned, are met with in Bermondsey:

indeed it is scarcely too much to say that the history of a sheep's-skin and of an ox-hide forms the staple material for a description of this spot.

There are, however, other features which render modern Bermondsey a remarkable spot. It has been said that "there is a greater variety of trades and manufactures carried on in this parish than in any one parish besides throughout the kingdom;" and although we doubt whether the means exist for making this determination, or, if existing, whether they have been properly estimated, yet the great diversity of operations is observable at a glance. Like as the Eastern Counties Railway forms a point of sight from which the dwellings of the Spitalfields weavers may be conveniently seen,* so will a trip on the Greenwich Railway reveal to us many of the characteristic features of Bermondsey, which it intersects from north-west to south-east. No sooner do we mount one of the railway carriages (and let all who would look about them select an *open* carriage) than we find ourselves in close vicinage to manufactories and tanneries. Chimneys innumerable shoot up at intervals of a few yards, towering above a very maze of red roofs, and furnishing their contribution to the smoky atmosphere of the neighbourhood. It is chiefly on the south-western side of the railway, and within a mile of London Bridge, that these factory-chimneys are met with. A closer glance will detect other general features in the district; we shall see vacant spaces or yards, surrounding or connected with many of the buildings, and exhibiting evidences of the tanners', the fell-mongers', the leather-dressers', or the parchment-makers' operations. We shall see that many of the buildings are so constructed as to allow free access of air to all parts of the interior: these are tanners' drying-lofts. We shall see long, low, tile-covered buildings, principally north-eastward of the railway: these are rope-walks. We shall see large areas of ground in which low sheds or open boxes are ranged by dozens in parallel rows: these are glue-factories. We shall see many lofty warehouses, with cranes and doors at various parts of their height: these are wool-warehouses. But the railway traveller soon observes a remarkable change in the appearance of the district which he is traversing; he finds himself suddenly transferred to a neighbourhood of nursery-grounds and market-gardens—speckled here and there, it is true, with tanneries and other factories—but exhibiting the general features of open country; and this is the character of the district from thence to Deptford and Greenwich.

It would not perhaps be far from the truth to say that Bermondsey may be regarded as a region of manufacturers, a region of market-gardeners, a region of wholesale dealers, and a maritime region, according to the quarter where we take our stand. Were we indeed to confine ourselves strictly to the parochial limits, the features would include little of the two latter; but we are not so strictly limited, and shall perhaps include a little of St. Olave's, and of one or two other parishes, in our remarks on Bermondsey generally.

To the dwellers north of the Thames it is perhaps generally known that Bermondsey lies south-east of London Bridge, while the burghers of Southwark can define the spot more closely. The parochial boundary embraces a portion of the banks of the Thames eastward of Dockhead; extends from thence in an irregu-

* London—No. XLIX. 'Spitalfields,' p. 385.

lar line towards the Dover Road, separating Bermondsey from Rotherhithe and Deptford parishes; skirts along the rear of the houses in the Kent Road and the Borough High Street; enters Bermondsey Street by Snow's Fields; and proceeds thence to St. Saviour's (once called Savory) Dock. Let us, however, take a ramble over the bridge, and commence our observations at its south-eastern corner, proceeding thence in the direction of Rotherhithe.

Perhaps no part of the metropolis has suffered greater changes of appearance in modern times than that at which we begin the survey of Bermondsey. The southern approaches to the new London Bridge required such a large increase to be made in the elevation of the roadways, that the west end of Tooley Street would have been sunk in a valley, had not a reconstruction of that part been made. The only mode of carrying the roadway continuously from the High Street towards Dockhead was by an inclined plane; and on the northern side of this plane the houses have been rebuilt in an elegant and substantial manner, forming a striking contrast, both in appearance and in elevation, to the houses which previously occupied that portion of Tooley Street. A still greater change has occurred on the southern side: for here we meet with the terminus to the Greenwich Railway, which is also the terminus to the Croydon and the Brighton Railways. At present, the chief feature which this terminus presents is that of a large, scantily occupied, and somewhat inelegant area of ground, rendered busy and bustling by those peculiar scenes which distinguish the terminus of a Railway; but it is not improbable that this spot may be more diversified by buildings in a few years.

After passing two or three large wharfs, and the high building on which the London station of Watson's telegraphic line is erected, we enter fairly upon the old and unaltered portion of Tooley Street, whose name is a strange corruption of the former appellation, St. Olave's Street, and whose shops exhibit a singular mixture of the features which are found separate in other parts of the district:—wharfingers, merchants, salesmen, factors, and agents; store-shippers, biscuit-bakers, outfitters, ship-chandlers, slop-sellers, block-makers, and rope-makers; engineers and other manufacturers; together with the usual varieties of retail tradesmen—all point to the diversified, and no less busy than diversified, traffic of this street. "Here," it has been said truly, "the crane and the pulley seem never to be idle."

If we turn out of this leading thoroughfare into any of the narrow streets which bend towards the river, we find still greater indications of the warehousing and wharfing system; and singular indeed are the contrasts which some of these streets have exhibited at different times. Mill Lane, for example, which leads down to Battlebridge Stairs, occupies the site of the London manor-house, or "inn," of the abbots of Battle—the "Maze" (now an assemblage of small streets on the opposite side of Tooley Street) having once been the garden attached to the manor-house. From Morgan's Lane to St. Saviour's Dock there is a line of street—called in one part Pickle-herring Street, and in another Shad Thames—which exhibits an uninterrupted series of wharfs, warehouses, mills, and factories, on both sides of a narrow and crowded roadway. The buildings on the northern side are contiguous to the river; and through gateways and openings in these we witness the busy scenes and the mazes of shipping which

pertain to such a spot. We see the handiwork of Commerce, who, to use the words of Thomson,—

> " the big warehouse built,
> Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded street
> With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
> Large, gentle, deep, majestic, King of Floods!
> Chose for his grac'd resort!"

In advancing towards St. Saviour's Dock, a short inlet between the river and Dockhead, we leave on the right a few streets which collectively form what is termed Horsleydown—once "Horse-down," a grazing-ground for horses; and after passing several large granaries we arrive at the southern end of St. Saviour's Dock. Here commences the parish of Bermondsey; and a little farther progress brings us to a district as remarkable for its appearance as for its importance, in past times at least, to the manufactures of Bermondsey. All Londoners have heard of the "Rookery," or, more irreverently, the "Holy Land" of St. Giles's; but far less is known of "Jacob's Island" in Bermondsey, though it has been rendered familiar to many by the most successful of living novelists. The first street beyond St. Saviour's Dock is Mill Street; and as we pass down it a glance will detect, on the right hand, several openings leading to small, crazy, and very primitive wooden bridges. If we cross one of these bridges, and examine the spot to which it leads, we find that a stream, about twenty feet wide, entirely encircles a cluster of mean and dilapidated houses, to which access is gained by about a dozen wooden bridges from the "terra firma" on the other side of the stream. This stream is bounded on the four sides by Mill Street, Bermondsey Wall, Nutkin's Court, and London Street; and from the east end of the latter "Jacob's Island" can be seen in all its ragged glory. The ditch becomes filled with water at every high tide. In one of Mr. Dickens's most popular works,* the features which this spot presents are described so vividly, and with such close accuracy, that we cannot do better than quote the passage. He first speaks of the ditch itself and the houses exterior to the island. "A stranger, standing on one of the wooden bridges thrown across this ditch in Mill Street, will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering, from their back doors and windows, buckets, pails and domestic utensils in which to haul the water up; and when his eye is turned from these operations to the houses themselves, his utmost astonishment will be excited by the scene before him. Crazy wooden galleries, common to the backs of half a dozen houses, with holes from whence to look on the slime beneath; windows, broken and patched, with poles thrust out on which to dry the linen that is never there; rooms so small, so filthy, so confined, that the air would seem too tainted even for the dirt and squalor which they shelter; wooden chambers thrusting themselves out above the mud, and threatening to fall into it, as some of them have done; dirt-besmeared walls and decaying foundations—all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch." This is the scene in the narrow passages near the Island, two of which are known by the humble names of Halfpenny Alley and Farthing Alley. In Jacob's Island itself the "warehouses are roofless and empty, the walls are crumbling down, the windows are now no windows, the

* "Oliver Twist," vol. iii. p 240.

doors are falling into the street, the chimneys are blackened, but they yield no smoke; and, through losses and Chancery suits, it is made quite a desolate island indeed."

Rough and wild as the spot appears when the ditch is filled at high tide, yet, if we visit it six hours afterwards, when mud usurps the place of water, more than one organ of sense is strongly and unpleasantly appealed to. Wilkinson gave a view of this spot in the 'Londina Illustrata' more than twenty years ago; and the interval of time does not seem to have produced much change in the appearance of the scene. In the plate here alluded to, the artist (and spectator likewise) is supposed to be standing on Jacob's Island, and looking across the Folly Ditch to the crazy, ancient houses of London Street.

The history of this ditch or tide-stream is connected, in a remarkable way, with the manufacturing features of Bermondsey. When the Abbey was at the height of its glory, and formed a nucleus to which all else in the neighbourhood was subordinate, the supply of water for its inmates was obtained from the Thames through the medium of this tide. Bermondsey was probably at one time very little better than a morass, the whole being low and level: indeed, at the present time, manufacturers in that locality find the utmost difficulty in obtaining a firm foundation for their buildings, such is the spongy nature of the ground. In the early period just alluded to, the spot, besides being low, was almost entirely unencumbered with buildings; and thus a channel from the Thames, although not many feet in depth, was filled throughout the entire district at every high tide. There was a mill at the river-side, at which the corn for the granary of the Abbey was ground; and this mill was turned by the flux and reflux of the water along the channel. When the Abbey was destroyed, and the ground passed into the possession of others, the houses which were built on the site still received a supply of water from this water-course. In process of time tanneries were established on the spot, most probably on account of the valuable supply of fresh water obtainable every twelve hours from the river. This seems to be an opinion entertained by many of the principal manufacturers of the place. There appears reason to believe that the Neckinger, the name which the ditch formerly held, was by degrees made to supply other ditches, or small water-courses cut in different directions, and placed in communication with it; for, provided they were all nearly on a level, each high tide would as easily fill a dozen as a single one. Had there been no mill at the mouth of the channel, the supply might have gone on continuously; but the mill continued to be moved by the stream, and to be held by parties who neither had nor felt any interest in the affairs of the Neckinger manufacturers. Disagreements thence arose; and we find that, about fifty years ago, the tanners in the central parts of Bermondsey instituted a suit against the owner of the mill for shutting off the tide when it suited his own purpose so to do, to the detriment of the leather-manufacturers. The ancient usages of the district were brought forward in evidence; and the result was, that the right of the inhabitants to a supply of water from the river, at every high tide, was confirmed, to the discomfiture of the mill-owner. Since that period there have been occasional disagreements between the manufacturers and the owners of the mill (now a lead-mill), respecting the closing of sluice-gates, the repair and cleansing of the ditch, and the construction of wooden bridges across it; but

the tide has, with few exceptions, flowed to and fro daily from the Thames to the neighbourhood of the Grange and Neckinger Roads. We have visited three or four of the largest establishments in Bermondsey, and find that they are still dependent on the tide-stream for the water—very abundant in quantity—required in the manufacture of leather. Other manufacturers have, however, now constructed Artesian wells on their premises, while the mill at the mouth of the stream is worked by steam-power, so that the channel itself is much less important than in former times. It is anything but a "New River" in cleanliness and neatness of appearance. At present it is under the management of Commissioners, consisting of the principal manufacturers, who are empowered to levy a small rate for its maintenance and repair.

This stream has somewhat detained us in our circuit walk, but it is so closely connected with the establishment and advancement of the staple manufacture of the district that we have felt it proper not to omit these details. The interest which the older inhabitants of the parish still take in the decision of 1786 indicates the importance attached to it.

When we have passed St. Saviour's Dock, in our ramble eastward, we see that the region of wharfs and granaries, of warehouses and factories, has in part given place to features of a more maritime character. We are approaching towards Rotherhithe. We meet seamen—sauntering, jovial, careless, light-hearted seamen—in the streets. We meet with rope-walks, anchor-smitheries, boat-builders; with outfitters, slopsellers, sea-biscuit bakers; with dealers in all the knick-knacks to which "Jack" is so much attached. The opposite side of the river presents these features in a more marked degree, but the eastern parts of Bermondsey are not without them. The same picture, but painted in stronger colours, presents itself through the greater part of Rotherhithe, past the entrance to the Thames Tunnel—past the Surrey Dock—to the Greenland Dock, that "profitable nuisance," as Pennant once termed it, when the whale-fishery was at its height. But it is not of Rotherhithe that we have here to speak: we will, therefore, bend our steps southward.

The belt of houses which skirts the Thames at the junction of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe does not extend far from its banks before we obtain glimpses of the nursery-grounds and market-gardens—the third feature in this district. Here, too, we meet with another of those streams which seem at one time to have been so plentiful in this locality. Contiguous to a narrow street called West Lane, which we believe separates the two parishes, is a stream, or ditch, communicating with the Thames, and sending out a number of minor branches, which, turning and winding, and commingling with each other, form a number of little islands in the open fields of Rotherhithe. These islands were formerly used as bleaching-grounds; but they now present rather a desolate appearance, and the streams are muddy and ill ordered.

Such a curious intermixture of agricultural and manufacturing labour, of nature and art, of open ground and close factories, we do not know in any other part of London, as in the district intersected by the Greenwich Railway in the second mile of its length. We may go to many parts of the metropolis and see groups of black chimneys and large buildings, symbols of the operations conducted within; we may visit many other districts in which the nurseryman or the

market-gardener pursues his labours in an atmosphere (for London) tolerably free from smoke; but here the two characteristics present themselves in common. The market-gardens are very extensive; and between them, at various isolated spots, are the factories: here, white-lead works; a little farther on, a rope-walk; then chemical-works, oil-cloth works, paper-mills, glue-manufactories, engine-factories; and farther westward, the thickly-congregated leather-manufactories. In most of these instances each factory is isolated, having gardens within a few yards of it on all sides. A lover of the pastoral and the picturesque might not think the gardens improved, in rural association or in appearance, by the presence of these busy scenes of industry; but it is only one instance of that which overgrown London exhibits on every side—the gradual absorption of green fields in the labyrinth of brick and mortar, a process by which Greenwich and Hampstead, Clapham and Hammersmith, bid fair to be eventually as much *in* London as Pimlico, Bermondsey, and Mile End now are. The market-gardens between Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Deptford, and the Kent Road still exist, however, and we are indebted to them for no small portion of our daily supply of culinary vegetables. On market mornings, at two or three o'clock, the market-gardener's waggon is receiving its store, and setting out for Covent Garden Market, where the greater part of the produce is sold; and on the same day all may buy just as much of this food as they may require, and in any corner of London. This is not the place to dwell on the wonderful yet simple machinery by which a large city is supplied with its daily store of food; but such thoughts naturally occur to the mind when a district of market-gardens is spread out before us.

The Roman Catholic Convent, noticed in our last Chapter, is situated at the spot where the maritime and the agricultural districts may be said to meet. It is at the corner of a street called Parker's Row, the north end of which belongs to the former, and the south to the latter. Nay, the Convent is associated with another circumstance which still more disturbs those notions of seclusion and romance which we in England are accustomed to entertain in respect to such establishments: the site on which it is erected was previously a tan-yard, supplied with water from the tide-stream, which passes close to the Convent in its progress from the Folly to the neighbourhood of the Neckinger Mills. At a short distance from this Convent is the pleasantly-situated New Church of Bermondsey.

In proceeding southward from the "water-side division" of Bermondsey (as that part is called which is nearest to the Thames), we may select among many tolerably pleasant roads and pathways, passing through, or rather dividing, the nursery-grounds, and leading to the manufacturing establishments which speckle the scene. One of the prettiest of these is Blue Anchor Lane, passing beneath one of the arches of the railway, and having extensive market-gardens stretching out on either side of it. Another is Blue Anchor Road, exhibiting, among more agreeable features of the spot, many shapeless and inelegant masses of building: these consist of rope-walks, paper-mills, an engine-factory, a glue-factory, &c. Manor Lane and Corbett's Lane, Grange Road and Willow Walk, all present sufficient that is green and pleasant to induce a ramble through them, interspersed with features more interesting to the manufacturer than to the gardener

or to the lover of country scenery. In a road called the Spa Road, leading eastward to Bermondsey New Church, we meet with the Spa from which the road derived its name. A chalybeate spring was discovered here about seventy years ago; and the place was converted into a sort of tea-garden by an ingenious man, who had exhibited some talent for painting, and who decorated his house of entertainment with subjects from his own pencil. The following description from Hughson, compared with the "Mount Heclas" and "Mount Vesuviuses" of modern exhibitions, will make us doubt whether there is really anything new "under the sun." Mr. Keyse, the proprietor, established a sort of Vauxhall at the Bermondsey Spa, and, finding this to succeed, his ingenuity "suggested various improvements, and among others he entertained the public with an excellent representation of the siege of Gibraltar, consisting of transparencies and fireworks, constructed and arranged by Mr. Keyse himself; the height of the rock was fifty, and the length two hundred feet; the whole of the apparatus covering about four acres of ground."

On the east of the nursery-grounds are the docks, ponds, and reservoirs belonging to the Commercial, the Greenland, and the Grand Surry Docks; and also the buildings which constitute the town of Deptford. These collectively separate the Bermondsey nurseries from that bend or "reach" of the Thames which bounds the western side of the Isle of Dogs.

If we draw a line from Bermondsey New Church to the intersection of the Grange Road with the Old Kent Road, we shall find to the west, or rather the north-west, of that line nearly the whole of the factories connected with the leather and wool trade of London. A circle one mile in diameter, having its centre at the spot where the Abbey once stood, will include within its limits most of the tanners, the curriers, the fellmongers, the woolstaplers, the leather-factors, the leather-dressers, the leather-dyers, the parchment-makers, and the glue-makers, for which this district is so remarkable. There is scarcely a street, a road, a lane, into which we can turn without seeing evidences of one or other of these occupations. One narrow road—leading from the Grange Road to the Kent Road—is particularly distinguishable for the number of leather-factories which it exhibits on either side; some time-worn and mean, others newly and skilfully erected. Another street, known as Long Lane, and lying westward of the church, exhibits nearly twenty distinct establishments where skins or hides undergo some of the many processes to which they are subjected. In Snow's Fields, in Bermondsey New Road, in Russell Street, upper and lower, in Willow Walk, and Page's Walk, and Grange Walk, and others whose names we cannot now remember—in all of these, leather, skins, and wool seem to be the commodities out of which the wealth of the inhabitants has been created. Even the public-houses give note of these peculiarities, by the signs chosen for them, such as the "Woolpack," the "Fellmongers' Arms," "Simon the Tanner," and others of like import. If there is any district in London whose inhabitants might be excused for supporting the proposition that "there is nothing like leather," surely Bermondsey is that place!

It might at first seem that the connexion between leather and wool is not very apparent, the nature, uses, and preparation of the two being so very dissimilar; but when we remember that both are taken from those animals whose flesh sup-

plies us with one portion of our daily food, and in part from other animals, we perceive a reason why the cleansing and preparation of them are conveniently effected in one spot. The ox yields hide for stout leather; the sheep yields wool and skin for thin leather and parchment; the horse yields hide and valuable hair; and from the following enumeration of some of the manufacturers in Bermondsey Street alone it will be seen how many branches of trade spring from these sources:—hide-sellers, tanners, leather-dressers, morocco-leather dressers, leather sellers and cutters, curriers, parchment-makers, wool-agents, wool-staplers, horse-hair manufacturers, hair and flock manufacturers, patent hair-felt manufacturers. There are, besides these, skin and hide salesmen, fellmongers, leather-dyers, and glue-makers, in other parts of the vicinity.

The extent to which those branches of manufacture are carried on at Bermondsey has never, as far as we are aware, been ascertained; but it must be enormous. The following remarks of Mr. M'Culloch ('Statistical Account of the British Empire') will illustrate the national importance of the manufacture of leather. After alluding to the large scale in which the manufacture is carried on at Bermondsey, that gentleman states, that, besides the hides and skins of animals slaughtered in this country, vast quantities are imported from abroad, to be tanned or dressed in England. "At an average of the years 1833 and 1834, no fewer than 304,279 cwt., or 34,079,248 lbs., of foreign cow, ox, and buffalo hides were entered for home consumption, exclusive of vast quantities of lamb-skins, goat-skins, &c. The total quantity of all sorts of leather, tawed, tanned, dressed, and curried in Great Britain may at present be estimated at about 65,000,000; which, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound, gives 4,875,000*l.* as the value of the leather alone." He proceeds to estimate the value of this leather, when manufactured into shoes, harness, gloves, and other saleable articles, at nearly three times this amount, or at 13,000,000*l.* per annum. This sum he divides into three portions, viz., 4,875,000*l.* for the raw material; 2,031,000*l.* for profits, rent of workshops, and capital invested; and 6,094,000*l.* for wages. The distribution of this large amount of wages he thus conjectures:—"Supposing those employed as shoemakers, saddlers, glovers, &c., to make, one with another, 30*l.* a-year, the total number of such persons will be 203,000. This, however, does not give the total number of persons employed in the leather-trade, inasmuch as it excludes the tanners, curriers, &c., employed in dressing and preparing the leather. But if, from the value of the prepared leather, 4,875,000*l.*, we deduct 1,500,000*l.* for the value of the hides and skins, and 2,300,000*l.* for tanners' and curriers' profits, including the expense of bark, lime, pits, &c., we have 1,075,000*l.* left as wages. Now, as the wages of tanners, curriers, leather-dressers, &c., may, we believe, be taken at 35*l.* a-year at an average, we shall have 30,700 as the number employed in these departments; and, adding these to the persons employed in manufacturing the leather, we have a grand total of 233,700 employed in the various departments of the business."

These are high numbers, and point to the vast importance of this department of manufacture. The nature of our publication does not admit details of manufacturing processes, nor descriptions of particular factories; but the topography and general features of Bermondsey are so dependent on the subdivision of em-

ployments arising out of the leather-manufacture, that we deem it right to glance rapidly at them.

In the Chapter relating to "Smithfield," the career of the ox and the sheep is traced down to the point when the drovers consign the animals to the hands of the butcher. Let us take up the thread of the story from that point. The animals are slaughtered, the flesh is retailed for the tables of rich and poor, and the skins and hides pass into other hands. Who is there that has not, at some time or other, had his ears dinned and tormented in the London streets by a cart, rattling and rumbling over the rough stones, and laden with sheep-skins? Neither the sound, nor the sight, nor the odour is a pleasant one; yet is there the germ of much wealth in those carts. They do not belong to the butcher, nor to the tanner, nor to the leather-dresser, nor to the wool-dealer; they are owned by "skin-salesmen," who act as agents between buyer and seller. As the Smithfield salesman transacts the dealings between the country grazier and the London butcher, receiving a small per centage on the purchase price of the animals; as the Mark Lane corn-factor sells the corn of the country farmer to the miller, the mealman, or the corn-chandler of London, receiving in like manner a small payment for his services; so does the skin-salesman act as agent for the butcher, disposing of the skins to the "fell-monger," and receiving a few pence on the purchase-money of each. There are some fell-mongers in Bermondsey who purchase their sheep-skins directly from the butchers, without the interven tion of a salesman; but the general system is as we have stated.

It may next be asked whether these skins, thus taken away in carts from the butchers and slaughterers, are conveyed to factories, to storehouses, or to markets? If the "fell-monger" is the purchaser, the skins are conveyed to his yard; but if, as is more common, the salesman is employed as an intermediate party, the skins are conveyed to the Skin Market in Bermondsey. Until within the last few years, there were two places used as skin-markets on the Southwark side of the water; one near Blackfriars Road, and the other near the Southwark Bridge Road: but the tanners and leather-dressers, deeming it desirable to concentrate the whole routine of operations, made arrangements for building the present Leather and Skin Market. They formed a company, subscribed a joint stock, and purchased a large piece of ground a little to the north of Long Lane, Bermondsey; and by about the year 1833 the whole was completed, at an expense of nearly fifty thousand pounds. On passing into New Weston Street from Long Lane we see the front portion of this building on the right-hand side. It is a long series of brick warehouses, lighted by a range of windows, and having an arched entrance gateway at either end. These entrances open into a quadrangle or court, covered for the most part with grass, and surrounded by warehouses. In the warehouses is transacted the business of a class of persons who are termed "leather-factors," who sell to the curriers or leather-sellers leather belonging to the tanners; or sell London-tanned leather to country pur chasers, or country-tanned leather to London purchasers: in short, they are middle men in the traffic in leather, as skin-salesmen are in the traffic in skins. Beyond this first quadrangle is a second, called the "Skin Depository," and having four entrances, two from the larger quadrangle, and two from a street leading into

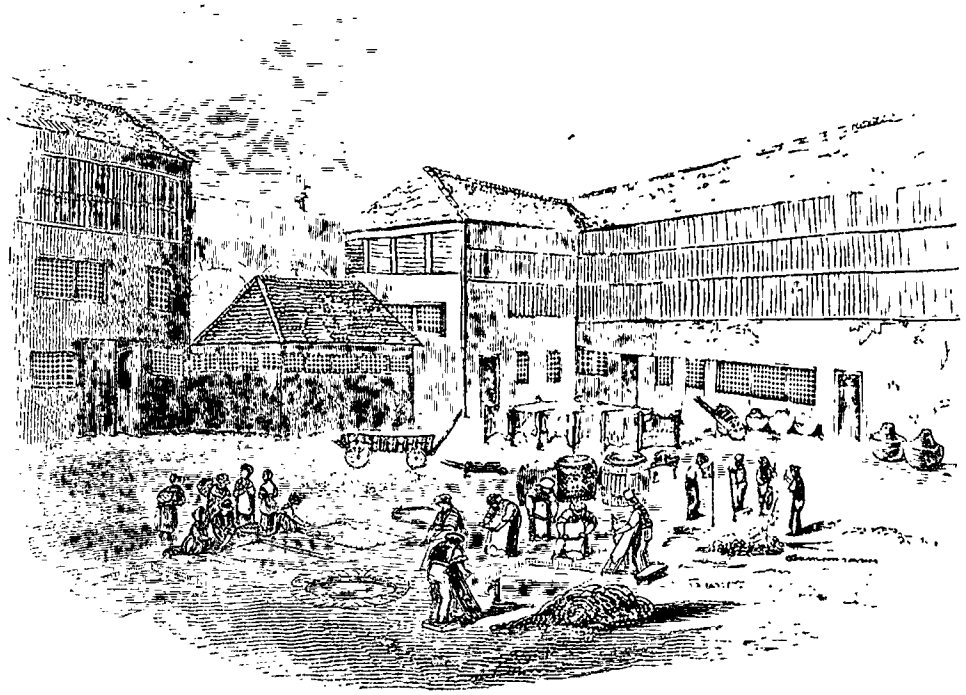
Bermondsey Street. This depository is an oblong plot of ground terminated by semicircular ends: it is pitched with common road-stones along the middle, and flagged round with a broad foot-pavement. Over the pavement, through its whole extent, is an arcade supported by pillars; and the portion of pavement included between every two contiguous pillars is called a "bay." There are about fifty of these "bays," which are let out to skin-salesmen at about twelve pounds per annum each; and on the pavement of his bay the salesman exposes the skins which he is commissioned to sell. Here on market-days may be seen a busy scene of traffic between the salesmen on the one hand and the fellmongers on the other. The carts, laden with sheep-skins, come rattling into the place, and draw up in the road-way of the depository; the skins are taken out, and ranged on the pavement of the bays; the sellers and buyers make their bargains; the purchase-money is paid into the hands of the salesman, and by him transmitted to the butcher; and the skins are removed to the yards of the fellmongers. Our frontispiece presents a sketch of the scene here described.

It is necessary here to mention a distinction which is made between *hides* and *skins*. The transactions alluded to above relate to skins only, that is, the coverings of sheep and calves, whereas the skins of oxen and horses are known in the trade as *hides*. It was supposed, when the New Skin-Market was built, that the dealings in hides would, in part at least, be carried on there as well as that in skins. But nearly all the ox-hides, from which the thicker kinds of leather are made, are still sold at Leadenhall Market, which has long been the centre of this trade. It is not difficult to see why this is the case, for cattle are generally slaughtered, not on the premises of the butcher, but in slaughter-houses near the flesh-markets, and therefore in the vicinity of Leadenhall hide-market. The grass-plot now existing in the area of the larger quadrangle of the Skin-Market is intended to be covered with additional warehouses or depositories, whenever the traffic may render such a step desirable. Nearly all the leather manufacturers in Bermondsey are proprietors in this Market.

There is, then, this difference between the earlier operations of the fellmongers and the tanners of Bermondsey; that the former purchase sheepskins at the Bermondsey Market from salesmen who act as agents to the London butchers, and then prepare the skins for the leather-dressers and parchment-makers; whereas the tanners purchase ox, cow, and calf skins at Leadenhall Market, from the hide-salesmen, as also horse-hides from the persons known as "knackers," and then tan these hides. There are many points of similarity between the two departments; but there are also differences which make a broad line of distinction between them.

All the tanneries in London, with, we believe, one exception, are situated in Bermondsey; and all present nearly the same features. Whoever has resolution enough to brave the appeals to his organ of smell, and visit one of these places, will see a large area of ground—sometimes open above, and in other cases covered by a roof—intersected by pits or oblong cisterns, whose upper edges are level with the ground: these cisterns are the tan-pits, in which hides are exposed to the action of liquor containing oak-bark. He will see, perhaps, in one corner of the premises, a heap of ox and cow horns, just removed from the hide, and about to be sold to the comb-makers, the knife-handle-makers, and other manu-

facturers of horn. He will see in another corner a heap of refuse matter about to be consigned to the glue-manufacturer. In a covered building he will find a



[Neckinger Mills Leather Manufactory, Bermondsey.]

heap of hides exposed to the action of lime, for loosening the hair with which the pelt is covered; and in an adjoining building he will probably see a number of men scraping the surfaces of the hides, to prepare them for the tan-pits. In many of the tanneries, though not all, he will see stacks of spent tan, no longer useful in the tannery, but destined for fuel or manure, or gardeners' hot-beds. In airy buildings he will see the tanned leather hanging up to dry, disposed in long ranges of rooms or galleries. Such are the features which all the tanneries, with some minor differences, exhibit.

In the Willow Walk, and one or two other places in the vicinity, may be seen instances of one of the purposes to which tan is appropriated. A large plot of ground contains, in addition to heaps of tan, skeleton frames about five or six feet in height, consisting of a range of shelves one above another; and on these shelves are placed the oblong rectangular pieces of "tan-turf," with which the middle classes have not much to do, but which are extensively purchased for fuel, at "ten or twelve for a penny," by the humbler classes. This is one of the numerous branches of trade arising out of the leather-manufacture, and giving to Bermondsey so many of its peculiar characteristics.

The whole of the fell-mongers belonging to the metropolis are congregated within a small circle around the Skin-Market in Weston Street. It forms no part

of the occupation of these persons to convert the sheepskins into leather. The skins pass into their hands with the wool on, just as they are taken from the sheep; and the fellmonger then proceeds to remove the wool from the pelt, and to cleanse the latter from some of the impurities with which it is coated. This occupation is extremely dirty and disagreeable, and offers few inducements to a visit from a stranger.

The produce of the fellmongers' labours passes into the hands of two or three other classes of manufacturers, such as the wool-stapler, the leather-dresser, and the parchment-maker. The wool-staplers, thirty or forty in number, are, like the fell-mongers, located almost without a single exception in Bermondsey. They are wool-dealers, who purchase the commodity as taken from the skins, and sell it to the hatters, the woollen and worsted manufacturers, and others. They are scarcely to be denominated manufacturers, since the wool passes through their hands without undergoing any particular change or preparation; it is sorted into various qualities, and, like the foreign wool, packed in bags for the market. In a street called Russell Street, intersecting Bermondsey Street, the large warehouses of these wool-staplers may be seen in great number; tiers of ware or store rooms, with cranes over them; waggons in the yard beneath; huge bags filled with wool—some arriving and others departing—these are the appearances which a wool-warehouse presents. It may, perhaps, not be wholly unnecessary to observe, that the sheep's wool here spoken of is only that portion which is taken from the pelt or skin of the slaughtered animal, and which is known by the name of skin-wool. The portion which is taken from the animal during life, and which is called "shear-wool," possesses qualities in some respects different from the former, and passes through various hands. As very few sheep are sheared near London, the shear-wool is not, generally speaking, brought into the London market, except that which comes from abroad.

The leather-dresser, to whom the pelts (the name applied to skins when the wool has been removed from them) are consigned by the fell-monger, undertakes the preparation of all the thinner kinds of leather, whether from the sheep-pelts just alluded to, or from goat, kid, deer, dog, or other thin skins. The leather for gloves, for women's shoes, for bookbinders, for coach-trimmings, and for ornamental purposes, is mostly prepared by the leather-dresser, who differs from the tanner in this, that the latter prepares the thicker hides, which require the process of tanning; whereas the former manufactures those thinner kinds of leather which are prepared with alum, with oil, and with other substances, but not by tanning. The same remark may be applied to the leather-dressers of the metropolis as to the tanners, the fell-mongers, and the wool-staplers—Bermondsey contains them all, with few exceptions. A leather-dresser's manufactory presents many of the features observable in a tannery. There are the pits or cisterns in which the skins and pelts are steeped; there are the blocks on which the skins are placed while being scraped; there are the drying-rooms in which the prepared leather is hung. But there are points in which the two kinds of factories differ. When the tanner has tanned his leather, any staining, softening, or farther preparation which it may require is performed by the currier; whereas the leather-dresser brings the thinner kinds of leather to a completion, carrying

on within his own establishment all the processes, from the cleaning of the pelt to the consignment of the leather to the glove-maker, the shoemaker, or the bookbinder. The dyeing of coloured leather, the "tawing" of white leather, the "shammoying" of wash-leather—all are done, to a greater or less extent, by the leather-dresser. There is one extensive establishment at Bermondsey, known as the Neckinger Mills, at which, in addition to other varieties of leather, a very large proportion of all the "morocco-leather" made in England is produced. The stores of prepared leather kept at an establishment of this kind are immense. The mills here spoken of were built sixty or eighty years ago by a company who attempted the manufacture of paper from straw; but this failing, the premises passed into the hands of others, who established the leather-manufacture. In illustration of what was formerly stated respecting the tide-streams, we may remark that this is one of the factories which still obtain their supply of water from this source. We have thought that a wood-cut representation, given in a previous page, of a leather-manufacturer's establishment, will convey a general idea of the appearance which Bermondsey derives from the numerous examples of them.

Glue-manufactories form another item in the list for which Bermondsey is so remarkable, and which, so far as the metropolis is concerned, is confined almost wholly to that locality. Here, as in the leather-manufacture, both buildings and open ground are required. The small erections which we have spoken of as being visible in the glue-manufactories from the Greenwich Railway are covered stages, or tiers of frames, each frame having a net-work stretched across it, for the reception of thin cakes of glue, which are thus dried by the access of air. In passing one of these factories more closely, the eye of a stranger is attracted by the appearance of thousands of small white substances, either suspended under roofs or lying on stages exposed to the open air. These are scraps and parings of hides and skins, useless to the leather-manufacturer, but valuable to the glue-maker, as the substance whence his glue is produced: they are thus exposed for the purpose of being dried before the gelatine is extracted from them. After all this has been done—after the tanner and the fellmonger, the leather-dresser and the glue-maker, have derived from the hides and skins all that is valuable to them, and have coined gold out of these rude substances—the refuse still possesses a value as manure, for which purpose it is sold to agriculturists and gardeners.

There was a time when the manufacture of hats formed one of the characteristics of this neighbourhood; but this branch of manufacture, from some cause with which we are not well acquainted, has suffered a curious migration. At about the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, the "Maze" (a district between Bermondsey Street and the Borough High Street), Tooley Street, the northern end of Bermondsey Street, and other streets in the immediate vicinity, formed the grand centre of the hat-manufacture of London; but since then some commercial motive-power has exerted a leverage which has transferred nearly the whole assemblage farther westward. If we wish to find the centre of this manufacture, with its subordinate branches of hat-block makers, hat-dyers, hat-lining and leather cutters, hat-shag makers, hat-tip makers, hat-bowstring

makers, hat-furriers, hat-trimming makers, &c., we must visit the district included between the Borough High Street and Blackfriars Road. A glance at that curious record of statistical facts, a 'London Directory,' will show to what an extent this manufacture is carried on in the district just marked out. It is true that Bermondsey still contains one hat-factory which has been characterised as the largest in the world, and that Tooley Street still exhibits a sprinkling of smaller firms; but the manufacture is no longer a feature to be numbered among the peculiarities of Bermondsey.

The connexion between fur, hair, wool, and skin—all being portions of the coating of animals—might raise a supposition that the manufacture or rather preparation of the first, like that of the other three, is carried on at Bermondsey. But this is the case only to a small extent. The fur for hatters is cut from the pelts of the beaver, the neutria, the rabbit, and other fur-bearing animals, by a class of tradesmen called "hatters' furriers," residing principally in the hat-making district; while the furs which are left on the pelts such as are used for muffs and tippets are slightly dressed by persons residing in various parts of London.

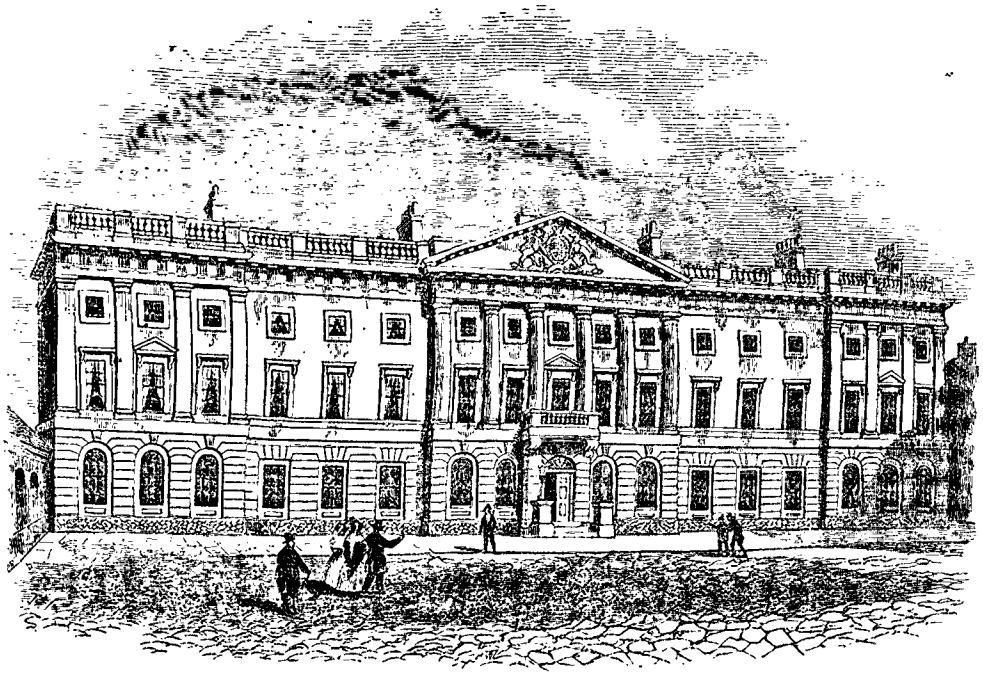
A walk through the streets of Bermondsey shows us that everybody is busy and active. Scarcely any houses are shut up—scarcely any loiterers or idlers are looking about for a leaning-post. Unlike Spitalfields, which experiences great and frequent depressions in trade—thus bearing heavily on the resources and the comforts of the weaver—the staple manufacture of Bermondsey seems always more or less flourishing. We seldom hear of petitions, and subscriptions, and appeals, for the "poor tanners;" and long may it be before such are heard!

If this article should fall into the hands of any who are accustomed to cross London Bridge daily in the course of their regular avocations, they will probably understand to whom we allude when we speak of the sack and bag women of Bermondsey. Not more regular are the "short stages" and omnibuses in their daily arrival from the villages south of the Thames, than the women whom we see bustling along to and fro over London Bridge. Their features show them to be generally natives of the "Emerald Isle;" their garb shows that they move in a humble, a very humble, station in life; but their light and rapid walk or run, or—perhaps more correctly—trot, indicates the happy activity of persons having "something to do" by which an honest living may be gained. These women carry on their heads bundles of coarse canvas, either made up into bags and sacks, or about so to be. The corn-trade of Mark-Lane, the wool-trade of Bermondsey, and other branches of commercial dealings, require a very large supply of coarse bags and sacks. There are many firms whose sole or principal occupation is to manufacture these bags, while other persons keep "sack and bag hire-warehouses."

The women to whom we allude are the persons who make these bags and sacks. They go to the warehouses, principally on the northern side of the water, receive each a bundle of coarse canvas or other woven material sufficient to make a certain number of bags, place the bundles on their heads, and—braving weather and crowds and interruptions right merrily—hasten to their own poor

dwellings, which are principally in the lower parts of Bermondsey. They receive, as may be supposed, an extremely low price for the labour which they bestow. As soon as the bags are made they are wrapped up into a bundle and carried home to the warehouses. The morning is the time when these busy journeyings to and fro are principally made; and they form one among the many "moving pictures" which London Bridge presents.

[Bermondsey Sack and Bag Women, London Bridge.]



[The Mint.]

LIII.—THE MINT.

A STRIKING illustration of the magnitude of the transactions of the British Empire may be drawn from the recent records of the Mint. Between the years 1816 and 1836 the money coined in it amounted in round numbers to a quarter of a million of copper, twelve millions of silver, and considerably above fifty-five millions of gold, making a total of between sixty-seven and sixty-eight millions of money sent into circulation within twenty years. Whilst we are dealing with figures, we may add that the charge for coining this enormous amount of precious metal was nearly four hundred and twenty-one thousand pounds, and the actual cost about two hundred and fourteen thousand pounds, leaving a profit to the Company of Moneyers not much less in amount. Any one may send bullion to be coined, but for many years the Bank of England alone has been the medium between the foreign importer and the Mint. During the lapse of time the sources of our supplies of bullion have been frequently changed. Time was when even England itself added silver to the other inexhaustible stores which it was for ever pouring forth from its bosom; Edward I., for instance, received no

less than seven hundred and four pounds *weight* of silver during the year 1296 from Devonshire, and down to the reign of George I. silver money has been coined from the proceeds of the Welsh and other native mines. The principal sources of supply at present are the mines of Peru and Mexico for both silver and gold; and from the mines comparatively recently discovered in the Russian Ural mountains a large quantity of gold is also received. The Bank buys silver at the market price, which fluctuates; gold at 3*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* per ounce; but it will make no purchases of gold without having first sent specimens for assay to the king's assay-master of the Mint. This is the simple history of our uncoined money generally. But there are some notable exceptions. A few weeks since the newspapers of the day informed us that considerable interest was excited by the arrival in the Borough of the first portion of the ransom payable by the Chinese nation to the British Government, which amounted to two millions of dollars. It was packed in wooden chests, and filled ten waggons and carts, forming a train of considerable length; and was escorted by a detachment of the 32nd regiment. The whole passed over London Bridge, and was conveyed to the Bank. This money, which weighs upwards of sixty-five tons, was brought from China by Her Majesty's ship 'Conway.' It will, no doubt, ultimately be coined into British money, and we shall be circulating our shillings and sixpences to and fro without the slightest notion of their having once formed a part of the price of Canton—nay, for aught we know, some of them may in their state of transformation find their way back again to the Celestial Empire, to gladden, possibly, for a second time the eyes of some unconscious Chinese, and be treasured for their novelty in the same cabinet where they had previously been hoarded for their intrinsic value. In 1804 a somewhat similar convoy passed through the streets, which had been taken under no less memorable circumstances. Political considerations having determined our Government to commence war with Spain, a bright notion occurred to it before making a formal declaration of its purposes. Some Spanish vessels with treasure were then expected home; accordingly Captain Moore, with four vessels, was despatched to intercept them. He was successful, but did not obtain possession of the prize till the Spanish admiral's vessel had blown up, and some hundreds of persons had gone to their last account. To the honour of the British people, their indignation was all but universal. There was one incident that did much to deepen the general impression of the affair. A Spanish gentleman was on board one of the ships, who, after twenty-five years' industry and economy in America, had realised a fortune, and was now returning to his native country, contented in its possession, and blessed with a numerous and beautiful family to share it. Before the action commenced, he, with one of his sons, went on board one of the largest ships, the better perhaps to assist in repelling so unexpected an attack; and in a few minutes beheld the one in which he had left his wife and his other children surrounded with flames. This was the admiral's ship already mentioned.

None of the humiliating and painful reflections attached to this case belonged to the one preceding it by some forty years, and which accordingly seems to have been marked by a very joyous sort of procession. The day was a remarkable one, being that on which the young sovereign George the Third's first son and successor was born. "Just after Her Majesty was safely in her bed, the waggons with the

treasure of the 'Hermione' entered St. James's Street; on which His Majesty and the nobility went to the windows over the palace-gate to see them, and joined their acclamations on two such joyful occasions; from whence the procession proceeded to the Tower in the following order, viz.:—A company of light horse, attended with kettle-drums, French horns, trumpets, and hautboys. A covered waggon, decorated with an English jack, and a Spanish flag underneath, hanging behind the waggon. Two more covered waggons. Seven waggons uncovered. And, lastly, a covered waggon, decorated with an English jack and a Spanish flag. In the whole twenty waggons. The procession was concluded with an officer on horseback, carrying an English ensign, attended by another holding a drawn cutlass. The escort to each waggon consisted of four marines with their bayonets fixed. The whole cavalcade was saluted by the people with acclamations of joy. On opening some of the chests at the Bank they were greatly surprised to find a bag full of gold instead of silver in one of them; several have since been found of the same kind." * The treasure weighed sixty-five tons, and was valued at nearly a million sterling. In the last incident of this kind we shall mention, which occurred just a century before, the money was obtained without violence of any kind from its owners, yet not the less disgraceful was its possession. It was the purchase-money of Dunkirk, acquired by Cromwell, and so much valued by the English people, that just before the sale was concluded the merchants of London offered through the Lord Mayor any sum of money to Charles rather than it should be lost. The offer, however, was declined. We have already, in our account of the Tower, noticed Charles's visit there to see the wealth he had so dearly purchased. Pepys had a hope of getting some portion of the treasure to pay off the naval arrears, but the king knew better how to dispose of it than on such merely national purposes.

These passages refer to one of the extraordinary modes of supplying the Mint with bullion. Another proposed method, which has engaged a great deal of attention, is of a very interesting, though, unfortunately for its projectors, not of a very practical character. The name of Raymond Lully, the alchemist, is well known. He was the chief of those who, in the middle ages, helped to spread abroad through Europe a belief in the possibility of transmuting the baser metals into gold. He appears to have been a simple-minded, enthusiastic man, who in this matter probably imposed upon himself by his discoveries in the then wonderful science of chemistry. His chief object, to which he adhered with the most exemplary fortitude through all kinds of difficulties and dangers, was the conversion of the Mohammedans; and when he came to England, during the reign of Edward I., it was to engage that monarch in some new holy war. Edward had, however, plenty of business on hand with the Scotch and Welsh patriots; but the temptation held out by Lully was irresistible, being no less than that of filling his treasury on the cheapest possible terms. The alchemist set to work in "the chamber of St. Katherine" in the Tower; and Ashmole says, "gold is affirmed, by an unwritten verity, to have been made .... and, besides the tradition, the inscription is some proof, for upon the reverse is a cross fleury, with lioneux, inscribed, *Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat*, that is, as Jesus passed invisible and in the most secret manner by the midst of the Pharisees, so

* Gent. Mag. Aug. 12, 1762.

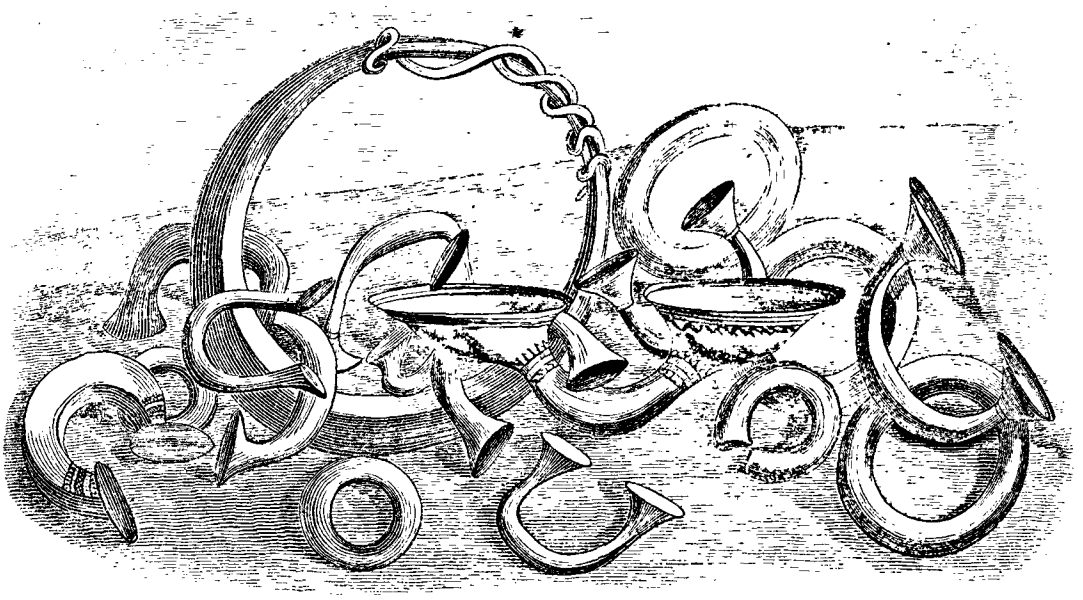
that gold was made by invisible and secret art amidst the ignorant."* Ashmole here refers to an inscription first seen on the gold noble of Edward III., and continued on various coins down to the period of Elizabeth. Much speculation has been excited by it, but to little purpose. The reader may wonder why the work did not proceed, since the great secret was discovered. It appears that, after a time, Edward refused to keep his promise, and Lully, on his part, declined any longer making the King rich. He was, in consequence, confined in one of the Tower dungeons. Such is the story; and it does not seem very difficult to extract from it the essential truth, that alchemy was yet to be ranked amongst the undiscovered secrets of science. Not such was the conclusion of the government. One of the most curious parts of the history of the Mint is the continual faith our sovereigns have had in being able to supply it with cheap gold and silver. The patent roll of the third year of Edward III.'s reign states that the King had been given to understand that John le Rous and Master William de Dalby could make silver by art of *alkemony;* that they had heretofore made it, and still did make it; and that by such making of that metal they could greatly profit the realm. He therefore commanded Thomas Carey to find them out, and to bring them before the King, with all the instruments, &c., belonging to the said art. If they would come willingly, they were to be brought safely and honourably; but if not, they were to be seized and brought before the King, wherever he might be. All sheriffs, &c., were commanded to assist the said Thomas Carey. Either rumour had a little enhanced the skill of "John le Rous and Master William de Dalby," or they had themselves assumed too readily their "blushing honours," for no alchemic money poured into the Mint in consequence of the mandate. In the reign of Henry VI. the tempting cup of wealth seemed again brought to the royal lips. In that monarch's twenty-second year John Cobbe presented a petition to the King, stating that he was desirous of operating upon certain materials by art philosophical, viz., to transubstantiate the inferior metals, by the said art, into perfect gold and silver, so as to endure every trial; but that certain persons had suspected this to be done by art unlawful, and therefore had power to hinder and disturb him in giving proof of it. The King, in answer, granted a special licence of protection, and, hoping at least to find among a multitude of alchemists the treasure he desired, soon after bestowed a similar mark of his grace on several other persons. Growing more and more impatient for some tangible result, in his thirty-fifth year he appointed a commission to inquire into the truth of the art, the professors of it having promised him wealth enough to pay all his debts in gold and silver, to the great advantage of the kingdom. The members consisted of Augustine and Preaching friars, the Queen's physician, the master of St. Laurence Pontigny College, an alderman of London, a fishmonger, two grocers, and a mercer—certainly one of the oddest mixtures of persons for a tribunal of judgment on a scientific question we ever remember to have read of. The result must have been, we should suppose, partially favourable, for two years later we find the King again granting a licence for the pursuit. The people's faith in alchemy, during all this period, seems to have been no less earnest than that of their sovereign, but it was a faith of a

* Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum. The translation of the inscription is, however, a very loose paraphrase. Literally it is—"Jesus passing over went through the midst of them."

very different nature. They appear to have believed that gold and silver might be made, but only by the assistance of the Evil One. An alchemist was a wiser, subtler, and infinitely more mischievous sort of witch, one who would soar above the vulgar desire of sticking pins into people, and preventing butter from being churned, in order to play at ducks and drakes with the national money. Many and many a time, no doubt, has the rustic (and perhaps even higher than he), when he has heard some of the marvellous tales of the alchemists and the Mint, blessed himself as the thought crossed him that his little hoard might be of money made in the mysterious way, and gone to look at it once more to be sure that it had not disappeared. We have already seen that John Cobbe was obliged to petition the King for a licence, on the ground of having been disturbed by persons who suspected him to practise by *art unlawful;* another evidence of a similar kind, and in connexion with a new instance of the royal hankering after this "new way to pay old debts," occurs in the Leet Book of the corporation of Coventry, under the date of the 6th of January, in the seventeenth year of the reign of Henry's conqueror and successor, Edward IV. "The mayor received a privy signet by the hands of a servant of the King, the tenor whereof after ensueth: 'By the King.—Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well, and let you wite (know) that it hath been showed unto us that our well-beloved John French, our servant, com'inying [*query*, coming in] and commonly abiding in our city there, intendeth by his labour to practise a true and a profitable conclusion in the cunning of transmutation of metals, to our profit and pleasure; and for to make a clear showing of the same before certain our council and servants by us therefore appointed, is required a certain time to prepare his materials: we, not willing therefore our said servant to be troubled in that he shall so work or prepare for our pleasure and profit, will and charge you that ye ne suffer him in any wise by person or persons to be letted, troubled, or vexed of his said labour and practice, to the intent that he at his good liberty may shew unto us, and such as be by us therefore appointed, the clear effect of his said conclusion. Given under our signet, at our palace of Westminster, the 29th day of December.'" The excessive courteousness of tone perceptible in this epistle will not escape observation. From this time, if the art of alchemy still continued for a time to find believers, the sovereigns of England appear to have grown too wise by experience to rank themselves publicly among the number.

The establishment of the Mint in London must date from the remotest periods of the known history of the latter. There can be no doubt some of the Roman emperors coined money here, and specimens bearing the name of London in an abbreviated form still exist. In the Saxon period, also, we know not only that London had a Mint, but that it was the chief one in the kingdom. There were eight moneyers (as the chief officers were called, to whom the coining of money was intrusted in early times) in London in the reign of Athelstan, and six at Winchester, the next place in rank. The Mint in the Tower is as old as the erection; and it has been worked in every reign from the Conquest to the present time, with one or two unimportant exceptions. In treating of the "Mint" through the remainder of this article, we propose to direct our attention chiefly to the *growth of our national coinage,* as illustrated by the introduction of the most important new coins from time to time into it. The engravings introduced will at the same time show the nature and extent of its artistical progress, from

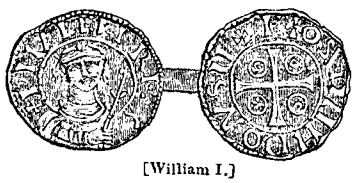
the earliest period up to that of the Commonwealth; for since then, if there has been progress at all, it has been in the wrong direction. This is no place to enter into disquisitions on the uncertain subject of the money of the ancient Britons, of the Roman-British, or of the Saxons: suffice it, therefore, to observe that to the period of the first are assigned the ring coins of the character here represented; to that of the second the rude coins, bearing some—inscriptions



[Ring Coins.]

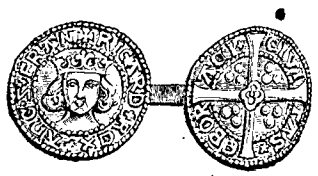
supposed to refer to Boadicea, and others to Cunobelin, a British king of the time of Augustus; whilst to the third may be assigned the first real coin having a direct connexion with our present system. The silver *penny* is first mentioned in the laws of Ina, king of the West Saxons, who reigned from 689 to 726. It most probably derived its name from the word *pendo*, to weigh, being then, as now, the 240th part of a pound. Its weight was 22½ grains, and would now be worth 2¾*d*. This coin was for several centuries the chief circulating medium. "The silver penny of Alfred," says Ruding (to whom we must express our obligations), "is the first authentic coin yet discovered which can with certainty be appropriated to the London Mint." The history of the silver penny offers a good illustration of the disgraceful as well as foolish system adopted by our older sovereigns of depreciating the real value of coin, in the hope of preserving at the same time the original current value. From 22½ grains, in the Anglo-Saxon period, it had fallen to 18 grains by the reign of the third Edward, to 12 grains

Silver Pennies.



[William I.]

[Edward I.]



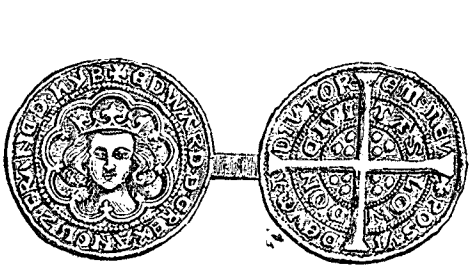
[Richard II.]

by the reign of the fourth Edward, to 8 grains by the reign of the sixth Edward, and during the reign of Elizabeth was fixed at 7 $\frac{7}{11}$ grains, its present weight. The silver halfpenny and farthing are both mentioned in the translation of the Saxon gospels; they would now be worth respectively about 1$\frac{1}{2}$*d.* and $\frac{3}{4}$*d.*: these also continued for several centuries in circulation. The last halfpenny was struck during the Commonwealth; the last farthing in the reign of Edward VI. Next in antiquity to the Saxon penny is the styca, or copper money of the kings of Northumberland, and which appear to have been confined to that kingdom. Their date is from 670 to about the close of the ninth century. The styca would now be worth about a third of a farthing.

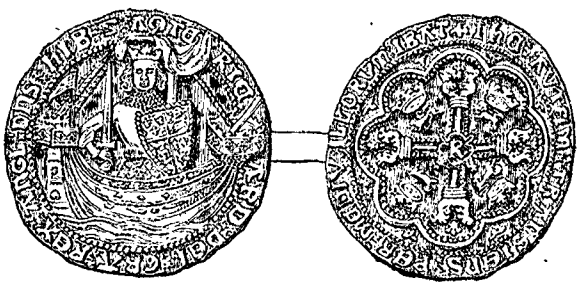
The rudeness of the money during these early times, and of the system under which they were coined, offered a wide field for knavery; and the consequence was that the currency was at all times in a deplorable state. Punishments more and more severe were tried on the great offenders, who were the moneyers themselves, but with only the most temporary benefit. We learn that in the reign of Edgar the penny had become at one time scarcely equal to a halfpenny in weight; and on one Whit Sunday, St. Dunstan, who had become very indignant at this state of things on the part of the public officers, refused to celebrate mass till three moneyers had received immediate punishment. Accordingly their right hands were struck off. A more frightful instance of the kind occurred in the reign of Henry I., the "Lion of Justice" as he has been called, who had a very significant testimony of the baseness of his money in the refusal of dealers to take it in the market. He was then in Normandy, but, determined upon swift and sweeping vengeance, he sent over his mandate to Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, to summon the moneyers throughout England to appear at Winchester against Christmas Day. As they arrived, they were taken apart singly, and underwent the most cruel and disgraceful mutilations. They were afterwards driven into banishment. Three alone out of ninety-four persons escaped punishment, and to them was committed the charge of making a new coinage to supply the whole kingdom. The rudeness of the money offered, of course, facilities to others beside moneyers for living upon the coinage. Makers and utterers of false coin flourished. In a curious anecdote of King John and Pandulph, we see that even learned ecclesiastics occasionally were to be found in their ranks. Immediately after sentence of excommunication was pronounced on John by Pandulph at Northampton in 1212, the King, doubtless with the view of intimidating Pandulph for continuing the interdict he had promulgated, ordered the sheriff to bring before him all the prisoners then in his custody. Some of these he caused to be hung, some to have their eyes torn out, and some their feet cut off. Among the prisoners was a priest, a clerk, who had counterfeited money, whom the King ordered to be hanged. Pandulph at once stepped forward, and threatened to excommunicate whoever should touch the priest, and went himself in search of a candle to fulfil his determination. John was now frightened, and, following the legate, delivered the prisoner into his hands that he might himself execute justice upon him. The latter, however, was immediately set at liberty. The chief offenders against the King's coin, if history has not belied them, were the Jews, of whom no less than 280 persons of both sexes were hung in London alone by Edward I. His bigotry against them, coupled with his

rapacity, which their wealth was so well able to gratify, may account for a great part of these horrible proceedings, without taking it for granted that his Jewish were so infinitely worse than his Christian subjects. But Edward did not punish only. He was too much of the statesman to allow all the evils of his monetary system to remain unchecked, save by the irregular operation of such influences: to him the Company of Moneyers are indebted for a confirmation of the privileges they still enjoy (including the great one of being the only national coiners), and most probably also for a general consolidation and improvement of their body, so as to make it more responsible; for we find that by the following reign the reformation of the Mint may be said to have been essentially completed: then an officer called the Comptroller was appointed, who, like the Warden and the Master, was to send in his accounts separately. From this time no fraud could take place without the conjunction of the three officers. The Company now consists of seven senior and junior members and a provost, who undertake the coinage at fixed prices.

The improvements carried into effect among the coiners appear very wisely to have been closely connected with a similar reformation of the coinage. From the reign of Henry III. English money begins to improve in appearance, as well as to exhibit more variety. According to a manuscript chronicle in the archives of the city of London, the King, in 1257, made a penny of the finest gold, which weighed two sterlings, and willed that it should be current for twenty pence. This was the first English coinage of gold. Under the date of Edward I.'s reign, our old writers speak of a coinage of silver halfpennies and farthings, then for the first time made round, instead as of old, square. These new coins were issued in 1279, and are connected with an interesting story. An old prophecy of Merlin had declared that whenever the money of England should be round, the Prince of Wales should be crowned in London. Llewellyn, the last prince, was slain by Edward in 1282: his head was cut off and sent to London, where it was placed in the Tower, crowned with willows, in mockery either of its late unhappy owner's pretensions or of the prophecy.



[Silver Groat of Edward III.]

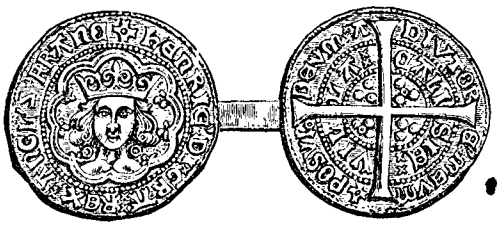


[Gold Noble of Richard II.]

Edward III. introduced several new coins into circulation, namely, the gold florin, with its half and quarter; the gold noble, also with its divisions; the groat and the half-groat. The gold florin, intended to pass for six shillings, now worth about nineteen, was found an inconvenient sum, and also, it is said, priced beyond its real value: so it soon gave place to the gold noble, or rose noble, as it was sometimes called, of the value of 6*s.* 8*d.*, or half a mark. On this coin we per-

ceive Edward, completely armed, in a ship—a reference most probably to his great naval victory over the French at Sluys in 1340, when the latter lost from ten to fifteen thousand men. This is the coin bearing the extraordinary legend before mentioned, and which was supposed in ancient times to have been made of Lully's wondrous gold. The noble of Richard II. (shown above) is almost an exact fac simile of this famous coin, which was subsequently (temp. Henry VI.) raised to the value of ten shillings, and called the rial. The silver groat borrowed its name from the French word *gros*, and was no doubt so designated from its being the largest piece then known.

No new coins appeared from this time until the reign of Edward IV.; but a story of a remarkable kind is told by Speed, Hollinshed, and other writers, of which, according to a high authority, the silver coins of Henry V. probably present a permanent memorial. In the coin here shown the reader will perceive

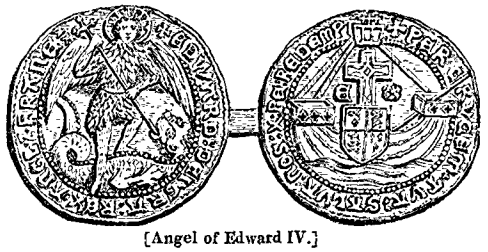


[Silver Groat of Henry V.]

below the flowing hair small round circles. These are the only distinguishing features of Henry V.'s coin from his father's, and are, it is supposed, "intended for eyelet holes, from an odd stratagem when he was prince." * The following account of the "odd stratagem" is from Speed. The period referred to is the latter part of Henry IV.'s reign, when the King being "somewhat crazy, and keeping his chamber, hearing news daily of his son's loose exercises, too mean for a prince, and their constructions—(ever made to aim at his crown), he began both to withdraw his fatherly affection, and to fear some violence against his own person; which, when Prince Henry heard of, by some that favoured him of the King's council, in a strange disguise he repaired to his court, accompanied with many lords and noblemen's sons. His garment was a gown of blue satin, wrought full of eyelet holes, and at every eyelet the needle left hanging by the silk it was wrought with. About his arm he wore a dog's collar, set full of SS of gold, the tirets thereof being most fine gold. Thus coming to Westminster and the court of his father, having commanded his followers to advance no farther than the fire in the hall, himself, accompanied with some of the King's household, passed on to his presence, and, after his duty and obeisance done, offered to make known the cause of his coming. The King, weak then with sickness, and supposing the worst, commanded himself to be borne into a withdrawing chamber, some of his lords attending upon him, before whose feet Prince Henry fell, and with all reverent obeisance spake to him as followeth:—'Most gracious sovereign and renowned father, the suspicion of disloyalty and divulged reports of my dangerous intendments towards your royal person and crown hath enforced at this time and in this manner to present myself and life at your Majesty's dispose. Some

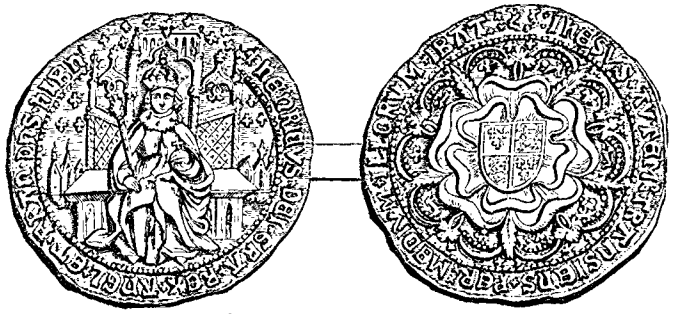
* Leake's History of British Money.

faults and misspent time (with blushes I may speak it) my youth hath committed, yet those made much more by such fleering pickthanks that blow them stronger into your unwilling and distasteful ears. The name of sovereign ties allegiance to all; but of a father, to a further feeling of nature's obedience: so that my sins were double if such suggestions possessed my heart: for the law of God ordaineth that he which doth presumptuously against the ruler of his people shall not live, and the child that smiteth his father shall die the death. So far therefore am I from any disloyal attempts against the person of you, my father and the Lord's anointed, that if I knew any of whom you stood in the least danger or fear, my hand, according to duty, should be the first to free your suspicion. Yea, I will most gladly suffer death to ease your perplexed heart; and to that end I have this day prepared myself, both by confession of my offences past, and receiving the blessed sacrament. Wherefore I humbly beseech your Grace to free your suspicion from all fear conceived against me with this dagger, the stab whereof I will willingly receive here at your Majesty's hand, and so doing, in the presence of these lords, and before God at the day of judgment, I clearly forgive my death.' But the King, melting into tears, cast down the naked dagger (which the prince delivered him), and raising his prostrate son, embraced and kissed him, confessing his ears to have been over-credulous that way, and promising never to open them again against him. But the prince, unsatisfied, instantly desired that at least his accusers might be produced, and, if convicted, to receive punishment, though not to the full of their demerits: to which request the King replied that, as the offence was capital, so should it be examined by the peers, and therefore willed him to rest contented until the next parliament. Thus by his great wisdom he satisfied his father from further suspicion, and recovered his love that nearly was lost."*



[Angel of Edward IV.]

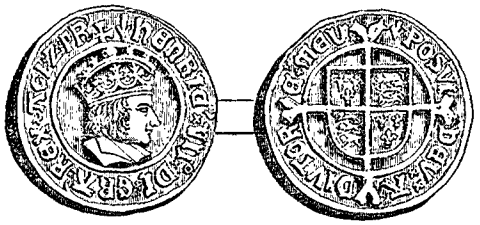
The gold angel, and angelet or half-angel, were first struck by Edward IV. in 1466, and were intended to pass in the room and at the value of the noble and



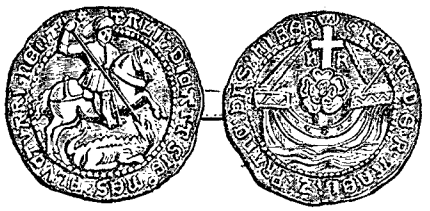
[Sovereign of Henry VII.]

* Speed's History of Great Britain, ed. 1632, p. 767.

half-noble, but were considerably inferior in intrinsic value. The next new coins issued from the Mint during the reign of Henry VII.: these were the sovereign, with its double and half, of gold, and the testoon or shilling of silver. The term shilling is, at least, as old as the Saxon period, when, however, it expressed money of account only: it now became a coin of currency. The name testoon



[Groat or Shilling of Henry VII.]

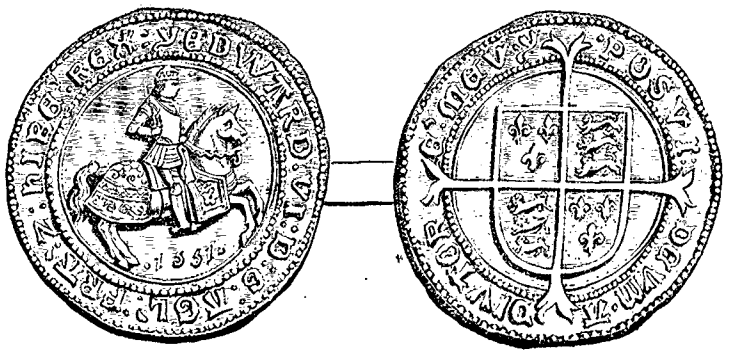


[The George Noble of Henry VIII.]

was derived from the French word *teste* or *tête*, a head, the royal portrait being stamped in the novel form of a profile. The coin itself was often called a groat. The testoon in the course of a reign or two obtained a bad reputation, having become greatly debased. Heywood has several epigrams on the subject. Here is one of them:—

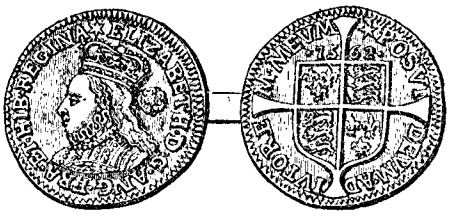
"These testoons look red; how like you the same?
'Tis a token of grace: they blush for shame."

The debasement here referred to commenced with the reign of Henry VIII., who, to the other characteristics of his reign, added the feature that he was the first English sovereign who corrupted the sterling quality of his coin. His predecessors had often tried the effect of making a small piece of silver or gold pass for the value of larger ones; but in some cases this may have arisen from erroneous notions as to the laws which govern the value of money, and, at the worst, it was a sort of frank dishonesty: it was reserved for "bluff King Hal" to try to cheat the nation; to keep the coin of promise to the eye, but break it to the hope; to place, in a word, the British Government on the level of the poor wretches who were being continually strung up for the same crime, without having the same excuse for its commission. Among the coins struck by Henry VIII. may be mentioned the George noble, so called from the representation of St. George and the Dragon stamped on the reverse. A specimen of a silver crown-piece was coined by Henry, but that coin was first issued for currency by his son Edward, with the half-crown, sixpence, and threepence.

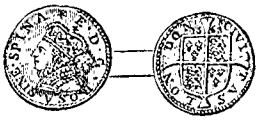


[Crown of Edward VI.]

During this reign the corruption of the coin was carried even still further. Henry had reduced the proportions of his silver from eleven ounces two pennyweights of the pure metal and eighteen pennyweights of alloy, to four ounces of silver and eight of alloy. Edward's government now left only three ounces of silver in the pound of mixed metal. Old Latimer, in one of his sermons (1548), complains bitterly of the interference of the ecclesiastics of his day in the affairs of government: "Some," he says, "are ambassadors, some of the privy council, some to furnish the court, some are lords of the Parliament, some are presidents, and some *comptrollers of Mints*. Well, well, is this their duty? Is this their office? Is this their calling? Should we have ministers of the church to be comptrollers of the Mint? . . . . I would fain know who comptrolleth the devil at home at his parish while he comptrolleth the Mint?" The honest bishop was also very probably thinking at the same time *how* the Mint was comptrolled by them, but left that part of the business untouched, as being beyond his sphere. All this evil was now to be remedied, and, above most other features, the reformation of the coinage is the one perhaps that adds the greatest lustre to the reign of the virgin queen. In our account of the Exchange, we have had occasion to show that Sir Thomas Gresham was one of the most strenuous promoters of this reformation, if indeed he was not its chief originator. The silver was now restored to its original proportions of eighteen pennyweights of alloy in the pound of standard metal, which are also the proportions observed to this day. In making this alteration it was necessary to recall the corrupt coin of her brother and father, and melt it down for re-casting. The real value of what was received at the Mint for this purpose was about 244,000*l.*, *its current value having actually been* 638,000*l.* Whilst the process of reformation was going on, Elizabeth went publicly to the Tower, where she coined several pieces with her own hand, and distributed them among her suite. This queen added silver three-halfpenny and three-farthing pieces to the money of England; and during her reign the first milled money appeared; the "mill-sixpences" of which Master Slender was robbed.



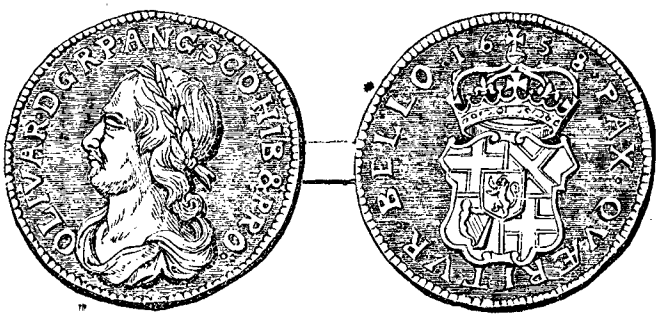
[Milled Sixpence of Elizabeth.]



[Three-farthings of Elizabeth.]

During the period commencing with the reign of Charles I. and ending with that of his son, the history of the Mint is highly interesting; we can here only notice in the fewest words its chief points. One of Charles's most despotic acts in the contest with the Parliament was the seizing the money placed in the Mint by the merchants of London (a custom with them at that time) to the amount of 200,000*l.*, and, like most of his other acts of a similar nature, recoiled terribly upon himself: some of the most influential moneyed men of the empire were made hostile to him. The coins of Charles I. are in themselves a history of his

subsequent life, showing in the variety of their shape and the places of their coinage the troubled character of the period, and the shifts to which he was continually reduced. We have them lozenge-shaped, round, and octangular; and others again are small bits of silver plate, an inch and a half long, with a scarcely legible drawing of a castle. Among the places of mintage we find Oxford, York, Shrewsbury, Newark, Carlisle, Pontefract, &c. Silver ten and twenty shilling pieces were struck by Charles. In marked contrast with the money current during the war appears that of the Commonwealth when the contest was over. Unquestionably the finest coins we can boast of belong to the period in most other respects so unfavourable to the arts. Prior to the war Nicholas Briot, a French engraver, had produced for Charles I. the most beautiful money then known: it was a pupil of Briot's, Thomas Simon, who, in the service of Cromwell, outstripped his master, and produced the coins here shown, in which the bust of the great Protector is considered to be, with few exceptions, the most masterly



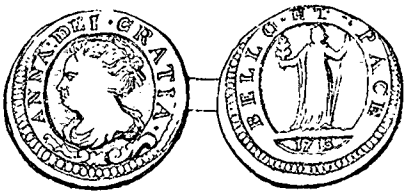
[Silver Crown of Cromwell.]

production of any modern artist who has exhibited his genius in this mode. It is probable that Simon's very excellence in connexion with such a subject was his dire offence when Charles II. came to the throne. How else are we to account for the treatment he then received? He was superseded; and although in a generous spirit of emulation he prepared a crown-piece, esteemed to this day one of the noblest specimens of medalling known, and presented it to the King, with a petition for his restoration, the application was unsuccessful. We must not quit the subject of the Commonwealth money till we have referred to the coins which so long furnished a standing joke for the Cavaliers. These appeared before Cromwell's appointment as Protector, and presented on the one side the English arms, and on the other the arms of England and Ireland, with the inscription "God with us." One Royalist jest was, that it appeared from their own coin that God and the Commonwealth were on different sides; another, that the two shields were the breeches of the Rump Parliament: this last was a prolific source of amusement. So late as 1731, we read in a prologue, spoken in Bury School, of

> "A silver pair of breeches neatly wrought,
> Such as you see upon an old Rump groat,
> Which emblem our good grandsires chose to boast
> To all the world, the tail was uppermost." *

* Gent.'s Mag., 1731.

We may now dismiss rapidly the only remaining coins that require notice. The guinea was coined by Charles II., and was so called as being made from the gold brought over by the African Company from Guinea, whose stamp, the elephant, appears upon all the coins made from their bullion. Accompanying the guinea were struck in the same reign the five-guinea piece, the two-guinea, and the half-guinea. The present copper coinage of halfpennies and farthings also dates from Charles's reign; and the figure of Britannia, still preserved, was modelled after the celebrated Miss Stewart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. Charles II. also coined a tin farthing, with a stud of copper in the centre. James, and William and Mary, continued that coin, and added a halfpenny of the same kind. This tin coinage was recalled in 1693. The reign of William and Mary is memorable in the history of the Mint, from another great reformation of the coinage, which had become so much depreciated by clipping, that 572 bags of silver coins brought into the Mint in 1695, which ought to have weighed above 18,450 lbs., did actually weigh but a little more than half, or 9,480 lbs. This single re-coinage must have cost the Government nearly two millions. Anne's reign is chiefly noticeable to the connoisseur in coins for the famous farthings, about which there has been so much misunderstanding. A complete set of this Queen's farthings comprise no less than six different coins, though these are all more or less rare, but in particular the one here



[Queen Anne's Farthing.]

engraved, which is consequently valuable. The gold quarter-guinea was coined by George I., and is remarkable as bearing for the first time the letters F. D. (Fidei Defensor). Gold seven-shilling pieces and copper pennies and twopences first appeared during the reign of George III.; both the first and the last have since been withdrawn. The guinea and half-guinea were withdrawn in 1815, when they were replaced by the present sovereign and its half. The last new piece added to our coinage was the fourpenny-piece by William IV. in 1836, which is of a different type from the existing groat.

Till the present century the Mint remained in the Tower. But about 1806 the Government, finding the military department had greatly encroached upon the buildings originally used for coining, intrusted to Sir Robert Smirke the erection of a new edifice upon Tower Hill. It was completed about 1811, at an expense of above a quarter of a million of money. This immense sum, however, included Boulton's expensive machinery, which, by successive improvements, has been brought to such a surprising degree of perfection, as, in conjunction with the other admirable arrangements of the establishment, places a power at the disposal of the Moneyers that will enable them, if required, to receive fifty thousand pounds worth of gold one morning in bullion, and return it the next in coin. It is amusing to contrast this rapidity with the state of things existing when every

piece was struck by hand, or when the entire process of coining could be carried on in a single room, as we see it in the engraving at the end of this paper, which evidently agrees in its essentials with the old English methods. In the present interesting process of coining the ingots are first melted in pots, when the alloy, of copper, is added (to gold, one part in twelve; to silver, eighteen pennyweights to a pound weight), and the mixed metal cast into small bars. And now begin the operations of the stupendous machinery, which is unequalled in the Mint of any other country, and is in every way a triumph of mechanical skill. The bars, in a heated state, are first passed through the breaking-down rollers, which, by their tremendous crushing power, reduce them to only one-third their former thickness, and increase them proportionally in their length. They are now passed through the cold rollers, which bring them nearly to the thickness of the coin required, when the last operation of this nature is performed by the draw-bench—a machine peculiar to our Mint, and which secures an extraordinary degree of accuracy and uniformity in the surface of the metal, and leaves it of the exact thickness desired. The cutting-out machines now begin their work. There are twelve of these engines in the elegant room set apart for them, all mounted on the same basement, and forming a circular range. Here the bars or strips are cut into pieces of the proper shape and weight for the coining-press, and then taken to the sizing-room to be separately weighed, as well as sounded on a circular piece of iron, to detect any flaws. The protecting rim is next raised in the marking-room, and the pieces after blanching and annealing are ready for stamping. The coining-room is a magnificent-looking place, with its columns and its great iron beams, and the presses ranging along the solid stone basement. There are eight presses, each of them making, when required, sixty or seventy (or even more) strokes a minute; and as at each stroke a blank is made a perfect coin—that is to say, stamped on both sides, and milled at the edge—each press will coin between four and five thousand pieces in the hour, or the whole eight between thirty and forty thousand. And to accomplish these mighty results the attention of one little boy alone is required, who stands in a sunken place before the press, supplying it with blanks. The bullion is now money, and ready for the trial of the Pix, which, at the Mint, is a kind of tribunal of judgment between the actual coiners and the owners, as the greater trial known by the same name in the Court of Exchequer is to test the quality of the money as between the Master of the Mint and the people. This trial generally takes place on the appointment of a new master before the members of the Privy Council and a certain number of the Goldsmiths' Company; from the latter a jury of twelve persons is sworn. The Lord High Chancellor, or, in his absence, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, presides. Ruding was present at the trial of the Pix in 1799, when, after a variety of minute experiments, it was found that a certain quantity of gold which should have weighed 190 pounds, 9 ounces, 9 pennyweights, and 15 grains, did weigh just 1 pennyweight and the 15 grains less: a closeness of approximation sufficient, no doubt, to satisfy the nicest tribunal.

At the time at which we are writing it has been announced that some change or re-coinage of our gold money is in meditation. It may be worth while therefore to recall an idea put forth by Swift on a somewhat similar occasion. In 1712 he delivered to the Lord Treasurer a plan for the improvement of the British

coinage, which, among other matters, proposed that they should *bear devices and inscriptions, alluding to all the more remarkable parts of the sovereign's reign.* "By this means," he says, "medals that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and at the same time perpetuate the glories of her Majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, not confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions."*

* Guardian, No. 96.

[Process of Coining.]

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[View in the Tunnel.]

LIV.—THE THAMES TUNNEL.

WHATEVER Wapping may appear to the eyes of landsmen, to the British sailor it is, without doubt, a region of romance; a place to think about when—having been long tossed on some "still vexed" sea, or, more intolerable annoyance, becalmed on some far-stretching dead waste of waters—his heart yearns towards home; and the spot, made so familiar to him by the songs and stories he most delights in,—the spot where he has so often first touched English ground after many months' absence,—rises to his imagination decked in fairer and more glowing hues than poet or painter ever lavished on places a hundred times more beautiful. *We* go through its long and narrow streets thinking nothing of all this, and turning up our noses at its dirt, and age, and squalor; but the sailor's respect for us is not so remarkable as to make that circumstance trouble him: we verily believe, if he told

the truth, he would acknowledge he liked Wapping the better for its disagreeables. And after all, it may be questioned whether he does not love as "wisely" as "well." See the attention every one here pays to him. From the moment we pass Tower Hill, and those immense warehouses to the right—rising story upon story, and large enough, apparently, to be the storehouses of an empire rather than of a single metropolitan dock (St. Katherine's)—every other shop is in some way or other devoted to *his* wants, *his* instruction, *his* recreations; or to the wants of what he is quite as anxious about as his own, those of his good ship. Here we have the wholesale slopseller occasionally condescending to throw a half-unpacked bundle of jackets or shirts into his window, and who can at the briefest notice rig out a ship's crew: there the retail dealer, who is not too proud to exhibit nearly his whole substance to the light of common day, and covers his entire front, from the pavement to the first floor, with snow-white ducks, and rough pilot coats, oil-skin overalls, and every variety of hat, from the small jaunty round to the coal-heaver fashioned, with the long descending piece behind. Then there are the ship-joiners, and ship-carpenters, and ship sail-makers—each a numerous race. The aristocratical shop-keeper of Wapping we take to be the mathematical instrument-maker, whose windows, so full of neatly-finished and highly-polished brass articles, in so many varieties of form, might even cut a figure in Bond Street: sea-charts and sounding-machines, telescopes, compasses, and quadrants,—these are his staple commodities. The book-stall is equally characteristic of its customers and the place. A glance over its literature will at once show you your precise latitude and longitude. Side-by-side you see 'Azimuth Tables' and 'Falconer's Shipwreck,' 'The Little Sea Torch, or the Guide for Coasting Pilots,' and 'The New Naval Song Book,' ready to tempt some Incledon of the deck with a promise of a fresh accession of strength for the next trip.

But the general visitor may find much in Wapping to excite his attention, without having a sailor's sympathies. The London Docks, for instance, occupying above twenty acres, with their truly vast tobacco and other warehouses, are here. And the historical memories are not destitute of interest. It was in Wapping that the infamous Jeffreys, when James II. abdicated the throne, sought to shelter himself from the popular indignation, but in vain: he was detected in spite of his disguise as a common seaman, cudgelled, and hurried off to the Tower, where he died a few days after. The name of one of the outlets to the Thames preserves the memory of many a terrible tale of murder and piracy on the high seas: it was at Execution Dock, still known by that name, that all pirates used to be executed; and it appears, from an anecdote recorded by Maitland in his History,* not pirates only, but sailors found guilty of any of the greater crimes committed on ship-board. He states that, "on the 20th of December, 1738, one James Buchanan, condemned at the late Admiralty Sessions at the Old Bailey for the murder of Mr. Smith, fourth mate of the 'Royal Guardian' Indiaman, in Canton River, in the East Indies, was carried from Newgate to Execution Dock in Wapping, to suffer for the same. But before he had hung five minutes a gang of sailors cut him down, and carried him off alive in triumph down the water. He afterwards escaped to France, as was commonly reported." The pirates were

* Vol. i. p. 591.

formerly hung about low-water mark, and left till three tides had overflowed them. This custom is of old date, for Stow mentions it as usual in his time. The same writer adds that "there was never a house standing" till within fifty years of the period at which he wrote, the close of the sixteenth century; "but since," he continues, "a continuous street, or filthy straight passage, with alleys of small tenements or cottages, is builded, inhabited by sailors and victuallers, along by the river of Thames, almost to Radcliffe, a good mile from the Tower."* The cause of the building of the first part of Wapping (that near the river) is curious. The manor being continually overflowed with water, the Commissioners of Sewers originated the idea of building houses on the banks, on the principle that the tenants would be sure to take effective measures for the preservation of their lives and property. The idea was good, and, being carried into practice, successful. This was the commencement of Wapping. And thus may be explained a circumstance that excited some surprise in sinking the Wapping shaft of the great work which forms the subject of this paper. Houses previously stood on the spot, which were removed for the shaft; and at some distance below their foundation were found the relics of a ship-builder's yard, including part of a slip, a ship's figure-head, and a great quantity of oak.

Such is Wapping, the place at one extremity of the Thames Tunnel; to reach the other, Rotherhithe, we must yet for a brief space avail ourselves of the boatman and his graceful wherry. As we are crossing, let us recall a few recollections of the early subaqueous excavations attempted or accomplished in England. Beneath the Tyne and Wear are passages made by the coal-miners, extending from one side to the other; and at Whitehaven an excavation made by these men extends for upwards of a mile under the sea. Mr. Dodd believes the first of these in point of time to be that in the Wylan Colliery, crossing below the bottom of the Tyne.† These works were of course very simple and easy, or they would not have been attempted. It was towards the close of the last century that something much more arduous was proposed by the gentleman we have mentioned, an engineer of reputation. He says, "From the importance of a communication between the towns of North and South Shields, which were under my constant view, and where no bridge could possibly be constructed, my mind happily thought upon the scheme of making a subterranean and (I may say) subaqueous passage to accomplish this desirable purpose." Circumstances caused the abandonment of the scheme. He next proposed a Tunnel from Gravesend to Tilbury; and it is interesting to observe how similar its chief features were to have been to those of the present Tunnel. Like that, its form was to be cylindrical, with a drain beneath, and a dip of the whole work in the centre of the river. The plan was much approved, public meetings were held, a government survey made with a favourable result, a subscription-book opened which rapidly filled, and at last operations commenced by the sinking of a well on one side; when so much water was found, that the whole affair was aban-

* Survey, 1633, p. 461.

† He mentions an amusing story connected with this passage. A cow was grazing near the air-shaft built on one side of the river, when she accidentally slipped into it, and fell or rather rolled from side to side downward to a depth of a hundred and ninety-two feet, without serious injury. We may imagine the amazement of the colliers at work at the bottom. They drove the animal through the passage to the other side of the river, where she was taken up by the usual means of ascent to the top, and immediately swam back to her own meadow.

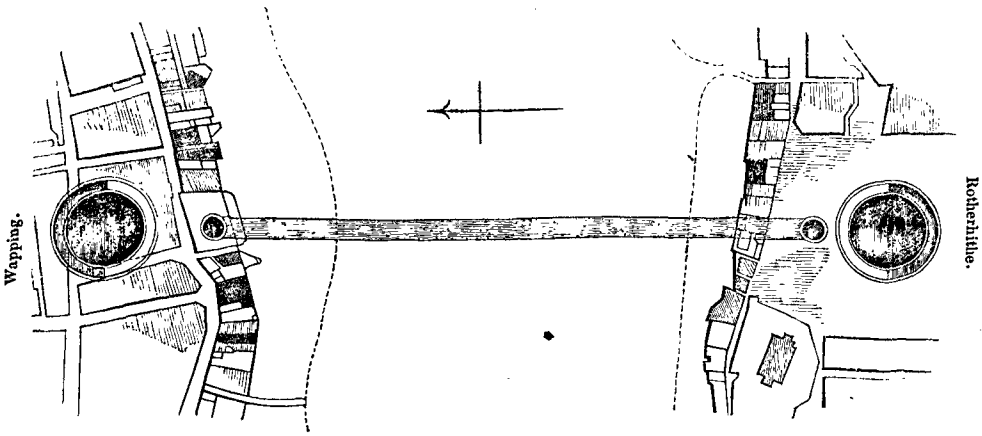
doned as impracticable.* Two or three years after this an attempt was made, only a mile below the present Tunnel, to connect Rotherhithe and Limehouse, by an experienced Cornish miner of the name of Vesey. A company was formed under the title of the Thames Archway Company, an act of parliament obtained, and the work begun. A shaft of eleven feet in diameter was sunk to the depth of forty-two feet: to avoid certain difficulties, it was then contracted to eight feet, and thus continued to the depth of seventy-six feet. The horizontal excavation was there begun, in the form of a driftway, to be afterwards widened into the required dimensions for a passage, and carried to within one hundred and fifty feet of the Middlesex shore, when the engineer of this second attempt had also to report that further progress was impracticable. Five or six years were thus expended, during which the talents of three different engineers had been put in requisition, and rewards offered for plans, which brought in communications from all quarters. It was under the remembrance of these discouraging circumstances that Mr. (now Sir M. I.) Brunel appeared before the public with a new proposal in 1823, which it was stated had received the sanction of many eminent persons, in particular of the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Wollaston. The mere idea of a Tunnel below rivers is of course a matter of little moment, whoever the originator—the doing it everything. The novelty of Mr. Brunel's proposed mode of operation, therefore, was rightly judged of great importance. That gentleman has himself explained the origin of his idea. The writer of the article 'Tunnel' in the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia' states that he was informed by Mr. Brunel "that the idea upon which his new plan of tunnelling is founded was suggested to him by the operations of the teredo, a testaceous worm, covered with a cylindrical shell, which eats its way through the hardest wood; and has on this account been called by Linnæus *Calamitas navium*. The same happy observation of the wisdom of nature led our celebrated countryman Mr. Watt to deduce the construction of the flexible water-main from the mechanism of the lobster's tail." To the practical form which the idea thus given assumed we shall revert presently.

Rotherhithe in this, as in the preceding instance, was chosen as the starting-place of the Tunnel, though the precise spot was a mile nearer to the city. Unlike Wapping, Rotherhithe (or Redriff, as it is often corruptly called) is of great antiquity; and, were it from one circumstance only, of considerable historical interest. It was here that the famous trench or canal of Canute was commenced, in order that the invader might avoid London Bridge, an account of which has been given in our notice of that structure.† In the reign of Edward III. a great navy was fitted out at Rotherhithe, under the care of the Black Prince, for the invasion of France. And, lastly, it was off Rotherhithe that Richard II. was so alarmed at the shouts and the array of the malcontents whom he came to appease, that he returned hastily to the Tower; whilst the infuriate people, led by one kind of wrong from which they suffered, into the commission of another of which they were the inflictors, swept on to the Marshalsea and Lambeth, and committed the excesses already frequently referred to. Rotherhithe, like Wapping, has its numerous docks, a similar population, and presents generally the

* Reports, with Plan, Sections, &c., of the proposed Dry Tunnel, or Passage from Gravesend, in Kent, to Tilbury, in Essex, by R. Dodd, Engineer. 1798.

† Vol. i. p. 77.

same features. But there are some circumstances which distinguish the Surrey from the Middlesex side: we may instance its numerous flour-mills, the various manufactories, and the wharfs for the coasting-trade of England which are all to be found between the Tunnel and London Bridge. The importance of a new mode of communication between two such places, only some twelve hundred feet apart geographically, but four miles by the way of London Bridge, will be at once apparent. But it is still more so, if we consider for a moment the peculiar connection between the two great interests which belong to the different sides of the river. An immense amount of the foreign goods brought into the West India, the London, and St. Katherine's Docks, on the north side, is absorbed by this coasting-trade on the south; and, it appears, is almost entirely conveyed from one to the other by land carriage. During the year 1829, of 887 waggons and 3241 carts which passed over London Bridge southwards, no less than 480 of the first, and 1700 of the second, turned down Tooley Street—one-half of which are supposed to be engaged in the traffic mentioned. The accommodation a Tunnel may afford to passengers receives a striking illustration from the returns made to Parliament of the watermen engaged at the different ferries in the neighbourhood, who were 350 in number, and calculated to take, on an average, not less than 3700 passengers daily. An important consideration is deducible from the position of the Tunnel: it will have no expensive approaches to form. On the north it is connected, through Old Gravel Lane, with Ratcliffe Highway, and a new road is projected in continuation of the former to the Commercial Road and Whitechapel. On the south it is close to the Deptford Lower Road. All these places will, of course, assume a new character when the influence of the new traffic shall reach them.



[Plan of the Thames Tunnel and its Approaches.]

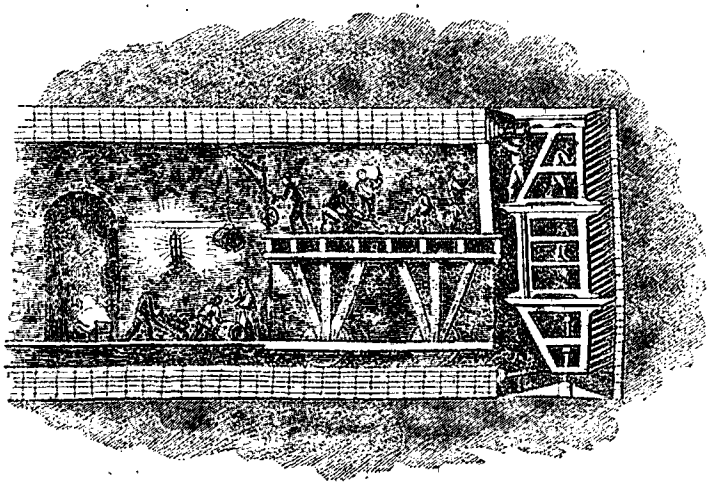
In the beginning of 1824 Mr. Brunel had the satisfaction to see the first and least arduous, but still indispensable, step secured, the formation of a Company with the express object of carrying his designs into execution, and by whom an Act of Parliament was obtained. The Company took the preliminary precaution of having three parallel borings made beneath the bed of the Thames in the direction of the proposed Tunnel, when the report was so very favourable that,

in consequence, Mr. Brunel went to work in a somewhat bolder way than he had otherwise intended. The soil was the great object of deliberation, for upon it depended at what level the Tunnel should be commenced. The assistance of some eminent geologists was here of great moment. These informed the engineer that below a certain depth the soil would be a kind of quicksand, and therefore advised him to keep above it, and as close as possible to the stratum of clay forming the bed of the river. We shall presently see that the geologists were right.

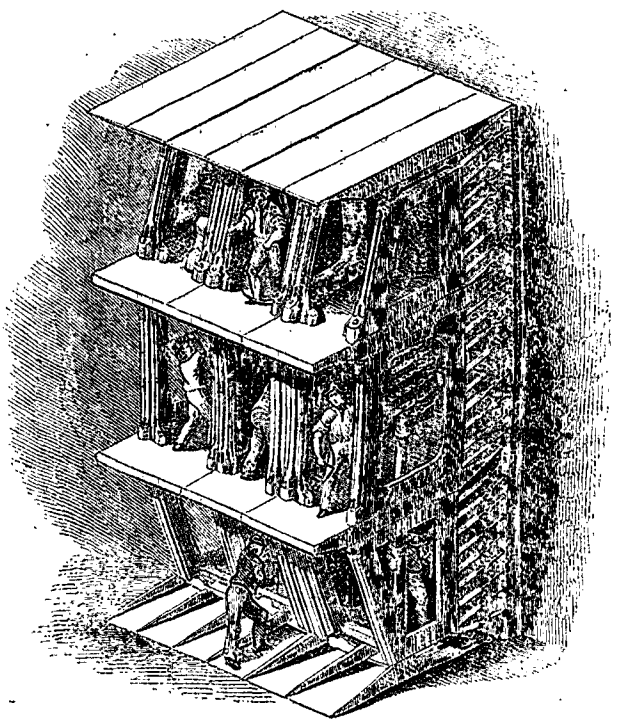
We are not about to give a technical description of the progress of the works of the Tunnel, which could be interesting alone to the professional or scientific man; but we must notice at some length two or three of their chief points, not only because the success of the work has depended upon them, but because in their admirable simplicity, as well as their wonderful fitness to the purposes designed, they cannot fail to be universally understood and appreciated.

And first of the construction of the shaft with which the Tunnel was commenced in March, 1825. This seems to our eyes, uninitiated in the wonders of engineering, not one of the least marvels of this altogether marvellous work. A space being marked out a hundred and fifty feet distant from the river, the bricklayers began raising a round frame, or cylinder, three feet thick and one hundred and fifty feet in circumference. This was strengthened in various ways, by iron rods, &c., passing up the centre of the thickness; and was continued to the height of forty-two feet. The excavators now commenced their work on the inside, cutting away the ground, which was raised to the top of the shaft by a steam-engine there placed, and which also relieved them from the water that occasionally impeded their descent. We may imagine the wonder with which a person unacquainted with the object of these preparations must have beheld that enormous mass of masonry at last beginning to descend regularly and peacefully after the busy pigmies who were carving the way for it, and at the same time, as it were, accommodating itself to the convenience of the bricklayers, who, in order to give it the additional height required, had merely to keep adding to the top as it descended. This is the history of the great circular opening into which the visitor passes from the little lobby, and where he beholds, in the centre, an elaborate machinery of pumps, connected with a steam-engine, raising its four hundred gallons per minute, and, as though that was really too trifling for an engine of its respectability of power, performing into the bargain the duties of drawing carriages along the railway, which as yet occupies one of the two arches of the Tunnel, and that of hoisting and letting down all the heavier articles passing between the upper and lower world. We must not omit to observe, with regard to the shaft, that by its means the bed of gravel and sand twenty-six feet deep, full of land-water, in which the drift-makers of the earlier attempt had been compelled to narrow the dimensions of their already small shaft, was passed without inconvenience. We may add also that, when the shaft was sunk to its present depth of sixty-five feet, another shaft, of twenty-five feet diameter, was sunk still lower, till, at the depth of eighty feet, the ground suddenly gave way, sinking several feet, whilst sand and water were blown up with some violence. This confirmed the statement of the geologists, and satisfied the engineer as to the propriety of the level he had chosen.

The shaft accomplished, the Tunnel itself was begun at the depth of sixty-three feet. The excavation Mr. Brunel proposed to make from bank to bank was to be about thirty-eight feet broad and twenty-two and a half high, which, being defended by strong walls, was to leave room within for a double archway, each fifteen feet high, and wide enough for a single carriage-way and a footpath. The mode in which this great excavation was accomplished has been the wonder and admiration of the most experienced engineers, and will for ever remain a monument of the genius of its author. The engravings before us represent two



[Longitudinal Section of the Tunnel, showing the Shield and the mode of working it.]



[Three Divisions of the Shield of the Thames Tunnel.]

views of the working of the *shield*, by means of which the weight of the superincumbent bottom of the river has been supported, whilst the men who were undermining it were sheltered in its little cells below. This mighty instrument—one in idea and object, but consisting of twelve separate parts or divisions, each containing three cells, one above the other—is thus used. We will suppose that, the work being finished in its rear, an advance is desired, and that the divisions are in their usual position—the alternate ones a little before the others. These last have now to be moved. The men in their cells pull down the top poling-board, one of those small defences with which the entire front of the shield is covered, and immediately cut away the ground for about six inches. That done, the poling-board is replaced, and the one below removed, and so on till the entire space in front of these divisions has been excavated to the depth of six inches. Each of the divisions is now advanced by the application of two screws—one at its head, and one at its foot—which, resting against the finished brickwork, and turned, impel it forward into the vacant space. The other set of divisions then advance. As the miners are at work at one end of the cells, so the bricklayers are no less actively employed at the other, forming the brick walls of the top, sides, and bottom—the superincumbent earth of the top being still held up by the shield till the bricklayers have finished. This is but a rude description of an engine almost as remarkable for its elaborate organization as for its vast strength. Beneath those great iron ribs a kind of mechanical soul really seems to have been created. It has its shoes and its legs, and uses them too with good effect. It raises and depresses its head at pleasure; it presents invincible buttresses in its front to whatever danger may there threaten, and, when the danger is past, again opens its breast for the further advances of the indefatigable host. In a word, to the shield the successful formation of the Tunnel is entirely owing. We may add that following the shield was a stage in each archway for the assistance of the men in the upper cells.

But, great as was the confidence of Mr. Brunel in his shield, and the resources which he must have felt he had within himself, ready for every difficulty, it is impossible that he could have ever anticipated the all but overwhelming amount of obstacles that he has actually experienced, principally from the character of the soil, and the extraordinary influence which the tides exercised even at the Tunnel's depth. The first nine feet of the Tunnel (commenced with the new year, 1826) were passed through firm clay; then came a loose watery sand, where every movement was made with imminent hazard. Thirty-two anxious days passed in this part. Substantial ground again reached about the 14th of March, matters went on prosperously till September following, by which time two hundred and sixty feet had been completed. On the 14th of that month the engineer startled the Directors with the information that he expected the bottom of the river, just beyond the shield, would break down with the coming tide. It appears he had discovered a cavity above the top of the shield. Exactly at high tide the miners heard the uproar of the falling soil upon the head of their good shield, and saw bursts of water follow; but so complete were the precautions taken that no injury ensued, and the cavity was soon filled by the river itself. Another month, and a similar occurrence took place. By the 2nd of January, 1827, three hundred and fifty feet were accomplished, when the tide, during the removal of one of the poling-boards,

forced through the shield a quantity of loose clay; but still no irruption of the river itself followed—the fear of which, from the commencement to the termination of the work, was continually upon every one's mind. From January to April the Tunnel proceeded at an excellent rate, although the ground continued so very moist that, in the latter month, an inspection, by means of a diving-bell, of the bed of the river became necessary. Some depressions were observed, and filled up by the usual means—bags of clay. A shovel and hammer, being accidentally left on this occasion in the river, were afterwards found during an influx of loose ground through the shield, having descended some eighteen feet. This little circumstance shows the nature of the ground above, and the all but invincible difficulties through which the engineer had to make his way. But the more important incidents of the work—those which were to put his ability and fortitude to the severest tests—were now coming on. About the middle of May, some vessels, coming in at a late tide, moored just over the head of the Tunnel. The consequence was, that the obstruction they presented to the water caused a great washing away of the soil beneath. What followed may be best described in the words of Mr. Beamish, the then resident assistant-engineer, with whose Report of this, the first irruption of the river, we have been favoured among other interesting matter, and which we give as a perfectly dramatic view of the scene, the actors, and the event.

"May 18, 1827. Some of the faces cut down without difficulty. As the water rose with the tide, it increased in the frames very considerably between Nos. 5 and 6, forcing its way at the front, then the back: Ball and Compton (the occupants) most active. About a quarter before six o'clock No. 11 (division) went forward. Clay appeared at the back. Had it closed up immediately. While this was going forward my attention was again drawn to No. 6, where I found gravel forcing itself with the water. It was with the utmost difficulty that Ball could keep anything against the opening. Fearing that the pumpers would now become alarmed, as they had been once or twice before, and leave their post, I went upon the east stage to encourage them, and to chase more shoring for Ball. Goodwin, who was engaged at No. 11, where indications of a run appeared, called to Rogers, who was in the act of working down No. 9, to come to his assistance. But Rogers, having his second poling (board) down, could not. Goodwin again called. I then said to Rogers, 'Don't you hear?' Upon which he left his poling for the purpose of assisting Goodwin; but before he could get to him, and before I could get fairly into the frames, there poured such an overwhelming volume of water and sludge as to force them out of the frames. William Carps, a bricklayer, who had gone to Goodwin's assistance, was knocked down, and literally rolled out of the frames on the stage as though he had come through a mill-sluice; and would undoubtedly have fallen off the stage had I not caught hold of him, and with Rogers's assistance helped him down the ladder. I again made an attempt to get into the frames, calling upon the miners to follow; but all was dark (the lights at the frames and stage being all blown out), and I was only answered by the hoarse and angry sounds of Father Thames's roarings. Rogers (an old sergeant of the Guards), the only man left upon the stage, now caught my arm, and, gently drawing me from the frames, said, 'Come away, pray sir, come away; 'tis no use, the water is rising fast.' I turned once more; but,

hearing an increased rush at No. 6, and finding the column of water at Nos. 11 and 12 to be augmenting, I reluctantly descended. The cement-casks, compo-boxes, pieces of timber, were floating around me. I turned into the west arch, where the enemy had not yet advanced so rapidly, and again looked towards the frames, lest some one might have been overtaken; but the cement-casks, &c., striking my legs, threatened seriously to obstruct my retreat, and it was with some difficulty that I reached the visitors' bar,* where Mayo, Bertram, and others, were anxiously waiting to receive me. . . . . I was glad of their assistance; indeed, Mayo fairly dragged me over it. Not bearing the idea of so precipitate a retreat, I turned once more; but vain was the hope! The wave rolled onward and onward. The men retreated, and I followed. Met Gravatt coming down. Short was the question, and brief was the answer. As we approached I met I. Brunel. We turned round: the effect was splendid beyond description. The water as it rose became more and more vivid, from the reflected lights of the gas. . . . . As we reached the staircase a crash was heard, and then a rush of air at once extinguished all the lights. . . . . Now it was that I experienced something like dread. I looked up the shaft and saw both stairs crowded; I looked below, and beheld the overwhelming wave appearing to move with accumulated velocity. Dreading the effect of the reaction of this wave from the back of the shaft upon our staircase, I exclaimed to Mr. Gravatt, 'The staircase will blow up!' I. Brunel ordered the men to get up with all expedition; and our feet were scarcely off the bottom stairs, when the first flight, which we had just left, was swept away. Upon our reaching the top, a bustling noise assailed our ears, some calling for a raft, others a boat, and others again a rope; from which it was evident that some unfortunate individual was in the water. I. Brunel instantly, with that presence of mind to which I have been more than once witness, slid down one of the iron ties, and after him Mr. Gravatt, each making a rope fast to old Tillet's waist, who, having been looking after the packing of the pumps below the shaft, was overtaken by the flood. He was soon placed out of danger. The roll was immediately called—*not one absent!*"

The diving-bell being again employed, and the hole or chasm discovered, some three thousand bags of clay, armed with small hazel rods, were expended before it was effectually closed. On the 21st of the next month the water in the Tunnel was got under; but it was not till the middle of August that the soil forced in was completely cleared away, and the engineer able to examine the effect of the irruption on his work. The structure was found perfectly sound, even whilst a part of the brick-work close to the shield was reduced to nearly half its original thickness by the tremendous violence of the rushing waters, whilst the chain which held the divisions of the shield together had been snapped like a twig, and whilst various heavy pieces of iron belonging to the shield were found driven into the ground as if by a battering-ram. Progress was now recommenced; and here we would pause a moment to pay a just tribute of admiration to the men, as well as to their directors, for the courage they have so constantly evinced. Even now, as they resumed their labours with the impression of the recent event fresh upon their minds, something or other was constantly occurring to excite fresh alarm. Now a report would take place in the frames like a cannon-shot, some part having

* A bar so placed as to keep the visitors at some little distance from the shield and the unfinished works.

been suddenly ruptured; now alarming cries were heard, as some irruption of earth or water impetuously poured in. With the bursts of soil and water would be felt large quantities of carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, which, presently igniting with an explosion, would wrap the place in a sheet of flame. Beautiful at such times to those who had coolness to admire it was the appearance of the mingling fire and water, the flame appearing to dance along the surface of the liquid. And to what may we not get accustomed? Those philosophers, the miners and bricklayers, used to look quietly on at the cry of "Fire and water;" or, if they did make any observation, it was nothing more important than a prudent piece of advice, such as "Light your pipes, my boys." But perhaps, of all the difficulties overcome or endured, none have been more serious to the men than the impurity of the air; especially in summer, when the most powerful labourers had frequently to be carried out in a state of insensibility. Headaches, sickness, eruptions on the skin, were matters of too common occurrence to be noticed. Such a combination of circumstances must have given a strange colour to the lives of these labourers. An accurate description of the feelings and thoughts of the more imaginative would no doubt be as interesting as a romance. They have felt, and rightly, that a part of the true glory which belongs to such a work was theirs; and such feelings elevate even ordinary men. They have served also a kind and thoughtful master. It was touching to hear the terms in which one of the miners spoke to us of him. As in their waking hours these men could have had no thought but of the Tunnel, so no doubt did the eternal subject constantly mingle with their dreams, and harass them with unreal dangers. One amusing instance may be mentioned. Whilst Mr. Brunel, jun., was engaged one midnight superintending the progress of the work, he and those with him were alarmed by a sudden cry of "The water! the water! Wedges and straw here!" followed by an appalling silence. Mr. Brunel hastened to the spot, where the men were found perfectly safe. They had fallen fast asleep from fatigue; and one of them had been evidently dreaming of a new irruption.

By January, 1828, the middle of the river had been reached; and, whatever the dangers and difficulties experienced up to that time, there was the gratification arising from their having been completely overcome without the loss of a single life. That gratification was to exist no longer. Even the very completion of the Tunnel was now to become a grave matter of doubt, and its projector to be left for long years in the sickening suspense of hope deferred on a matter wherein he had risked his professional reputation, and to which he devoted his entire energies—we might almost say, without exaggeration, his life. "I had been in the frames," says Mr. Brunel, junior, in a letter written to the Directors on the fatal Saturday, August 12, 1828, "with the workmen throughout the whole night, having taken my station there at ten o'clock. During the workings through the night no symptoms of insecurity appeared. At six o'clock this morning (the usual time for shifting the men) a fresh set came on to work. We began to work the ground at the west top corner of the frame. The tide had just then begun to flow; and, finding the ground tolerably quiet, we proceeded by beginning at the top, and had worked about a foot downwards, when, on exposing the next six inches, the ground swelled suddenly, and a large quantity burst through the opening thus made. This was followed instantly by a large body of

water. The rush was so violent as to force the man on the spot where the burst took place out of the frame (or cell) on to the timber stage behind the frames. I was in the frame with the man; but upon the rush of the water I went into the next box, in order to command a better view of the irruption, and, seeing there was no possibility of their opposing the water, I ordered all the men in the frames to retire. All were retiring, except the three men who were with me, and they retreated with me. I did not leave the stage until those three men were down the ladder of the frames, when they and I proceeded about twenty feet along the west arch of the Tunnel. At this moment the agitation of the air by the rush of the water was such as to extinguish all the lights, and the water had gained the height of the middle of our waists. I was at that moment giving directions to the three men in what manner they ought to proceed in the dark to effect their escape, when they and I were knocked down and covered by a part of the timber stage. I struggled under water for some time, and at length extricated myself from the stage; and by swimming, and being forced by the water, I gained the eastern arch, where I got a better footing, and was enabled, by laying hold of the railway rope, to pause a little, in the hope of encouraging the men who had been knocked down at the same time with myself. This I endeavoured to do by calling to them. Before I reached the shaft the water had risen so rapidly that I was out of my depth, and therefore swam to the visitors' stairs—the stairs of the workmen being occupied by those who had so far escaped. My knee was so injured by the timber stage that I could scarcely swim or get up the stairs, but *the rush of the water carried me up the shaft.* The three men who had been knocked down with me were unable to extricate themselves, and I am grieved to say they are lost; and, I believe, also two old men and one young man in other parts of the work." The scene at the shaft was truly deplorable. At one period there were no less than eighteen men immersed, all of whom, with the exception of the unfortunates who perished, were taken out in an exhausted state, and some of them fainting. The noise in the shaft, created by the influx of the water, is described as having been absolutely deafening. The news rapidly spread about the neighbourhood of the Tunnel; and before it was known who were lost and who saved, the wives and relations of the workmen were rushing in, and adding to the confusion and distress of the scene by their wild gestures and exclamations. The water, as we have seen, actually bore Mr. Brunel up to the top of the shaft, and then still rising, flowed over even to the visitors' lodge. It was then evident that all who were still below had perished.

This calamity occurred at a critical time. The funds of the Company were exhausted: their confidence, in some measure, now failed too. After two descents in the bell, the rent was discovered, and most formidable were its dimensions. It was of oblong shape, quite perpendicular, and measuring about seven feet in its longest direction, from east to west. The measures so often before and afterwards resorted to with success were adopted. *Four thousand tons* of soil, principally clay in bags, were laid in the place. When they re-entered the Tunnel there was the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the work as substantial as ever, but there was but too much reason to fear it was of little consequence—the completion might now never take place. What with the accident, and what with its consequences, we need not wonder to find it stated that the engineer appeared

almost in a state of frenzy. For seven years from that time all was silence and darkness beneath those hollow roofs; and had the matter thus ended, what would have been the judgment of posterity? The plan had failed; and many of that immense array of projectors, *hundreds in number*, who now poured in their plans upon the Directors, would have lamented, with delightful self-forgetfulness, that Mr. Brunel had not adopted their schemes. But the Tunnel *was* to be completed—he *was* to be the man.

In January, 1835, the arches of the Tunnel were at last unclosed. Government, after repeated applications, agreed to make advances for the continuation of the work, which was accordingly once more carried forward with renewed energy. Very slow, however, was the progress made. Of sixty-six weeks, two feet four inches only per week were accomplished during the first eighteen, three feet nine inches per week during the second eighteen, one foot per week during the third eighteen, and during the last twelve weeks only three feet four inches altogether. This will excite little surprise when we know that the ground in front of the shield was, from excessive saturation, almost constantly in little better than a fluid state, that an entire new and artificial bed had to be formed in the river in advance, and brought down by ingenious contrivances till it was deep enough to occupy the place of the natural soil where the excavation was to be made, and that then there must be time allowed for its settlement, whenever the warning rush of sand and water was heard in the shield. Lastly, owing to the excavation being so much below that of any other works around the Tunnel, it formed a drain and receptacle for all the water of the neighbourhood. This was ultimately remedied by the sinking of the shaft on the Wapping side. Yet it was under such circumstances that the old shield injured by the last irruption was taken away and replaced by a new one. If our readers consider for a moment the first and most important office executed by this engine, that it alone bore up above and kept back in front the incalculable pressure of the river and its bed, we may appreciate the opinions of engineers when the idea was first started: "It was impracticable," was their common remark; yet it was done without the slightest derangement of the ground, or the loss of a single man. The most serious evil attending these delays and difficulties was the extra expenditure they involved, which became so great that the Lords of the Treasury declined further advances without the sanction of Parliament. A Committee was in consequence appointed, and witnesses examined, including of course the chief and assistant engineers. The result was favourable, and the work proceeded. On Wednesday, August 23, 1837, a third irruption occurred, but happily without any fatal consequences, or without materially retarding the works. An interesting escape marks this event. The water had gradually increased in quantity at the east corner since two P.M., rushing into the shield with a hollow roar as though it fell through a cavity. A boat was taken out of the river and sent down into the Tunnel for the purpose of conveying materials (for blocking up the frames) down to the shield. Notwithstanding all that could be done by the men, the water gained upon them and rapidly rose in the Tunnel. About four o'clock, the water having risen to within seven feet of the crown of the arch, and everything having been done that could be effected for the security of the work, it was thought most prudent for the men to retire, which they did in a very orderly

manner along a platform which had been most judiciously and providentially constructed for that purpose in the east arch only a few weeks before by Sir I. Brunel's orders. After the men had retired, and as the water continued rising gradually, Mr. Page, the acting engineer, accompanied by Mr. Francis, Mr. Mason, and two of the men, got into the boat for the purpose of reaching the stages to see if any change had taken place; and, after passing the six hundred feet mark in the Tunnel, the line attached to the boat ran out, and they returned to lengthen it. To this accident they were indebted for their lives; for while they were preparing the rope the water surged, running up the arch ten or twelve feet. Every one made his way to the shaft, and Mr. Page, fearing that the men would be jammed in the staircase, called to them to go up steadily; but they, misunderstanding him, returned, and it was with some difficulty that they could be prevailed upon to go up. Had the rope been long enough, all the persons who were in the boat (which was in a sinking condition when they grounded) must inevitably have perished in the surge, for now not less than a million gallons of water burst into the Tunnel in the course of a single minute. The lower gas-lights were then under water; and the pipes being but partially filled, the remainder burnt first very irregularly, leaving the Tunnel almost in darkness, and then, flaming up to the top of the glasses, threw a blaze of light over the west arch and the water. When the water had risen to within fifty feet of the entrance to the Tunnel, it came forward in a wave; and Mr. Page, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Francis, who were at the bottom of the visitors' stairs, ran up to the second landing, but were so rapidly followed that one of the party was up to his knees before he reached the top. Two other irruptions of the Thames complete this part of the history of the Tunnel. The first occurred on the 2nd of November, 1837, when the water burst in about four in the morning, and speedily filled the Tunnel. The excellent arrangements provided for escape secured the safety of the seventy or more persons in it at the time, with one exception. When the roll was called there was no answer to one name. Inquiry being made, some one it appeared had seen a miner returning towards the shield when all else were leaving it, and that was all that was known of him.

The fifth and last irruption occurred on the morning of the 6th of March, 1838, and was remarkable for the noise resembling thunder with which it was accompanied. Happily no loss of life occurred. All this while the Tunnel was every week approaching nearer and nearer to the goal of the engineer's hopes—the opposite shore; and all parties began to feel the buoyancy of assured success inspiring them as they found the difficulties grow less and less formidable. They were, however, still sufficient to have paralysed any less energetic spirits than those who had brought the whole to that point. Here is an incident of so late date as 1840:—On the 4th of April, about eight o'clock in the morning, being then about low water, the top face of No. 12 was attempted; but no sooner was the poling-board removed than the second one canted over, and a quantity of gravel and water rushed into the frame, forcing out another of the boards. At the hole thus left unprotected, the ground rushed in with such impetuosity as to knock the men out of the shield; and they, being panic-struck, ran away, but, finding that the water did not follow, they returned to the scene of action, and after immense exertions succeeded in stopping the run, when upwards of six

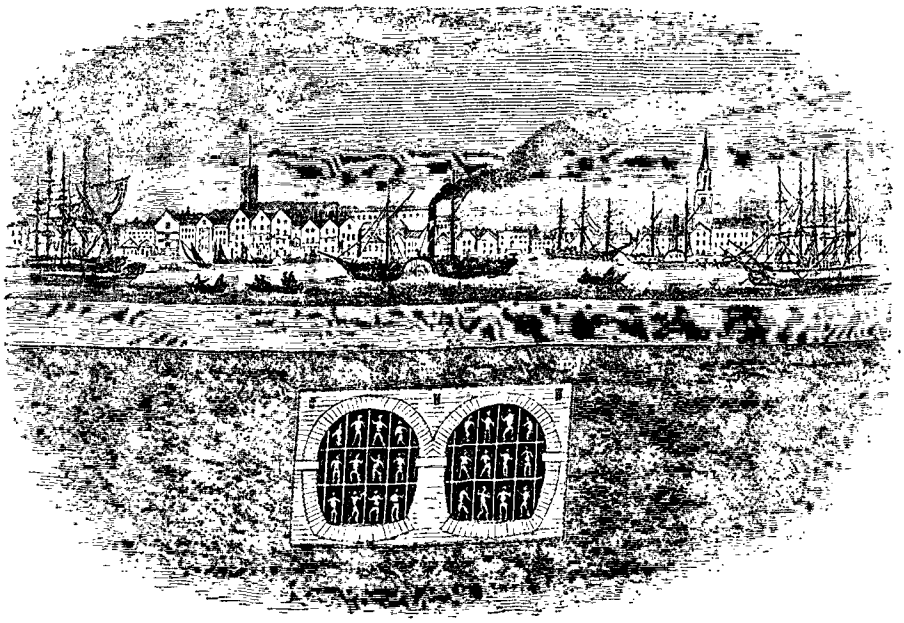
thousand cubic feet of ground had fallen into the Tunnel. The rush of the ground was attended with a very great noise, resembling the bursting of a thunder-cloud, and a general extinguishing of the lights. While this was taking place in the Tunnel, a still more unusual phenomenon was occurring on the shore at Wapping, where, to the astonishment and dismay of the neighbourhood, the ground commenced sinking gradually over an area of upwards of seven hundred feet, leaving a cavity on the shore of about thirty feet in diameter and thirteen in depth. It was most fortunate that this occurred at low water, for at high water an irruption of the river would have been the inevitable consequence. A number of men were sent over, and the hole was filled with bags of clay and gravel, and everything rendered perfectly secure by the return of the tide.

With another incident of the same year of a somewhat similar nature, we conclude these notices of the "hair-breadth 'scapes," the "accidents by flood," and, in a sense, by "field," which have marked almost every few months of the lives of the labourers in this great and hazardous undertaking. It appears that frequently the sand, mixing with water, so as to be quite in a fluid state, would ooze through the minute cracks between the small poling-boards, leaving immense cavities in the ground in front. A remarkable instance occurred upon the 24th of July. The sand had been running in this way the whole of the night, and had completely filled the bottom of the shield. In the morning, on opening one of the faces, a hollow was discovered extending upwards of eighteen feet along the front of the faces, projecting six feet into the ground, and being about the same in height. This enormous cavity was filled with brickbats and lumps of clay, one of the miners being obliged to lay himself the whole length of his body into the faces for the purpose of filling the farther end; and of course at the hazard, every moment he continued in his position, of being buried beneath fallen masses of earth, now left without any support from below.

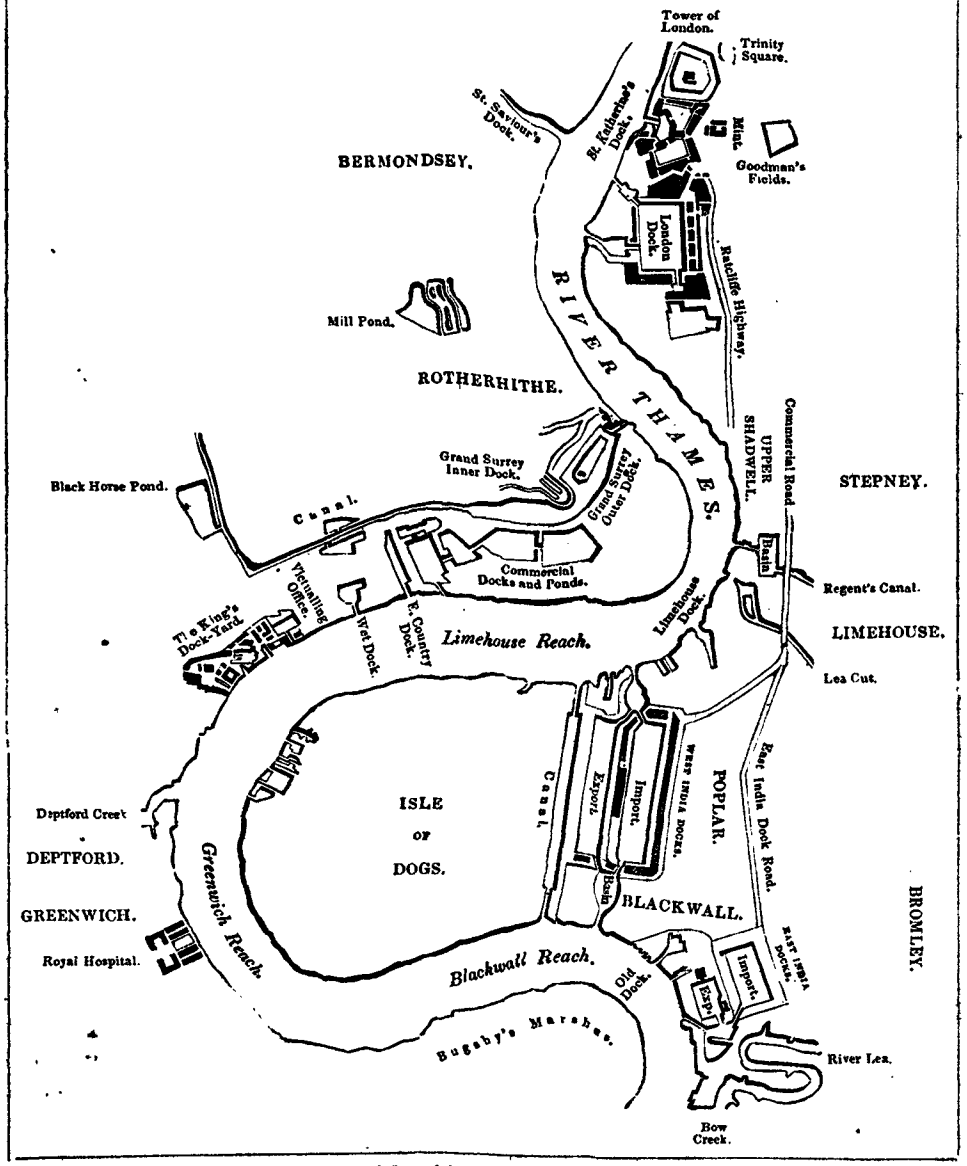
The reward for every difficulty, anxiety, or suffering, was at last obtained. It is pleasant even to have to record that, on the 13th of August, 1841, Sir Isambert Brunel passed down the shaft recently erected on the Wapping side of the river, and thence by a small driftway through the shield into the Tunnel. Under what a new aspect that beautiful double archway must have thence appeared even to him, whose eyes had not for a single day forgotten to look upon it for many years! And, as he turned, what power must have been felt in that little beam of light struggling through the driftway! The world must have appeared brighter from that moment. Nor should the labourers be forgotten, who, whilst expressing their admiration of him who had given method, firmness, and prosperity to their labours, in the cheering with which they greeted his appearance in the Tunnel from the opposite shore, deserve their meed of respect and applause.

The Tunnel is now entirely completed (measuring twelve hundred feet), and it is in order to make the necessary preparations for opening it to the public for use that it is now closed against mere visitors. The great circular shafts are being provided with handsome staircases for the accommodation of foot-passengers. The carriage-ways have yet to be constructed, and will be costly works. Their plan is marked with the inventive ability that so eminently characterizes the whole history of the Tunnel. They will consist each of an immense spiral road, winding twice round a circular excavation fifty-seven feet deep, in order to

reach the proper level. The extreme diameter of the spiral road will be no less than two hundred feet. The side of the road next to the interior, or excavation, will be defended with substantial walls relieved by open arches; and on the other will be built warehouses at the top, and cellars at the bottom. The road itself will be forty feet wide, and the descent very moderate. The expenses of the Tunnel have been, of course, very much greater than were contemplated, and that circumstance has not been one of the least of the engineer's difficulties: in one sense, indeed, it was his greatest, since it did not rest with himself to conquer it. Yet, strange to say, in spite of such an accumulation of hindrances and obstructions as no man could have ever conceived could have been met with—and overcome, the expenses of the Tunnel forms one of its advantageous features, when we contrast its cost with the only other mode of communication (impracticable here from the size and number of the shipping passing to and fro)—a bridge. We do not know the exact expenditure up to this moment, but we do know that the entire expense will not materially exceed the estimate presented to Government in 1837 by Mr. Walker, the engineer it had appointed to examine from time to time the state of the work, and its probable cost. At that period 180,000*l.* of the Company's capital had been expended, and 84,000*l.* worth of Exchequer bills advanced by Government, making together 264,000*l.* The estimate for the future consisted of two items, one of 150,000*l.* to complete the Tunnel, and the other of 200,000*l.* for the shaft on the Wapping side, the great circular approaches, &c., forming a grand total of 614,000*l.* And this, we are informed, will be about the actual expense. By the side of this we may place the cost of the latest in erection of the great metropolitan bridges, London, with its expenditure of two millions; or, if the disparity between the positive utility of the two works be objected, we may mention Waterloo, which has cost above a million.



[Relative Positions of the Tunnel and the Thames.]



[Map of the Port of London.]

LV.—THE DOCKS.

We may trace the vastness of London, the varied character of its external features, and the wonderful diversity which its social aspects present, to three distinct causes. First, its official supremacy, as the residence of the sovereign, the seat of the government and legislature, and all the most important departments of the state; secondly, its manufacturing industry; and, thirdly, its commercial

importance as a port. Any one of these elements would nourish a large amount of population; but without the two latter it would be kept within moderate limits, and it is chiefly in consequence of their influence that London is twice as large as Paris.

That portion of London connected with the port and shipping differs so much from the districts appropriated to manufactures, and from all others possessing a special character of their own, as to constitute one of the most distinct divisions of the metropolis. It embraces, on the northern side of the river, a district extending eastward from Tower Hill, and comprising Wapping and Ratcliffe Highway, Shadwell, Limehouse, Poplar, and Blackwall; and, on the other side, commences with Tooley Street, and comprehends Rotherhithe and all along the river to Deptford. The general characteristics of the district have already been noticed;* and we shall, therefore, devote the present number to an account of one of its great features—the Docks.

The stranger, especially from an inland county, who takes a passage by one of the steamers which leave London Bridge every quarter of an hour for Greenwich, will be astonished at the apparently interminable forests of masts which extend on both sides of the channel, where a width of three hundred feet *should* be kept for the purposes of safe navigation, but which the crowd of ships from all quarters of the globe, of colliers, coasters, steam-boats, and river-craft, renders it difficult for the harbour-masters to maintain. If the tide be running upward, laden coal-barges are thronging the channel, proceeding to the wharfs in the upper part of the river; and colliers at their moorings are at all times discharging their cargoes into barges alongside. By the regulations of the coal-trade only a certain number of coal-ships are allowed to unload at the same time, the others remaining lower down the river until their turn arrives; and the coal-meters, who are appointed by the City, are also limited in number. But for these restrictions the river would present a still more crowded appearance, as it has happened that above three hundred colliers have arrived in the Lower Pool in one day; and even now a very large portion of the river is occupied by this one branch of commerce. Forty years ago, not only coal-ships, but vessels of every other kind, discharged their cargoes into lighters while at anchor in the stream; but such a practice would now be impossible, so great has been the increase of commerce. East Indiamen generally came only as far as Blackwall, where they discharged their cargoes into decked lighters of from fifty to one hundred tons, and, the hatchways being secured under lock and key, they proceeded to the wharfs. West India ships discharged in the river, and the cargoes were also conveyed in lighters to the legal quays. All other vessels, except they were of small size, were in like manner compelled to use lighters in discharging their cargoes. At the present time six-sevenths of the barges and river-craft are solely employed in transporting the cargoes of coal, corn, and timber ships, so small a proportion as one-seventh only being required for the conveyance of all other commodities, the chief of which are of a bulky kind, and do not offer any great temptation to pilferers. In 1792 the number of barges and craft required for the traffic between the ships in the river and the quays was 500 for timber and 1180 for coal, each averaging thirty-three tons; 402 lighters of thirty-nine tons; 338 punts of twenty tons; 57 lugger-boats of twenty-four tons; six

* Thames Tunnel, LIV. p. 50.

sloops of twenty-seven tons; 10 cutters of seventy-one tons; and 10 hoys of fifty-eight tons; making a total of 3503 craft. Property of the most costly and valuable description, and every kind of merchandise, was daily exposed to plunder in these open boats, for only the lighters of the East India Company were decked, and it was considered that even they afforded a very insufficient protection. The temptation to pilfer was almost irresistible, those who were honestly disposed taking their share under the plea that wastage and leakage were perquisites. So many persons were engaged in the work of depredation on the river, that it was carried on in the most daring and open manner—lightermen, watermen, labourers, the crews of ships, the mates and officers in some instances, and to a great extent the officers of the revenue, being combined in this nefarious system; while on each side of the river there was a host of receivers, some of them persons of opulence, who carried on an extensive business in stolen property.* In 1798 the Thames Police, called then the Marine Police, was instituted for the repression of these offences, but the source of the evil was still untouched, the temptation remaining undiminished so long as the exposure of property was rendered unavoidable by the absence of sufficient accommodation in quays and warehouses.

In 1558 certain wharfs, afterwards known as the "legal quays," were appointed to be the sole landing-places for goods in the port of London. They were situated between Billingsgate and the Tower, and had a frontage of 1464 feet by 40 wide, and of this space 300 feet were taken up by landing-stairs and by the coasting-trade, leaving, in the year 1796, only 1164 feet for the use of the foreign trade. Other wharfs had, it is true, been added from time to time, five of these, "sufferance wharfs," as they were called, being on the northern side of the river, and sixteen on the opposite side, comprising altogether a frontage of 3676 feet. The warehouses belonging to the sufferance wharfs were capable of containing 125,000 tons of merchandise, and 78,800 tons could be stowed in the yards. The want of warehouse-room was so great that sugars were deposited in warehouses on Snow-hill, and even in Oxford-street. Wine, spirits, and the great majority of articles of foreign produce, especially those on which the higher rate of duties was charged, could be landed only at the legal quays. In 1793 sugars were allowed to be landed at the sufferance wharfs, but the charges were higher than at the legal quays; extra fees had to be paid to the revenue officers for attendance at them, though at the same time they were inconveniently situated, and at too great a distance from the centre of business. The above concession to the sufferance wharfs was demanded by common sense and necessity, for the ships entered with sugar increased from 203, in 1756, to 433, of larger dimensions, in 1794. Generally speaking, the sufferance wharfs were used chiefly by vessels in the coasting-trade, and for such departments of the foreign trade as could not by any possibility be accommodated at the legal quays. Even in 1765, commissions appointed by the Court of Exchequer had reported that the latter were "not of sufficient extent, from which delays and many extraordinary expenses occur, and obstructions to the due collection of the revenue." But the commerce of London had wonderfully increased since

* See Mr. Colquhoun's work on the 'Commerce and Police of the River Thames' for some curious statements as to these practices.

that time, its progress in the twenty-five years from 1770 to 1795 having been as great as in the first seventy years of the century. The value of the exports and imports of London in 1700 was about ten millions sterling, and in 1794 about thirty-one millions; and the shipping engaged in foreign trade had increased in tonnage still more than in numbers, as the following table of British and foreign shipping inwards will show:—

	Number of Ships.	Tonnage.	Average Tonnage.
1702 . . .	839	80,040	96
1751 . . .	1,498	198,053	132
1794 . . .	2,219	429,715	194

The coasting-trade had more than doubled in tonnage, and nearly so in number, from 1750 to 1795:—

	Number of Ships.	Tonnage.	Average Tonnage.
1750 . . .	6,396	511,680	80
1795 . . .	11,964	1,176,400	101

For the accommodation of this vastly-increased trade scarcely an effort had been made, and the mercantile interests experienced in consequence impediments and losses which it is wonderful did not arouse them earlier to provide a remedy. Merchandise was kept afloat in barges, as we now see coal, from want of room to discharge it at the legal quays, where sugar-hogsheads piled six and eight high, bales, boxes, barrels, bags, and packages of every description were heaped together. These quays were converted into a market for spirits, oil, fruits, and other commodities, and the export and import trades were confounded together on the same limited and inconvenient spot. At one time the stripping and cutting of tobacco was performed on quays, and the sugar-hogsheads were put to rights by the coopers on the decks of the loaded ships, while spirits were landed at one wharf and gauged at another. The Custom-House authorities might have done much to have remedied these inconveniences, but the service of this department appears to have been very inefficiently performed. The number of holidays was far too great; the officers were not very punctual in their attendance; and there was a general want of classification and arrangement amongst them, so that, while some had too much to do, others had too little. Instances are on record of above a thousand tons of goods lying for several days in lighters at a sufferance wharf, during which only two officers were on duty. Goods were allowed to remain on board ship a certain time after they were reported, but, in consequence of the crowded state of the quays, this time was not unfrequently overstepped, and penalties were incurred in consequence. The delays and obstructions of all kinds were profitable enough to the depredators on the river, but ruinous to the merchants.

About the year 1793 the complaints of the merchants began to attract more attention than they had hitherto received, and they held meetings, at which various remedies were proposed, but no substantial improvement was the result. At length, in 1796, Parliament took up the subject, and instituted a formal inquiry. After the war had commenced the evils complained of had enormously increased. The commerce of other countries flowed towards London, and merchant-ships, instead of arriving and departing singly, were compelled to sail in large fleets under the convoy of men-of-war, and thus the operations of a more extended trade were concentrated into irregular periods, which demanded the most

extraordinary activity and every possible facility which tended to promote despatch and economy of time and labour. This was a most flourishing era for the river plunderers, but the difficulties and inconvenience of the mercantile interest had now become so pressing as to render improvement inevitable, however difficult it might be to devise the most appropriate remedy. The Parliamentary Committee had under its consideration eight different plans for giving greater accommodation to the trading and shipping interests, and it had also to listen to the representations of various classes whose interests were involved in maintaining matters in their existing state; and amongst those who would be benefited by almost any change there was not as yet that concurrence which was desirable, and which would at once have led to a decisive result. It was not until 1799, three years after the Committee above mentioned had been appointed, that the West India merchants, a very influential and wealthy body, attained their object; and, but for the inquiry conducted by the Committee of 1796, the delay would have been still greater. Liverpool and Hull had long experienced the benefits of wet docks, and, in 1789, a private individual, Mr. Perry, a ship-builder, had constructed a dock called the Brunswick Dock, adjoining his building-yard at Blackwall, capable of containing at one time twenty-eight East Indiamen, and fifty or sixty ships of smaller burden. But even in 1799 the Greenland Dock was not allowed to be used by vessels discharging their cargoes, in consequence of objections on the part of the Commissioners of Customs.

The obstacles overcome by the generation which is now passing away, in the attempt to provide wet docks in the port of London, are comparatively so little known by the generation which is enjoying the fruit of their efforts, as to render a brief recapitulation of the various plans of 1796 not altogether uninteresting.

The first plan which we shall notice was intended to provide accommodation for the increased trade and shipping by deepening and improving the river, and extending the legal quays, at an estimated expense of 565,000*l*. Its author, who was chairman of the wharfingers of these quays, proposed that, from London Bridge to Deptford, the depth of the river at low water should be increased to sixteen and twenty feet, and, calculating that, in 1795, the number of ships (exclusive of all coasters except colliers) in the port of London at any one time did not exceed 750, he would, in the space already mentioned, have provided mooring-tiers for 1200 colliers, coasters, and foreign traders, with a ballast-wharf, 1140 yards in length, fronting the King's Yard at Deptford. To each species of trade, and the shipping employed in it, a distinct portion of the river was to be assigned; the space between London Bridge and the Tower on one side being for craft employed at the legal quays; the station for the coasting-trade commencing at the southern foot of the bridge and on the northern side from Tower Dock, from which point, on each side of the river, were to be the stations for the foreign shipping, the colliers being removed entirely out of the upper Pool. Harbour-masters were to be appointed to enforce the berthing of ships in their proper places. This plan also comprised the widening of the legal quays from forty to seventy feet, by platforms so as not to obstruct the current; the taking down of houses on each side of Thames Street, at the back of the legal quays, where spacious warehouses were to be erected; the avenues leading to Thames

Street to be widened, and here also additional warehouses were to be built. The authorities at the Custom-House were also to be called upon to enforce stricter regulations for the despatch of business. The object of this temporising scheme would not have alleviated one of the most prominent causes of complaint —the plunder of merchandise from lighters and barges on their passage from the ships to the quays, as it would still have been necessary for shipping to discharge their cargoes while lying in the river; and the accumulation of warehouses in the rear of the legal quays would have afforded very inferior accommodation in comparison with the commodious arrangements which the docks now present.

The "Merchants' Plan" is also deserving of attention. They proposed purchasing eighty acres of land in Wapping, east of Nightingale Lane, and to excavate and form wet docks, of thirty-nine acres, capable of containing 350 ships, and one other of about two acres for lighters. One of the entrances of the larger dock was to be by a canal two miles and three-quarters in length, navigable for ships of 350 tons, and communicating with the river at Blackwall. The whole area of eighty acres was to be surrounded by a high wall, enclosing warehouses, wharfs, and quays. The Commissioners of Customs and the Corporation of the Trinity House each approved of this plan so far as related to the construction of docks, and it will be seen that it was nearly followed in the formation of the London Docks. The canal was objected to by the authorities at the Custom-House on the ground that, while shipping were towed along it, there would be great facilities for smuggling and plundering—an apprehension which, in that day, haunted all who had property afloat on the river. The Brethren of the Trinity House remarked, in their report on the plan, that contiguity to the metropolis was one of the essential points to be insisted upon in every project for wet docks, as long and tedious lighterage, fraught with so many evils both to property and the revenue, would be at once diminished. The estimated expense of the Merchants' Plan was 993,000*l.*

The authorities of the City had also their plan, or rather plans, the chief feature of which was a dock, of 102 acres, in the Isle of Dogs, to contain above 400 ships, and another at Rotherhithe, of the same extent, for colliers. They moreover proposed to extend the frontage and area of the legal quays to 4150 feet in length and 60 in depth, by making five indented quays (and, including Billingsgate, six), each capable of accommodating twenty-nine lighters. The existing approaches to the quays, which were very narrow and incommodious, and caused great obstruction, were also to be widened. It was also proposed to arch over quays and to construct warehouses on them, with special reference to the security of the revenue. The erection of warehouses at the proposed docks does not appear to have been contemplated, and they would, therefore, have merely relieved the river without obviating the necessity of lighterage. The cost of carrying these extensive plans into effect was estimated at 1,109,352*l.*

The fourth plan, described as Mr. Wyatt's, was a project for constructing three docks in the Isle of Dogs, with a basin, common to them all, at Blackwall, capable of receiving 160 ships, and having three entrances; the corresponding western basin at Limehouse to accommodate 800 lighters. The three docks were to be of oblong form, extending from east to west: the northern dock to contain 200 ships; the middle dock, 250, for ships with the most valuable cargoes of foreign

produce; and the southern dock to contain 300 colliers. The whole area comprising the three docks was to be surrounded by a wall sixteen feet high. Landing wharfs and warehouses, the most prominent features of the existing docks, were not contemplated in this plan; but ships were to discharge their cargoes on a floating wharf, the Custom-House duties to be ascertained at the time. Lighterage would therefore still have been necessary; and there would have been a waste of time in craning goods from the ship to the floating-wharf, and then into the lighter; whence they would require to be a third time moved at the quay before they finally reached the warehouse. The estimated expenses of the plan were 840,252*l.*; and it was partly followed in the construction of the West India Docks.

The Southwark Plan, as it was called, which was estimated to cost only 300,000*l.*, was calculated for local rather than general convenience. Docks for colliers, timber-ships, and vessels for sale, were to be formed at Rotherhithe; and a canal (in which we perceive the idea of the Surrey Canal) was to open an outlet from the western extremity of the dock through Southwark, and, after nearly touching the King's Bench Prison, would have entered the Thames nearly opposite St. Paul's.

A plan was submitted by Mr. Spence for arranging all the shipping frequenting the river into twelve classes, according to their respective employments, for each of which it was proposed to erect a separate dock, either on the Isle of Dogs or between the Tower and Limehouse; six of these docks to be 600 feet square, and the remaining six one-third less. The estimated expense was 500,000*l.*; but the general opinion was that a single spacious dock would be more convenient and less expensive.

Mr. Walker's plan for docks, quays, and warehouses at Wapping, though not differing greatly from the Merchants' Plan, was favourably regarded, on account of the site being contiguous to the City. He proposed to excavate fifty-five acres for docks; thirty-five acres additional being intended for quays, wharfs, and warehouses. One of the entrances was to be by a canal intersecting the Isle of Dogs at a point nearer the southern shore than the proposed canal in the Merchants' Plan. The cost was estimated at 880,000*l.*

The last of these plans was Mr. Reaveley's, which displayed considerable ingenuity, and consisted in fact of four distinct projects: 1. To form a new channel for the river in a straight line from Limehouse to Blackwall; the Long Reach round the Isle of Dogs thus constituting a dock, with flood-gates at each entrance. 2. To continue the new channel below Blackwall towards Woolwich Reach, so as to convert another bend of the old channel into a dock. 3. To make a new channel from Wapping, and to form three docks out of the three bends, to be called Ratcliffe Dock, Blackwall Dock, and Greenwich Dock. The Trinity House objected that the King's Dock at Deptford would be injured by the latter plan; on which Mr. Reaveley proposed:—4. To make a new channel from Wapping to the old channel between Greenland Dock (now the Commercial Docks) and Deptford, thence inclining to the northward until it opened into Woolwich Reach, thus forming two spacious docks out of the bends of the river (above and below) at Blackwall. The estimated cost of these various plans was not given.

These projects brought forward the interests which depended upon the continuance of things as they were. The Tackle House and City porters complained

that, if the import and export business were removed beyond the City limits, their right to the exclusive privilege of unloading and delivering all merchandise imported into the City would be worthless; the carmen, who enjoyed a similar monopoly, made the same complaint, and they stated that Christ's Hospital derived an income of 400*l.* a-year from the licences under which they exercised their privilege; the watermen foretold that the establishment of docks would deprive one-half of them of bread; the lightermen stated that they had a capital of 120,000*l.* invested in tackle and craft employed in the transport of merchandise, which capital would be annihilated if shipping were enabled to discharge their cargoes on quays within docks; the proprietors of the legal quays endeavoured to prove that, if only the West India trade were allowed to use docks, the value of their interests would be diminished two-thirds, and that it would be totally annihilated if the foreign trade were to be altogether withdrawn from the river; and, lastly, the proprietors of the sufferance wharfs raised their voices against the proposed docks.

Some of the objections were not directly founded on a probable loss to the individuals who urged them; but it was contended that unloading ships in docks would be more expensive than discharging them into lighters in the river. Here, however, experience could be adduced to show that the case would be quite otherwise. Excluding details which were not common to the respective circumstances of Liverpool and London, it was shown that the expense in the discharge of 500 hogsheads of sugar would be 52*l.* less in docks than in the river. Others scarcely hoped to see an end put to the system of plunder, which had existed so long, and with such impunity, as to be regarded almost in the nature of a port-charge—as an evil which there was little hope of removing. They feared that articles would be conveyed over the dock-walls, or that the docks would be the resort of depredators and smugglers, who would convey property out at the gates; and it was in order to allay these apprehensions that the Parliamentary Committee observed in their Report that "the walls may be built too high to convey articles over, the gates be kept by revenue officers, and no extraordinary concourse be permitted." The Commissioners of Customs, with the same object, also gave it as their opinion that the revenue "*may* be as effectually guarded by their officers within docks as in the open river;" and they alleged, further, that with wet docks the delay in the payment of duties occasioned by the detention of cargoes for want of accommodation at the quays and warehouses would be altogether avoided. Only one witness examined before the Parliamentary Committee thought that docks would not "pay." So little, however, did even the Committee see their way distinctly as to observe in their Report, that "wet docks do not necessarily imply quays, and still less the delivery of cargoes on quays;" so that at this date (April, 1796) there was no clear apprehension of the plans which would eventually be adopted even if docks were constructed.

Three years afterwards, in 1799, not a single Bill had been passed for the construction of docks, but several had been introduced into Parliament for the still desiderated improvements of the port, and a Committee was appointed to report on their merits. Of the plans of 1796 only that of the merchants, for docks at Wapping, and that of the City, for docks on the Isle of Dogs, appear to have been now entertained; but there was one new plan, the object of which was to

rebuild London Bridge, and to admit ships of 500 tons burthen up to Blackfriars Bridge, either by a large central arch of 300 feet span and 90 feet high, or by a double roadway in the middle of the bridge with a drawbridge on each side admitting ships into a basin, from which they were to pass either up or down the river, only one of the drawbridges to be opened at the same time, to prevent impediment to passengers and vehicles. This plan also comprised a range of quays and warehouses on both sides of the river from London Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge. A drawing of the substantial and lofty warehouses which it was proposed to erect is given in the Parliamentary Report; and, as they admitted of no architectural embellishment, this long and dreary line of uniform buildings enclosing the river has an aspect little short of appalling, and it cannot be regretted that its banks are left with meaner buildings of more picturesque variety. The question respecting the advantages of docks had now, however, made such progress that the Committee, in reference to the last-mentioned project, were inclined to consider "any plan for the improvement of the port imperfect, of which wet docks did not make a part." There remained, therefore, only two plans under consideration; and though, as observed in the Report, docks might be advantageously established in each of the places proposed, yet, considering the inconvenience resulting from further delay, the Committee gave a preference to those intended to be constructed in the Isle of Dogs, as they could be formed in the shortest time and at the least expense. The Bill for the West India Docks was therefore passed in 1799, and on the 21st of August, 1802, they were opened for business. A compulsory clause was introduced into the Act requiring all ships laden with West India produce to make use of these docks for the space of twenty-one years. In the following year (1800) the Act for the construction of the London Docks (or rather Dock, for the smaller dock was not made until many years afterwards) was passed; and it also obtained exclusive privileges, vessels laden with certain produce, as wine, brandy, tobacco, rice, being required to enter. The London Dock was opened on the 30th of January, 1805. In 1803 the Act for making the East India Docks at Blackwall was passed, and they were opened on the 4th of August, 1806. This terminates the first period in the history of these useful establishments.

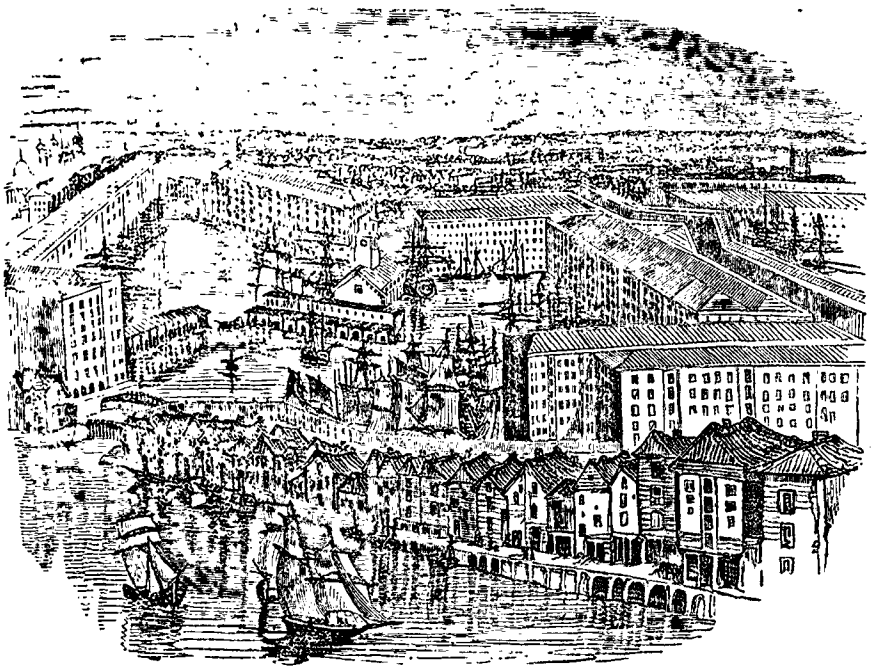
The interest of the proprietors of the legal quays was bought by Government for 486,087*l.*, and compensation amounting to 138,791*l.* was granted to persons having vested interests in the mooring-chains in the river. The amount paid out of the Consolidated Fund by virtue of the several Acts for improving the port of London was 1,681,685*l.*, including the purchase of the legal quays. The sum demanded as compensation (without reckoning the purchase of houses and land, which cost the London Dock proprietors especially an enormous sum) was little short of four millions sterling, of which only 677,382*l.* was awarded and paid. The Docks did not contribute towards such compensation.

Besides the West India, London, and East India Docks, there were constructed in the course of a few years afterwards the Commercial Docks, the East Country Docks, the Surrey Canal Dock, and the Regent's Canal Dock, which we shall notice presently.

The second period in the history of these works commences with the St. Katherine's Docks, the projectors of which stood pretty much in the same relation to

the old Dock Companies as these latter did to the proprietors of the legal quays in 1796. In 1822, the government refused to renew the privileges of the West India Docks, which were on the point of expiring, when ships with West India produce would be at liberty to enter any other dock. The privileges of the London Dock, to which allusion has already been made, would also expire in January, 1826; and in 1827 the East India Dock would cease to be the only place for the admission of East India produce, thus liberating the private trade. It was clear that a considerable portion of the business which had hitherto been forced into channels which were remote from the centre of trade would in future be directed to the dock nearest London, and that it would in consequence possess a virtual monopoly, as it already enjoyed great advantages from its situation, and was overflowing with business, although the dues were high. The merchants felt that it would be desirable to have another dock, possessing equal advantages in point of contiguity and convenience, and which would prevent their being dependent on a single establishment; and besides this consideration, it appeared to them that the addition of a new dock was required for the accommodation of an increased trade. Among the projectors of the St. Katherine's Docks were therefore to be found many of the principal merchants of the port of London; and in 1824 they carried a bill into parliament to effect their object. It was strenuously opposed; but a strong case was made out in its favour, and the Committee of the House of Commons reported that "they were strongly impressed with the important benefits that would result if the sanction of parliament were given to the application for the construction of the St. Katherine's Docks." The site selected was regarded as a favourable situation for commercial purposes when it was proposed to extend the legal quays. At that time (thirty years previously) the district chiefly consisted of "mean and wretched alleys and courts, and some vacant ground: the houses are in general old and ruinous, and the inhabitants low and poor." In 1763, also, St. Katherine's was actually constituted a legal quay; but from some cause the proceeding was informal, and it had never been used as such; and in 1799 its eligibility for wet docks was also pointed out. The bill for converting the site here spoken of into wet docks received the royal assent in 1825. Upwards of eight hundred houses were taken down, with St. Katherine's Hospital, founded in 1148 by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of King Stephen, together with the house of the master, a valuable appointment in the gift of the queen, or of the queen-dowager, if there be one. The hospital and master's residence have been rebuilt in the Regent's Park. The first stone of the new docks was laid 3d May, 1827; and they were opened 25th October, 1828, having been constructed with unexampled rapidity. Two other bills for the construction of docks passed in the same year, one on the south side of the river, and another, for colliers, on the Isle of Dogs; but the project was abandoned in both cases.

We may now commence a tour of the different docks; and, beginning with those nearest London, we first visit St. Katherine's, which are just below the Tower. The lofty walls which constitute it, in the language of the Custom-House, a place of "special security," surround an area of twenty-three acres, of which eleven are water, capable of accommodating 120 ships, besides barges and other craft. The frontage of the quays is 4,600 feet, or nearly three times the extent of the legal quays of 1796; and the warehouses, vaults, sheds, and covered ways will contain



[St. Katherine's Docks.]

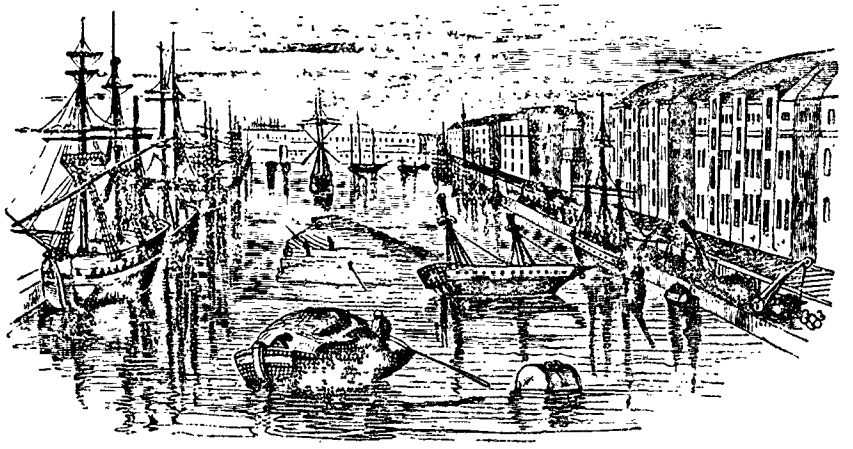
110,000 tons of goods. The warehouses are massive and spacious, five stories high. The vaults below, for wine and spirits, are admirably constructed; and where a range of vaults turns off to the right and left, the arches are by no means destitute of architectural beauty; and, seen by the dim illumination of a lamp (in the spirit vaults the Davy lamp is used), the visitor is reminded of the solemn gloom of the crypts in some of our most ancient ecclesiastical edifices. All the arrangements connected with the St. Katherine's Docks are directed to secure the two great desiderata of commercial success, economy and despatch, which are attained by ingenious and skilful contrivances, both in the general plan and in the application of mechanical resources. The defects which experience had detected in the older docks were, of course, avoided. The ground-floors of the warehouses present an opening towards the basin eighteen feet high; and cargoes are raised into them out of the hold of a ship without the goods being deposited on the quay. A cargo which could not be placed in the warehouse in less than fifteen days in one of the earlier-constructed docks, can be raised from the ship's hold into the warehouses at St. Katherine's in one-fifth of the time; but, before there were any docks at all, an East Indiaman of 800 tons was not usually delivered of her cargo in less than a *month*; or if of 1200 tons, six weeks were required; and then the goods were to be taken in lighters from Blackwall nearly to London Bridge, where they were placed on the quay, and thence transferred to the warehouses. Another calculation was, that for the delivery of a ship of 350 tons eight days were necessary in summer and fourteen in winter, which the projectors of docks in 1796 contended could be accomplished in wet docks in exactly one-half of the time for each season. At St. Katherine's, the average time occupied in discharging a ship of 250 tons is twelve hours, and for one of 500 tons two or

three days, the goods being placed at the same time in the warehouse. Indeed, there have been occasions when still greater despatch has been used, and a cargo of 1100 casks of tallow, averaging from nine to ten cwt. each, has been discharged in seven hours. This would have been considered little short of a miracle on the legal quays less than fifty years ago. One of the cranes in these docks cost about 2000*l.*, and will raise from thirty to forty tons. It is worked by ten or a dozen men, and is chiefly used in raising large blocks of marble, &c. The height of the warehouses, and their being close to the water, renders the appearance of the St. Katherine's Docks very compact; and, though the water room is small as compared with other docks, a larger amount of business may be transacted in an equal space than at any other. Before the construction of docks so high up the river, vessels of above 250 tons were scarcely ever seen so near the Bridge; but ships of 800 and 900 tons have been safely towed into St. Katherine's. The lock leading from the river to the dock is 185 feet long and 45 feet broad; and the depth of water at spring tides is about 28 feet. In 1841 about 1000 vessels and 10,000 lighters were accommodated at St. Katherine's Docks. The capital expended by the Dock Company exceeds 2,000,000*l.*

The London Docks are separated from St. Katherine's by Nightingale Lane. This magnificent establishment comprises an area of above one hundred acres, and cost about 4,000,000*l.* sterling. The two docks can accommodate 500 ships, and the warehouses will contain 232,000 tons of goods. The tobacco warehouses alone cover five acres of ground, and are rented by government at 14,000*l.* a year. They will contain about 24,000 hogsheads, averaging 1,200 lbs. each, and equal to 30,000 tons of general merchandise. Passages and alleys, each several hundred feet long, are bordered on both sides by close and compact ranges of hogsheads, generally two in height, or eight feet, with here and there a small space for the counting-house of the officers of customs, under whose inspection all the arrangements are conducted. Near the north-east corner of the warehouses is a door inscribed, "To the kiln," where damaged tobacco is burnt, the long chimney which carries off the smoke being jocularly called "the Queen's pipe." There is a small dock of one acre exclusively appropriated to ships laden with tobacco. Still more bewildering for their extent and the immense quantity and value of the property which they contain are the wine and spirit vaults, which can accommodate 60,000 pipes of wine. One of the vaults has an area of seven acres. The warehouses around the wharfs are imposing from their extent, but are nothing near so lofty as those at St. Katherine's; and, being situated at some distance from the dock, goods cannot be craned out of the ship's hold and stowed away at one operation. The walls surrounding the docks cost 65,000*l.* The annual net receipts of the company in 1824 were about 162,000*l.*, and 96,000*l.* was paid in salaries and wages. At the same period upwards of 42,000*l.* a year was paid to the officers of Customs and Excise employed by these Revenue Boards in the same establishment. The business of these docks was never so well managed as at the present time, competition and the termination of their exclusive privileges in 1826 having led to many important improvements.

The West India Docks are about a mile and a half from the London Docks, and they may be most conveniently visited from the City by taking the Blackwall

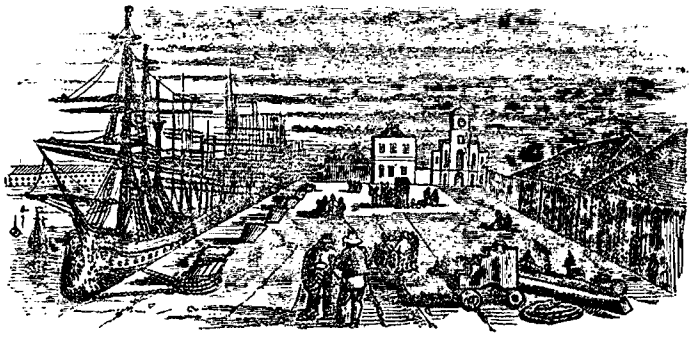
Railway from Fenchurch Street. Their extent is nearly three times that of the London Docks, the entire ground which they cover (including the canal made to avoid the bend of the river at the Isle of Dogs) being 295 acres. The canal is



[West India Dock.]

nearly three-quarters of a mile long, and was constructed at the expense of the City, but was afterwards sold to the Dock Company, who make use of it as a dock for timber ships. The northern or import dock is 170 yards long by 166 wide, and the export dock is of the same length, and 135 yards wide. These two docks, with the warehouses, are enclosed by a lofty wall five feet in thickness. The warehouses will contain above 180,000 tons of merchandise, and there has been at one time, on the quays and in the sheds, vaults, and warehouses, colonial produce worth 20,000,000*l.* sterling, comprising 148,563 casks of sugar, 70,875 barrels and 433,648 bags of coffee, 35,158 pipes of rum and Madeira, 14,000 logs of mahogany, and 21,000 tons of logwood, besides other articles. Since the privileges of the company expired the docks have been used by every kind of shipping.

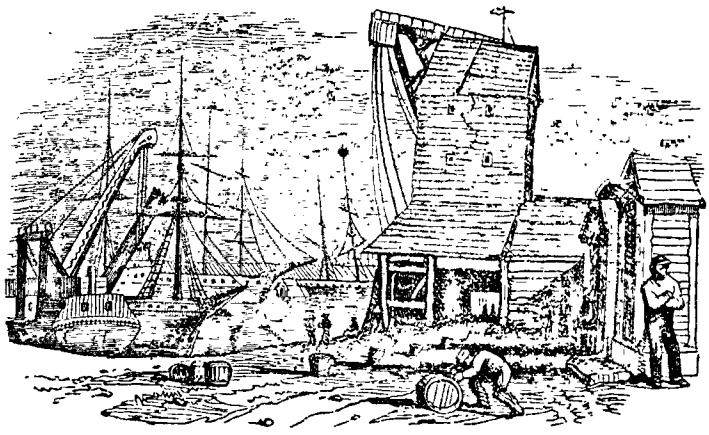
The East India Docks at Blackwall may also be most conveniently reached



[East India Import Dock.]

by the railway. They were at one time under the management of a certain number of the East India Directors; but, since the opening of the trade to India,

these docks have been purchased by the West India Dock Company. The import dock has an area of nineteen acres, the export dock of ten acres, and the basin three; and as they were constructed for vessels of the largest size, they



[East India Export Dock.]

have never less than twenty-three feet of water in depth. The warehouses for East India produce were chiefly in the City, and those at the docks will not contain more than 15,000 tons.

Neither the East nor West India Docks were open to strangers without permission being first obtained, but at all the other docks the gates are freely open during the hours of business. The system of exclusion was at one period so rigid, that the crews were discharged on the ship entering the dock. They are now allowed to remain on board, subject, of course, to strict regulations respecting the use of fires. The number of persons employed in each of the docks is very great, and a large proportion of the labourers are taken on only by the day. The other classes employed comprise revenue officers, for whom small offices are fitted up, clerks, warehousemen, engineers, coopers, and various others. The number of persons employed on an average at the four docks already described is, perhaps, about five thousand. At the entrance of the St. Katherine's and the London Docks are "stands" of carts and waggons waiting to be employed by whoever has merchandise to be removed from the warehouses.

The advantage of bonded goods being warehoused at a convenient distance for the wholesale dealers is so important, that cargoes which have been discharged in the docks farthest from the metropolis have been brought up in lighters to those nearest the City. The Blackwall Railway will enable the former to retain some of their advantages, as a few minutes will take a purchaser from the heart of the City. St. Katherine's Docks are about fifteen minutes' walk from the Royal Exchange; the West India Docks are three miles from the Exchange, and the East India Docks three miles and a half. The East India Dock Road and the Commercial Road were made for the purpose of facilitating the communication between the City and the different docks. The charge for cartage from Blackwall to the City is 5*s*. per ton.

The docks in London which have the privilege of legal quays, and are places of "special security," are capable of receiving in their warehouses and other places for stores about 500,000 tons of merchandise, which are placed in bond under the inspection and care of officers of the revenue, and the duty need not be paid until the goods are taken out for home consumption. These advantages render London a free port, and, without them, its character as a great entrepôt for the produce of the world could not be maintained. The gradual extension of the warehousing system is one of the most important commercial reforms of the present century. Previous to 1804, that is, before there were any docks, the duties on almost every species of merchandise were paid when imported, a drawback to the amount being allowed on re-exportation. Besides raising prices, this system encouraged frauds on the revenue, by which fortunes were dishonestly realised. On the opening of the West India Docks the produce of the West Indies was admitted at those docks without the payment of duty being required at the time; and, when the London Docks were opened, rice, tobacco, wine, and spirits were admitted there also on the same terms. Until the out-ports obtained warehouses of equal security, London enjoyed advantages which have since been partially extended to all the ports of any consideration.

Before passing to the other side of the river, we must notice the Regent's Canal Dock, between Shadwell and Limehouse; and, though it is a place for bonding timber and deals only, it affords great accommodation to the trade of the port by withdrawing shipping from the river.

The docks on the southern banks of the Thames are—1. The Grand Surrey Canal Dock at Rotherhithe, about two miles from London Bridge by water. 2. The Commercial Docks and Timber Ponds. 3. The East Country Dock. These have only the privilege of sufferance wharfs. At the two latter docks timber, corn, hemp, flax, tallow, and other articles, which pay a small duty and are of a bulky nature, remain in bond, and the surrounding warehouses are chiefly used as granaries, the timber remaining afloat in the dock until it is conveyed to the yards of the wholesale dealer and the builder. The Surrey Dock, like the Regent's Dock, is merely an entrance basin to a canal, and can accommodate 300 vessels: the warehouses, chiefly granaries, will not contain more than 4000 tons of goods. The Commercial Docks, a little lower down the river, occupy an area of about forty-nine acres, of which four-fifths are water; and there is accommodation for 350 ships, and in the warehouses for 50,000 tons of merchandise. They were used originally for the shipping employed in the Greenland fishery, and provided with the necessary apparatus for boiling blubber; but, the whale fishery being given up, the docks were, about the year 1807, appropriated to vessels engaged in the European timber and corn trades, and ranges of granaries were built. The East Country Dock, which adjoins the Commercial Docks on the south, is capable of receiving twenty-eight timber ships, and was constructed about the same period for like purposes. It has an area of six acres and a half, and warehouse-room for 3700 tons.

Notwithstanding this ample dock accommodation, it will probably at some time be still further extended by the formation of collier docks, as none of the existing docks admit colliers to discharge their cargoes, in consequence of the

injury which would be done to most articles of merchandise by coal-dust. The number of colliers which entered the river in 1790 was 3897; and in 1841, 10,311, so that their increase has more than filled up the vacancies occasioned by the operation of the docks in withdrawing shipping from the overcrowded river, besides which steam navigation has been greatly extended, demanding a larger space for free and unobstructed passage. The formation of a harbour on the Essex side of the river, with a railway for the conveyance of coal to London, is another mode by which it is proposed to prevent the resort of colliers in the most crowded parts of the river. Again, steam navigation was so comparatively unimportant even at the time of the construction of the St. Katherine's Docks, that it is scarcely a matter of surprise that none of the docks are calculated for steamers of the largest class without the paddle-wheels being taken off; and yet vessels of this description are gradually obtaining possession of a trade formerly employing sailing vessels of comparatively small burthen. Between London and Hamburgh, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Ostend, Calais, Boulogne, Havre, Oporto, Lisbon, and even the Mediterranean, they already are large carriers of every kind of merchandise, and, as they do not enter docks, but discharge their cargoes while lying in the river, they necessarily occupy a large part of the stream. One of the chief objections to the accommodation of steam-vessels in the docks is the risk from fire.

[Westminster Bridge, 1842.]

LVI.—WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

THE metropolitan world of the present and the latter half of the last century seems to have been seized with a very sudden and sweeping determination to get rid of a variety of circumstances which however annoying or mischievous in themselves, had been borne most patiently by our forefathers from time immemorial. It is truly surprising to walk through the principal thoroughfares of London and mark how entirely everything in the shape of street magnificence, street cleanliness, or street comfort that meets the eye, belongs to the existing or the preceding generation. Let accident or necessity take us where innovation has not yet appeared,—to any of those spots or districts, growing smaller and fewer every day, which yet preserve for our instruction a few glimpses of the overhanging houses, the alley-like streets, the din, the danger, and the filth surrounding the whole like another atmosphere, which so recently characterised London generally,—and it seems difficult to understand how senses of vision, hearing, or smell, constituted like our own, could have ever regarded such nuisances with complacency. It may be supposed that only the poorer and less prominent neighbourhoods or thoroughfares were of this kind: so far, however, was this from being the case, that the highway to, and precincts of, the chief courts of justice, of the houses of legislature, and of the great Abbey, the foremost objects of attention to all foreign visitors, the constant places of resort of all the most distinguished Englishmen, were but a century ago in a condition

which we should say St. Giles's or Bethnal Green now but faintly emulates. Our evidence will satisfy the most incredulous. On the 27th of January, 1741, Lord Tyrconnel, in moving "for leave to bring in a bill for the better paving and cleansing the streets within the city of Westminster and the liberties thereof, and for preventing nuisances therein," said, "It is impossible, Sir, to come to this assembly, or to return from it, without observations on the present condition of the streets of Westminster—observations forced on every man, however inattentive, or however engrossed by reflections of a different kind. . . . . The filth, Sir, of some parts of the town, and the inequality and ruggedness of others, cannot but in the eyes of foreigners disgrace our nation and incline them to imagine us a people not only without delicacy but without government—a herd of barbarians or a colony of Hottentots." From other notices also we learn that the Houses of Parliament were obliged, from session to session, to publish an order for the keeping clear the way for the members;* and that when the Monarch came by land to visit them it was necessary to throw fagots into the ruts to enable the unwieldy vehicle of state to pass along with moderate ease. Who that now passes from Charing Cross into Westminster would suspect he was traversing the very localities which Lord Tyrconnel had in view in his description? And the reformation of the evils more particularly referred to by the noble lord, connected with the surface of the ground, is but a type of the greater changes that have here been wrought. Let us imagine ourselves following some foreign visitor from the City to Westminster a century ago. As soon as he turned the corner at Charing Cross he entered a narrow street occupying the right side only of the space now forming Whitehall and Parliament Street, and which, nowhere very broad, measured in some parts scarce eighteen feet. Continuing his route between the walls of Whitehall on the left and the Park on the right, near the Horse Guards he stopped to admire the stately proportions of the Banqueting House, almost the only part of the famous Palace which the fire of 1697 had left entire; or to take a last look of Holbein's beautiful gate, which he would hear was likely before long to be removed—the one *loss* among all the buildings and places to be swept away. Thinking of this gate, he would care little for the absence of the other, also belonging to Whitehall, which had stood but a few years before at the corner of King Street and Downing Street, and over which Henry VIII. had been accustomed to pass from the chambers of the Palace to regale himself with the pleasures of his tennis-court, his bowling-green, his cock-pit, or his tilt-yard, or merely with a simple walk in the Park. As the stranger passed along King Street (presenting here and there to this day the same aspect as of old) he had reason to be thankful if he got safely through without injury to person or apparel from the confused throng of pedestrians, horsemen, carts, and coaches jammed together in that narrow space; still more fortunate was he if some occasion of public ceremony, such as the King going to open parliament, had not drawn him thither. It makes one's sides ache to think of being borne along with such a procession through such a place. Forgetting for a moment the disagreeables of the way and the astonishment they bred in him, he would find the neighbourhood an interesting one. Near the end of King Street (which then extended to some little distance on the other side of the

* This form is, indeed, still retained.

present Great George Street, which was not yet in existence) he beheld the place rejoicing in the name of Thieving Lane, through which felons had been formerly conducted (somewhat circuitously, in order to avoid touching the Sanctuary of the Abbey, where they must have been freed) to the Gate-house or Prison of the Abbot of Westminster, standing just by the beginning of Tothill Street; and close by was the famous Sanctuary itself, occupying the space where now stands the Sessions House. From King Street the road to the Abbey and the houses of Parliament diverged to the left towards the Thames; but then, again turning to the right, passed between New Palace Yard and the old decaying houses which stood on that pleasant green sward we now see opposite the former, with the statue of Canning conspicuous in front. This part was called St. Margaret's Lane, and a lane truly it was, hemmed in closely by the old "Fish-yard" and by parts of the ancient Palace of Westminster, where, among other curiosities about shortly to disappear, our visitor would see two old prisons of the regal habitation, known respectively as Heaven and Purgatory, in the last of which "was preserved the ducking-stool which was employed by the burgesses of Westminster for the punishment of scolds. The lady," he would be informed, if he was curious in such matters, "was strapped within a chair fastened by an iron pin or pivot, at one end of a long pole, suspended on its middle by a lofty trestle, which, having been previously placed on the shore of the river, allowed the body of the culprit to be plunged 'hissing hot into the Thames.' When the fervour of her passion was supposed to have subsided by a few admonitory duckings, the lever was balanced by pulling a cord at the other end, and the dripping Xantippe was exposed to the ridicule of her neighbours."* The different buildings we have mentioned rendered St. Margaret's Lane so narrow that it has been thought worthy of note that palisades became absolutely necessary between the footpath and the roadway for the safety of passengers. And when —strange contrast of magnificence and meanness!—the royal vehicle with its eight gorgeously caparisoned horses floundered along this miserable road, it had, after setting down the king at the entrance to the House of Lords, to drive into the court-yard of Lindsey or Abingdon House, then standing at the west corner of Dirty Lane (now Abingdon Street), in order to be able to turn. Wherever the visiter looked it was the same. The beautiful architecture of Henry VII.'s Chapel required an effort in order to get to see it; and Westminster Hall was in a still worse condition, some of the niches of the lower part of its front being hidden behind public-houses† and coffee-houses, which were propped up by it, and which but for its support would have spared all trouble of taking down. The gate of the Woolstaple opposite the Hall, the last remains of the establishment to which old Westminster owed so much, he would be too late to see, as it had lately (in 1741) been removed—and noticeable was the occasion of that removal. The last relic of the old monopolising principles of business, which confined certain advantages to certain places, was displaced to make room for a structure which, long desired, was at last only achieved by a triumph over similar principles, and which was to open to Westminster a new career of im-

* Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster,' vol. i. p. 262.

† The two public-houses which concealed some portion of the Hall were only removed in the beginning of the present century, when the fragments of eight figures, in niches of exquisite workmanship, were discovered.

provement, not less important and much more brilliant than even the Staple had done, which originally raised Westminster from a village to a town: in a word, our stranger, stepping from the Palace Yard into a narrow lane leading to the water (the site of which now forms one side of Bridge Street), beheld the work in progress which was the immediate cause of all the changes that rumour said were about to be made in the route through which he had passed—he beheld the rising but unfinished piers and arches of the BRIDGE.

The change wrought on the other side of the Thames has been still more extensive, though none of the interest attached to the removal of ancient and well-known buildings belongs to it. In lieu of the present Westminster Road, and the streets ramifying from it in all directions, gardens extended nearly the whole way to Kennington Common. It will be seen from what we have stated that the present approaches of the Bridge formed no part of the ancient route used by travellers in crossing from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore at this part of the Thames.

Those who may have occasion to cross the river by a wherry from the stairs at the foot of the fine old gateway of Lambeth Palace to Millbank on the opposite side, are landed on a shelving slope directly opposite the end of Market Street, and a little southward of the church of St. John the Evangelist. At the top of the slope stands a little wooden house; that is the old ferry-house, and the place is that of the old horse-ferry. Directly opposite, some hundred yards or so from Lambeth Palace, is an opening to an obscure street, still known as Ferry Street; and one, if not both, of the houses, which then formed considerable inns, still stand there, where travellers were accustomed to wait for the return of the boat, or for better weather than prevailed at the moment of their arrival, or to stay all night and sleep there if the day were far spent and themselves somewhat timid. How primitive all this seems! One can hardly be satisfied that we are really speaking of the Thames at Westminster, and a time so little removed. The horse-ferry, it appears, belonged to the Archbishop of Canterbury from time immemorial, by whom it was leased at a rent of 20*l.* at the time of its suppression on the opening of the Bridge. Both the archbishop and the lessee received compensation.

We have incidentally referred to the opposition long shown to the project of a better mode of transit over the river, one more in accordance with the skill and enterprise and capital of the eighteenth century, as well as with the demands of industry, trade, and commerce. The obstinacy of the principles which actuated the opposers may be judged from the long duration of the contest which our local reformers had had to maintain. Their first movements took place so early as the reign of Elizabeth, and were followed up during almost every succeeding reign, and particularly during the periods of James I., the two Charles', and George I., in each of which the matter was brought before Parliament. On one of the latest of these unsuccessful attempts the petition presented to the House was met by a counter-petition from the Londoners, who exhibited great alarm and anxiety on all such occasions, and now remonstrated in language that might imply they felt the very existence of the trade and welfare of London depended on keeping Westminster without a bridge for ever. The Company of Watermen also warmly opposed the project, saying it would be highly preju-

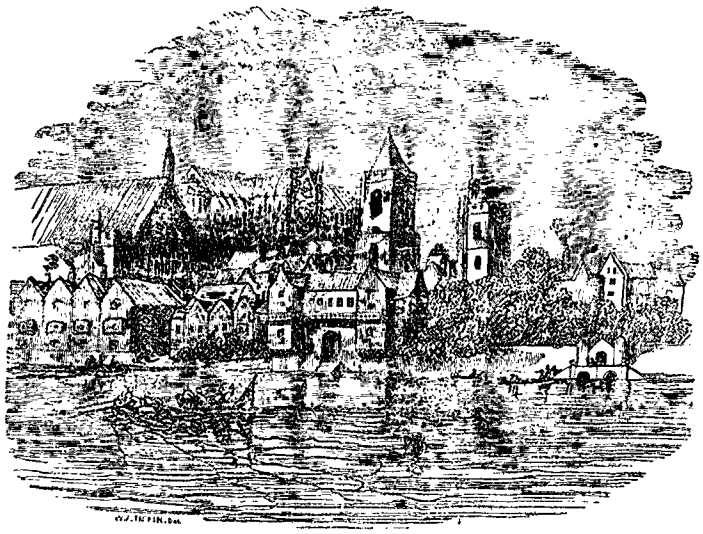
dicial to its members, by greatly lessening, if not totally destroying, several ferries between Vauxhall and the Temple, which they had power to work on Sunday, and which produced a very considerable sum yearly, for the benefit of poor, aged, decayed, and maimed watermen and their widows. This opposition was somewhat more rational, and was rationally set aside by compensation. It excites a smile to read of some of the other enemies of the proposed Bridge: side by side with the petitions of the City of London, the Borough of Southwark, and the Watermen's Company, was the petition of the *West Country Bargemen.* On the third reading of the Bill in the House of Commons the petitions from all these parties came pouring in together, and the similarity of their language shows that their unanimity was indeed wonderful. It "will be a great prejudice to the navigation of the river of Thames, so as to render it dangerous, if not impracticable," says the City; it "will tend to obstruct the navigation of the river Thames," says the Company of Watermen; it "will greatly obstruct the navigation of the said river," say the lightermen and bargemen: but these last had an additional horror in store. It "will," they add gravely, "endanger the *lives of the petitioners* and the *loss of goods or merchandise* by them carried." "How, in the name of common sense?" might have been well asked; but the thing was too farcical to be worthy of any serious notice. Assured, however, of compensation, as all the parties were who had the slightest right to it, before the Bill was passed, there seems to have been an intense bitterness of feeling excited; and if we may judge from a clause in the Act, some danger was apprehended that, in the failure of all fair means, foul would be resorted to. The clause in question provides that persons wilfully destroying or damaging the said bridge should suffer *death.* The Act passed, after counsel had been heard for and against the measure, on the 31st of March, 1736, by a vote of 117 to 12. It was odd enough that, whilst the first debate was going on, the Thames, as if anxious to know what was determined in a matter so nearly affecting its interests, came up almost to the very doors of the Parliament House, and left the lawyers in Westminster Hall a foot deep of water to wade through. The site chosen for the Bridge, after much consideration, was from the Woolstaple or thereabouts, in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, to the opposite shore in Lambeth. The erasure of the last vestige of the once celebrated market for wool, to which, generally in common with a few other places, all staple commodities were obliged to be brought and weighed for the payment of the customs, now followed, and demands a few words of notice.

"It seemeth," says Stow, speaking of matters as they remained to his day, "that the merchants of the staple be the most ancient merchants of this realm, and that all commodities of the realm are staple merchandises by law and charter, as wool, leather, wool-fels, lead, tin, cloth," &c. So early as the time of Edward I. the staple was held at Westminster, and princely were the merchants who belonged to it. The church of St. Margaret, first erected by the Confessor, to prevent a too great concourse of people to his new and beautiful abbey, was almost entirely rebuilt by them in the reign just mentioned: a noticeable circumstance, because they could hardly have been permanent inhabitants of the parish; with every change of the locality or localities of the staple—and such changes were continually taking place—they must have shifted too. Thus,

during the reign of the third Edward, in one year the staple of wool was appointed to be at Canterbury only, for the honour of Thomas à Becket; and yet but two years later the woolstaple of Brûges, on the continent, was removed to several places in England, among which Westminster was again chosen. The general reason of these changes, with trifling differences as to the individual case, is pointed out by Stow in connexion with this last-mentioned occurrence. It was done, he says, "to the great benefit of the King, and loss unto strangers and merchants." The staple at that time, he adds, began on the next morrow after the feast of *St. Peter ad Vincula*. It is positively ludicrous to follow the Kings of that period through the turnings and windings of their policy with respect to the staple, seeing

"As from a tower the end of all,"

the addition of a few extra thousands into the royal pocket. In the thirty-seventh of Edward III. the staple of wool was again removed from England to the continent, Calais being now the favoured place. Six-and-twenty of our best and wealthiest merchants were appointed the farmers; and the record of this incident gives an additional illustration of the rank and consequence of this class in the fourteenth century. Every merchant had a train of six men at arms and four archers, and all at the King's cost. Into the subsequent shiftings to and fro it were useless to enter; we therefore conclude our notices of the woolstaple by observing that, at the time of Henry VI., there were six wool-houses at Westminster, which were granted by that King to the Abbey; that the boundaries of the staple extended from Temple Bar to Tothill, within which the court of the staple alone had jurisdiction, consisting of a mayor and two constables (chosen by the merchants), associated with two alien merchants, and six



[Westminster, about 1660.]

others, alien and native, to act as mediators; and, lastly, that the staple fell into disuse, like its fellows in other places, as commerce increased, and became in-

formed by better principles. We may now pursue without interruption the history of the erection of the structure that forms our subject.

The mode of raising the money required was by lottery, that ever-ready resource of the last century, when new works had to be built, or old ones that had failed in their object to be paid for, and which statesmen did not hesitate, as in the present instance, to adopt as the readiest mode of obtaining finances for extraordinary occasions. The act authorised the raising of 625,000*l.*; from which the prizes having been paid, the residue, calculated at 100,000*l.*, was for the new work. In casually turning over the pages of the Act, after a glance at the title, one would suppose some curious mistake had been committed, so much is there about the lottery, and so little about the Bridge. Page after page is filled with minute details, describing who are to be the managers of the lottery, the form of the oath to be taken, the number and form of the tickets, including those distinguished as "the fortunate," the rolling, the cutting, the drawing, &c. The next year it became necessary to pass a new Act, continuing the lottery; for only 43,000*l.* had been raised in the time allotted: the sum was then raised from 625,000*l.* to 700,000*l.* The tickets were fixed at 10*l.* each, but those who took a certain number had a reduction made. In connexion with lotteries and the Bridge may be mentioned a curious incident, which gives a somewhat amusing glimpse of the legislation of the last century. On the 2nd of March, 1735, whilst the bill for the Bridge was in progress, one Henry Jernegan, goldsmith, petitioned the House, stating that he had made a silver cistern, that had been acknowledged by all persons of skill, who had seen the same, to excel whatever of the kind had been attempted in this kingdom; that, after an expense of several thousand pounds on the workmanship alone, exclusive of the weight in silver, and after great hazards in the furnace, and four years of application to the raising and adorning the model, the cistern now remained on his hands. Our readers may wonder what this had to do with the building of Westminster Bridge, as we did ourselves in reading the passage referring to it in the journals of the House of Commons. But the House, it appears, not only thought the proposed connexion was in due course of propriety, but actually voted an instruction to the committee on the bill to make provision in it for the petitioner—by directing, we presume, the disposal of the cistern by lottery. Whilst the managers of the Bridge lottery were about their magnificent scheme, it was thought, it seems, they might very well undertake the Little-Go of Henry Jernegan, goldsmith. The second lottery had better fortune than its predecessor, and funds poured into the hands of the Bridge Commissioners. This body consisted of two hundred peers and members of the House of Commons, to whom was intrusted the direction of affairs, "and who," says Labelye, the architect of the Bridge (writing at the period of its erection), "notwithstanding their great trouble, care, and wearisome attendance in the discharge of the several important trusts reposed in them by the Legislature, have absolutely no kind of salaries, perquisites, fees, rewards, or consideration whatsoever, except, as a nobleman among them nobly expresses it, *the honour of doing what was thought impossible.*" Why the erection of a bridge over the Thames should be thought a work of such great difficulty as to be spoken of in these terms, we can now hardly understand; we have grown familiar with this kind of architectural greatness. But when Westminster Bridge

was undertaken England had seen no work of corresponding magnitude performed since the building of Old London Bridge, six centuries before, and that structure, making every allowance for the difference between ancient and modern engineering, was a work, by comparison, as easy to build, as it was awkward and dangerous when accomplished. Having referred to the architect of the Bridge, we may here say a few words on him and his publication. He was by birth a Swiss, who appears to have been patronised, if he was not brought over to England, by the Earl of Pembroke, the chief of the acting commissioners, but who became a naturalised subject of England, and proud of his adopted land. He was a man highly esteemed, it is said, for his honour and probity. On the completion of the Bridge he retired to spend his latter days in the more congenial atmosphere of France, where, it has been stated, he would not engage in any work that he thought would offend the English, and there he died in 1762. Such is the entire amount of the biography of this able man that we have met with. Neither Horace Walpole nor Mr. Allan Cunningham mention him among their other notices and lives of architects, in their respective works on the subject. But his biography is the Bridge itself; and no man need desire to have a more honourable or permanent record. Of all the particulars respecting the erection of this great work Labelye has left us a full and interesting account in a publication prepared by him at the desire of the commissioners. We shall borrow pretty largely from its pages, not only because they are so evidently the proper materials, but also on account of the strange and not very creditable neglect with which it has been treated by those who have since written on the edifice; and the consequence has been, the perpetuation of the most absurd mistakes, and the continual repetition of the same errors from one writer to another. The author of the account in the edition of Maitland's 'History,' published in 1756, was perhaps excusable; he may have written before Labelye's publication appeared (in 1751). But others since then have gone on copying that account, or, if they did depart from it, it was to add new errors of their own. For instance, in the history we read, "all the piers are laid at a considerable depth under the bed of the river, in a hard bed of gravel, which *never requires piling*;" and in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1738, under the date of September 13, that the *first pile* was driven by a newly-invented machine in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators; whilst Pennant, by a stroke of the pen, reduces the arches from fifteen to fourteen.

On looking at the spot chosen, Labelye found the width of the river to be about 1220 feet, or 300 feet wider than London Bridge. The line across the water was almost due east and west. As to the water, Labelye saw that he could so place his bridge as to allow the stream of the tide both at ebb and flood to pass straight through the arches, except during the first quarter of the flood, when the stream runs from Whitehall to Lambeth, and a period when of course large and heavily-laden boats would avoid passing through. He then examined the ground by repeated borings, which satisfied him of the existence of a bed of gravel quite across the Thames, and which was generally so hard, "and, as it were, petrified," that the boring-drills would not penetrate far into it, and the ballast-men found it difficult to dig when they prepared the foundation of the piers. Most people are aware that the general mode of erecting piers of bridges

is by the cofferdam, a kind of wall of wood formed of piles separately driven in, enclosing the space required, from which the water may then be drawn; but Labelye's method was different, and in England, we believe, at the time, new. He proposed to the commissioners that the foundation of every pier should be laid on a strong grating of timber planked underneath; that this grating of timber should be made the bottom of a vessel, such as is called *caisson* by the French; that the sides of this caisson should be so contrived as to be taken away after the pier should be finished; that the bed of the river should be dug to a sufficient depth and made level, in order to lay thereon the bottom of the caisson; that wherever the ground under the excavation or pit should prove good, there would be no necessity for piling it; but that, in case the ground under the foundation-pit should not prove of a sufficient consistence, it should be piled all over as closely as necessary; the heads of these piles then to be sawn level, close to the bottom of the pit, and on their tops the grating and foundation of the pier should be laid as is usual in such cases. And this description accurately explains the method followed. The caissons used by Labelye were the largest ever known, containing each one hundred and fifty loads of fir timber. The piers also he proposed should be built in an uncommon manner. Instead of an outward shell of hard stones, filled in the inside with rubble or brick-work, he determined to build them quite solid, and of large blocks of Portland stone. The first stone of the first pier was laid by the Earl of Pembroke, January, 1739, and whilst the latter was in progress many were the predictions of failure; but Labelye heeded them not, satisfied with his own conviction of success, and the knowledge that with the greater part of his opponents their wish with regard to the work was the father to their thought. Still they tried his temper, if they could not shake his confidence, and some of the principal personages appear to have had the ear of the commissioners; and, indeed, among the commissioners themselves there were some who caused the architect great trouble and anxiety. We need not wonder, therefore, at the tone of gratification in which he records the completion of different parts of his work, showing as they did from time to time the success that awaited the whole. It was on the 23rd of April, he tells us, "the festival of St. George, the first pier was entirely completed, having been executed with all the success that could be desired, without loss either of life or limb, and attended with a much less expense than would have attended any other method of building the piers; to the great mortification of many evil-minded persons, especially some disappointed projectors and artificers, who, without knowing what was really intended to be done, or being capable of putting it in execution, roundly asserted everywhere that this method of building was entirely impracticable, or at least would prove so expensive, that the charge of laying the foundation of one single pier would amount to more than the whole amount of the superstructure!" In excavating the foundation for the second pier a copper medal was found, about the size of a halfpenny, in tolerable preservation, having the head of the Emperor Domitian on one side, and a woman with a pair of scales and a cornucopia on the other. Labelye, mentioning the occurrence, says, "it is easily accounted for, if it be true that there was a ferry about this place in the time of the Romans; and there are many things which confirm this opinion." By the time they got to the fourth pier the work proceeded with great celerity, and that part of the bridge was finished in twenty days.

Up to this period the intention of the commissioners was to erect a timber superstructure of very peculiar and ingenious construction, which the curious reader may find engraved in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1750, and which was the design of a Mr. King. But though they thus far gave way to the busy whisperers who said a stone structure would be too expensive, the whole thing too hazardous, and (very likely) the architect too unfit, they allowed Labelye, as we have seen, to commence in his own mode, wisely considering that, if the foundation and the piers were duly cared for, it would be easy at any time to replace the timber of the remaining part with stone. But an accident gave Labelye the power of carrying out his entire design, and the metropolis a bridge worthy of it. This was the great *frost*, which, commencing on Christmas-day, 1739, continued with extraordinary severity for several weeks. The Thames soon began to be impassable on account of the floating masses of ice, which, gradually becoming fixed, gave a strangely wild and picturesque character to the scene. The river appeared like a far-stretching snowy field, covered with huge icy rocks. People began to pass to and fro, then booths were erected, until the whole became a kind of continued fair, and the printing presses scattered about were busily employed in diffusing records of so novel an occurrence. The frost was as extensive in its sphere of operations as it was severe. In Ireland persons passed across the fresh-water lake Lough Neagh on the ice, a distance of twenty miles. In Poland and Lithuania the very bears and wolves were driven from their hiding-places into the open country, and became a new calamity to the inhabitants. Trees were split, bread and most other eatables had to be thawed by the fire before they could be cut, water still liquid froze in the very act of pouring it from one vessel into another, and stood up in the glass like an icicle; the warm blood stiffened in the veins; persons were found dead on the highways, and some of the poor even in their houses. The damage to the shipping, &c., on the Thames was very great; vessels with valuable ladings sunk, and others, with lighters and boats innumerable, were greatly injured. The works of the bridge were not destined to escape. All the piles then standing, one hundred and forty in number, were torn away from their strong fastenings, and above half of them snapped in two, and other mischief of less importance was done. But the apparent evil was in this case a great good. It set the minds of the commissioners to work to re-consider their purpose. Whilst the frost continued no advance could be made, and, says Labelye, "during that interruption some commissioners observed at the Board that the goodness of the method made use of in building the piers was then sufficiently tested; that the public in general was highly disgusted at the thoughts of having a wooden bridge," and spoke freely of its disadvantages, among which was the liability of "being carried away or greatly damaged by any future heaps of ice, such as was then on the frozen Thames." The subject of the repairs of a wooden bridge was now agitated, and that soon decided the question. Its contractors declined undertaking to keep it in repair at any fixed price. Before the labourers were able to recommence the work, on the discontinuance of the frost in February, 1740, Labelye had obtained the sanction of the commissioners to a bridge of stone, with fifteen arches, and abutments, all on what was then esteemed a peculiarly grand scale; the former, for instance, increasing from a span of 52 feet (excluding the small abutment arches) on each side, to one of 76 for the centre arch, and the piers from 12 feet

broad to 17. The entire length of the bridge was to be 1220 feet, its breadth 40.

The same originality of thought and independence of action that excited the fears of the timid, and appeared to justify the doubts and censures of the hostile, in the commencement, with the piers and foundations, were still more strikingly shown when the superstructure began to appear. "In order to give the utmost strength to the arches of the bridge," says Labelye, "I designed their construction very different from the common way of building such arches; for, in order to destroy or counterbalance the thrust or lateral pressure with which all arches (even the semicircular ones) do endeavour to separate or overset their piers, every arch of Westminster Bridge (except the two small ones at the abutments) is double. The first arch is semicircular, built with great blocks of Portland stone, from three to five feet in height or depth; over which there is another arch built with Purbeck stones, bonded in with the under semicircular arch. This upper arch is of a particular figure or curve, four or five times thicker in the reins, or towards the bottom, than at the key or top. Both these arches, taken together, do form a kind of arch which can be demonstrated to be in *equilibrio* in all its parts. By means of these secondary arches, and the proper disposition of the superincumbent materials, every arch of Westminster Bridge is able to stand by itself, independent of the abutments or any other arch. I asserted, above twelve years ago, that arches thus constructed must have that property, as a necessary consequence, from a mathematical proposition as clearly demonstrated as any one proposition in Euclid or Apollonius; and the truth of my assertion has since been put out of all doubt, for when, by the settling of the western fifteen-foot pier, in 1747, it became necessary to take down the two adjoining arches, and to rebuild them, all the other arches, even the next to them on each side, stood firm and well (though unsupported on one side); nor were they at all affected by two severe shocks of earthquakes that were felt in London in February and March, 1749, to the great amazement of many, and to the no less confusion and disappointment of not a few malicious or ignorant people, who had confidently asserted, and propagated the notion, that upon unkeying any one of the arches the whole bridge would fall." The "people" here referred to, however, had had a great triumph when the accident Labelye mentions occurred to the western fifteen-foot pier. The Bridge was thought to be almost finished in 1747, and preparations were making for the opening, when suddenly the pier in question began to sink, and it became necessary to take down one of the arches. In a spirit of bitter indignation Labelye records the annoyance this unfortunate and, to him as well as other persons, incomprehensible circumstance caused him. "Notwithstanding most of the considerable bridges of which we have any account have, in the course of their building, met with some accident like this, it is certain that never was an accident so much taken notice of. It was very sincerely deplored by all those who had any good nature or public spirit, and as heartily rejoiced at by those of a contrary disposition, such as the watermen, ferrymen, and a great many others: nay, by some who were fed and maintained by the commissioners with much better bread than they ever deserved or ever could earn." The arch being removed, heavy weights were laid on the pier, consisting of some 700*

* All the accounts we have seen but Labelye's own give the weight as 12,000 tons, which he himself refers to as a mistake of the "daily newspapers and monthly magazines."

tons of stone in blocks, and iron cannon condemned as unserviceable; and Labelye was going on to add 1400 tons more when he was stopped by the commissioners, who were frightened by the representations of a "wicked cabal bent upon mischief for mischief's sake." These persons must have been hard pushed for arguments before they could have talked in the following ludicrous style:—They told the commissioners that the further loading might not only be dangerous to the adjoining arches, but crush the centres and make them fall into the river, and even draw after them *a considerable part of his Majesty's ordnance.* These men must have been born diplomatists. Was ever so magnificent a phrase made out of such small materials! This was the only instance in which the commissioners prevented Labelye from following his own designs. After some delay the affair was settled by a sort of compromise, Labelye adopting another plan for the repair. Recent circumstances enable us to add a useful appendix to this narration. An extensive reparation of the Bridge has been for some time going on, having for its object to strengthen the foundations of the pier undermined by the flow of the Thames since the removal of Old London Bridge; to lower the roadway in the centre and raise the approaches; and (there is little doubt) to widen the Bridge, for the preliminary step of lengthening the base of the pier is already in progress. In making these alterations much interest has been excited among professional men by the knowledge that the cause of the sinking of the pier in 1747 would now most probably be discovered. They have not been disappointed. "On the removal of the ground within the sheet piling the projecting part of the timber bottom of the caisson was found to be broken and separated from that part underneath the pier: this had arisen from the space intended for the caisson not having been dredged sufficiently large to receive it, so that it was resting on the slope of the excavation, the centre part being hollow, until the weight of the masonry broke away the sides and allowed the pier to settle on the loose sand and gravel which had run in; the level of the blue clay being nearer the surface at this pier than the adjoining one, the excavation was principally in that material, and its intense stiffness will account for the dislocation that took place in the timber-work."* Such was the cause of the accident which gave Labelye so much annoyance and postponed the opening of the Bridge for three years. It was observed that the caissons were found in so perfect a state, that the fir retained even its resinous smell.

The semi-octagonal turrets must not be passed without a few words. Labelye says they were not only built for their evident accommodation to passengers desiring or obliged to stop without interfering with the roadway, or for the relief they afford to the eye in breaking so long a line, but for the additional security they gave to the bridge, by strengthening the parts between the arches, and thereby offering so much more weight to repel the lateral pressure. He calls the common idea, that the more an arch is loaded the stronger it will be, a vulgar error. Presuming that the architect ought to be a fair judge of his own intentions, we may with confidence repel the satire of the French wit or traveller referred to by Pennant, M. Grosley, who, in his 'Tour to London,' assures us that the cause of their erection was to prevent the suicide to which the English have so strong a propensity, particularly in the gloomy month of November; for, had they been low, he thoughtfully observes, how few could resist the charming

opportunity of springing over! whereas, at present, the difficulty of climbing up these heights is so great that the poor hypochondriac has time to cool, and, desisting from his purpose, think proper to give his days their full length, and end them like a good Christian in his peaceful bed. Maitland mentions a more serious purpose to which these recesses might have been put, and one that gives us a pregnant illustration of the social state of the neighbourhood in the last century. He says they might have "served for places of ambush for robbers and cut-throats," but for the establishment of a guard of twelve watchmen specially appointed for the security of the passage during the night. "We walk the public streets with so much danger in these hours," he continues, "that this provision was extremely necessary." Altogether, Westminster at this time was certainly a pleasant neighbourhood to live in, where you could not move in the day without the danger of stumbling in some deep rut, or of having some carriage-wheel rubbing off its superabundant mud on your clothes as it passed you; whilst at night there were the additional comforts of unlighted ways and lurking robbers; and, night and day, intolerable stenches stealing across your path, in every possible variety, each suggestive of its own agreeable origin. How much do we not owe to the Bridge! But for that structure there is no saying how much longer Westminster would have remained lagging behind its neighbour city in the path of improvement. The writer of the account of Middlesex in the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' mentions a peculiarity of these recesses, which we have not ourselves tried, but which some of our readers may. He says, "So just are the proportions, and so complete and uniform the symmetry, that, if a person whispers against the wall of the alcove on one side of the way, he may be plainly heard on the opposite side, and parties may converse without being prevented by the interruption of the street or the noise of the carriages."*

The work was finally completed in November, 1750, having been erected, as Labelye informs us, without turning of the whole or any part of the river, without stopping, or even hindering, the free navigation one single moment, and without having any sensible fall under its arches. Great was the triumph of friends, melancholy the disappointment of enemies. By the former it was emphatically designated as the noblest bridge in the world, and the public voice ratified the judgment. A day of public rejoicing, on the occasion of the opening, was named by the commissioners, which, by an odd piece of neglect, was discovered, when too late, to fall on a Sunday. They then determined to commence at twelve o'clock on the Saturday night, and hurry the thing over, so as to avoid scandal. Accordingly on the 17th of November, or rather the 18th, just after midnight, a procession was formed of gentlemen of Westminster, Labelye and his chief assistants, and a large concourse of spectators, who enjoyed the novelty of such a torchlight ceremonial. These were preceded by kettle-drums and trumpets. Guns also fired from time to time. All the next day the Bridge was like a fair. The cost of the whole edifice, including the "several conveniences requisite thereto," was, according to Maitland's work, 389,500*l.*, which was raised from no less than twelve lotteries; but Labelye gives the entire cost, on what he believed to be good information, for all the materials delivered, work done, and labour of all sorts in and about Westminster Bridge, at 218,000*l.* only. The difference is

* Beauties of England and Wales, vol. x., part 4, page 529.

probably to be accounted for by the circumstance that the same commissioners had the care reposed in them, by successive Acts of Parliament, of all the great improvements we have pointed out as following the erection of the Bridge, and some portion of their expenses may be included in Maitland's estimate. One of the most interesting features of Labelye's pamphlet is the variety of curious illustrations he gives of its size, and the quantity of materials used, &c. He does this evidently with all the gusto of an artist—retiring first in this direction, then in that, from the painting on his easel, in order that he may enjoy his favourite picture in all lights. As the result of his inquiries, he tells us that above 50,000*l.* worth of stone and other materials are always under the ground, or concealed by the water; that each of five arches is wider than the largest hall in Europe—that of Westminster adjoining, of which he gives a careful admeasurement; that the quantity of stone in the middle arch only, above the piers, and exclusive of all its ornaments, is full 500 tons more than was used in the Banqueting House, Whitehall; and, lastly, that the whole Bridge contains nearly double the quantity of stone materials to those employed in the erection of St. Paul's. Even these notices add to our comprehension of the high character of the structure, which a writer in a scientific publication of the present day says was "unquestionably the greatest and most difficult work that had ever been attempted in this country."

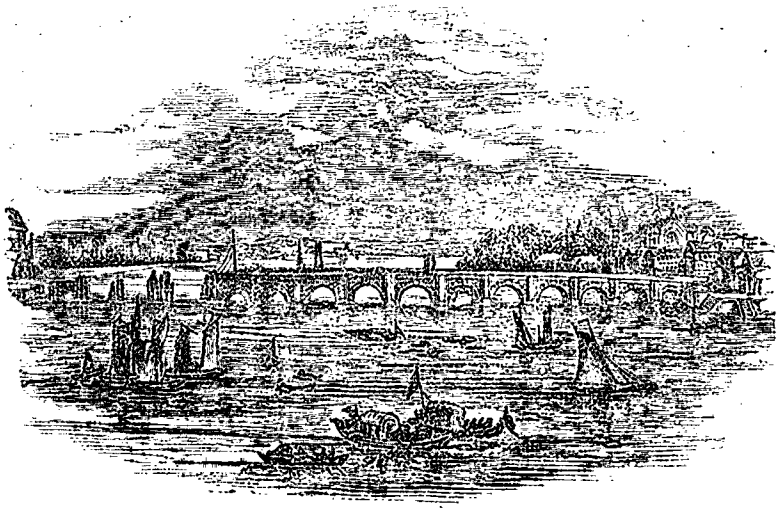
We have purposely left our mention of the abutments of the Bridge to the conclusion of our paper. These are certainly noble and stately works, and Labelye knew it, and was proud of them, and takes pains to enumerate their several advantages; but we here transcribe the passage only for the sake of one remark, at its conclusion, which shows how earnestly he had thought about a subject which yet remains a standing reproach to the metropolis—the state of the Thames banks, made only the more glaring by the glorious works that connect them. Of the abutments Labelye says, "The stairs and causeway are properly placed for the conveniency of water-passengers; and the loading and landing of goods will be at all times out of the indraught of the arches, besides leaving convenient room for boats, and for the watermen to ply for fares, without embarrassing the streets leading to and from the Bridge. Lastly, these abutments may in time lead the way to the making of most useful and beautiful quays along the river, between high and low water mark, than which nothing can more contribute to the trade and ornament of the city and liberty of Westminster, and to the preservation and improvement of the navigation of the river, which would thereby have always sufficient stream to clear its bed from sand, mud, and shoals; and would always retain water enough for working and navigating of boats, and other crafts and vessels, and for the loading and unloading them at all times with ease." We have here in brief the essence of all the reports and pamphlets that have been since issuing from time to time on this fruitful subject; and, considering how few there must have been who then shared in such comprehensive views, it is a valuable illustration of the architect's mind. And what he so much desired, we who are now living shall yet most probably see accomplished; and the Thames, which in itself has experienced no improvement deserving the name of *great*, from the time the ancient Britons, under the direction of the Romans, first made those admirable embankments which remain secure to this hour (for such is the origin ascribed to them by a first-rate authority, the President of the Institution of

Civil Engineers), will have commercial utility and artistical ornament at last added. The embankment of the river would give the completing touch to the magnificence which surrounds this Bridge. Here is Lambeth Palace, with a thousand historical memories; there the new Houses of Parliament, the beautiful buttresses of which already begin to overtop the Bridge; and the Abbey. In other directions, the graceful Bridge of Vauxhall, and the perfectly beautiful and splendid Waterloo, meet the eye. But amidst all this, there are the slimy and black shores of the river, remaining almost as uncared for—now that it is the daily medium of supply to some of the most necessary of the wants of one of the largest town populations in the world—as it was when the two ferries of Westminster and London (the last immortalised by Mary Overy),* included most probably the entire amount of communication between the two shores, and when the occasional vision of a Roman-built galley (in which we may imagine our coasting-trade to have commenced) drew forth the sight-seers of primitive London. We are, we hope and believe, on the eve of amendment. A Report has just appeared from the pen of Mr. Walker, the eminent engineer before referred to, which promises greatly to forward the "consummation" so "devoutly to be wished." A passage from this document, describing in detail the particulars of the improvements projected, with a fair likelihood of being carried into execution, and which will make a reality of Labelye's ideal perspective, will be interesting to our readers. Mr. Walker says—

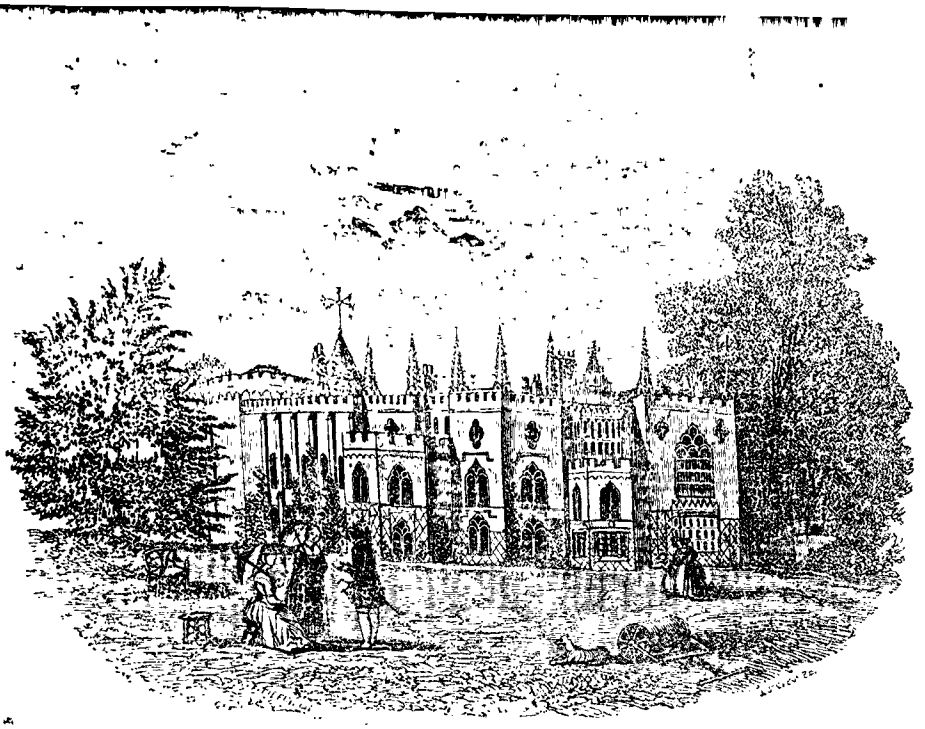
"As regards the embanking of the river, it might be sufficient to say that the recommended line does not interfere to prevent the formation of any of the terrace or road schemes, which is the case; but, as our attention has been drawn to the road improvements upon the banks of the river above Vauxhall Bridge, it would be improper not to refer to this as a result of the projected embankments, which Mr. Cubitt will probably be the first to carry into effect on an enlarged scale, upon the estates of the Crown and the Marquis of Westminster. So far as we have been able to judge from the opinions of those most largely interested, there appears a probability that a carriage-way will be formed along the bank of the river from Chelsea nearly to the new Houses of Parliament. The east side of Millbank is the first interruption. If upon the site of the worst part of Westminster, the property of the Dean and Chapter, or upon the vacant Crown land round the Penitentiary, a basin or dock was formed, with an entrance near the horse-ferry, for the trade of the present Millbank Street Wharf, the houses in that street, which are of value chiefly as connected with the wharfs, might be taken down, and the site of them, with the embanked ground of the river, applied to form a terrace attached to the Houses of Parliament. The view of the river from the drive would be uninterrupted from Chelsea until reaching the Houses of Parliament, when the road would necessarily leave the water-side for Palace Yard, Parliament Street, and Whitehall. It might then turn down Whitehall Place or Scotland Yard, whence it could be carried upon arches springing from piers in the new embanked ground, down to Blackfriars Bridge, and thence by a direct street to St. Paul's and the Royal Exchange, or might fall into some of the new and improved streets in progress or projected by the City authorities. A splendid communication would thus be formed from Chelsea, or from above it,

* See the account of St. Mary Overies, vol. i. p. 113.

along the river, into the heart of the City. It may be some time before all this can be accomplished; but it would be easy to show that from Chelsea to Millbank, and from Millbank to Blackfriars, it would not be a very difficult or expensive work, that it would not interrupt the trade of the wharfs between Whitehall and Blackfriars, and that the proposed line of embankment would be in furtherance of this object."



[The Building of Westminster Bridge.]



[View from the Garden of Strawberry Hill.]

LVII.—STRAWBERRY HILL.—WALPOLE'S LONDON.

"When I was very young, and in the height of the opposition to my father, my mother wanted a large parcel of bugles; for what use I forget. As they were then out of fashion, she could get none. At last she was told of a quantity in a little shop in an obscure alley in the City. We drove thither; found a great stock; she bought it, and bade the proprietor send it home. He said, 'Whither?' 'To Sir Robert Walpole's.' He asked, coolly, '*Who is Sir Robert Walpole?*'"*

"*What is Strawberry Hill?*" might be a similar question with many persons, were we not living in a somewhat different age from that of Sir Robert Walpole. But it may be asked, with some propriety, "What has Strawberry Hill to do with London?" The maker of Strawberry Hill—the builder-up of its galleries, and tribunes, and Holbein-chambers—the arranger of its "painted glass and gloom"—the collector of its pictures, and books, and bijouterie, says of himself, "I am writing, I am building—both works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes! Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead: if they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed."† Horace Walpole himself prevented the realization of his own prophecy. It was said of him, even during his lifetime, "that he had

* Horace Walpole to the Miss Berrys, March 5, 1791.

† Horace Walpole to Conway, August 5, 1761.

outlived three sets of his own battlements;" but he nevertheless contrived, by tying up his toy-warehouse and its moveables with entails and jointures through several generations, to keep the thing tolerably entire for nearly half a century after he had left that state of being where "moth and dust do corrupt." And though the paper portion of his "works"—his 'Royal and Noble Authors,' his 'Anecdotes of Painting,' his 'Historic Doubts,' &c.—are formed of materials not much more durable than his battlements, he was during a long life scattering about the world an abundance of other paper fragments, that have not only lasted ten, twenty, thirty, forty years after he was dead, but which aftertimes will not willingly let die. It was in Strawberry Hill that the everyday thoughts and experiences for the most part centred that have made the letters of Horace Walpole the best record of the manners of the upper ranks during half a century, when very great social changes were working all around. Strawberry Hill and Horace Walpole are inseparably associated in our minds. The house in Arlington Street, from which he sometimes dates, is, like most other West-end houses, a thing distinguished only by its number; and which has no more abiding associations than the chariot which rolls on from its first drawing-room through the necessary decay of cracked varnish and split pannels, until its steps display the nakedness of their original iron, and the dirty rag that was once a carpet is finally succeeded by the luxury of clean straw once a-week. We cannot conceive Horace Walpole in a house with three windows upon a floor, in a formal row of ugly brick brethren. It is in Strawberry Hill, in the "little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper, and Jackson's Venetian prints"—or in the "charming closet hung with green paper and water-colour pictures"—or in "the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper in stripes, adorned with festoons"—that we fancy him writing to Montagu, Mann, Chute, and Conway, in the days when "we pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity," and Lady Townshend exclaimed of the house, "It is just such a house as a parson's, where the children lie at the foot of the bed." In a few years the owner had visions of galleries, and round towers, and cloisters, and chapels; and then the house became filled with kingly armour, and rare pictures, and cabinets of miniatures by Oliver and Petitot, and Raffaelle china. Then, when Strawberry Hill came to the height of its glory, the owner kept "an inn, the sign the Gothic Castle," and his whole time was passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding himself while it was seen.* Lastly came the time when the *old* man was laid up for weeks with the gout, and the building and curiosity-buying was at an end; and after the Duchess of York had come to see his house in 1793, when he put a carpet on the step of his gate, and matted his court, and presented chocolate upon a salver, he says, here "will end my connexions with courts, beginning with George the First, great-great-great-grandfather to the Duchess of York! It sounds as if there could not have been above three generations more before Adam." There never was a place so associated with the memory of one man as Strawberry Hill is with Horace Walpole. There is nothing to confuse us in the recollection. We are not embarrassed with the various branches of the genealogical tree. Horace the first or Horace the second, Horace the great or Horace the little, do not jostle in our memories. Imagination has no great room to play, with a catalogue in hand, and a porter

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1763.

watching that no trinkets are stolen, and a mob of people about us, who "admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed."* Even as the author of 'The Castle of Otranto' saw the portrait all in white of Lord Deputy Falkland walk out of its frame in the great gallery at Strawberry Hill, so if Mr. Robins had permitted us to wander about the house in the cold twilight, we should most assuredly have seen a dapper little gentleman in embroidered velvet, who would have told us something new worth communicating to our readers. As it is, we must be content without any revelations from Strawberry Hill. The world ought to be content. It possesses some three thousand closely printed pages of private history, gossiped over and committed to paper in great part within those walls. Strawberry Hill has a wonderful resemblance to "the House of Tidings" of Chaucer; and that house

"Ne half so quaintly was ywrought."

Like each other—

"Al'† was the timber of no strength,
Yet it is founded to endure."

But the uses of the poetical and prosaic "House of Tidings" were identical.

"And by day in every tide
Be all the doorés open wide,
And by night each one is unshut;
Ne porter is there none to let
No manner tidings in to pace,‡
Ne never rest is in that place,
That it n' is filled full of tidings,
Either loud or of whisperings,
And ever all the house's angles
Is full of rownings§ and of jangles,
Of wars, of peace, of marriages,
Of rests, of labours, of viages,
Of abode, of deathé, and of life,
Of love, of hate, accord, of strife,
Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
Of heal, of sickness, or leasings,||
Of fair weather and tempestés,
Of qualm, of folk, and of beastés,
Of divers transmutations,
Of estatés and of regions,
Of trust, of drede,¶ of jealousy,
Of wit, of winning, of folly,
Of plenty and of great famine,
Of cheap, of dearth, and of ruin,
Of good or of misgovernment,
Of fire and divers accident."

Chaucer's house was for all time, but it has left very few minute records: Strawberry Hill has reference to a fraction of existence; but for half a century it can boast of the most delightful historiographer of the London world of fashion—a noisy, busy, glittering world at all periods, but in Walpole's pages something more amusing than the respectable monotony of the same world in our better days of prudence and decorum.

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, March 25, 1761.

† *Al'*—although. ‡ *Pace*—pass. § *Rownings*—mutterings. || *Leasings*—lyings. ¶ *Drede*—doubt.

The letters of Horace Walpole cannot at all be regarded as a picture of society in general. He has no distinct notion whatever of the habits of the middle classes. Society with him is divided into two great sections—the aristocracy and the mob. He was made by his times; and this is one of the remarkable features of his times. With all his sympathy for literature, he has a decided hatred for authors that are out of the pale of fashion. Fielding, Johnson, Sterne, Goldsmith, the greatest names of his day, are with him ridiculous and contemptible. He cannot be regarded therefore as a representative of the literary classes of his times. As the son of a great minister he was petted and flattered till his father fell from his power; he says himself he had then enough of flattery. When he mixed among his equals in the political intrigues of the time, he displayed no talent for business or oratory. His feeble constitution compelled him to seek amusement instead of dissipation; and his great amusement was to look upon the follies of his associates and to laugh at them. He was not at bottom an ill-natured man, or one without feeling. He affected that insensibility which is the exclusive privilege of high life—and long may it continue so. When Lord Mountford shot himself, and another Lord rejoiced that his friend's death would allow him to hire the best cook in England, the selfish indifference was probably more affected than real. Walpole himself takes off his own mask on one occasion. When he heard of Gray's death, in writing to Chute he apologises for the concern he feels, and adds, "I thought that what I had seen of the world had hardened my heart; but I find that it had *formed my language*, not extinguished my tenderness." When he speaks of individuals we may occasionally think that the world had formed his language; he is too often spiteful and malicious: but when he describes a class he is not likely much to exaggerate. The *esprit de corps* would render him somewhat charitable: if he did not "extenuate" he would not set down "in malice," when he was holding up a mirror of himself and of the very people with whom he was corresponding.

In the early part of the last century London saw less of the wealth and splendour of the aristocracy than previous to the Revolution. The great political divisions of the kingdom kept many families away from the Court; and the habits of the first Elector of Hanover who walked into the ownership of St. James's, and of his son and successor, were not very likely to attract the proud and the discontented from the scenes of their own proper greatness. Walpole, writing from Newmarket in 1743, says, "How dismal, how solitary, how scrub does this town look; and yet it has actually a street of houses better than Parma or Modena! Nay, the houses of the people of fashion, who come hither for the races, are palaces to what houses in London itself were fifteen years ago. People do begin to live again now; and I suppose in a term we shall revert to York Houses, Clarendon Houses, &c. But from that grandeur all the nobility had contracted themselves to live in coops of a dining-room, a dark back room, with one eye in a corner, and a closet. Think what London would be if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity-plums in a vast pudding of country." It was some time before the large houses of the nobility once more made London the magnificent capital which it subsequently became. In the mean time the lordly tenants of the "coops" above described spent a vast deal of their time in places of *public* resort. Let us cast

a rapid glance at the fashionable amusements of the second half of the last century.

The year 1741 presents to us a curious spectacle of the aristocracy and the people at issue, and almost in mortal conflict, not upon the question of corn or taxes, but whether the Italian school of music should prevail, or the Anglo-German. "The opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses. The directors have already laid out great sums. They talk of a mob to silence the operas, as they did the French players; but it will be more difficult, for here half the young noblemen in town are engaged, and they will not be so easily persuaded to humour the taste of the mobility: in short, they have already retained several eminent lawyers from the Bear Garden to plead their defence."* The fight had been going on for nearly twenty years. Everybody knows Swift's epigram

"*On the Feuds about Handel and Bononcini.*"
"Strange, all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee."

Walpole naturally belonged to the party of his "order." Handel had produced his great work, the 'Messiah,' in 1741, at Covent Garden. Fashion was against him, though he was supported by the court, the mob, and the poet of common sense. He went to Ireland; and the triumph of the Italian faction was thus immortalized by Pope:—

"O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage:
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry encore.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore." †

Handel came back to London in 1742, and the tide then turned in his favour. Horace Walpole shows us how fashion tried to sneer him down; he is himself the oracle of the divinity. "Handel has set up an oratorio against the operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces, and the singers of Roast Beef from between the acts at both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever a one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune."‡ The Italian Opera House in the Haymarket itself went out of fashion in a few years, and the nobility had their

* Horace Walpole to Mann, Oct. 8, 1741. † Dunciad, Book IV.
‡ Horace Walpole to Mann, Feb. 24, 1743.

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favourite house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. What the Court then patronised the aristocracy rejected. "The late royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other opera in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Lord Chesterfield one night came into the latter, and was asked if he had been at the other house? 'Yes,' said he, 'but there was nobody but the king and queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away.'"* However, amidst all these feuds the Italian Opera became firmly established in London; and through that interchange of taste which fortunately neither the prejudices of exclusiveness nor ignorance can long prevent, the people began gradually to appreciate the opera, and the nobility became enthusiastic admirers of the oratorio.

In the days of Walpole the Theatre was fashionable; and in their love of theatrical amusements the nobility did not affect to be exclusive. In not liking Garrick when he first came out, Walpole and his friend Gray indulged probably in the fastidiousness of individual taste, instead of representing the opinions of the fashionable or literary classes. Gray writes, "Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are horn-mad after? There are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields sometimes; and yet I am stiff in the opposition." Walpole, in May, 1742, six months after Garrick's first appearance, says, "All the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyle says he is superior to Betterton."† From some cause or other, Walpole hated and vilified Garrick all his life. His pride was perhaps wounded when he was compelled to jostle against the actor in the best society. In the instance of Garrick, Pope's strong sense was again opposed to Walpole's super-refinement. The great poet of manners said to Lord Orrery on witnessing Garrick's Richard III., "That young man never had his equal as an actor, and will never have a rival." As a manager Garrick did not scruple to resent an injustice, however offensive to the leaders of the ton. "There has been a new comedy, called 'The Foundling,' far from good, but it took. Lord Hobart and some more young men made a party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil and with sticking-plasters; but it did not come to action. Garrick was *impertinent*, and the pretty men gave over their plot the moment they grew to be in the right."‡ The Templars with their syringes and stinking oil, and Lord Hobart with his ready "damnation," give one a notion of the mob-legislation of the theatres at that period, for boxes, pit, and gallery constituted one mob. There was a calm awhile, but in 1755 Walpole writes: "England seems returning: for those who are not in Parliament there are nightly riots at Drury Lane, where there is an Anti-Gallican party against some French dancers. The young men of quality have protected them till last night, when, being opera-night, the galleries were victorious." Walpole tells us a most amusing story of the manner in which these things were managed in his earlier days. "The town has been trying all this winter to beat pantomimes off the stage, very boisterously; for

* Horace Walpole to Conway, Sept. 25, 1761.

† Horace Walpole to Mann.

‡ Horace Walpole to Mann, March 11, 1748.

it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense a matter of riot and arms. Fleetwood, the master of Drury Lane, has omitted nothing to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago he let into the pit great numbers of Bear Garden *bruisers* (that is the term), to knock down everybody that hissed. The pit rallied their forces and drove them out. I was sitting very quietly in the side-boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden the curtain flew up, and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs, to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar; and among the rest, who flew into a passion but your friend the philosopher! In short, one of the actors, advancing to the front of the stage to make an apology for the manager, he had scarce begun to say, 'Mr. Fleetwood ——' when your friend, with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, 'He is an impudent rascal!' The whole pit huzzaed, and repeated the words. Only think of my being a popular orator! But what was still better, while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, 'Mr. Walpole, what would you please to have us do next?' It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sank down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the playhouse. The next night the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, 'Where's Mr. W.? where's Mr. W.?' In short, the whole town has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler."* The participation of people of fashion in theatrical rows is a sufficient evidence of the interest which they took in the theatre. They carried the matter still farther in 1751, by hiring Drury Lane to act a play themselves. "The rage was so great to see this performance, that *the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose.*"†

Vauxhall and Ranelagh figure, as we have seen, in the descriptions of the 'Spectator' and the 'Citizen of the World,' in the 'Connoisseur' and in 'Evelina.'‡ But none of these writers give us an adequate notion of the *fashion* of Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Addison, and Goldsmith, and Miss Burney looked upon the great crowd of all ranks as they would look upon life in general. Walpole saw only his own set; but how graphically has he described them! The mere surface of the shows, the gilding and varnish of the gaiety, fills the imagination. At Vauxhall we see Prince Lobkowitz's footmen, in very rich new liveries, bearing torches, and the Prince himself in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold button-holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat; and Madame l'Ambassadrice de Vénise in a green sack, with a straw hat; and we hear the violins and hautboys, the drums and trumpets, of the Prince of Wales's barges.§ Imagine such a sight in our own days! And then, one-and-twenty years later in life, Walpole is again going to Vauxhall to a *ridotto al fresco*, with a tide and torrent of coaches so prodigious, that he is an hour and a half on the road before he gets half way from Arlington Street. "There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition, the greater is the crowd."‖

* Horace Walpole to Mann, November 26, 1744. † Horace Walpole to Mann.
‡ London, vol. i. No. 23. § Horace Walpole to Conway, June 27, 1748.
‖ Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 11, 1769.

But for a little, quiet, domestic party at Vauxhall, composed of the highest in rank and fashion, Walpole is the most delightful, and, we have no doubt, the most veracious of chroniclers. Mrs. Tibbs and the pawnbroker's widow of Goldsmith are mere pretenders to coarseness by the side of Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe. Walpole receives a card from Lady Caroline in 1750 to go with her to the Gardens. When he calls, the ladies "had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them." All the town had been summoned; and in the Mall they picked up dukes and damsels, and two young ladies especially, who had been "trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly care of Lady Caroline." They marched to their barge with a boat of French horns attending. Upon debarking at Vauxhall they "picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from 'Jenny's Whim;' where, instead of going to old Strafford's catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with Lady Fanny, and left her and eight other women and four other men playing at brag." "Jenny's Whim" was a tavern at Chelsea Bridge. The party assemble in their booth and go to supper, after a process of cookery which would rather astonish a Lady Caroline of our own day: "We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction." Lady Caroline was not singular in her tastes. Before the accession of George III. it was by no means uncommon for ladies of quality to sup at taverns, and even to *invite* the gentlemen to be of the company. Walpole says that in 1755 a Frenchman, who was ignorant of the custom, took some liberties with Lady Harrington, through which mistake her house was afterwards closed against him. This practice, which to us seems so startling, was a relic of the manners of a century earlier. The decorum of the court of George III. banished the custom from the upper ranks; but it lingered amongst the middle classes: and Dr. Johnson thought it not in the slightest degree indecorous to say to two young ladies who called upon him, "Come, you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre;" to which the ladies, who wished to consult the philosopher upon the subject of Methodism, very readily assented. In the reign of the second George, and perhaps a little later, the great ladies, whether at taverns or in private houses, carried their vivacity somewhat farther than we should now think consistent with perfect propriety. Lady Coventry, at a great supper at Lord Hertford's, "said, in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more she should be *muckibus*." How the Americans of our own day must be shocked at the vulgarity of our aristocratic predecessors; for *they* will not tolerate even the word *drunk*, and describe the condition which that word conveys by the pretty epithet *excited!* We are adopting the term; and it may be expected that the refinement in our nomenclature may lead to a revival of a little of the old liberty in our practice. Walpole explains that *muckibus* was "Irish for sentimental." He did not foresee the change in our English. He calls things by their right names. He tells us that "Lord Cornwallis and Lord Allen came drunk to the Opera;" and, what is harder to believe, that the Chancellor, Lord

Henley, being chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, "a smart gentleman who was sent with a staff carried it in the evening when the Chancellor happened to be drunk." These exhibitions were in 1763.

We might believe, from the well-known lines of Pope, that the amusement which was invented for the solace of a mad king was the exclusive inheritance of an *aged* aristocracy:

"See how the world its veterans rewards,
A youth of folly, an old age of cards."

Not so. The cards were a part of the folly of youth as well as of age. Walpole never appears to have had the passion of a gambler; but we learn from his fifty years' correspondence that he was always well content to dabble with cards and dice, and he records his winnings with a very evident satisfaction. The reign of

[Horace Walpole.]

ombre, whose chances and intrigues interested the great quite as much as the accidents and plots of the reign of Anne, was supplanted by the new dynasty of *whist;* and then *whist* yielded to the more gambling excitement of *loo;* to which *faro* succeeded; and the very cards themselves were at last almost kicked out by the ivory cubes, which disposed of fortunes by a more summary process. In 1742 whist was the mania, though Walpole voted it dull: "Whist has spread a universal opium over the whole nation." Again: "The kingdom of the Dull is come upon earth. . . . . The only token of this new kingdom is a woman riding on a beast, which is the mother of abominations, and the name in the forehead is Whist; and the four-and-twenty elders, and the woman, and the whole town, do nothing but play with this beast."* Whist had a long reign. In 1749 Walpole writes: "As I passed over the green [Richmond], I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half-a-dozen more of the White's club, sauntering at the door of a house

* Horace Walpole to Mann.

which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and *Sunday* to play at whist. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whist in London on those days as well as on the other five? Indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go, though it be only into another town."* Ministers of state, and princes who had something to do, were ready to relieve the cares of business by gambling, as much as other people gamed to vary their idleness. Lord Sandwich "goes once or twice a-week to hunt with the Duke [Cumberland]; and as the latter has taken a turn of gaming, Sandwich, to make his court—and fortune—carries a box and dice in his pocket; and so they throw a main, whenever the hounds are at fault, 'upon every green hill, and under every green tree.'"† Five years later, at a magnificent ball and supper at Bedford House, the Duke "was playing at hazard with a great heap of gold before him: somebody said he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf, both."‡ Amongst the royal and noble gamblers, swindlers *par excellence* sometimes found their way. There was a Sir William Burdett, whose name had the honour of being inscribed in the betting-room at White's as the subject of a wager that he would be the first baronet that would be hanged. He and a lady, "dressed foreign as a princess of the house of Brandenburg," cheated Lord Castledurrow and Captain Rodney out of a handsome sum at faro. The noble victim met the Baronet at Ranelagh, and thus apostrophised him: "Sir William, here is the sum I think I lost last night; since that, I have heard that you are a professed pickpocket, and therefore desire to have no farther acquaintance with you." The Baronet took the money with a respectful bow, and then asked his Lordship the further favour to set him down at Buckingham Gate, and without waiting for an answer whipped into the chariot.§ No doubt the Baronet prospered and was smiled upon. Walpole tells another story of a hanger-on upon the gaming-tables, which has a dash of the tragic in it: "General Wade was at a low gaming-house, and had a very fine snuff-box, which on a sudden he missed. Everybody denied having taken it: he insisted on searching the company. He did: there remained only one man, who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him. There the man told him that he was born a gentleman, was reduced, and lived by what little bets he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. 'At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket; I was afraid of being exposed: here it is! Now, sir, you may search me.' Wade was so struck that he gave the man a hundred pounds."‖ The genius of gambling might be painted, like Garrick, between the tragic and the comic muse. We turn over the page, and Comedy again presents herself, in an attitude that looks very like the hoyden step of her half sister, Farce: "Jemmy Lumley last week had a party of whist at his own house: the combatants, Lucy Southwell, that curtseys like a bear, Mrs. Prijean, and a Mrs. Mackenzy. They played from six in the evening till twelve next day; Jemmy never winning one rubber, and rising a loser of two thousand pounds. How it happened I know not, nor why his suspicions arrived so late, but he fancied himself cheated, and refused

* Horace Walpole to Mann, June 4, 1749.
† Horace Walpole to Mann, January 31, 1750.
‡ Horace Walpole to Bentley, 1755.
§ Horace Walpole to Mann, 1748.
‖ Horace Walpole to Mann, January 10, 1750.

to pay. However, *the bear* had no share in his evil surmises: on the contrary, a day or two afterwards, he promised a dinner at Hampstead to Lucy and her virtuous sister. As he went to the rendezvous his chaise was stopped by somebody, who advised him not to proceed. Yet, no whit daunted, he advanced. In the garden he found the gentle conqueress, Mrs. Mackenzy, who accosted him in the most friendly manner. After a few compliments, she asked him if he did not intend to pay her. 'No, indeed, I shan't, I shan't; your servant, your servant.' 'Shan't you?' said the fair virago; and taking a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she fell upon him with as much vehemence as the Empress-Queen would upon the King of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden at Hampstead."*

There was deep philosophy in a saying of George Selwyn's, when a waiter at Arthur's Club House was taken up for robbery: "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!" It may be doubted whether the gentlemen-highwaymen who peopled Newgate at that era had a much looser code of morals than some of the great folks they pillaged. The people of London got frightened about an earthquake in 1750, and again in 1756. There was a slight shock in the first of those years, which set the haunters of White's furiously betting whether it was an earthquake or the blowing-up of the powder-mills at Hounslow. Bishop Sherlock and Bishop Secker endeavoured to frighten the people into piety; but the visitors at Bedford House, who had supped and stayed late, went about the town knocking at doors, and bawling in the watchman's note, "Past four o'clock and a dreadful earthquake." Some of the fashionable set got frightened, however, and went out of town; and three days before the exact day on which the great earthquake was prophesied to happen, the crowd of coaches passing Hyde Park Corner with whole parties removing into the country was something like the procession already described to Vauxhall. "Several women have made earthquake gowns—that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose; she says all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?"† When the rulers of the nation on such an occasion, or any other occasion of public terror, took a fit of hypocrisy and ordered a general fast, the gambling-houses used to be filled with senators who had a day of leisure upon their hands. Indifference to public opinion, as well as a real insensibility, drew a line between the people of fashion and the middle classes. Walpole tells a story which is characteristic enough to be true, though he hints that it was invented:—"They have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not; and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."‡ A great deal of this reckless spirit of gambling, which lasted through the century, and which probably has only

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 14, 1761. † Horace Walpole to Mann, April 2, 1750.
‡ Horace Walpole to Mann, September 1, 1750.

clothed itself more decently in our own day, must be attributed to the great increase of the wealth of the aristocracy, through the natural effects of the great increase of the profitable industry of the middle classes. But it cannot be denied that much of the increase flowed back to the sources from which it was derived, in the form of bills, bonds, post-obits, and mortgages. The financial maxim of Charles Fox, that a man need never want money if he was willing to pay enough for it, tended to keep matters somewhat equal.

The idea from which we cannot escape, when we trace the history of fashion in the middle of the last century, is, that the prevailing tone indicated something like a general moral intoxication. A succession of stimulants appears necessary to the upholding of social existence. This must be always in some degree the case with the rich and idle, whose vocation is chiefly to what they call pleasure. But we have few glimpses in the letters and memoirs of that period of the disposition to those calm domestic enjoyments which are principally derived from the cultivation of a taste for reading and the arts, and which, in our own day, equally characterises the middle and the upper classes. Of course, under the loosest state of manners, even in the profligate court of Charles II., there must have been many families of the upper ranks who despised the low vices and unintellectual excitements of their equals in birth; and under the most decorous and rational system of life there must be a few who would gladly restore a general licence, and who occasionally signalise themselves by some outbreak. But neither of these constitute a class. In the youth and middle age of Walpole the men and women of fashion appear to have lived without restraint imposed by their own sense of decorum, without apprehension of the opinions of their associates, without the slightest consideration for the good or evil word of the classes below them. "In a regular monarchy the folly of the prince gives the tone; in a downright tyranny folly dares give itself no airs; it is in a wanton overgrown commonwealth that *whim* and debauchery intrigue together."* Every lady or gentleman of spirit was allowed to have a *whim*, whether it inclined to gambling, or intrigue, or drunkenness, or riots in public places. What Walpole said of the Duke of Newcastle, that he looked like a dead body hung in chains always wanting to be hung somewhere else, gives one a notion of the perpetual restlessness of the fashionable class. The untiring activity of some leaders lasted a good deal longer; and no doubt occasionally displays itself even now in a preternatural energy, which makes the cheek pale in the season of bloom and freshness. But there is now some repose, some intervals for reflection; the moral intoxication does not last through sixteen of the four-and-twenty hours. The love of *sights*, the great characteristic of the vulgar of our own day, was emphatically the passion of the great in the last century. The plague was reported to be in a house in the City; and fashion went to look at the outside of the house in which the plague was enshrined. Lady Milton and Lady Temple on a night in March put on hats and cloaks, and, sallying out by themselves to see Lord Macclesfield lie in state, "literally waited on the steps of the house in the thick of the mob, while one posse was admitted and let out again for a second to enter."† The "mob" (by which Walpole usually means an assemblage of people of any station below the aristocracy) paid back this

* Horace Walpole to Mann.

† Horace Walpole to Lord Hertford, March 27, 1764.

curiosity with interest. The two Miss Gunnings lighted upon the earth of London in 1751, and were declared the handsomest women alive. "They can't walk in the Park or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow that they are generally driven away." It is difficult to understand how a real plebeian mob should know anything about the Miss Gunnings, at a time when there were no paragraphs of personality in the meagre newspapers. The Gunning mob was probably a very courtly one. At any rate the curiosity was in common between the high and the low. One of these fair ladies became Duchess of Hamilton. "The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there." * Ten years later there was another great sight to which all resorted—the Cock-lane Ghost. How characteristic of the period is the following description of a visit to the den of the ghost!—"We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot: it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's *pockets* to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable. When we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow-candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing. They told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. *We stayed, however, till half an hour after one.*"† Imagine a prince of the blood, two noble ladies, a peer, and the son of a prime minister, packing in one hackney-coach from Northumberland House on a winter's night, and in a dirty lane near Smithfield watching till half-past one by the light of a tallow-candle, amidst fifty of the "unwashed," for the arrival of a ghost! In those days the great patron of executions was the fashionable George Selwyn; and this was the way he talked of such diversions:—"Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution [of Lord Lovat], and asked him, 'how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off?' 'Nay,' says he, 'if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again.'"‡ When M'Lean, the highwayman, was under sentence of death in Newgate, he was a great attraction to the fashionable world. "Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day. . . . . But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over this fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe."§ These were the heroines of the minced chickens at Vauxhall; and we presume they did not visit the condemned cell to metamorphose the thief

* Horace Walpole to Mann, March 23, 1752.
† Horace Walpole to Montagu, February 2, 1762.
‡ Horace Walpole to Conway, April 16, 1747.
§ Horace Walpole to Mann, August 2, 1750.

into a saint, as is the "whim" of our own times. The real robbers were as fashionable in 1750 as their trumpery histories were in 1840. "You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate; and the prints that are published of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives and deaths set forth with as much parade as—as—Marshal Turenne's—we have no generals worth making a parallel."* The visitors had abundant opportunities for the display of their sympathy:—"It is shocking to think what a shambles this country is grown! *Seventeen were executed this morning.*"† Amidst such excitements, who can wonder that a man of talent and taste, as Walpole was, should often prefer pasting prints into a portfolio, or correcting proofs, at "poor little Strawberry?"

The reckless and improvident spirit of the period when Horace Walpole was an active member of the world of fashion is strikingly shown in the rash, and we may say indecent, manner in which persons of rank rushed into marriage. The happiness of a life was the stake which the great too often trusted to something as uncertain as the cast of a die or the turn-up of a trump. It seems almost impossible that in London, eighty or ninety years ago only, such a being as a Fleet parson could have existed, who performed the marriage ceremonial at any hour of the day or night, in a public-house or a low lodging, without public notice or public witnesses, requiring no consent of parents, and asking only the names of the parties who sought to be united. We might imagine, at any rate, that such irreverend proceedings were confined to the lowest of the people. The Fleet parsons had not a monopoly of their trade. In the fashionable locality of May Fair was a chapel in which one Keith presided, who advertised in the newspapers, and made, according to Walpole, "a very bishopric of revenue." This worthy was at last excommunicated for "contempt of the Holy and Mother Church;" but the impudent varlet retaliated, and excommunicated at his own chapel Bishop Gibson, the Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court, and two reverend doctors. Keith was sent to prison, where he remained many years; but his shop flourished under the management of his shopmen, called Curates; and the public were duly apprised of its situation and prices:—"To prevent mistakes, the little new chapel in May Fair, near Hyde Park Corner, is in the corner-house opposite to the City side of the great chapel, and within ten yards of it, and the minister and clerk live in the same corner-house where the little chapel is; and the license on a crown stamp, minister and clerk's fees, together with the certificate, amount to one guinea, as heretofore, at any hour till four in the afternoon. And that it may be the better known, there is a porch at the door like a country church porch."‡ Keith issued from his prison a manifesto against the Act to prevent clandestine marriages, to which we shall presently advert, in which he gravely puts forth the following recommendation of his summary process with reference to the lower classes:—"Another inconveniency which will arise from this Act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great that few of the lower class of people can afford; for I have often heard a Fleet parson say that many have come to be married when they have

* Horace Walpole to Mann, October 18, 1750. † Horace Walpole to Mann, March 23, 1752.
‡ Daily Post, July 20, 1744; quoted in Mr. Burn's valuable work on 'The Fleet Registers.'

had but half-a-crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their clothes." *

But exclusive fashion did not care to be exclusive in these practices. Sometimes a petticoat without a hoop was to be led by a bag-wig and sword to the May Fair altar, after other solicitations had been tried in vain. The virtue of the community was wonderfully supported by these easy arrangements, as Walpole tells us, in his best style: "You must know, then—but did you know a young fellow that was called Handsome Tracy? He was walking in the Park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty: they followed them; but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. He followed to Whitehall Gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them—he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and, after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered two hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred a-year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. 'Ay,' says she, 'but if I should, and should lose him by it.' However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the Park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing; she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street: the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May Fair. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the king; but that he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did." †

But "the butterwoman's daughter" had no lack of high example to teach her how to make a short step into the matrimonial "ship of fools." The Fleet Registers, and those of May Fair, are rich in the names of Honourables and even of Peers. For example: "February 14, 1752, James Duke of Hamilton and Elizabeth Gunning." Walpole has a pleasant comment upon this entry. "The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. . . . . About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at faro at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred

* Daily Post, July 20, 1744; quoted in Mr. Burn's valuable work on 'The Fleet Registers.'

† Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1748.

pounds each; he soon lost a thousand. . . . . Two nights afterwards, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without license or ring: the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop. At last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after twelve at night, at May Fair chapel." *

The people of rank at last grew frightened at their own practices. The Act against Clandestine Marriages came into operation on the 26th of March, 1754. On the 25th there were two hundred and seventeen marriages at the Fleet entered in one register; and on the same day sixty-one ceremonies of the like agreeable nature took place at May Fair. After the Act was passed in 1753 there was to be an interval of some months before its enactments were to be law. Walpole says, "The Duchess of Argyle harangues against the Marriage Bill not taking place immediately, and is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next Lady Day." †

* Horace Walpole to Mann, Feb. 27, 1752.
† Horace Walpole to Montagu, July 17, 1753.

[The Gallery, Strawberry Hill.]

To be concluded in another Number.]

[Blackfriars Bridge, 1842.]

LVIII.—BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

In our account of Westminster Bridge we have shown the strenuous opposition offered by the City authorities to every proposal for that structure: it seems something strange, therefore, as well as amusing, to find their opinions undergo so sudden a change as is apparent in the history of their acts only four years after its erection. About that time, finding no hapless victims in the shape of West-country bargemen had been drowned, and that the Thames, however it might sympathise in the civic feelings, had eschewed all violent proceedings, and rolled along with its burdens as placidly as ever beneath even the very arches; finding no news come that the Docks or the Custom House had performed the miracle predicted of them, and appeared one fine morning off Westminster, the City took "heart of grace:" the idea which had made the innovation seem so peculiarly terrible—the impossibility of saying where such proceedings would stop—grew less and less formidable; so all of a sudden it determined not merely to be even with its late antagonists, but to steal a march upon them: it very wisely resolved to have a new bridge of its own. This was towards the close of the year 1753. We may imagine how the City's former coadjutors, in the course of things as they were, were confounded. It was not merely the great diminution of strength for opposition, but the quarter from whence the proposal came that was to be op-

posed:—*Et tu, Brute!* So, after one gallant struggle in the enemy's own quarters in 1755, when they obtained a favourable committee of the Common Council, who reported that the construction of a new bridge would prejudice the navigation, and be very injurious to the interests of the City, but whose report was condemned by a majority of 132 to 106, their movements were but of a faint and melancholy character. They appear to have been led on this occasion by the Company of Watermen, who, when the proposed Act was before Parliament, once more mustered the West-country bargemen, now re-inforced by the market-gardeners, and a number of other witnesses, in order to make as goodly a show as possible in support of the allegations of its petition; which declared, as in the previous instances (with a constancy of purpose we cannot too much admire when we consider how peculiarly vexatious the *facts* had since proved), that all sorts of dangers to the navigation were to be apprehended. But the opposition had little of the warmth that had characterised the previous case: the Company was, in all probability, shrewd enough to see that the measure would be successful, but then another and more valuable Sunday ferry was about to be destroyed; so, as it was also shrewd enough to see the utility of a bold front, it demanded more than was expected, and was thus enabled to retire from the contest with a very handsome compensation. The Act passed in 1756. One of the reasons which induced the City to adopt this unexpected course was the dangerous condition of London Bridge, and the possibility of its being shut up for a considerable period, of course to great and general inconvenience and loss. Another reason was the advantages anticipated from the increase of good houses, and consequent improvement in the value of the land around the extremities of the proposed bridge, which would tend to enable it the better to bear its quota of the land-tax (one-sixteenth the assessment of the whole kingdom). But the moving impulse, we suspect, is to be found in the jealousy of the growing prosperity of Westminster. In an able scheme for the general improvement of the City published in the year 1754, and which is given at large in Maitland, the writer, in one part, says, "Many well-wishers to the City, by way of retaliation, or rather of self-preservation, begin to think no less than an absolute necessity" the business of erecting a new stone bridge; and, in another part, in enumerating the advantages of such a structure, says, "At present the City have the justest grounds for being alarmed at the schemes already laid or laying for new and magnificent streets, new inns, stage-coaches, livery-stables, and trades of all kinds in the neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge. And it is of the last importance for the city of London seriously to reflect that when these schemes, which are now little more than embryos, shall come to maturity, it will be too late to hope for bringing back those advantages into the City which may now be affected by their proposed bridge, if very speedily resolved on." The citizens determined that no blame for want of speed should apply to them; a few weeks after the appearance of this document proceedings were commenced. The spot chosen was a memorable one in the history not only of London, but of our country generally. Often, no doubt, has the question arisen in the minds of persons unversed in metropolitan historical lore, as the appellation of the bridge they were crossing struck their attention, whence the nature of the connection between things raising ideas so strangely constrasted as monasteries and friars, and bridges, omnibuses and cabs? We can only answer

that *here* was one of the most magnificent of the great religious establishments which formed, at one period, so marked a feature of London; and that it has left to the locality a long train of the most interesting and important recollections, of which the name given to the district, the bridge, and the adjoining road, is now the only existing memorial.

The order of Black Friars came into England in 1221, the year of their founder Dominic de Guzman's death. Their first house was at Oxford, their second in London at Holborn, or Oldbourne, on the site now occupied by Lincoln's Inn. The cause of their removal from thence does not appear; but in 1276 Gregory Rocksley, then mayor, in conjunction with the barons of the city, gave to Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury, a cardinal of Rome and an ecclesiastic, eminent not merely for his rank, "two lanes or ways next the street of Baynard's Castle, and also the tower of Montfichet, to be destroyed" for the erection of a house and church for the Black Friars; and there they settled. The materials of the Castle of Montfichet, which had been built by and derived its name from a relative and one of the followers of the Conqueror, were used for the new church, which Kilwarby made a magnificent structure. A striking instance of the favours shown to the brotherhood was given in the permission of Edward I. for the taking down of the city wall from Ludgate (standing just above the end of the Old Bailey) to the Thames for their accommodation, which had then to be rebuilt so as to include their buildings within its shelter. The expenses of this rebuilding and of a "certain good and comely tower at the bend of the said wall," wherein the king might be "received, and tarry with honour" to his ease and satisfaction in his comings there, were defrayed by a toll granted for three years on various articles of merchandise. Nor did Edward's liberality rest here. Every kind of special privilege and exemption was granted to the house and the precincts. Persons could open shops here without being free of the City; malefactors flying from justice found sanctuary within the walls; and the inhabitants were governed by the prior and their own justices.

A surprising list of names of eminent personages is given by our historians as having been buried in the church of the Black Friars; and the circumstance is not to be wondered at if, as Pennant observes, "to be buried in the habit of the order was thought to be a sure preservative against the attacks of the devil." Here lay the ashes of Hubert de Burgh, the great Earl of Kent, translated from the church at Oldbourne, and his wife Margaret, daughter of the King of Scotland; Queen Eleanor, whose heart alone was interred here, with that of Alphonso her son; John of Eltham, Duke of Cornwall, brother of Edward III.; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, so distinguished for his intellectual accomplishments, who was beheaded in 1470, one of the victims to the wars of the Roses; Sir Thomas Brandon, 1509, the uncle of the Duke of Suffolk, who took Henry VIII.'s beautiful sister Mary into France as the bride of the French king, and after the death of the latter, a few months later, brought her back as his own; Sir Thomas and Dame Parr, the parents of Henry VIII.'s last wife; and earls, knights, ladies, and other persons of rank too numerous to mention. But historical memories of still greater moment belong to the church of the Black Friars. Here, in 1450, met that famous Parliament of Henry VI., in which his queen's favourite, Suffolk, was impeached, and was about to be tried, when by a manœuvre

previously arranged between him and the weak king, he preferred placing himself at the disposal of Henry, by whom he was banished for five years. Suffolk hugged himself too soon on his escape. Encouraged by the general detestation in which he was held, some of his rivals about the court most probably, (for it was never exactly known who,) caused him to be waylaid as he was crossing from Dover to Calais by a great ship of war, the captain of which greeted his appearance on his deck with the significant salutation "Welcome, traitor!" Three days after he was, as is well known, executed in a cock-boat by the ship's side. It is a startling illustration of a man's character, as well as of a time, to find no inquiry, much less punishment, following such an act. In this church another Parliament made itself noticeable by its daring to have a will of its own in opposition to that of Henry VIII., when that monarch, in 1524, demanded a subsidy of some eight hundred thousand pounds to carry on his unmeaning wars in France, but was obliged to content himself with a grant cut down into much more reasonable limits. Of this Parliament Sir Thomas More was speaker, and to his honour be it said, that although he was a great personal favourite with the court, and treated there with extraordinary marks of respect and affection, he acted with admirable firmness and dignity both towards his overbearing royal master, and that master's equally overbearing servant, the Chancellor Wolsey. In answer to the latter's application, More thought it would not "be amiss" to receive the Chancellor as he desired, who accordingly came into the house with his maces, poleaxes, cross, hat, and great seal, and with a retinue which filled every vacant part of the place. But when Wolsey, after explaining his business, remained silent, expecting the discussion and business to proceed, he was surprised to find the assemblage silent too. He addressed one of the members by name, who politely rose in acknowledgment, but sat down again without speaking: another member was addressed by Wolsey, but with no better success.

At last the great Chancellor became impatient; and looking upon him who was to be his still greater successor, said, "Masters, as I am sent here immediately from the King, it is not unreasonable to expect an answer: yet there is, without doubt, a surprising and most obstinate silence, unless indeed it may be the manner of your House to express your mind by your Speaker only." More immediately rose, and, with equal tact and courage, said the members were abashed at the sight of so great a personage, whose presence was sufficient to overwhelm the wisest and most learned men in the realm; but that that presence was neither expedient nor in accordance with the ancient liberties of the House. They were not bound to return any answer; and as to a reply from him (the Speaker) individually, it was impossible, as he could only act on the instructions from the House. And so Wolsey found himself necessitated to depart. Although much modified, the demands of the King were still so heavy that the people were dissatisfied. They were indeed greatly distressed, and no doubt thought the paying of any taxes to be but a dark piece of business: so, as the Parliament had commenced among the Black Friars, and ended among the Black Monks (at Westminster), they kept the whole affair in their recollection by the name of the Black Parliament.

The next event, in the order of time, is one of the deepest interest in the history

of the place. It was here that, on the 21st of June, 1529, Wolsey and his fellow Cardinal, Campeggio, appointed by the Pope to act with him in the matter of the proposed divorce of Henry and Catherine, sat in judgment, with the King on their right, and Catherine, accompanied by four bishops, on their left. When the King's name was called, he answered "Here!" but the Queen remained silent when hers was pronounced. Then the citation being repeated, the unhappy Queen, rising in great anguish, ran to her husband, and prostrating herself before him, said, in language that would have deterred any less cruel and sensual

[Trial of Queen Catherine.]

nature from the infamous path he was pursuing, "Sir, I beseech you, for all the love that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right: take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominions. I have here no assured friend, much less impartial counsel; and I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! Sir, wherein have I offended you, or on what occasion given you dis-

pleasure? Have I ever designed against your will and pleasure, that you should put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure," &c. At the conclusion of a most admirable, womanly, and yet dignified address, she rose, left the court, and never entered it again. She died at Kimbolton in 1536, heart-broken, but refusing to the last to renounce her rights and title of Queen. Even in that period, which so often awakes the injurer to a sense of the wrongs he has committed, and crowds into a few hours or days a world of unanticipated and then useless anguish, her royal husband remained consistent in cruelty, refusing her permission even to see her daughter once—but once—before she died. One of Catherine's judges had scarcely less reason than herself to remember that eventful day in the Black Friars. Wolsey, unable to prevail with Campeggio to give a decision at the time, seems to have been suspected by Anne Boleyn (then waiting the Queen's degradation to fill her place) to have acted but lukewarmly in the matter. Henry, too, had grown tired of his gorgeous Chancellor, and began to think of the value of his trappings. To sum up shortly the result: in that same Black Friars, where he had endeavoured to bully one Parliament, the sentence of *premunire* was passed against him by another; and the man who had there sat in judgment upon Catherine, and been throughout the chief instrument in Henry's hands to doom that noble and virtuous lady to a lingering death, found that day's proceedings the immediate cause of his own downfall, and still speedier dissolution. The blow which Catherine's innocence, and moral fortitude and pious resignation, enabled her for a time to bear up against, killed Wolsey at once.

Such are the chief historical recollections of the great House of the Black Friars. There are some minor matters connected with its history, which are also deserving of notice, as bearing indirectly on the subject of our paper. The privileges before mentioned, it appears, produced continual heart-burnings between the city and the inhabitants of the favoured part, and violent quarrels were the consequences. We have an illustration of the feelings which prevailed in the circumstance that one of the priors having found himself obliged to pave the streets without the wall joining to the precinct, and a cage or small prison being afterwards there set up by the city, the prior pulled it down, saying, "Since the city forced me to pave the place, they shall set no cage there on my ground." At the dissolution, Bishop Fisher, who held it *in commendam*, resigned the house to the king. The revenues were valued at the very moderate sum of 100*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.* The prior's lodgings and the hall were granted to Sir Francis Bryan in 1547. We need scarcely add that these, with the church, and all the old privileges, have long since been swept away; although in 1586 a protracted, and for a time successful, struggle was maintained for the latter, by the inhabitants both of the Black and the White Friars (adjoining) in the courts of law in opposition to the city. Two or three passages of the statements made on this occasion will not be without interest for our readers. The city claimed the liberties, on the ground that the precincts were in London, offering, as a kind of proof that their right had been acknowledged, the circumstance that divers felons had been tried by the city for crimes committed within the precincts during the friars' time. Accordingly they now claimed from the crown all waifs, strays, felons' goods, amercements, escheats,

&c., the execution of all processes, the expulsion of all foreigners, the assize of bread, beer, ale, and wine, the wardmote-quest, and such other jurisdictions as they had in the rest of the city. The answer was very long and elaborate. With regard to the felons it was observed, that they were probably apprehended in London with the stolen things on them, and, therefore, were properly arraigned in the city; or that they were arraigned by the king's special commission, which would have been no infringement of the friars' rights. In another part of the document various statements were made of the rights and privileges granted to the house, and of the complete failure of the city at various times to encroach upon them: thus, as to the first, it appears that in addition to the favours lavished upon their house by Edward I., the succeeding monarch made them free of all tenths, fifteenths, subsidies, quotas, taillages, or other burdens whatsoever granted, or to be granted, by the clergy or commons; and as to the latter, that besides numerous instances of successful resistance during the existence of the House, "Sir John Portynarie reported in his Life, that immediately after the dissolution the Mayor pretended a title to the liberties, but King Henry VIII., informed thereof, sent to him to desist from meddling with the liberties, saying, 'He was as well able to keep the liberties as the friars were.' And so the Mayor no further meddled, and Sir John Portynarie had the keys of the gates delivered to him, and a fee for keeping the same." Among the other arguments used were the loss to the crown—"Her Majesty may lose ten thousand pounds a day by lands within the said precincts, which may escheat to her, which, if the city will have it, is reason the city should give Her Majesty a good fine for it;" [this looks a little like spite:] and a bold answer to the allegations of the city as to the social state of the neighbourhood in question:—"They pretend to win favour to their cause, that they seek their liberties only for reformation of disorders, when gain is the mark they shoot at. But the Black Friars, for good order of government, may be a lanthorn to all the city, as shall be plainly proved, and is now inhabited by noblemen and gentlemen." The respectability here claimed for the neighbourhood of the Black Friars in 1586 does not appear to have been a mere counsellor's flourish, for among other residents about the period were Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Worcester, to whose mansion, on the occasion of his marriage with an heiress of the house of Bedford in 1600, Queen Elizabeth came as a visitor. She was met at the water side by the bride, and carried to her house in a lectica* by six knights, where she dined.

Lord Cobham also, it appears, had a house in the neighbourhood, with whom her Majesty supped the same day, when a characteristic incident occurred, in connexion with Essex, then fast losing ground in the favour of his royal mistress. It appears from the Sydney Papers, transcribed in Pennant, that "there was a memorable mask of eight ladies, and a strange dance new invented. . . . . Mistress Fitton went to the Queen and wooed her dance. Her Majesty (the love of Essex rankling in her heart) asked what she was? '*Affection*,' she said. 'Affection!' said the Queen: 'Affection is false.' Yet her Majesty rose up and danced." The French ambassador also resided in Blackfriars during the succeeding reign, as we learn from the record of a terrible accident which happened

* *Lectica*, a kind of litter, the Roman bier.

in his house, and which seems to have sadly alarmed honest Stow with the idea that it was not merely a kind of judgment for our national sins, but a warning to be heedfully observed, lest still worse should follow. It appears that a celebrated Jesuit preacher, Father Drury, addressed a large audience in a room in the upper part of the house, and that during the sermon, the place being badly built or decayed, fell, and nearly a hundred persons perished.

Seeing, then, that Blackfriars was a place of such repute in the beginning of the seventeenth century, one would hardly expect to find it by the latter part of the eighteenth so altered, that one of the recommendations of the new bridge should be the certainty of its working a purification of the district, and redeeming it from the state of poverty and degradation into which it had fallen. In a pamphlet 'On the Expediency, Utility, and Necessity of a New Bridge at or near Blackfriars, 1756,' the site of the approach on the Middlesex shore is described as being occupied on both sides of the Fleet-ditch by a "body of miserable ruins in the back of Fleet Street, between that and Holborn on one side, and between the other and the Thames, and so again from each side of Ludgate." And a builder examined before a committee of the House expressed his opinion that the houses and ground included were not worth five years' purchase. A question put to another witness examined on the same occasion seems to show the cause of this state of things. He was asked whether, in case the bridge was built as desired, the vicinity of the Fleet, Ludgate, Newgate, and Bridewell would not be an objection to the building better houses? and he owned in some parts it might. The Fleet and Newgate prisons are subjects too large to be touched upon here; the others we shall have occasion to mention in a subsequent part of our paper. We close this part of our subject, therefore, with a picturesque glimpse of the predecessor of Farringdon Street, at a time when the ditch yet reached up to the foot of Ludgate Hill; and beyond, the old Market extended through the centre of the present area to the bottom of Holborn. "In walking along the street in my youth," says Pennant, "on the side next to the prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you please to walk in and be married?' Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with 'Marriages performed within' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco."* We have noticed the most thriving trade of the district, that of the "Fleet-parsons," in our last number.

At the extremity of this street the City then determined to build its new bridge. On the other side of the river the aspect of affairs was still more favourable. In the maps of the reign of Elizabeth we perceive opposite the Black Friars, on the Surrey shore, one long but single line of houses, with handsomely laid-out gardens at the back, and here and there a few other scattered habitations, surrounded by extensive fields, with trees, &c. And although, no doubt, this as well as every other part in the immediate neighbourhood of the City had become much more populous a century later, when the Bridge was built, yet the amount of the purchase-money for houses and land, on the Surrey as compared with the Middlesex

* Pennant's London, 3rd ed. p. 224.

side, shows how much the Bridge has done for all this part: for the first, was paid 1500*l.*; for the last, 7500*l.*; whilst the ferry alone cost 12,500*l.* The first step taken by the committee to whom the direction of the new work was intrusted was that of advertising for plans; and there was no lack of communications. They were for a time fairly puzzled between the different schemes laid before them, and had a heavy task to investigate the separate claims of bridges with semi-oval, and bridges with semi-circular arches; bridges with iron railings, and bridges with stone balustrades. They had every possible motive to decide carefully; for not only was the good taste and judgment of the City at trial—as, according to their choice, the attempt might end in failure and disgrace, or in success and honour—but the competitors were evidently the *élite* of their class, and the affair altogether was attracting much attention. It may be sufficient to say that Smeaton was among the rejected, and that Samuel Johnson engaged in the controversy raised upon the merits of the different kinds of arches. The plan which roused the opposition of the learned moralist was that of a young man of six-and-twenty, named Mylne, who was unknown to most, if not all, of the chief persons of influence connected with the management of the affair, but who, it was said, possessed unusual ability and attainments. His father was an architect of Edinburgh, descended from a family who had been master-masons to the sovereigns of Scotland for several generations. At an early period he had been sent to Rome to pursue his studies, where he had gained the first prize in the first architectural class, and had subsequently made the tour of Europe, from which he was but now returned. His plan described a bridge of nine elliptical arches, the centre a hundred feet wide, and the others on each side decreasing towards the extremities of the structure, till the breadth of the last should be seventy feet. The length of the bridge was to be nine hundred and ninety-five feet, the breadth forty-two. In general form, the whole bridge presented one continuously rounded line or arch, which had a particularly beautiful effect, and which was still further enhanced by the double Ionic columns adorning the face of every pier, though their introduction may be thought an architectural license barely admissible, considering how little the duty they had to do—that of supporting small projecting recesses, evidently placed there for the purpose. No sooner was it known that this plan had been received with the greatest favour by the judges (to whose credit be it recorded that, whilst Mylne's talents alone pleaded for him, there were among the other competitors men whose cause was forwarded, as much as it was possible, by noblemen and others of the highest personal influence) than assailants rushed forward from all quarters, who were as spiritedly met by defenders; and a paper war raged, which, commencing with the form of the arches, ended with the propriety of the sentiments and the accuracy of the Latinity of the inscription placed beneath the work on the occasion of laying the first stone. Johnson, as we have said, was an opponent of Mylne's; and answer and counter-answer came thick and fast. We should have been glad to have transcribed a passage from Johnson's part of the controversy; but it is so entirely technical in its tone, as well as scientific in its nature, that we can find nothing of sufficient interest. We need only therefore say, that, in his accustomed vigorous style, he proved so completely the evils of the elliptical arches of Mylne, that one does not know whether to be most surprised at the

audacity of the architect in thereafter going on to erect them, or at the presumption of the arches themselves in venturing to stand for so many centuries, as they yet promise to do, in opposition to such an expression of opinion. These debates, it appears, led very properly to an impartial examination of the subject by eight competent gentlemen, who, in 1760, reported in favour of the plan. "The form of the elliptical arch was then considered not only best adapted to the navigation at all times of the tide, without raising the carriage-way to an inconvenient height, but also much stronger than the semicircular arch constructed in the common way, whilst at the same time its great width rendered fewer piers necessary. Mr. Mylne was accordingly chosen surveyor on the 27th of February, 1760."*

The first pile was driven in the middle of the Thames on the 7th of May in the same year, and was broken in the course of the ensuing week by one of our old friends, a West-country bargeman. As it appeared, however, to be from neglect only that his barge had been allowed to drive against it, he was let off with a fine. The foundations of every pier were to be piled, in order to guard against the recurrence of such accidents as the sinking of the pier at Westminster Bridge a few years before. Mylne, like Labelye, built his piers with caissons; and it appears the latter were laid somewhat carelessly, as they are now in a very distorted position. There is lying in the British Museum (the gift of the architect himself) a model of a part of his bridge, representing the plan of his centre frames (the wood-work on which the stone is laid during the formation of the arch), which shows that in this part of his work he was original and eminently happy. The first caisson was "launched with great dexterity" on the 19th of May, but the tide was not high enough to float it off to its destined station, and the populace assembled were greatly disappointed. On the 2nd of June it was conveyed to its moorings within the piles, and duly descended to its place. The first stone was laid on the 31st of October by the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Chitty, attended by the members of the Committee, and a brilliant assemblage of other personages, when various coins were deposited in the proper place, and certain large plates, of pure tin, with an inscription in Latin stating that the work was undertaken "amidst the rage of an extensive war," and ending with the following glowing eulogy on the minister: "And that there might remain to posterity a monument of this City's affection to the man who, by the strength of his genius, the steadiness of his mind, and a certain kind of happy contagion of his probity and spirit (under the Divine favour, and fortunate auspices of George II.), recovered, augmented, and secured the British empire in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the ancient reputation and influence of his country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London have unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of William Pitt." Among the other medals deposited in the stone was a silver one, which had been cherished as the memorial of the young architect's first triumph, the medal given him by the Academy at Rome. Should some future antiquary, say in the year of Our Lord 5842, have the rummaging of these stores, we may imagine the delight with which he would arrive at this.

We have little more to say concerning the erection of the Bridge. It appears,

* Condensed account of a Report to the Common Council, 1784, in 'Penny Cyclopædia,' vol. iv. p. 484.

from the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' that on the 1st of October, 1764, the great arch was opened, and that the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, &c., in the City barge, "with her oars in full play, passed through it. The workmen ranged themselves round the rim of the arch, one man to each stone, on the occasion, which had a very pretty effect in showing the magnificence of the arch, by a comparative view of the men and the stones." It was opened for foot passengers in 1766, a temporary footway having been made across the arches; for horses in 1768; and completely on the 19th of November, 1769. The embankments and approaches, which were works of considerable difficulty, occupied some years longer. The funds for the work had been raised by loan, on the security of the City, the loan to be repaid by tolls levied on the bridge. These were very successful, producing, in the first twelve weeks, 758*l.*, and in a subsequent year (from Lady-day, 1782, to Lady-day, 1783) above 8000*l.*: ultimately Government bought the tolls, and made the bridge free. The entire expense was nearly 300,000*l.*, but it is greatly to the credit of the architect that he built the bridge itself for some 160*l.* less than his estimate: he said the expense should not exceed 153,000*l.*; it was just 152,840*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.* Our readers, after this statement, will be surprised to hear how shabbily he was treated. He had been engaged during the progress of the work at a salary of 300*l.* a-year, with the promise of a further remuneration of five per cent. on the money laid out. Some honest gentlemen, however, objected to the payment of the per centage; and Mylne was obliged to assume a hostile position before he could obtain it in 1776.

So entirely is this gentleman's name now connected with Blackfriars Bridge, that we shall make no apology for giving two or three further notices of his career. The Bridge, of course, brought him into great repute; and among many other agreeable proofs of public estimation was that of his filling the post once occupied by Wren, the Surveyorship of St. Paul's. He has left there a memorable record of himself. He it was who first suggested the placing over the entrance into the choir the magnificent epitaph or inscription on Wren, *Si monumentum requiris circumspice.* Here, too, lie his remains, near the tomb of him he so much revered. He died on the 5th of May, 1811. Having mentioned his controversy with Johnson, it is pleasant to have to add that the latter afterwards acknowledged his full merit, and they became intimate. With an interesting anecdote we conclude these brief notices of an able architect and high-principled man: "Mr. Mylne made some very great alterations and improvements at King's Weston for the late Lord de Clifford, then Mr. Southwell, who knew him at Rome, and from his bridge at Blackfriars conceived a very high idea of his talents. Concerning this seat, Mr. Mylne's clerk used to relate the following anecdote. On Mr. Mylne's arrival there he commenced making a plan, by which he discovered a small room in the house to which there were no means of access, and, in cutting into it, they found to their great astonishment a quantity of old family plate, together with the records of a barony granted in the reign of Henry III. to that family, in consequence of which Mr. Southwell took the title of Lord de Clifford. This room was probably shut up during the rebellion in the reign of Charles I."*

* Chalmers's Gen. Biog. Dictionary, vol. xxii., p. 549.

Among the buildings removed in the formation of the approaches to the Bridge were two that we must not pass unnoticed. In the periodical publications of the time we read that on the 30th of July, 1760, the Commissioners of City Lands sold Ludgate, near the new bridge, for 148*l.*, or, in other words, for the presumed value of the materials; and it was then taken down. Such is the brief record of the destruction of the once famous gate, said to have been first built by the barons during the reign of King John, from the stones of the houses of a number of Jews they caused to be pulled down; but which, if Geoffrey of Monmouth is to be believed, had a right to date its origin from no less a personage than the redoubted British king Lud, who, according to the same particular authority, erected it in the year 66 before Christ. A curious evidence of the truth of the first-mentioned circumstance was discovered when the gate was rebuilt in 1586, in the shape of a stone with the following Hebrew inscription: "This is the ward of Rabbi Moses, the son of the honourable Rabbi Isaac;" and which had no doubt been fixed originally upon the front of one of the Jews' houses. An equally curious evidence of the faith of the City in Geoffrey's story was presented both by the old and the new gate, each of which had on one side statues of King Lud and his two sons, Androgeas and Theomantius, or Teomanticus. Other authorities think the original name was Fludgate, derived from the Saxon appellation of the Fleet. Ludgate was turned into a prison during the reign of Richard II.; when it was ordained that all free men of the City should, for debt, trespasses, accompts, and contempts, be imprisoned in Ludgate, whilst traitors, felons, &c., were to be committed to Newgate. About 1454 the gate was enlarged, and had a chapel added to it by Sir Stephen Forster, who, it is said by Pennant, Maitland, and others, was moved to that work by the grateful remembrance of its connexion with a touching and romantic incident of his own history. According to them he was once a prisoner in Ludgate, and was "begging at the grate,"* when he was by a certain rich widow interrogated what sum would discharge him. He replied twenty pounds, which she generously disbursed, and, taking him into her service, he, by an indefatigable application to business, gained the affections of his mistress to such a degree, that she made him her husband; and, having greatly enriched himself by commerce, amidst his affluence bethought himself of the place of his confinement.† It appears, from the same authority, the merchants and tradesmen were accustomed to place themselves here in their pecuniary misfortunes (to avoid, we presume, being sent to a worse gaol by their creditors); and that, when Philip of Spain came through London on his first visit in 1554, the year of his marriage with Mary, there were thirty of these prisoners in confinement, whose united debts amounted to 10,000*l.*, and who presented to that monarch a remarkably well-written Latin document, begging him to redress their miseries and free them. They asked this "the rather, for that that place was not a gaol for villains, but a place of restraint for poor unfortunate men; and that they were put in there, not by others, but themselves fled thither, and that not out of fear of punishment, but in hopes of better fortune." The friendly author of this address was no less a person than Roger Ascham. The other building to which we have referred was the beautiful bridge erected by Sir George Waterman, in the year of his mayoralty,

* Most readers will remember the existence of this shameful custom in connexion with the present Fleet prison.

† Maitland, vol. i. p. 27.

1672, over Fleet ditch, and opposite Bridewell hospital. This was removed during the formation of the Bridge approaches, October 19, 1765, and on the same day that the sewer extending from thence to the Thames was completed.

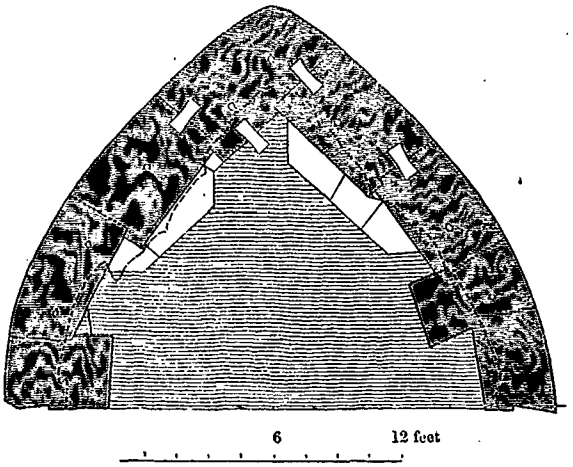
Among the public buildings alluded to in the Committee of the House of Commons as tending to keep respectable persons from the neighbourhood of the Black Friars was that of Bridewell. It will perhaps be remembered that in our account of Christ Church we stated that in the comprehensive plan presented by the City to Edward VI. the rioters, vagabonds, strumpets, &c., of the metropolis were to be sent to this place. This was a sad degradation of the once-regal palace, the occasional home of a long succession of monarchs from the very earliest periods. The original building was formed in part from the remains of an old Saxon castle which Stow supposes to have stood on the same site. The name is derived from a well in the neighbourhood dedicated to St. Bride or Bridget. The place having fallen to great decay, Henry VIII., on the occasion of the announced visit of the Emperor Charles V., rebuilt the whole in the space of *six weeks*, and in a truly magnificent manner. But after all the expense and trouble, the Emperor, when he came in 1522, preferred lodging in the Black Friars, and leaving the new palace to his suite. A gallery of communication was then thrown right across the Fleet from one house to the other, and an opening cut through the City Wall. Henry himself subsequently resided here occasionally, and in particular during the period of the trial of Catherine in the Black Friars. When Edward VI. devoted it to the purpose already pointed out, it is said to have been once more in a dilapidated state: if so, we need not much wonder at the speed with which the builders had "run it up." Bridewell was thenceforward used as a house of correction for rogues and vagabonds, and for disobedient and idle apprentices, all parties being employed chiefly in beating hemp or picking oakum. The treadmill is now used there, and the silent system has been introduced. It is to be observed that as a prison Bridewell has the high distinction of having been the first place of the kind in England where reformation was a leading object. There were confined in the prison, during the year 1837, 770 males and 352 females. It was also made a house of industry, and a place of education for poor children, who were taught different trades by certain persons dignified by the title of arts masters, but who were merely so many poor broken-down tradesmen. The boys wore a peculiar dress, and in that guise made themselves so great a nuisance to the neighbourhood that in 1755 a report was made to the governors. This, be it observed, is almost the precise period when the Act of Parliament for the Bridge was being obtained. From the time of their change of dress an improvement is said to have taken place. The boys are now removed to the "House of Occupation" near Bethlehem Hospital. The jurisdiction of Bridewell and of Bethlehem Hospital are in the hands of the same body of governors. The site of Bridewell is now greatly limited. When Pennant wrote, it appears, much of the original building (by which we presume he means that of Henry VIII.) remained; such as "great part of one court with a front, several arches, octagon towers, and many of the walls;" also "a magnificent flight of ancient stairs" leading to the Court of Justice, "a handsome apartment." All this has now disappeared with the exception of one of the octagonal towers. A dark-coloured stone front about the middle of

Bridge Street marks the entrance to Bridewell, with a head of the youthful Edward VI. over the door of the vaulted passage. At the end of this passage a door on the left conducts up to the hall, &c., and the iron gateway in front, down a flight of steps, into the court of the ancient palace, now a large quadrangle, with two of its sides mostly occupied by gloomy prison-walls and barred windows. In one corner of this place is the octagonal tower referred to, of brick, which has been newly faced in comparatively recent times, and which is pierced with narrrow slit-holes, giving light to the interior. The top, no doubt, commanded a fine prospect of London in the time of Henry: it is now so surrounded with loftier buildings that one sees nothing more picturesque than house-tops and chimneys.

The hall is entered through two or three fine apartments, of which it forms the suitable termination. It is a noble room, lighted by a handsome range of windows on each side, the centre windows being set in alcoves. The walls round the lower part of the room, at a certain height, are covered with tablets containing the names of benefactors to the united hospitals. Above these tablets, between the windows, pictures occupy all the vacant spaces, of different degrees of merit, from the worthy alderman on his horse, which forms the subject of the gigantic picture over the fireplace at one end of the room, to the two Lelys, and the one famous Holbein, which occupy the corresponding place at the other extremity. Lely's pictures are portraits of Charles II. and James II., Holbein's represents the grant of the charter of Bridewell to Sir George Barnes, the then Lord Mayor. Among the other personages introduced are William Earl of Pembroke, Thomas Goodrich Bishop of Ely and Lord Chancellor of England, and the painter himself, whose name, at least, is said to be given to the figure in the right corner. It is uncertain whether this picture was completed by Holbein, as he, as well as the young king, died very soon after the event here represented. The chapel is quite modern, and in no way noticeable.

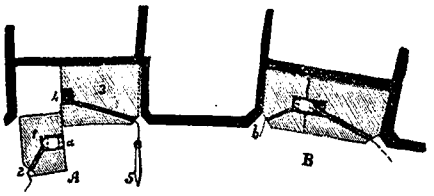
The repair of Blackfriars, like that of Westminster Bridge, has been of late years a most expensive and laborious business; we scarcely remember the time when one or other of these bridges has not been under the hands of the engineers and builders. This arises from the soft nature of the Portland stone, of which both bridges are erected, and its peculiar unfitness to resist the action of water. Blackfriars being examined in 1833 by Messrs. Walker and Burgess (the foundations by means of Deane's patent helmet), it was found that almost every part of the work required reparation—new piling, for which coffer-dams had to be made, new cutwaters, new arch-stones, &c. The extent of the repair needed may be best understood from the estimated expense, 90,000*l.*! But it was inevitable, so an Act of Parliament was obtained, and the work proceeded with. The foundations of the piers were first rendered secure by a casing of sheet piling covered with granite masonry. The cutwaters were then raised as well as repaired, so as to shorten the Ionic columns above, which is considered to be an improvement in the general appearance of the Bridge. In the way of reparation the accompanying drawing will show at a glance what has been done. The dotted line marks the extent to which decay had penetrated, and the parts that had to be removed.

The replacing the old decayed arch-stones with new was a work of consider-



[Cut showing the plan of the cutwater restored.]

able difficulty; and most ingenious was the method by which the difficulty was overcome. In the room of the single stone taken away, two were driven in, and the manner in which these were afterwards united may be best understood from the subjoined cut:—"Figure A shows a stone just ready to be driven to its place;



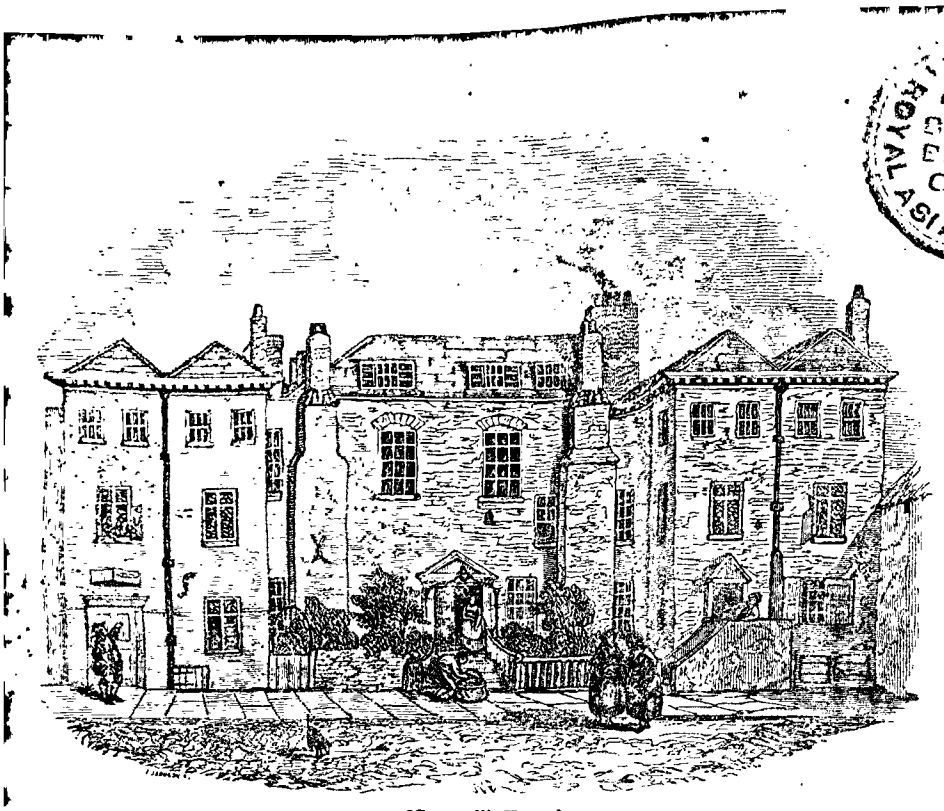
1 is the wedge in which the plug *a* is kept steady by a cord which comes through a hole to the chamfer, and is made fast round a piece of wood at 2; 3 is the other half already set, with its hole 4 to receive the plug when 1 is driven home; 5 is a weight (most commonly a mason's chisel, which keeps the cord tight that is attached to the end of the plug marked *a*, by which it is drawn into the hole 4. Figure B shows a stone finished, with the plug drawn into the hole of the stone which was first set. Soft mortar is then forced through the hole *b* so as to fill up the whole of the space round about the plug, which being thus imbedded, it is impossible for it to move."*

The improvements of the Bridge (only terminated in November, 1840), were well purchased at the inconvenience of the latter being rendered for some time impassable except on foot. In the interim it was found that the roadway of the crown had been lowered several feet, and the approaches raised. Those only who have been accustomed to mark the dangers of the old descent in slippery weather, or the severe and painful exertion imposed on horses drawing heavy loads, can fully appreciate the advantages of this change. In architectural beauty, however, the alterations appear to some to have been for the worse. The beautiful arch, extending from shore to shore, formed by the upper line of the bridge, is lost by the raising of its ends: that sacrifice was perhaps necessary, and

* 'Penny Cyclopædia,' article 'Blackfriars,' vol. iv.

therefore must be quietly submitted to. But why, it is asked, was the picturesque open balustrade, which gave to the Bridge, as seen from the water or the neighbouring banks, such an inconceivable lightness and grace, why was this to be exchanged for the dull heavy parapet which now usurps its place? Since there was so little regard paid to Mylne's design, the propriety may be doubted of allowing the Ionic columns to remain at the expense of another great improvement that was proposed, the widening of the Bridge; particularly as the columns now seem more out of place than ever.

{Blackfriars Bridge, 1839.}



[Cromwell's House.]

LIX.—CLERKENWELL.

Sir Walter Scott, in the last chapter of 'Waverley,' while alluding to the imperceptible gradations by which national and political changes are wrought, remarks, "Like those who drift down the stream of a deep and smooth river, we are not aware of the progress we have made until we fix our eye on the now distant point from which we have been drifted."

As with political changes, so is it with the topographical features of a country, a district, or a parish. We may see houses and streets springing up around us; we may see green fields turned into brick-fields, and pleasant paths into paved streets; we may find a little road-side inn transformed into a dazzling "gin-palace," and direction-posts and mile-stones replaced by gas-lamps; the stage-coach may be superseded by the "cab" and the omnibus, and the drowsy and decrepit watchman by the active policeman. These changes, if watched as they proceed, become familiar to us: we are rendered accustomed to one change before another occurs; and, like the growth of a brother or sister with whom we live, we are hardly conscious that the change is really occurring. But if we direct a glance back to a former period, forgetting the steps by which the present has resulted from the past—if we "fix our eye on the now distant point from which we have been drifted"—we regard the amount of change as something almost inexplicable, and wonder how such things can be

Those who reside in the outskirts of London have such changes as these presented to them in a very marked degree. North, south, east, and west—on all sides—a period of twenty years is sufficient to change the whole appearance of the border of London, if such a border can be found. The parish of CLERKENWELL was, two generations ago, a part of this border; for it was separated very decidedly from the village of Islington, green fields and country paths forming the communication from one to the other. But now where are the fields or the paths? And where are the fields and gardens which, even fifteen or twenty years ago, lay at the north and the west of the New River Head? They are gone, or going so rapidly that we can scarcely trace them. Let any one now look around him from the "Angel" at Islington, and remember that it was this spot which was thus alluded to in 1780:—"It was customary for travellers approaching London to remain all night at the Angel Inn, rather than venture after dark to prosecute their journey along ways which were almost equally dangerous from their bad state and their being so greatly infested with thieves." Let him then turn his attention to the western end of Perceval Street, in St. John's Street Road: here, in 1780, "persons walking from the City to Islington in the evening waited near the end of St. John's Street, in what is now termed Northampton Street (but was then a rural avenue, planted with trees, called Wood's Close), until a sufficient party had collected, who were then escorted by an armed patrole appointed for that purpose." * Not only has this important highway ceased to present the discouraging characteristics here mentioned, but the whole vicinity on both sides has since become crowded with streets.

Although the parish of Clerkenwell extends beyond the New or Paddington Road towards the north, yet the district to which the name of Clerkenwell was more particularly attached in past times is that immediately surrounding the Green, the Close, and St. John's Square. The village of Clerkenwell ramified from the Priory of St. John as a centre, and was for many ages included within a small circuit around it: nearly all which is northward of the Close may be regarded as modern. Before taking a rapid glance at the changes which this part of London has undergone, and showing its chief peculiarities at the present day, it may be well to mention the limits within which Clerkenwell as a parish is bounded. The Goswell Street Road, from the Charter House to the "Angel" at Islington, forms the eastern boundary of the parish; the northern boundary lies at about one-sixth of a mile northward of the Paddington Road, from High Street, Islington, or rather the Liverpool Road, to near King's Cross: the River Fleet then forms the western limit of the parish, from King's Cross (once Battle Bridge) to Saffron Hill; and an irregular line from Saffron Hill, past the south-end of St. John's Lane, to the Charter House Garden, completes the boundary.

This district is supposed to have been formerly a continuation of the great moor or morass which extended from Spitalfields to Moorfields and Finsbury; not itself actually a morass, but a succession of gentle pastures and slopes, bounded on the east by the morass, and on the west by the "River of Wells," afterwards the "River Fleet," then the "Fleet Ditch," and, finally, the common

* J. and H. S. Storer, and T. Cromwell, "History and Description of the Parish of Clerkenwell,"—a book to which we shall be much indebted in the following pages.

sewer.* There is evidence, from a consideration of the relative levels of the surrounding spots, that there must have been here a pleasant alternation of hill and dale: the River of Wells flowing along a depressed channel between two hills, where are now the abodes of filth and wretchedness; and the Holeburne or Oldbourne, with vineyards on its banks, flowing into the former at the spot now known as Holborn Bridge. Fitzstephen, in the year 1190, speaks of the "open, pleasant meadows, the flowing rivulets, and the noise of the water-wheels," in the suburbs on the northern side of the City wall.

We have reason to believe, from details given in a former chapter,† that the site of the assemblage of streets now forming Clerkenwell was, six hundred years ago, a green and pleasant country spot, having numerous springs and wells, which were resorted to in holiday fashion. About the same period were founded those two monastic or ecclesiastical establishments, which formed a nucleus for the dwelling-houses built on the spot: we mean the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Nunnery of St. Mary. These were situated on the two opposite sides of what is now Clerkenwell Green, the Priory on the south, and the Nunnery on the north; and Mr. Cromwell gives the following imaginary picture of the scene by which the inmates were surrounded:—"On every side but that towards the City they had the prospect of wooded hills and uplands, intermingled with vales of luxuriant verdure; contiguous was the well-dressed, and, we will doubt not, richly productive vineyard; and at unequal distances from their precincts, towards the west, the ground fell into those romantic steeps and secluded dells amongst which the river took its course, and created, as it rushed through the numerous mills erected over it, the 'delightful' sounds which enkindled the descriptive enthusiasm of Fitzstephen. In the contemplation of such a scene, we could for the moment forego all the advantages resulting from that altered state of things which has closed the view of it for ever, and almost sigh for the return of times, when the spread of commerce and the improvements of civilisation had not deprived our suburb of natural beauties of so rich an order."‡

There is very little evidence remaining to show the rate or the manner in which buildings gradually sprang up around the Priory and the Nunnery. In Aggas's Map of London, dated 1563, very few streets or houses are represented in this neighbourhood, except those immediately contiguous to, or occupying the site of, the monastic buildings. Cow Cross, Turnmill Street, and the southern end of St. John Street, are represented; but bounded on three sides by little else than fields. By the year 1617, according to Malcolm,§ a number of fine houses had been built in the district, which were inhabited by persons of rank and fashion. A list of twenty-three "Lords," "Ladies," and "Sirs" is given, as having lived in Clerkenwell Close, Clerkenwell Green, St. John's Square, St. John's Lane, and St. John Street, in that year. How large would be the circle, round the same centre, which would include an equal number of the titled and the high-born at the present day?

In the year 1708 the number of houses in Clerkenwell were reckoned at 1146; in 1724, 1529; and in 1772, 1889. The changes which occurred during these intervals were of two kinds, viz. the increase of buildings generally northward of

* See 'London,' Chap. xiii.; "Underground," p. 229. † Ibid. p. 226.
‡ History of Clerkenwell, p. 13. § Londinium Redivivum, vol. iii. p. 225.

the site of the Priory; and the departure of titled and wealthy persons to other parts of London. It is probable that we may place at the beginning of the last century, or the latter end of the preceding one, the commencement of that remarkable localisation which has ever since distinguished the spot. What was the circumstance which led to the establishment of the *Watch-makers, Clock-makers,* and *Jewellers* of the metropolis in the parish of Clerkenwell we do not know; nor have we heard any plausible reason assigned by those who, residing on the spot, and carrying on these branches of manufacture, might be supposed to be best informed on the matter. But be the case what it may, the fact is certain. Although there are dealers in these articles of traffic in other parts of the metropolis, the real *makers* are to be found in Clerkenwell; not without exception, certainly, but with exceptions so few as to render the rule more striking. From St. John's Square to the New River Head, and from Goswell Street to Coppice Row, there is scarcely a street which does not contain some artisans in these departments of handicraft; and in many of the streets nearly the whole of the houses are thus occupied. Let any one, as a matter of curiosity, make a tour of inspection, and glance at the door-plates and inscriptions: he will see a curious exemplification of what is here stated. He must not, when he sees the designations, "escapement-maker," "engine-turner," "fusee-cutter," "springer," "secret-springer," "finisher," "joint-finisher," &c., imagine that these are avocations of totally different kinds from those alluded to above: they all form, as we shall endeavour to show in a future page, only a small part of the subdivisions to which the watch-manufacture has been subjected. There are not, as in Bermondsey, large buildings and open yards to indicate the nature of the staple manufacture carried on; nor are there, as in Spitalfields, humble private dwellings, whose windows present a characteristic appearance. The house of a Clerkenwell watchmaker is simply a "private house," in the common English acceptation of the term; having in some cases a workshop constructed in the rear. There are a few of these houses which have an open shop at the ground-story, for the sale of articles connected with watches and jewellery; but in by far the greater number of instances the inscription on the doorplate alone indicates the nature of the business carried on within.

As the present is best illustrated by comparing it with the past, we will take a rapid circuit of the district chiefly occupied by these manufacturers, and shew what are the changes which the principal streets have undergone, and how they are now occupied.

Let us begin at the "spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood." There is a part of St. John Street, not very far from Smithfield, which presents a much greater width than any other portion of the street, and greater than we customarily find in London. It occurs at the spot where St. John's Lane terminates at St. John Street. In what is now the roadway of this wide portion of the street once stood Hicks's Hall, having a carriage-way on all four sides of it, in the same manner as the Sessions House now has on Clerkenwell Green. This Hall was built in the year 1610, for the accommodation of the Justices of the Peace for the county of Middlesex, who had previously met at a common inn called the "Castle," in St. John Street, where they were much inconvenienced by "carriers, and many other sorts of people."

The place here indicated is the southernmost extremity of Clerkenwell parish, and is not unworthy of notice from the associations connected with its vicinity. Southward of it we have the Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew; eastward, the Charter House; and northward the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem—all of which have occupied our attention in former chapters of this work. Within a short distance, too, is the busy market of Smithfield, the supply of which gives rise to some of the busiest scenes which St. John Street presents. On the evenings of Thursday and Sunday, and on the mornings of Friday and Monday, the whole length of St. John's Street, from end to end, is rendered bustling and diversified by the passing of cattle and sheep to Smithfield.*

The portion of Clerkenwell included between St. John's Street and Goswell Street, and terminated at the north by Islington, and on the south by the Charter House, comprises probably about one-fifth of the area of the parish, the southern half of it being much more ancient than the northern. Wilderness Row, leading from one of the above-named streets to the other, separates the parish of Clerkenwell from the grounds of the Charter House; and this is the locality of the "Pardon Churchyard," alluded to in our account of the Charter House † as having had such celebrity soon after the plague of 1349. The streets immediately north of this spot do not partake, in any great degree, of the character which we have assigned to modern Clerkenwell: they are in general small and humble.

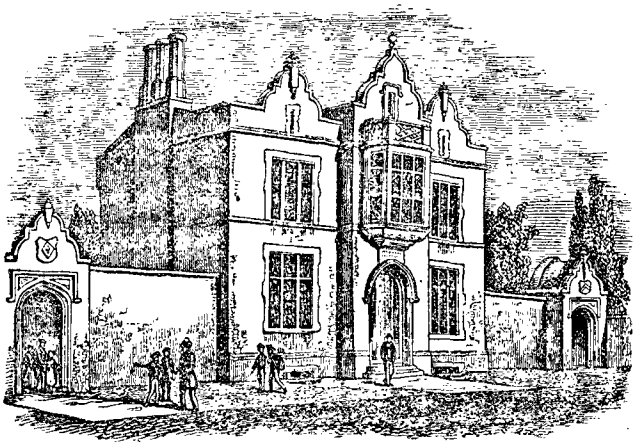
When we arrive northward as far as Compton Street, which is one of the numerous streets leading from one of the great thoroughfares to the other, we approach a district which, until the present century, presented but a sprinkling of houses here and there, instead of the compact mass of streets now exhibited. The names of Compton, Northampton, Perceval, Spencer, Wynyate, and Ashby, which these new streets present, are given from various names and titles pertaining to the Marquis of Northampton, the principal ground-landlord of the district. There is still to be seen, at the corner of Ashby Street, a large house which was once the town residence of the Northampton family, and the vicinity of which has undergone singular changes since the period when the house was thus occupied. The plot of ground which now forms Northampton Square was then a garden, or part of a garden, situated behind and belonging to the mansion. On every other side were open fields and rural paths. Now how great is the difference! The house itself has undergone various changes and subdivisions, the garden is an inhabited square, and the fields and paths are transformed into streets which are inhabited principally by the class of persons before alluded to. The sameness, the dulness, the quiet respectability, which distinguish the "watchmaking" streets of Clerkenwell, are nowhere more observable than within the quadrangular space bounded by Goswell Street Road, Wynyate Street, St. John's Street Road, and Compton Street. We may here observe that a small portion of the parish of St. Luke, immediately eastward of the district here described, is occupied in a similar manner.

Immediately adjacent to the Northampton estate, and occupying the principal portion of the ground from thence to the "Angel" at Islington, is a valuable estate belonging to the Brewers' Company, the acquisition of which is traced to a

* See 'London,' 'Smithfield.'

† 'London,' vol. ii. p. 114.

circumstance tinged with much of the air of a romance. Stow mentions the popular notion entertained on the matter; while subsequent documents have tended to confirm it. In the latter end of the sixteenth century the spot of ground here indicated was used as a cow-lair. One morning a Miss Wilkes, daughter of a gentleman who owned this property, was walking here with her maid, and observing a woman milking a cow, was seized with a whim to try her own skill in a similar manner. She had scarcely stooped in the act of putting her wish into execution, when an arrow, from the bow of a gentleman who was exercising himself in archery in the neighbourhood, pierced and carried away her high-crowned hat. Impressed with an agitated consciousness of the narrow escape which her life had had, she resolved to raise some monument of her gratitude on that same spot, should she ever become its possessor. After an interval of many years, and when she had become the wife of Sir Thomas Owen, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, she purchased the field, and built thereon ten alms-houses, and a free grammar-school, which she afterwards bequeathed to the Brewers' Company. On the gable front of the school were fixed three arrows—one on the apex, and the other two on the corners—as a memorial of the event. That the alms-houses and the school were built by Lady Owen, and by her presented to the Brewers' Company, is a matter of no doubt; and the story of the arrow is so pretty a one that it deserves to be true likewise.



[Lady Owen's School.]

Let us now pass over to the western side of St. John's Street, and see what are the changes which time and manufactures have made. Beginning again at the "place where Hicks's Hall formerly stood," and passing up St. John's Lane, we come to the time-honoured spot which occupied our attention in a former chapter.* Not only has the building over the Gate, as was there detailed, been transformed into a public-house, but the Square, which was at one time part of the Priory precincts, and afterwards a place of residence for the titled and the wealthy, has become a region of watchmakers and jewellers. The "secret springer" and the

* 'London,' Chapter XXXIV., 'St. John's Gate.'

"hand-maker," the "enameller" and the "lapidary," have usurped the place of the Hospitallers of St. John: romance and chivalry have departed, and have made way for the apron and the work-bench. Each is fitted for a certain stage in the progress of society; and while we acknowledge that the former wrought some good in their day, we have scarcely a right to regret that such times are passed away.

When passing through the little avenue called "Jerusalem Passage," which leads from St. John's Square to Clerkenwell Green, or rather to Aylesbury Street, we have on the left a mass of houses which occupy both sides of the site of the northern wall of the Priory. Imagine Clerkenwell Green to be really a green, bounded on the south by a wall, through a postern-gate in which the priors and monks had ingress and egress; and on the north by the wall of the Nunnery, also with its postern-gate. Imagine also a fine open country on all sides (except perhaps on the south), with vineyards and meadows, and springs and rivulets. We shall then have an idea of what this spot once was. The subsequent changes tell their own tale. Red Lion Street, branching out southward from the Green, passes through what was once the garden of the Priory, and exhibits, even to a greater extent than St. John's Square, the peculiar features of modern Clerkenwell. In order to convey to those who are not familiar with this district an idea of the peculiarity to which we have so often alluded, we perhaps cannot do better than instance the street here mentioned. Out of about eighty houses in this street, between fifty and sixty are occupied by manufacturers of clocks, watches, or jewellery, either under those designations, or some of the many subdivisions to which the manufacture is subjected.

Aylesbury Street, now a street of middle-class shops, once boasted of its mansions and its gardens. In the space which now separates this street from St. John's Church once stood Aylesbury House and Gardens, the town-residence of the Earls of Aylesbury in the reign of Charles II. By the year 1720 it was spoken of as being "still standing, but let out in tenements;" and a portion of it is still supposed to form the house at the north-east corner of St. John's Square.

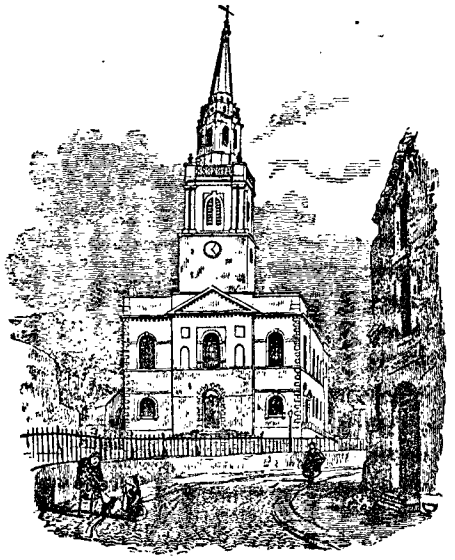
But Aylesbury Street derives something like celebrity from another circumstance, which connects it with the Shaksperian times. In a small street, branching from it on the north, called Woodbridge Street, but formerly known as Red Bull Yard, once stood the celebrated "Red Bull Theatre," one of the many which existed in London during the latter part of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. It is said to have rivalled in size the "Globe" theatre at Bankside, and the "Fortune" near Whitecross Street; and to have excelled all the others. There are many scattered notices of the theatre in the writers of that period, from which it appears to have been held in much repute. During the puritanical furor of a later date, this theatre, like the others, seems to have fallen in the shade: but it was not, like some of them, actually destroyed; for we find that short comic pieces were acted there during the reign of Charles II. In a small octavo volume, of which two copies exist at the British Museum, called 'The Wits, or Sport upon Sport,' written by Francis Kirkman in 1673, there is a frontispiece representing the interior of the Red Bull Theatre, with actors on a square platform, and audience on all four sides. In the preface to the book is a paragraph which throws some light on the con-

dition of the theatre at that time:—"When the publique theatres were shut up, and the actors forbidden to present us with any of their tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest, and comedies, because the vices of the age were too lively and smartly represented, then all that we could divert ourselves with were these humors and pieces of plays" (alluding to several which the volume contains), "which, passing under the name of a merry, conceited fellow, called Bottom the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber, or some such title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of rope-dancing or the like; and these being all that was permitted us, great was the confluence of the auditors; and these small things were as profitable, and as great get-pennies to the actors, as any of our late famed plays. I have seen the RED BULL playhouse, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back from want of room as entered; and as meanly as you may now think of these drolls, they were then acted by the best comedians then and now in being." It is supposed to have been at this theatre that the first *woman* ever acted on the English stage, the female characters having been played by boys and youths till about the time of the restoration; for one Thomas Jordan, an actor at the Red Bull, wrote a prologue to introduce "the first woman that came to act on the stage" as Desdemona. At what time this theatre was destroyed does not clearly appear; but its site is probably now occupied by part of a distillery, which extends from thence into St. John Street.

At the corner of Jerusalem Passage and Aylesbury Street, according to Messrs. Storer (Malcolm places it "next to St. John's Gate," which may perhaps mean the same thing), resided the eccentric Thomas Britton, who was known to high and low as the "Musical small-coal man." The lower part of his house was a receptacle for small-coal, in which he was a dealer; but the upper floor was a concert-room, where he indulged a taste, or we may properly call it a passion, for music in a very singular way. There were but few concerts in London at that time (about a century and a half ago), and the novelty of the thing was, no doubt, quite as attractive as its excellence. The concert-room, which was ascended by a kind of ladder in the open air, attracted, as Dibdin relates, "all the fashion of the age, who flocked regularly every week to taste a delight of which the English were grown so fond, that it was considered as vulgar then not to have attended Britton's Concert as it would be now not to have heard Banti." These concerts were "got up" by certain lovers of music, who, desirous to encourage merit in one of humble station, and struck, probably, with the whimsicality of the circumstance, formed themselves into a musical club, whose meetings were held in Britton's house, he himself playing the viol-di-gamba. The celebrated Dubourg, the violinist, made his first appearance before the public as a child, standing upon a stool in this room. Britton was not only a lover of music; he was also a collector of drawings, prints, books, manuscripts, and musical instruments of rare or obsolete forms. Some of these he collected for distinguished noblemen, who made him their agent; and he is said to have frequently met his employers in a bookseller's shop at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, on which occasions he would "pitch his coal-sack on a bulk at the door" (for he was an itinerant vendor), "and, dressed in his blue frock, which was necessarily somewhat discoloured by his occupation, step in and spend an im-

proving hour with the company." This singular character died in the year 1714; and the site of his "musical small-coal warehouse" is now occupied by a public-house.

We have spoken of a Nunnery which once bounded Clerkenwell Green on the north. This occupied the site of what are now the parish church and the Close; indeed, the latter was the Nunnery Close, and the former, before it was rebuilt about half a century ago, was part of the ancient conventual church. The Nunnery was built nearly at the same period as the adjacent Priory of St. John, and continued in existence till the dissolution by Henry VIII. Scarcely anything is known of its history, its architectural features, or its historical associations; differing very widely, in this respect, from the Priory. After the Reformation, when that great event, as well as the dissolution of the monastic establishments, had rendered necessary a remodelling of the parochial affairs of so many parts of England, the church of St. Mary's Nunnery was made a parochial church, and dedicated to St. James, the other portions of the Nunnery enclosure passing into the hands of the Duke of Newcastle; while the choir of the church of the Priory became known as St. John's Church.



[St. James's Church.]

The Duke (then Earl) of Newcastle built a family mansion on the site, and partly out of the ruins, of the Nunnery, a little northward of the old church. Whoever would now look for this, one among many large mansions once to be found in Clerkenwell, or rather for the site which it once occupied, must pass from the Close through Newcastle Street in the direction of the church, leaving the entrance to the New Prison on his left. He will then be standing where Newcastle House stood until about half a century back. The Earl of Newcastle, on whose estates the enormous sum of three-quarters of a million sterling was levied by Cromwell's Parliament, and who returned to England from exile at the

Restoration, "spent nearly the whole remainder of his life in the retirement afforded by his seat at Clerkenwell, where he took much pleasure in literary pursuits, and paid some necessary attention to repairing the injuries sustained by his fortune." On the opposite side of the Close once stood a large house called Cromwell House, said traditionally to have been inhabited by Oliver Cromwell. In the last century, according to Storer, it was "in the occupation of William Blackborow, Esq., many years in the commission of the peace for the County of Middlesex, who died here, at an advanced age, September 16, 1794. It was destroyed by fire some years since, and the spot on which it stood is occupied by the modern buildings of Cromwell Place." All the antiquities of what was once the Nunnery Close are gone,—the Nunnery itself, the old church, Newcastle House, Cromwell House, all have given way to the present narrow streets, filled with the private houses of working tradesmen. The Nunnery Close and Clerkenwell Close are the same; yet how different! The modern St. James's Church and the Clerkenwell Bridewell are the only two erections in or around it worth a glance in respect to aught save manufacturing industry.

There is a narrow belt of the parish of Clerkenwell, which, as we stated in a former page, is bounded on the west by the Fleet ditch; indeed, the ditch separates it from the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn. This part of the parish, lying westward of Turnmill Street and Coppice Row, differs greatly from most of the districts which we have passed through. There are few "watchmakers," few "jewellers," few respectable streets, few associations by which we may look back upon the past through the present. The streets, the houses, and the inhabitants are generally of a humble class. There is, however, a little northward of the Sessions House on Clerkenwell Green, a spot which has given no less than a name to the whole parish. It must be remembered that the district or belt now under consideration slopes down very rapidly from the Green to the Fleet ditch, as any one may see who wishes to reach Hatton Garden by this route; and along this slope the water was wont, in ancient times, to flow from certain springs to the "River of Wells." One of these springs, called "Fay's Well," is believed to have been situated near the junction of Turnmill Street and Cow Cross Street, and was closed over about the middle of the last century. Westward of this, at a little distance from Clerkenwell Green, in Ray Street, was the "Clerks' Well," from which the parish is named. Of the early history of this well, and of the dramatic performances which are said to have been held around its brink, we have before spoken.* We need, therefore, here merely state that it was situated just without the western wall of the Nunnery; and was in after years presented to the parish by the then owner of the ground. Whoever would wish to see a record of this ancient well, let him proceed from Clerkenwell Green through Ray Street towards Coppice Row; and by the side of a tiny shop, occupied by a "Dealer in singing-birds," he will see a misshapen and rudely-constructed pump, with an inscription denoting that the water which flows from that pump is derived from the "Clerks' Well."

Of those who have witnessed and admired (or perhaps censured) the 'Beggar's Opera,' few would now know the locality there mentioned by the name of "Hockley-in-the-Hole." It was a *Bear Garden* situated near the northern end

* Vol. i. p. 226.

of what now constitutes Ray Street; and as Mrs. Peachum says to Filch, "You must go to Hockley-in-the-Hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour," we may draw a probable inference of the degree of respectability attached to its name.

Bear-baiting in the Seventeenth Century.]

Westward of this spot, and extending in the direction of Bagnigge Wells, is a district once known as the Jervoise Estate. On the site of the row of houses now called Cobham Row, at the eastern end of Mount Pleasant, formerly resided Sir John Oldcastle, afterwards Lord Cobham, a distinguished nobleman in the reign of Edward III. He it was who promulgated Wickliffe's writings among the people, an act for which he was burnt in the year 1417. His memory was held in great respect by the public at large, and for a long period afterwards the plot of ground on which his house stood was named after him. At a subsequent period a house of entertainment, called the "Sir John Oldcastle," was opened on this spot. About ninety years ago a portion of the Cobham Estate was presented by the then proprietor to the trustees of a Small-pox Hospital, the first of its kind in Europe. The institution, at its first establishment, consisted of three buildings: one in Old Street, one at Islington, and the one here alluded to; but afterwards the arrangements were confined to two Hospitals—that at Battle Bridge, St. Pancras, for preparing and inoculating patients; and that on the Cobham Estate, for receiving the patients as soon as the disease appeared, and also those who caught the disease naturally. The Hospital at Coldbath Fields was held in the house formerly known as the "Sir John Oldcastle," which was itself supposed to comprise a part of the ancient mansion of that nobleman; but a new building was subsequently constructed, and used as a Small-pox Hospital till the year 1795, when the operations of the charity were removed to St. Pancras. The estate, at

a later period, passed into the hands of "Lady Huntingdon's Connexion," who occupy the neighbouring chapel in Exmouth Street. By degrees, streets have been built around the spot once occupied as the Hospital, and the whole neighbourhood is known by the general name of Coldbath Fields.

The name just given, as well as those of Bagnigge Wells, Sadler's Wells, the London Spa, and the "Wells" alluded to by the earlier topographers, point to one of the distinguishing characteristics of this locality. The tract of ground immediately eastward of the Fleet River appears to have been singularly rich in springs, many of which were medicinal. A "cold spring" was discovered near the top of Mount Pleasant, about a century and a half ago, and was, by the proprietor of the estate on which it was found, converted into a bath, which, under the name of the "Cold Bath," was said to be "the most noted and first about London." The entrance to the bath may still be seen in a short street branching out of Mount Pleasant, but its appearance is very different from that represented in a picturesque view of the spot in 1811. Another of these spots, so well known as "Sadler's Wells," derives its name from a spring which was discovered in the garden of one Sadler, who was the proprietor of a "music-room," the forerunner of the present theatre. The water was said to be ferruginous, and so valuable for certain complaints, that the well was visited by "five or six hundred persons every morning." A third instance is the once famous "Islington Spa," situated a little southward of the theatre, in a street leading into St. John's Street Road. This spa was opened so long as two centuries ago, and was visited by persons of distinction from the west end of the town. Two of the daughters of King George II. were accustomed to drink the waters there daily. Even to the present day a glimpse may be obtained of the pretty gardens belonging to the "Islington Spa," which, like the "Cold Bath," has not yet lost all its once high reputation. A fourth instance is, or was, afforded by the "London Spa," a medicinal spring of much repute on the spot now occupied by a public-house of the same name, at the eastern end of Exmouth Street. With this may be associated the "New Wells," situated a little southward of it, where now is Rosoman Street; but both have long ceased to show any evidence of existence. Lastly, we may mention the "Bagnigge Wells," reputed to have been once the country residence of Nell Gwynne, and afterwards celebrated for a medicinal spring discovered there.

Our purpose, in this topographical sketch, being only to notice such matters as illustrate the changes which Clerkenwell has undergone from age to age, and not to offer particular descriptions of churches, prisons, theatres, and private buildings, we shall say but little of the remaining parts of the parish. Nearly all the portion northward of Exmouth Street and Rosoman Street was open fields until comparatively modern times, the New River Head,* and the buildings connected with it, being the only occupied spot of any importance from thence to the New Road; but now there are streets and squares in great number, either built or building; and "Spa Fields," whose name is unfavourably associated with certain riotous proceedings in bygone days, are no longer to be met with. Valleys and depressions have been filled up; eminences have been lowered; water-pipes, and gas-pipes, and pavements, have been laid down; brick and tile fields have been

* See vol. i. p. 238.

levelled; churches have been opened; wells and springs, spas and baths, are becoming less and less frequented; and the whole district is losing, by the natural operation of commercial speculation, what little of romance once pertained to it. Of that portion of the parish which is situated northward of the New Road, and which is more generally known by the name of "Pentonville," the same remark may be made: it is entirely occupied by streets of modern houses.

It is scarcely possible to pass through the streets of Clerkenwell without entertaining a wish to know somewhat of the arrangements by which the peculiar manufactures of the district are carried on. If we cannot obtain an answer to the question, "Why are so many manufacturers of one kind assembled in this spot?" we may at least gain a little insight into the commercial economy by which the trade is regulated; and to this we now draw the reader's attention.

Very little is known respecting the early history of the watch and clock manufacture in London, or even in England. It appears to have made a noiseless progress, and to have left but few records of its advancement. A pamphlet, published in 1704, purports to convey the 'Reasons of the English Clock and Watch Makers against the Bill to confirm the pretended new Invention of using precious and common Stones about Watches, Clocks, and other Engines;' and another contains 'Reasons humbly offered by the Jewellers, Diamond-cutters, Lapidaries, Engravers in Stone, &c., against the Bill for Jewel-Watches.' These documents seem to point to the period when the jewelling of watches was first introduced—a term which relates, not to the outward adornment by means of jewels, but to the use of hard stones as a material in which to make pivot-holes for a watch movement. It is plain that the manufacture of a watch must have attained a considerable stage of advancement before such a refined improvement as this would be thought of; and we may reasonably conclude that the trade of watchmaking was an important one in England nearly a century and a half ago.

From time to time parliamentary inquiries have been made into matters affecting in a greater or less degree this branch of manufacture; and from these sources we gain a little information concerning the internal arrangements of the fraternity. The peculiar construction of a pocket-watch, whereby its qualities cannot be estimated by the purchaser except by experience, led to the custom of engraving the name of the maker on some part of the watch as a guarantee of its excellence; and there were enactments making a neglect of this precaution a punishable offence. The trade was also placed under the control of a company, which was thus described by a witness examined before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1817:—"All the clockmakers and other persons using that trade within London and ten miles compass therefrom, are incorporated into one body politic, with powers to make bye-laws for the government of all those persons who should use the trade throughout England, and to control the importation of foreign clocks and watches into this country, and mark such as were imported." By the custom of thus marking foreign watches with the stamp of the Clockmakers' Company—by the custom of marking the works of each English watch with the name of the maker, and by the custom of stamping the gold or silver cases at Goldsmiths' Hall, the number of watches produced in England became tolerably well ascertained, although the number of men employed therein appears never to have been determined. Mr. Jacob ("On the

Precious Metals") estimates the average annual number of watches which pass through Goldsmiths' Hall at fourteen thousand gold and eighty-five thousand silver. This estimate is a good deal under that which is given in a Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, made in 1818. It is there stated that in the year 1796 there were 191,678 watches marked at Goldsmiths' Hall; but that in consequence of the imposition of a duty on clocks and watches, and also of a licence-duty for the sale of watches, the number marked was reduced, by the year 1798, to 128,798; from which it was estimated that sixty thousand watches less were made in London in 1798 than in 1796. These enactments were afterwards repealed, but the number never again reached the standard of 1796.

An ordinary gold or silver watch passes through considerably more than one hundred hands, each workman performing a part of the operation to which his whole attention is directed, and differing from that of every other. It is perhaps still more surprising that this minute subdivision relates, after all, only to what may be termed the finishing of a watch; for the watch "movements" are made almost wholly in Lancashire. On opening a pocket-watch, we see that there are two parallel brass-plates, having between them the greater portion of the wheels belonging to the watch: this portion is known by the manufacturers under the general name of the "movement," and is that to which we here refer. Whether it is that the Lancashire watch-movements excel those which could be made in Clerkenwell in excellence or in price, we shall not attempt to decide; but certain it is that almost every English watch, of whatever quality, has its "movement" made in Lancashire.

Let us follow the "movement" in its progress towards completion. On its arrival in London it is purchased by the "watch-manufacturer," a tradesman who hires the services of the numerous sub-branches alluded to above. It is to be supplied with the "motion-work" or mechanism in connection with the hands; with a "spring" and connecting mechanism; with an "escapement," or apparatus for insuring the uniform "going" of the watch; with a "case," generally of silver or gold; with a "dial," generally enamelled, but sometimes of chased metal; with a "glass," and with other appendages. The manufacturer gives these various parts to be made by certain persons who undertake definite portions; and these parties further subdivide to a degree of minuteness scarcely credible. The "escapement-maker," for instance, so far from being one workman who manufactures everything relating to an escapement, may be a "duplex-escapement maker," or a "lever-escapement maker," or a "horizontal-escapement maker;" he may also have under him many workmen, each of whom is employed in, and is competent only to the manufacture of, some one particular part of some one kind of escapement. The enamelled dial of the watch, too instead of being perfected by one man, passes through the hands of several: one man forms the dial out of sheet copper; another coats it with the beautiful enamel; a third paints the letters and figures in enamel colours; and a fourth adjusts the dial to the other parts of the watch. The case, in like manner, passes through many hands; for besides the workmen employed in actually making it, there is the "secret-springer," who forms the mechanism by which the two halves of the case close together; the "engine-turner," who engraves those curious devices which ornament the cases of some watches; the "pendant-

maker," who constructs the loop and apparatus by which the watch is suspended from the chain, guard, or watch-ribbon. The "hands" of the watch form a branch of the manufacture totally distinct from the others; so does that of the "watch-key;" and even that of the little "index," by which we regulate the "going" of the watch when too fast or too slow. Some of the wheels of the watch are considered so far distinct as to have their teeth formed by workmen who do not cut the teeth of other wheels. The "fusee" likewise, a conical piece of brass on which the chain is wound by the watch-key from the barrel, is made by one who is wholly employed as a "fusee-cutter." In the "jewelling" of a watch, some men are employed in preparing the stones, and others in making the pivot-holes. Thus we might go on dissecting a watch to its minutest parts, and showing that the more we do so, the more numerous shall we find the subdivision of workmen who made the watch.

The "watch-maker," or "watch-manufacturer," is a tradesman who understands the relative positions and the combined action of all the parts of a watch, and is therefore competent to bring into one whole all the various parts which have been thus made. They are generally persons possessing some considerable capital, as occupying the channel through which the purchaser deals with the actual makers. The watch-manufacturers of Clerkenwell are the class to which we here more particularly allude; for many of the retail dealers in watches in other parts of London merely purchase the articles in a finished state, to sell again at a profit.

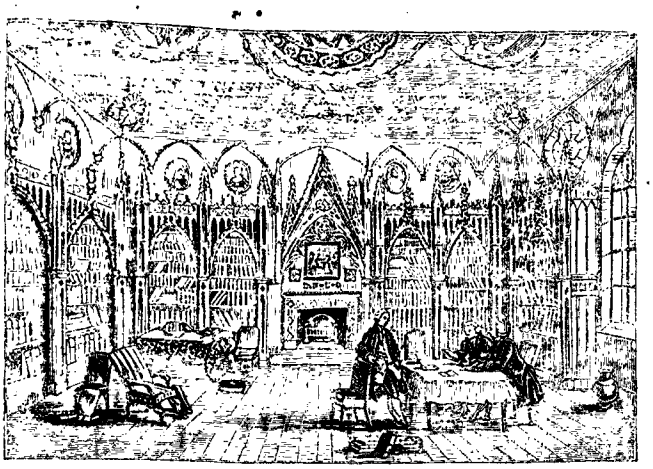
We are now enabled to form an idea of the manner in which this system of manufacture gives rise to the present condition of Clerkenwell, as the centre of the watch-trade. There are not two or three hundred men employed in a large factory, to make a watch throughout; but there are thirty or forty distinct classes of tradesmen, comprising, perhaps, three times that number of minor subdivisions, all living and working at their own homes, and contributing the various parts to a watch, which is finally completed by the "watch-manufacturer." Some of these thirty or forty are men possessing sufficient capital to employ in their workshops a considerable number of workmen, among whom they can carry out the principle of the division of labour to a still greater extent; while others are humble artizans who work at their own homes, taking no more work than they can execute with their own hands, or perhaps with an apprentice. A writer on the clock-manufacture, some years ago,* makes the following observations on one of the results to which this system of minute subdivision is likely to lead:—"The custom of working by piecemeal from established models, which, it must be allowed, contributes greatly to expedition and cheapness, has no doubt conduced to exclude calculation and geometrical principles from the workshops of the present day. Whence it arises that, if we wish to be introduced to the workman who has had the greatest share in the construction of our best clocks, we must often submit to be conducted up some narrow passage of our metropolis, and to mount into some dirty attic, where we find illiterate ingenuity closely employed in earning a mere pittance, compared with the price which is put on the finished machine by the vendor."

* Rees's Cyclopædia, 'Clock.'

It is curious to compare the condition and habits of life of the Clerkenwell watch-makers with those of the Swiss artisans. There are some districts in Switzerland, the inhabitants of which are almost wholly occupied in the watch manufacture. Dr. Bowring, in his Report on Swiss Manufactures (1836), states: "The Jura mountains have been the cradle of much celebrity in the mechanical arts, particularly in those more exquisite productions of which a minute complication is a peculiar character. During the winter, which lasts from six to seven months, the inhabitants are, as it were, imprisoned in their dwellings, and occupied in those works which require the utmost developement of skilful ingenuity. Nearly a hundred and twenty thousand watches are produced annually in the elevated regions of Neufchatel. In Switzerland, the most remarkable of the French watchmakers, and among them one who has lately obtained the gold medal at Paris for his beautiful watch-movements, had their birth and education; and a sort of honourable distinction attaches to the watch-making trade." Without entering far into the question of the alleged injury which the English manufacturer has been said to suffer from the importation of foreign watches, there is a remark which was made to Dr. Bowring by one of the principal watch-manufacturers of Geneva, which seems to us too important to be omitted:—"The watches of English manufacture do not come into competition with those of Swiss production, which are used for different purposes, and by a different class of persons. Notwithstanding all the risks and charges, the sale of Swiss watches is large, and it has not really injured the English watch-making trade. The English watches are far more solid in construction, fitter for service, and especially in countries where no good watchmakers are to be found, as the Swiss watches require delicate treatment. English watches, therefore, are sold to the purchaser who can pay a high price: the Swiss watches supply the classes to whom a costly watch is inaccessible."*

It may perhaps be right to state that the making of a clock is not subjected to so many minute divisions as that of a watch; but be they few or many, the part of the metropolis to which we must look for most of the makers of both these specimens of human ingenuity is CLERKENWELL.

* Report, p. 98.



[The Library, Strawberry Hill.]

LX.—STRAWBERRY HILL.—WALPOLE'S LONDON.

[Concluded from No. LVII.]

Let us seat ourselves with Horace Walpole in his library at Strawberry Hill, and see the relation which the clever man of fashion bears to literature, and to the men of letters his contemporaries. There he sits, as he was painted by the poor artist Muntz, whom he patronised and despised, lounging in a luxurious arm-chair, soft and bright in its silk and embroidery, the window open, through which he occasionally looks on the green meadows and the shining river, in which he feels a half-poetical delight.* He turns to his elegant room, where "the books are ranged within Gothic arches of pierced work, taken from a side door-case to the choir in Dugdale's St. Paul's." The books themselves are a valuable collection, some for use, and some for show; and it is easy to perceive that for the most part they have not been brought together as the mere furniture of the bookcases, but have been selected pretty much with reference to their possessor's tastes and acquirements. Here is a man, then, of fortune, chiefly derived from sinecures bestowed upon him by his father; of literary acquirements far beyond the fashionable people of his day; with abundance of wit and shrewd observation; early in his career heartily tired of political intrigue, and giving up himself to a quiet life of learned leisure mixed with a little dissipation; and yet that man, pursuing this life for half a century, appears to have come less in contact with the greatest minds of his day than hundreds of his contemporaries of far inferior genius and reputation. With the exception perhaps of General Conway, Walpole has no correspondence with any of the really eminent public men of his time; and the most illustrious of his literary friends, after Gray is gone, are Cole, the dullest of antiquaries, and Hannah More.

* See page 156.

Warburton, in a letter to Hurd, terms Walpole "an insufferable coxcomb;" and we have no doubt the bold churchman was right. Walpole was utterly destitute of sympathy, perhaps for the higher things of literature, certainly for the higher class of literary men. He had too much talent to be satisfied with the dullness and the vices of the people of fashion with whom he necessarily herded; but he had not courage enough to meet the more intellectual class upon a footing of equality. For the immediate purpose of this paper, it is of very little consequence what Walpole himself individually thinks of literature and men of letters; but it is of importance to show the relation in which the men of letters stood to the higher classes, and the lofty tone in which one whose passion was evidently the love of literary fame spoke of those to whom literature was a profession, and not an affair of smirking amateurship.

Pope had been dead two or three years when Horace Walpole bought Strawberry Hill: they were not therefore neighbours. In 1773, Walpole, speaking depreciatingly of his contemporaries, says, "Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray;" but he writes not a word to any one of what he had seen of Pope, and the only notice we have (except a party account of the quarrel between Pope and Bolingbroke) is, in 1742, of Cibber's famous pamphlet against Pope, which subsequently raised its author to be the hero of the 'Dunciad.' Walpole is evidently rubbing his hands with exultation when he says, "It will notably vex him." Pope died in 1744. Of the small captains who scrambled for the crowns of the realms of poetry, after the death of *this* Alexander, there was one who founded a real empire—James Thomson. Walpole says, "I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than Leonidas or *The Seasons;* as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame geniuses, a Mr. Akenside, who writes Odes: in one he has lately published he says, 'Light the tapers, urge the fire.' Had not you rather make gods jostle in the dark, than light the candles for fear they should break their heads?" * Gray, as every one knows, was Walpole's friend from boyhood. The young men quarrelled upon their travels, and after three years were reconciled. Walpole, no doubt, felt a sort of self-important gratification in the fame of Gray as a poet; yet, while Gray was alive, Walpole thus described his conversation: "I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray; he is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences: his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable."† Yet Walpole was furious when Boswell's book came out, and Johnson is made to say of Gray, "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere: he was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great: he was a mechanical poet." In 1791 Walpole writes, "After the Doctor's death, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Boswell sent an ambling circular letter to me, begging subscriptions for a monument for him—the two last, I think, impertinently, as they could not but know my opinion, and could not suppose I would contribute to a monument for one who had endeavoured, poor soul! to degrade my friend's superlative poetry. I would not deign to write an answer, but sent

* Horace Walpole to Mann, March 29, 1745. † Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1748.

down word by my footman, as I would have done to parish officers with a brief, that I would not subscribe."* Walpole, we have little doubt, considered himself as the patron of Gray, and Johnson's opinion was an attack upon his *amour-propre*. His evident hatred of Johnson probably belonged as much to the order as to the individual. The poor man of genius and learning, who, by his stern resolves and dogged industry, had made himself independent of patronage, was a dangerous example. The immortal letter to Chesterfield on the dedication of the Dictionary was an offence against a very numerous tribe.

It is easy to understand, from Walpole's letters, how an author, however eminent, was looked upon in society, except he had some adventitious quality of wealth or birth to recommend him. In 1766 Walpole thus writes to Hume: "You know, in England, we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and, of course, leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France they spoil us, but that was no business of mine. I, who am an author, must own this conduct very sensible; for, in truth, we are a most useless tribe." It is difficult to understand whether this passage is meant for insolence to the person to whom it is addressed: for what was Hume but an author? "*We* read their works"—*we*, the aristocratic and the fashionable—to which class Hume might fancy he belonged, after he had proceeded from his tutorship to a mad lord into the rank of a *chargé d'affaires*. But then "in France they spoil *us*;" here the aristocrat is coquetting with the honours of authorship in the face of his brother author. Perhaps the whole was meant for skilful flattery. Walpole's real estimate of the literary class is found in a letter to Cole, who was too obtuse to take any portion of the affront to himself:—"Mr. Gough wants to be introduced to me! He is so dull, that he would only be troublesome; and besides, you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all those things, and write only to laugh at them and divert myself. . . . . Mr. Gough is very welcome to see Strawberry Hill, or I would help him to any scraps in my possession that would assist his publication; though he is one of those industrious who are only re-burying the dead: but I cannot be acquainted with him. It is contrary to my system and my humour. . . . . I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson, down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray."†

Walpole was too acute not to admire Fielding; yet he evidently delights to lower the man, in the gusto with which he tells the following anecdote:—"Rigby and Peter Bathurst t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding; who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttelton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper—that they must come next morning. They did not understand that

* Horace Walpole to Miss Berry, May 26, 1791. † Horace Walpole to Cole, April 27, 1773.

freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting, with a blind man, a ———, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilized."* Scott, in his life of Fielding, suggests that something of this anecdote may belong to the "aristocratic exaggeration" of Walpole; and that the blind man might have been Fielding's brother, who was blind; in the same way the three Irishmen might not necessarily have been denizens of St. Giles's; and the female, whom Walpole designates by the most opprobrious of names, might have been somewhat more respectable than his own Lady Caroline. We are not sure that, under the worst aspect, the supper at Fielding's was more discreditable than the banquet of minced chickens at Vauxhall. (See No. LVII., page 104.) Fielding at this period, when his crime was a dirty table-cloth, thus writes of himself:—"By composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars, and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about five hundred a-year, of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than three hundred; a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk."

Walpole himself, in the outset of his literary career, appears, as was to be expected from his temperament and education, miserable under what was then, and is now, called criticism. After the publication of the 'Royal and Noble Authors,' he writes, "I am sick of the character of author; I am sick of the consequences of it; I am weary of seeing my name in the newspapers; I am tired with reading foolish criticisms on me, and as foolish defences of me; and I trust my friends will be so good as to let the last abuse of me pass unanswered."† If he had lived in these times, he might have been less thin-skinned. Those were not the days of reviews and magazines, and newspapers. The 'Monthly Review' was set up in 1749, and the 'Critical Review' in 1756. There was only an 'Evening Post,' and one or two other starveling journals. Those were the days when the old Duchess of Rutland, being told of some strange casualty, says, "Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down." "Lord, Madam," says Lady Lucy, "it can't be true." "Oh, no matter, child, it will do for news into the country, next post."‡ Horace Walpole might well have compounded for a little of the pert criticism of the reviews of his day, to be exempt from the flood of opinion which now floats the straws and rushes over the things which are stable. Fortunate was it for him and for us that he lived before the days of newspapers, or half he has told us would have been told in a perishable form. A Strawberry Hill man could not have existed in the glare of journalising. He would have been a slave in the Republic of Letters, although he affected to despise court slavery. He must, in the very nature of things, have been president and member of council of some half-dozen of the thousand and one societies with which London now abounds; and he would have had the satisfaction of walking in the *conversazione* horse-mill of hot rooms and cold coffee three times a week

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 18, 1749. † Horace Walpole to the Rev. Henry Zouch, May 14, 1759.
‡ Horace Walpole to Mann, Dec. 23, 1742.

during the season, amidst the same round of masks, all smiling, envious, jobbing, puffing, and bepuffed. He was only familiar with one Society, the Antiquarian; and he thus speaks of it:—"I dropped my attendance there four or five years ago, from being sick of their ignorance and stupidity, and have not been three times amongst them since." The Antiquarian Society then consisted of a few harmless and crotchety people, who wrote dull books which nobody read but themselves. But the dull men in time came to understand the full value of gregariousness; the name of Society at length became Legion; and literary and scientific London resolved itself into one mighty coterieship, in which the ninety-nine dwarfs are put upon stilts, and the one of reasonable stature consents to move amongst them, and sometimes to prescribe laws, in the belief that he himself looms larger in the provincial distance. This clever organization came after Walpole's time. Possibly he might have liked the individual men of letters better, if the pretenders to literature, appending all sorts of cabalistic characters to their names, had set him up as their idol. As it was, there was a frank genial intercourse between the best men of his time, which was equally independent of puffing and patronage. The club life of the Burkes and Johnsons was precisely the opposite of the society life of our own days. We of course see nothing of the club life in Walpole's writings; but it is a thing which has left enduring traces. Walpole was not robust enough to live in such an element.

In the days when periodical criticism was in its nonage, men of letters naturally wrote to each other about the merits of new works. There is probably less of this in Walpole than in any other letter-writer equally voluminous; yet he sometimes gives us an opinion of a book, which is worth comparing with that more impartial estimate which is formed by an after-generation, when novelty and fashion have lost their influence, and prejudice, whether kind or hostile, ceases to operate. We may learn from the mistakes of clever men as to the merits of their contemporaries, to be a little humble in forming our own opinions. Let us hear what Walpole has to say of Sterne:—"At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance: it is a kind of novel, called 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy;' the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards. I can conceive a man saying that it would be droll to write a book in that manner, but have no notion in his persevering in executing it. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed."* Gray, who by nature had a keen relish for humour, formed a juster opinion of Sterne, though he scarcely did him justice:—"There is much good fun in 'Tristram,' and humour sometimes hit, and sometimes missed." Goldsmith, who was probably jealous of the Yorkshire wit's sudden reputation, called him "a very dull fellow," which Johnson denied; but Johnson himself disparaged Sterne almost as much as Walpole. Were any of these eminent men quite right in the matter? There were many reasons why Sterne should offend Johnson—reasons which have condemned him in our own day to neglect. But for real creative comic power he was never exceeded, but

* Horace Walpole to Sir David Dalrymple, April 4, 1760.

by *one* Englishman: his humour, as well as his pathos, has its roots in a rich poetical soil. Walpole, however, did not always set up *nil admirari* as his motto. Thirty years after, Darwin arose; and he at once mounted like a balloon into the empyrean of popularity, and there collapsed. Walpole thus raves about the 'Botanic Garden:'—"I send you the most delicious poem upon earth. If you don't know what it is all about, or why, at least you will find glorious similies about everything in the world, and I defy you to discover three bad verses in the whole stack. Dryden was but the prototype of the 'Botanic Garden' in his charming 'Flower and Leaf;' and if he had less meaning, it is true he had more plan; and I must own, that his white velvets and green velvets, and rubies and emeralds, were much more virtuous gentlefolks than most of the flowers of the creation, who seem to have no fear of Doctors' Commons before their eyes. This is only the Second Part; for, like my king's eldest daughter in the 'Hieroglyphic Tales,' the First Part is not born yet:—no matter. I can read this over and over again for ever; for, though it is so excellent, it is impossible to remember anything so disjointed, except you consider it as a collection of short enchanting poems—as the Circe at her tremendous devilries in a church; the intrigue of the dear nightingale and rose; and the description of Medea; the episode of Mr. Howard, which ends with the most sublime of lines—in short, all, all, all is the most lovely poetry."* Darwin has utterly perished, and can never be resuscitated: his whole system of art was false. Walpole admired him because he was bred up in a school of criticism which regarded *style* as the one thing needful, and considered that the most poetical language which was the farthest removed from the language of common life: hence in some respects his idolatry of Gray, and his contempt of Thomson. Cowper, the only one poet of his later years who will live, is never once mentioned by him. The mode in which he addresses himself to Jephson, the author of 'Braganza' and several other mouthing tragedies, appears to us now inexpressibly ridiculous: "You seem to me to have imitated Beaumont and Fletcher, *though your play is superior to all theirs.* . . . . You are so great a poet, Sir, that you have no occasion to labour anything but your plots."† This is the natural result of Walpole being brought up in the French school of criticism. His correspondence with Voltaire shows the process by which he was led to think that such a word-spinner as Robert Jephson, captain of foot, and a nominee of Lord Townshend in the Irish Parliament, imitated Beaumont and Fletcher, and produced a play superior to all theirs. In the preface to the second edition of 'The Castle of Otranto,' Walpole thus expressed himself in defence of his introduction into a serious romance of domestics speaking in common language: "That great master of nature, Shakspeare, was the model I copied. Let me ask if his tragedies of 'Hamlet' and 'Julius Cæsar' would not lose a considerable share of their spirit and wonderful beauties if the humour of the grave-diggers, the fooleries of Polonius, and the clumsy jests of the Roman citizens were omitted, or vested in heroics? Is not the eloquence of Antony, the nobler and affectedly-unaffected oration of Brutus, artificially exalted by the rude bursts of nature from the mouths of their auditors?

* Horace Walpole to the Miss Berrys, April 28, 1789.
† Horace Walpole to Robert Jephson, Esq., October 17, 1777.

These touches remind one of the Grecian sculptor, who, to convey the idea of a Colossus within the dimensions of a seal, inserted a little boy measuring his thumb. No, says Voltaire, in his edition of Corneille, this mixture of buffoonery and solemnity is intolerable. Voltaire is a genius—but not of Shakspeare's magnitude." Three or four years after this Voltaire wrote a civil letter to Walpole on the subject of his 'Historic Doubts,' and Walpole, in reply, took occasion to apologise for the remarks he had made on Voltaire in the 'preface to a trifling romance.' Voltaire replied, defending his criticism; and the vindicator of Shakspere is then prostrate at the feet of the Frenchman: "One can never, Sir, be sorry to have been in the wrong, when one's errors are pointed out to one in so obliging and masterly a manner. Whatever opinion I may have of Shakspeare, I should think him to blame if he could have seen the letter you have done me the honour to write to me, and yet not conform to the rules you have there laid down. When he lived, there had not been a Voltaire both to give laws to the stage and to show on what good sense those laws were founded. Your art, Sir, goes still further; for you have supported your arguments without having recourse to the best authority, your own works. It was my interest, perhaps, to defend barbarism and irregularity. A great genius is in the right, on the contrary, to show that when correctness, nay, when perfection is demanded, he can still shine, and be himself, whatever fetters are imposed on him. But I will say no more on this head: for I am neither so unpolished as to tell you to your face how much I admire you; nor, though I have taken the liberty to vindicate Shakspeare against your criticism, am I vain enough to think myself an adversary worthy of you. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you, than of contesting them. It was bold in me to dispute with you, even before I had the honour of your acquaintance: it would be ungrateful now, when you have not only taken notice of me, but forgiven me. The admirable letter you have been so good as to send me is a proof that you are one of those truly great and rare men who know at once how to conquer and to pardon."* It is evident from this letter that it was the merest egotism which originally led Walpole to set up for the defender of Shakspere. Voltaire, in common with all of the then French school, held that the language of princes and heroes must be sublime and dignified; or, in other words, they must utter a language not formed naturally and fitly either for the development of exalted passions or ordinary sentiments. Introduce the simple language of common life amongst this conventional dialogue, and an essential discord is necessarily produced. Voltaire, as all the other French dramatists have done, entirely banished the natural language, and fitted the waiting-maid with the same form of raving for the white handkerchief as they bestowed upon the princess. This was consistent. They fancied Shakspere was inconsistent and barbarous when the comic came in contact with the serious, and the elevated was blended with the familiar. They did not see the essential difference between *their* heroic and *his* heroic. He never takes the sublime and the terrible out of the natural; and in the most agonizing situation we encounter the most common images. Neither did Walpole see this essential distinction; and thus he has his ready echo of "barbarism and

* Horace Walpole to Voltaire, July 27, 1756.

irregularity." Had he understood Shakspere, he would not have yielded his position.

In his first letter to Voltaire, Walpole says, "Without knowing it, you have been my master; and perhaps the sole merit that may be found in my writings is owing to my having studied yours." The adroit Frenchman must have laughed a little at this compliment. Walpole was thinking of his Letters, of which the world had then no knowledge. If Voltaire had turned to the works of the Strawberry Hill press, he would have seen little imitation either of his philosophy or of his style. Voltaire, the most subtle of scoffers, was upon occasions an enthusiast. He had a heart. Walpole, even to his most intimate friends, was a scoffer and a scandal-monger; never moved to any thing like warmth, except when talking about the constitution (by which he meant the protection of certain privileged persons in the exclusive enjoyment of public wealth and honour); and only growing earnest in his old age when he was frightened into hysterics about the French Revolution, having in his greener years called the death-warrant of Charles I. 'Charta Major.' He hates authors, as we have seen, because "they are always in earnest, and think their profession serious." If this be a true description of the authors of Walpole's time, the world has lost something by a change; for in our own day a writer who is in earnest is apt to be laughed at by those who conceive that the end of all literature is to amuse, and that its highest reward is to have, as Sterne had, "engagements for three months" to dine somewhere, always provided that there is a lord's card to glitter in the exact spot of the library or drawing-room where the stranger eye can best read and admire. This is fame, and this is happiness. But the silent consolation of high and cheerful thoughts,—the right of entering at pleasure into a world filled with beauty and variety,—the ability to converse with the loftiest and purest spirits, who will neither ridicule, nor envy, nor betray their humble disciple,—the power of going out of the circle of distracting cares into a region where there is always calm and content,—these great blessings of the student's life, whether they end or not in adding to the stock of the world's knowledge, are not the ends which are most proposed according to the fashion of our day to a writer's ambition. The "earnest author" is too often set down for a fool—not seldom for a madman.

To the class of writers that Walpole shunned Rousseau belonged, with all his faults. Walpole's adventures with this remarkable man are characteristic enough of the individual and of the times. His first notice of Rousseau is in a letter from Paris to Lady Harvey, in 1766:—"Mr. Hume carries this letter and Rousseau to England. I wish the former may not repent having engaged with the latter, who contradicts and quarrels with all mankind in order to obtain their admiration. I think both his means and his end below such a genius. If I had talents like his, I should despise any suffrage below my own standard, and should blush to owe any part of my fame to singularities and affectations." Walpole committed a mistake in not seeing that the singularities and affectations were an essential part of the man, and in not treating them therefore with charity and forbearance. After Rousseau had left Paris, Walpole, the hater of impostures, the denouncer of Chatterton as a forger and liar, wrote a letter, purporting to be

from the King of Prussia to Rousseau, which had prodigious success in the French circles, and of course got into all the journals of Europe. This was at a time when the "genius" was proscribed and distressed. Walpole was very proud to his confidential friends of the success of this hoax:—"I enclose a trifle that I wrote lately, which got about and has made enormous noise in a city where they run and cackle after an event, like a parcel of hens after an accidental husk of a grape."* Walpole had no objection to Rousseau's principles; he insulted him because he was a vain man who affected singularity, or, what was more probable, could not avoid being singular. There was honesty at least in Johnson's denunciation of him:—"I think him one of the worst of men; a rascal, who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him, and it is a shame that he is protected in this country. Rousseau, Sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." Johnson would have banished Rousseau to the plantations in talk, but assuredly would have given him a dinner in Bolt Court, and, if his poverty had become extreme, would have admitted him amongst his odd pensioners. Walpole's success in the pretended letter was complete. He writes to Conway: "As you know, I willingly laugh at mountebanks, political or literary, let their talents be ever so great. . . . . The copies have spread like wildfire; *et me voici à la mode!*" Rousseau, in deep affliction, wrote a letter to the editor of the 'London Chronicle,' in which the fabrication had been printed, denouncing it as "a dark transaction." The vanity of Walpole, in regard to this letter, which consists of twenty lines in decent French, in which there is very little humour and no wit, is almost as insane as the vanity of Rousseau. He writes to Chute, to Conway, to Cole, to Gray, to all mankind, to tell of his wonderful performance. To Cole he says, "You will very probably see a letter to Rousseau, in the name of the King of Prussia, writ to laugh at his affectations. It has made excessive noise here, and I believe *quite ruined the author* with many philosophers. When I tell you I was the author, it is telling you how cheap I hold their anger."† When Rousseau had quarrelled with Hume, six months after, it was one of the unhappy man's suspicions that Hume was concerned in the letter from the King of Prussia; and then Walpole thus writes to Hume: "I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the King of Prussia's letter; but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you stayed there, out of delicacy to you, but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him."‡ We have a suspicion that Walpole's delicacy was sometimes measured by his cowardice. Warburton, writing to Hurd, took a just view of the whole transaction: "As to Rousseau, I entirely agree with you that his long letter to his brother philosopher, Hume, shows him to be a frank lunatic. His passion of tears, his suspicion of his friends in the

* Horace Walpole to Chute, January, 1766. † Horace Walpole to Cole, January 18, 1766.
‡ Horace Walpole to Hume, July 26, 1766.

midst of their services, and his incapacity of being set right, all consign him to Monro. Walpole's pleasantry upon him had baseness in its very conception. It was written when the poor man had determined to seek an asylum in England, and is, therefore, justly and generously condemned by D'Alembert. This considered, Hume failed both in honour and friendship not to show his dislike; which neglect seems to have kindled the first spark of combustion in this madman's brain. However, the contestation is very amusing, and I shall be sorry if it stops, now it is in so good a train. I should be well pleased, particularly, to see so seraphic a madman attack so insufferable a coxcomb as Walpole; and I think they are only fit for one another."

There can be no doubt that Walpole's coxcombity must have been "insufferable" in his own day, except amongst a favoured few. It is perfectly clear, from his letters, that he had no reverence for anything—but himself. His affectation was as excessive as that of Rousseau; but it went in another direction. He fancied that he could afford to speak contemptuously of all political men; although, whilst himself a politician, he was the merest tool of party, and never made a single honest attempt to earn one penny of the thousands which the nation bestowed upon him. As a man of fashion, he was eternally holding up his friends to ridicule; though he went quite as far in their follies as a feeble frame would carry him. As a man of letters, he affected to despise nearly all other men of letters: what is there but affectation in thus writing to Hume—"My letter hinted, too, my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men."* What is the secret of all this affectation? He wanted a heart, and he thought it very clever to let the world know it; for he was deeply imbued with the low philosophy of his age, which thought it wisdom to appear to love nothing, to fear nothing, to reverence nothing.

The world in Walpole's own day took up an opinion which it will not easily part with—that he behaved heartlessly to the unfortunate Chatterton. In March, 1769, when Chatterton was little more than sixteen years old, he addressed a letter from Bristol to Horace Walpole, offering to supply him with accounts of a succession of painters who had flourished at Bristol, which accounts, he said, had been discovered with some ancient poems in that city, specimens of which he enclosed. It was about six months before this that Chatterton had communicated to Felix Farley's 'Bristol Journal' his celebrated 'Description of the Friars first passing over the old bridge, taken from an ancient manuscript;' and very soon after the publication of that remarkable imitation of an ancient document, he produced, from time to time, various poems, which he attributed to Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, and which became the subject of the most remarkable literary controversy of modern times. Walpole replied to Chatterton's first communication with ready politeness; but when Chatterton solicited his assistance in quitting a profession which he disliked, his application was neglected, and the poor boy threw himself upon the world of London without a friend. He then demanded his manuscripts, in a letter which was too

* Horace Walpole to Hume, November 6, 1766.

manly and independent to receive from Walpole any other name than "impertinent." The manuscripts were returned in a blank cover. This was the extent of Walpole's offence; and, looking at the man's character, it is impossible to think he could have acted otherwise. He probably doubted the ability of the friendless boy to furnish the information he required; he suspected that the papers sent to him were fabricated. When Chatterton wrote to him as one man of letters has a right to address another, he could not brook the assumed equality; and he revenged himself by the pettiness of aristocratic insolence. Had he sought out the boy who had given this evidence of his spirit as well as of his talent, he would not have been Horace Walpole. The unhappy boy "perished in his pride" in August, 1770. Walpole was assailed for many years for his conduct towards Chatterton, and he seems at times to have felt the charge very keenly. He thus addresses himself to the editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies: "Chatterton was neither indigent nor distressed at the time of his correspondence with me; he was maintained by his mother, and lived with a lawyer. His only pleas to my assistance were, disgust to his profession, inclination to poetry, and communication of some suspicious MSS. His distress was the consequence of quitting his master, and coming to London, and of his other extravagances. He had depended on the impulse of the talents he felt for making impression, and lifting him to wealth, honours, and fame. I have already said that I should have been blameable to his mother and society if I had seduced an apprentice from his master to marry him to the nine Muses; and I should have encouraged a propensity to forgery, which is not the talent most wanting culture in the present age." In 1777, when the 'Monthly Review' had been attacking him on the subject of Chatterton, he thus wrote to Cole: "I believe M'Pherson's success with 'Ossian' was more the ruin of Chatterton than I. Two years passed between my doubting the authenticity of Rowley's poems and his death. I never knew he had been in London till some time after he had undone and poisoned himself there. The poems he sent me were transcripts in his own hand, and even in that circumstance he told a lie: he said he had them from the very person at Bristol to whom he had given them." In this letter he adds, "I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius." Walpole does not appear to have seen that he was in this dilemma; either the poems which he had received from Chatterton were authentic, and, if so, the greatest curiosities in our language; or they were fabricated by an "astonishing genius." Walpole, we believe, did not see the extraordinary merit of the poems. His taste was not of the highest quality. When the world agreed that a great spirit had been amongst them, and had perished untimely, Walpole, in self-defence, dwelt upon his "forgery" and his "imposisitions." He probably forgot that a work had been published in 1765, under the following title, "The Castle of Otranto, a Story translated by William Marshal, Gent., from the original Italian of Ouphrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto:" and that the preface to this translation from the Italian thus commences—"The following work was found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England. It was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529." Who can say that, if Chatterton had lived, he would not have avowed the Rowley poems to be his own, as Walpole afterwards

acknowledged the 'Castle of Otranto?' And where, then, would have been the forgery any more than in the fabrication of the "Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas?"

Ten years after Chatterton's death Walpole quieted his conscience by continuing to call the marvellous charity-boy "young villain" and "young rascal;" but an occasion rose in which genius might be patronised without incurring the risk of an impertinent letter. Miss Hannah More had found a milk-woman at Bristol who wrote verses; and they were just such verses as Hannah More and Horace Walpole would think very wonderful; so a subscription is to be raised for the milk-woman, Mistress Ann Yearsley. "Her ear," according to a letter of Walpole to Miss More in 1784, "is perfect," her "taste" is unexceptionable. Walpole prescribes her studies: "Give her Dryden's 'Cock and Fox,' the standard of good sense, poetry, nature, and ease. . . . Prior's 'Solomon,' (for I doubt his 'Alma,' though far superior, is too learned for her limited reading,) would be very proper. . . . Read and explain to her a charming poetic familiarity called the 'Blue-stocking Club.'" Imagine that poor Chatterton had been more unfortunate than he really was—*had* been patronised by Horace Walpole, permitted a garret to sleep in, advanced to the honours of the butler's table, and taught by the profound critic, that Spenser was wretched stuff, and Shakspere's

[Horace Walpole.]

'Midsummer Night's Dream' "forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera-books."* The milk-woman became restive

* Horace Walpole to Bentley, February 23, 1755.

under the control of Hannah More, and she quarrelled with her patroness, upon which afflicting occurrence Walpole thus condoles with his friend: "You are not only benevolence itself, but, with fifty times the genius of a Yearsley, you are void of vanity. How strange that vanity should expel gratitude! Does not the wretched woman owe her fame to you, as well as her affluence? I can testify your labours for both. Dame Yearsley reminds me of the Troubadours, those vagrants whom I used to admire till I knew their history; and who used to pour out trumpery verses, and flatter or abuse accordingly as they were housed and clothed, or dismissed to the next parish. Yet you did not set this person in the stocks, after procuring an annuity for her!" * It is impossible to have a clearer notion of what Walpole and such as Walpole meant by patronage. The Baron of Otranto would have thought it the perfection of benevolence to have housed and clothed a troubadour; but the stocks and the whipping-post would have been ready for any treasonable assertion of independence. The days of chivalry are gone, and, heaven be praised, those of patronage are gone after them!

Walpole, like many other very clever men, could not perfectly appreciate the highest excellence, and yet could see the ridiculous side of the pretenders to wit and poetry. He laughs, as Gifford laughed, at 'Della Crusca;' and he has told the follies of Batheaston with his characteristic liveliness:—

"You must know that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle-tree, a weeping-willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been new-christened Helicon. Ten years ago there lived a Madam Riggs, an old rough humorist who passed for a wit; her daughter, who passed for nothing, married to a Captain Miller, full of good-natured officiousness. These good folks were friends of Miss Rich, who carried me to dine with them at Batheaston, now Pindus. They caught a little of what was then called taste, built and planted, and begot children, till the whole caravan were forced to go abroad to retrieve. Alas! Mrs. Miller is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth Muse, as romantic as Mademoiselle Scuderi, and as sophisticated as Mrs. Vesey. The Captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with *virtù*, and, that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bouts-rimés* as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival; six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest compositions, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope Miller, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle—with—I don't know what. You may think this is fiction or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers! The collection is printed, published. Yes, on my faith, there are *bouts-rimés* on a buttered muffin, made by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland; receipts to make them, by Corydon the venerable, alias George Pitt; others, very pretty, by Lord Palmerston; some by Lord Carlisle; many by Mrs. Miller herself, that have no fault but wanting metre; and immortality promised to her without end or measure. In short

* Horace Walpole to Hannah More, October 14, 1787.

since folly, which never ripens to madness but in this hot climate, ran distracted, there never was anything so entertaining or so dull—for you cannot read so long as I have been telling."*

When poetry was essentially an affair of "hearts" and "darts," it was no wonder that a mob of silly fashionable people set up for poets. The whole age was wanting in taste: it was not poetical because it was superficial. But it was a very different age from our own, when the national intellect is divided between utilitarians and those called by utilitarians non-utilitarians. May it long be so divided! May those who believe only in what is gross and palpable to sense go apart from those who cherish what belongs to the spiritual. Ask them not to believe. Let them make the most of their microscopes, their telescopes, their chemical affinities, their scalpels. Yet, a new generation will be fed and grow upon what they despise. It is feeding, and it is growing. Its aliment is as abundant as the rain, the dew, and the sunshine. It has nothing exclusive, to gratify a small distinction; and it will not feed upon husks. The Walpoles belong to neither class of this day.

The intercourse between Hannah More and Horace Walpole began in 1781. It was an odd intimacy; but compliments freely received and bestowed made it agreeable, no doubt, to both parties. Here is a pretty note from Horace Walpole, written with a crowquill pen upon the sweetest-scented paper: "Mr. Walpole thanks Miss More a thousand times, not only for so obligingly complying with his request, but for letting him have the satisfaction of possessing and reading again and again her charming and very genteel poem, the 'Bas Bleu.' He ought not, in modesty, to commend so much a piece in which he himself is flattered; but truth is more durable than blushing, and he must be just, though he may be vain."† Walpole could bear flattery better than Dr. Johnson: "Mrs. Thrale then told a story of Hannah More, which, I think, exceeds in its severity all the severe things I have yet heard of Dr. Johnson's saying. When she was introduced to him, not long ago, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise has given him: she then redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly, till at length he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, 'Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having.'"‡ As Miss More grew older, she, no doubt, grew wiser; and Walpole himself, with a very prevailing inclination to ridicule what he called her saintliness, came to respect her for her virtues, instead of continuing to burn incense to her genius. The last indication of their friendship appears in his giving her a Bible, which she wished he would read himself.

We have now run through the London of Horace Walpole, with reference only to his connection with the fashion and the literature of his times. His cor-

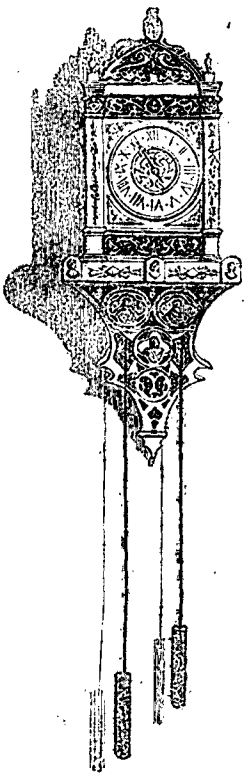
* Horace Walpole to Conway, Jan. 15, 1775.
† Horace Walpole to Hannah More, May 6, 1784
‡ Madame d'Arblay's Diary, vol. i. p. 103.

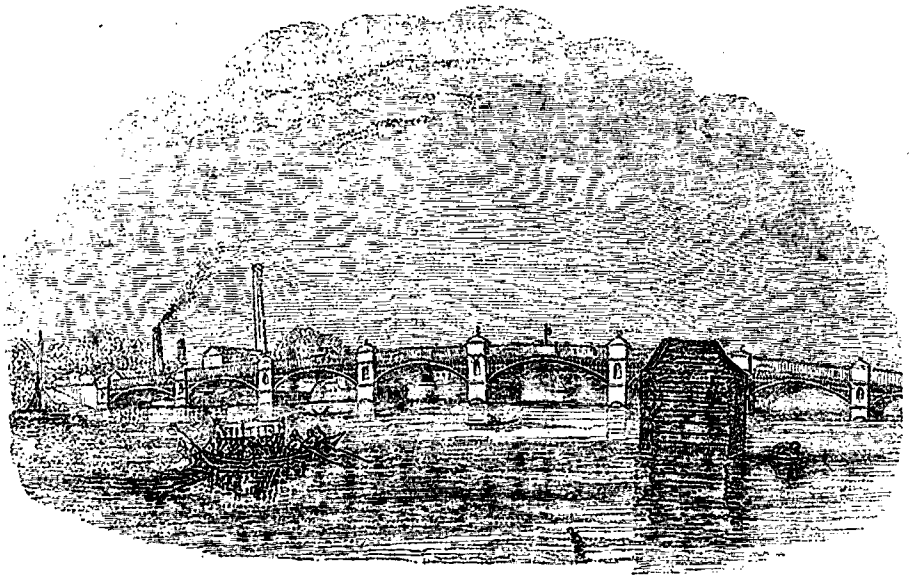
respondence, as we have before observed, indicates little association with the more eminent literary men of his long day, and no very great sympathy for the best things which they produced. There is scarcely any other general aspect of London of which his works hold up a mirror. The chief value of his letters consists in his lively descriptions of those public events whose nicer details would, without such a chronicler, be altogether hid under the varnish of what we call history. It is evident that with such details our work has no concern. We shall conclude, therefore, with a brief notice or two, by Walpole, of the physical increase of London. In 1791 he thus writes to the Miss Berrys:—"Though London increases every day, and Mr. Herschel has just discovered a new square or circus somewhere by the New Road, in the Via Lactea, where the cows used to be fed, I believe you will think the town cannot hold all its inhabitants, so prodigiously the population is augmented. I have twice been going to stop my coach in Piccadilly (and the same has happened to Lady Ailesbury), thinking there was a mob, and it was only nymphs and swains sauntering or trudging. T'other morning, *i.e.* at two o'clock, I went to see Mrs. Garrick and Miss Hannah More at the Adelphi, and was stopped five times before I reached Northumberland House; for the tides of coaches, chariots, curricles, phaëtons, &c., are endless. Indeed the town is so extended, that the breed of chairs is almost lost; for Hercules and Atlas could not carry anybody from one end of the enormous capital to the other. How magnified would be the error of the young woman at St. Helena, who, some years ago, said to a captain of an Indiaman, 'I suppose London is very empty when the India ships come out.'" And again, in the same year, "The Duke of St. Albans has cut down all the brave old trees at Hanworth, and consequently reduced his park to what it issued from—Hounslow Heath; nay, he has hired a meadow next to mine, for the benefit of embarkation; and there lie all the good old corpses of oaks, ashes, and chestnuts, directly before *your* windows, and blocking up one of my views of the river! But, so impetuous is the rage for building, that his Grace's timber will, I trust, not annoy us long. There will soon be one street from London to Brentford—aye, and from London to every village ten miles round! Lord Camden has just let ground at Kentish Town for building fourteen hundred houses—nor do I wonder; London is, I am certain, much fuller than ever I saw it. I have twice this spring been going to stop my coach in Piccadilly, to inquire what was the matter, thinking there was a mob:—not at all; it was only passengers. Nor is there any complaint of depopulation from the country: Bath shoots out into new crescents, circuses, and squares every year; Birmingham, Manchester, Hull, and Liverpool would serve any king in Europe for a capital, and would make the Empress of Russia's mouth water."

The last letter of Horace Walpole is a striking contrast to the vivacity, the curiosity, the acute observation, which made him for sixty years the most lively of correspondents:—"I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three very private places, where I see nobody that really knows anything; and what I learn comes from newspapers, that collect intelligence from coffee-houses, consequently what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages, who

are each brought to me once a year to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family; and they can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest no more than if they talked of their dolls, or bats or balls."* Like the clock at Strawberry Hill, which Henry VIII. gave to Anne Boleyn, Walpole was fast ceasing to be a timekeeper: he was a worn-out relic of the past.

* Horace Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, January 13, 1797.





[Vauxhall Bridge.]

LXI.—VAUXHALL, WATERLOO, AND SOUTHWARK BRIDGES.

THE "Silent Highway," the "Tunnel," and the bridges of London, Westminster, and Blackfriars, having been already treated of, there remain only the more recent structures above-named for the present paper. In thus concluding the entire subject of the Thames and the modes of communication between its opposite banks, we shall adopt a method that will enable us, whilst noticing in detail the particular bridges in question, to look at the whole of these great works in a more connected manner than we have hitherto had a favourable opportunity of doing. At the same time we may notice some of those interesting buildings or memorials that enrich the intervening parts of the river. A stranger, visiting for the first time these edifices of which he had heard so much, should pass directly from one to another, whilst the impressions made on his mind are yet fresh, each illustrating each, and thus survey the whole. The exceeding lightness of the iron arches of Vauxhall, for instance, will thus impress more strongly on his mind the gigantic, almost castle-looking solidity of Westminster, and speak as plainly of the different dates of their erection as if he beheld the figures written up on their fronts. Thus, also, he will see with what happy propriety the bridges, and their positions in the metropolis, are united: Vauxhall, at one extremity, will remind him that he is approaching the termination of this vast aggregate of peopled

habitations, where, if "trade" still "stirs and hurries," it is with greatly decreased velocity and amount, whilst London, at the other, is equally characteristic of the wonderful traffic it was built to accommodate; and Waterloo, almost midway between the two, and in the very heart of the metropolis, is, in its graceful beauty and its perfect strength, the building above all others best fitted to be the central object, towards which the other bridges on both sides seem, as it were, to lead. The best mode of viewing the bridges when, as is most commonly the case, time is of consequence, and a rapid survey alone desired, is to take the steam-boat from Chelsea to London Bridge. As we stand upon the newly-erected pier, with its two handsome stone archways, waiting the departure of the boat, we may include in our survey Battersea Bridge, a still better starting-point for the eye than Vauxhall, with its rude timber superstructure, and its eighteen or twenty piers. This was built in 1771 by a company of proprietors, fifteen in number, who advanced each 1500*l*. We cannot see Putney Bridge,—that is too far up the river, but it is of little consequence; for in style, we may say with an alteration of the well-known phrase, it out-Batterseas Battersea. But though Putney Bridge is of little consequence in itself, its history has one passage too rich to be omitted, and which illustrates very amusingly the nature of the opposition that so long retarded the erection of a second bridge in or near London. From the Hon. Mr. Grey's collection of the Debates of the House of Commons during the latter portion of the seventeenth century, we extract the following recorded opinions:—

"Tuesday, April 4 (1671).—A bill for building another bridge over the river Thames from Putney was read.

"Mr. Jones, member for London.—This bill will question the very being of London: next to the pulling down of the borough of Southwark, nothing can ruin it more.

"Mr. Waller [the poet].—As for the imposition laid by this bill, men may go by water if they please, and not over the bridge, and so pay nothing. If ill for Southwark, it is good for this end of the town, where court and parliament are. At Paris there are many bridges; at Venice hundreds. We are still obstructing public things.

"Sir Thomas Lee.—This bill will make the new buildings at this end of the town let the better, and fears the bill is only for that purpose.

"Colonel Birch.—Finds it equal to men whether it does them hurt or they think it does them hurt.

"Sir William Thompson.—When a convenience has been so long possessed as this has been, it is hard to remove it. This will make the skirts (though not London) too big for the whole body; the rents of London Bridge, for the maintenance of it, will be destroyed. This bridge will cause sands and shelves, and have an effect upon the low-bridge navigation, and cause the ships to lie as low as Woolwich; it will affect your navigation, your seamen, and your western barges, who cannot pass at low water. Would reject the bill.

"Colonel Stroude.—In no city where bridges are were they all built at a time. No city in the world is so long as ours, and here is but one passage for five miles.

"Mr. Boscawen.—If a bridge at Putney, why not at Lambeth, and more?

"Sir John Bennet.—Says the Lord Mayor and Aldermen did agree to it, if it were for no other reason than to be secured from a bridge at Lambeth.

"Mr. Love.—The Lord Mayor of this year is of a different opinion from him of the last year. If carts go over, the city must be destroyed by it," &c. &c.

The Bill was rejected by 67 to 54.

The steam-boat now receives us, and we are soon gliding rapidly on towards Vauxhall, passing in our way many a place or building of literary or historical interest. There on our left, just beyond the pier, you see, in that handsome row of lofty aristocratical-looking houses facing the river, the building once occupied by the famous Don Saltero, and where you may still take a cup of coffee or a glass of wine, and muse over all the old memories of the famous Museum of Curiosities. On the same side, within the walls of that ancient church with its brick tower, lie buried the mutilated remains of the great Chancellor More (a fine monument marks the spot); and it was there that, whilst Lord Chancellor, he was accustomed to put on a surplice, and sing in the choir with the other choristers. We look in vain for any traces of More's house; that house which Henry at one time so loved to visit, and where More introduced Holbein to his notice; that house at which Erasmus too was a frequent visitor whilst in England, and of which he speaks in such delightful terms. "With him" (More), he says, "you might imagine yourself in the academy of Plato. But I should do injustice to his house by comparing it to the academy of Plato, where numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes moral virtues, were the subjects of discussion: it would be more just to call it a school and an exercise of the Christian religion. All its inhabitants, male and female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no angry word, was heard in it; no one was idle; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness." The great court of Chelsea Hospital here too extends its front to the water, with its porticoes and piazzas, reminding us of the poor orange girl, Nell Gwynn, who, according to the tradition, lived to influence a king's mind to the accomplishment of such a work; and where those trees, with their intensely black foliage expanded horizontally on the air, attract the eye, is the botanical garden of the Apothecaries' Company; and the trees are cedars of Lebanon, grown, we believe, from slips of the original Syrian trees of Scripture, presented to Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the garden. On the other side of the river the white stones of the "marge," and the bright green of the sward of the embankment above, show that London has not yet extended so far; indeed, in the proper season one may see the ripe corn waving to and fro in the broad low-lying meadows of Battersea beyond. The steam-boat here stops for an instant nearly opposite a place famous in the annals of Cockney diversions, the Red House. From whence there is little to attract attention till we reach Vauxhall.

This structure was at first called Regent Bridge, we presume from the circumstance that the first stone was laid by Lord Dundas, as proxy for the Prince Regent (George IV.); but one chief advantage of the proposed structure having in all probability been the facility it would afford to the visitors of the famous gardens, the name of Vauxhall was eventually given to it. We have now, probably, lost the gardens for ever; it is pleasant therefore to have some memorial of the

spot made so familiar to us by the writings of our great men. Vauxhall Bridge is of iron, and, it is said, the lightest structure of the kind in Europe. It has been supposed that we are the inventors of iron bridges, but the nation that lays claim to so many other wonders undoubtedly has the best right to this, as may be seen from a reference to Du Halde's work on *China*. Vauxhall, like Putney and Westminster, was opposed by the City—the event shows with what success. The work was carried on by a body of shareholders, who were to be repaid by tolls. The original proposer was a gentleman we have before had occasion to mention as the projector of tunnels, Mr. Ralph Dodd, who certainly does seem to have had the misfortune of constantly witnessing other men reaping the honours he had sown. The managers of Vauxhall seem to have been particularly difficult to please. Not only Mr. Dodd, but Sir J. Bentham and Mr. Rennie were for a short time employed by them, whilst, after all, the design of the existing bridge belongs to Mr. James Walker. The work was commenced on the 9th of May, 1811, the weather that day being so bad that, although the coins, &c., were deposited by the Regent's proxy, the stone was left for the time uncovered. In September, 1813, Prince Charles, eldest son of the Duke of Brunswick (so soon after killed at Waterloo), laid the first stone of the abutments on the Surrey side. The entire work was finished in 1816, at an expense of about 300,000*l*., and opened in the month of July. The iron superstructure with its nine arches is supported on rusticated stone piers. The arches are equal; each 78 feet in span; the roadway measures 36 feet across; and the entire length of the bridge is 809 feet.

We are again on our way, and some of the passengers are wondering what that strange-looking building can be, with so many angular wings and small extinguisher-capped towers or buttresses on the left: that is the Penitentiary, where Bentham had hoped to have seen his views on prison discipline carried out, but was thwarted by the personal influence of King George III., in opposition to his own ministry; and although the building was erected according to his designs, the plan pursued with regard to discipline was not Bentham's. As we pass the Horseferry, where, prior to the erection of the bridge we are fast approaching (Westminster), passengers were accustomed to cross, we are reminded of one proposal that has never yet been carried into effect—a proposal for another metropolitan bridge, to extend from the Horseferry to Lambeth stairs, beside the gateway of Lambeth Palace. It was to be called the Royal Clarence Bridge, and an Act was brought into Parliament. But there the matter seems to have stopped, and is likely to remain; so we must content ourselves, if we desire to cross the Thames here, with the same mode of conveyance which prevailed so far back as the seventh century; when, according to the old legend, St. Peter descended to perform himself the act of dedication to himself of the new church which Sebert, King of the East Saxons, had just built on the site of the ruins of a temple of Apollo, flung down by an earthquake. St. Peter, it appears, descended on the Surrey side, with a host of heavenly choristers, but the night being stormy had great difficulty in finding any one to carry him over. Edric, a fisherman, at length crossed with him in his wherry, beheld the illumination which streamed forth from the church windows, and then took the saint back to the Surrey shore; being rewarded on his way by a miraculous draught of salmon,

and the promise that if he gave a tenth to the church, he should never want plenty of that fish. Such is the relation of the circumstances attending the earliest erection of a church on the site of the abbey whose beautiful towers yet appear above the line of the unfinished houses of Parliament, but which promise when completed to shut them entirely out from our present point of view. In our account of Westminster Bridge we have referred to the sinking of the western pier of the fifteen foot arch, and the consequent removal of the arch. We are now passing through it, and the circumstance reminds us of a feature of this accident which previously escaped our attention. A great deal of ingenuity was shown in rebuilding the arch, which was made double; we have since found that Stukely was the author of the plan which Labelye followed on that occasion, and from his communication to the 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1760, in which he lays claim to the "interlaced arch," the enthusiastic antiquary appears to have been very proud of it.

From Westminster to Waterloo there is little on either side of individual interest to attract the attention, unless the scientific mysteries of the shot-towers on one side, or the grave respectability of many of the old houses yet remaining on the other, with their projecting bow windows—those not unworthy-looking descendants of the old palatial mansions of the place—be considered exceptions. There is the fine water-gate, too, of Inigo Jones, the last remnant of the mansion of the haughty Duke of Buckingham. Waterloo Bridge is now immediately

[Waterloo Bridge.]

before us; and, as we gaze long and earnestly on that exquisite combination of all that is most valuable in bridge architecture with all that is most beautiful,—the broad and level roadway, and the light and elegant balustrade, the almost indestructible foundations, and the airy sweep of the arches they support,—we feel the justice of Canova's opinion, that this is the finest bridge in Europe; and can appreciate the great artist's enthusiasm when he added that it was alone worth coming from Rome to London to see. And in Canova's words the opinion of professional men, English and foreign, as well as of the most enlightened

connoisseurs, has found voice. Can our readers imagine a paltry wooden bridge standing in its room? We had a narrow escape of such an anti-climax between the bridge and its central position. The first movers in the affair had determined on the erection of a timber structure, with the idea of raising tolls sufficient in time to have built one of stone: we fear it would have been a very long time. The opposition of the City in this case had a salutary effect. For three successive sessions the matter was hotly contested, and the company put to enormous expense; but at last they manfully resolved to have a structure worthy of the spot, and an Act for a stone bridge was obtained in 1809. The proprietors were incorporated under the title of the "Strand Bridge Company," with power to raise 500,000*l*., but which was subsequently increased from time to time, and ultimately above a million was expended on the work. The man whose name is so indissolubly connected with some of the mightiest outward manifestations of the greatness of London, her bridges and docks (we refer to the late Mr. John Rennie), was applied to for designs. This gentleman was the son of a farmer of Phantassie, in Haddingtonshire (Scotland), and had risen to the eminence he enjoyed through the successive stages of a country schoolmaster, who, whilst teaching what he himself knew, was a most assiduous attendant upon the lectures of others, and thus stored up that deep and extensive acquaintance with mechanical philosophy which was afterwards to be so valuable;—a working mechanist, earning his livelihood with his own hands and by the sweat of his own brow; and lastly, a confidential assistant of Messrs. Watt and Boulton, who employed him in the construction of the immense flour-works which stood for a short time near Blackfriars Bridge, but which were burnt down in 1791, only two years after their erection. From this period his talents became widely known and were in continual requisition. The stone bridges of Kelso, Musselburgh, &c., the Grand Western, the Aberdeen, and the Kennet and Avon Canals, the drainage of the fens at Witham in Lincolnshire, the London Docks, the East and the West India at Blackwall, the new docks at Hull, the Prince's at Liverpool, those of Dublin, Greenock, and Leith, and lastly, the famous Breakwater of Plymouth, are but a portion of the works which he has been the chief means of giving to our country. In London one half the bridges, and those the finest, may be said to belong to him; for whilst Waterloo and Southwark were built under his direct superintendence, he also furnished the designs for London, which, after his death in 1821, were acted upon by his son, the present Sir John Rennie. Two designs were furnished for the proposed Strand Bridge, one with seven, the other with nine arches: the last was adopted. The site chosen was the space extending from a little to the west of Somerset Place, on the Middlesex shore, to a part close by Cuper's Bridge on that of Surrey. The name of Cuper is connected with a once famous garden, a sort of small and low Vauxhall, which Pennant remembered as the resort of the profligate of both sexes. Cuper, it appears, had been gardener to the collector of the well-known statues, the Earl of Arundel, and begged from his noble master several of his mutilated statues to ornament the "Garden." The place was also noted for its fireworks. Of the alterations in the respective neighbourhoods on both sides the river since the erection of the bridge, the traces are too legible, on the most cursory

inspection, to need much explanation. The great street or road from the bridge to the Obelisk in St. George's Fields is entirely new, as is also the continuation of Stamford Street into the Westminster Road. The splendid approaches on the other side also date from the erection of the bridge. During the progress of the latter, the site of Waterloo Place was partly occupied by remains of the Savoy Palace, its fine Gothic windows and buttressed walls exciting the grief of many an antiquary who came to look on them for the last time. With these was also swept away the chapel of the German Reformed Protestants.

The first stone of the bridge was laid on the 11th of October, 1811, when a block of Cornish granite was lowered over an excavation containing gold and silver coins of the reign, and a plate with a suitable inscription. The foundations, unlike those of Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, were laid in coffer-dams. This was the most expensive, but the most certain and durable mode. The ground was found to consist mainly of a stratum of gravel over a stratum of clay, into which piles of beech and elm, twenty feet long and twelve thick, were driven in three concentric rows. The whole was then strengthened by masonry. The surface of the piers, as well as of the abutments and entire superstructure, were built of blocks of Craigleith and Derbyshire granite. In building the arches, the stones were rammed together with great force, so that when the centres were removed not one of them sunk more than an inch and a half. It has been well said that the accuracy of the work is as extraordinary as its beauty. Not the least noticeable part of the bridge are the series of arches on each side, which raise the road to the level of the bridge. There are no less than thirty-nine of these semicircular brick arches on the Surrey side, each of sixteen feet span, in addition to one of larger dimensions, that crosses the road now lying buried, as it were, in the hollow beneath; and sixteen on the Strand side. Over these arches is carried a magnificent roadway of 70 feet in width. If to the length of the bridge, 1326 feet, we add the abutments, 54, and the range of brick arches, 1076, we have a total length of 2456 feet! A writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' some years ago, speaking of the pride of the Parisians in their three new bridges (for they, like us, added that number to their capital in the early part of the present century), says that even in surface and mass alone Waterloo would surpass the three bridges united. Certainly the dimensions we have given divest the remark of any appearance of exaggeration.

As the work advanced towards completion, the name (Strand Bridge) was altered, for reasons thus expressed in the Act of Parliament of 1816, relating to the structure:—"Whereas the said bridge, when completed, will be a work of great stability and magnificence, and such works are adapted to transmit to posterity the remembrance of great and glorious achievements, and whereas the company of proprietors are desirous that a designation shall be given to the said bridge which shall be a lasting record of the brilliant and decisive victory [Waterloo], achieved by his Majesty's forces, in conjunction with those of his allies, on the 18th day of June, 1815." The bridge thus received the appellation it now bears. Similar considerations fixed the date of the public opening. "June 18 (1817).—This day, the anniversary of the glorious victory of Waterloo, the magnificent new bridge which crosses the Thames from the Strand was opened with appro-

priate ceremonies. In the forenoon a detachment of the Horse Guards posted themselves on the bridge, and about three o'clock a discharge of two hundred and two guns, in commemoration of the number of cannon taken from the enemy, announced the arrival of the Prince Regent, and other illustrious personages, who came in barges from the Earl of Liverpool's at Whitehall. The royal party passed through the centre arch, and landed on the Surrey side, where the procession formed. It was headed by the Prince Regent; with the Duke of York on his right, and the Duke of Wellington on his left, in the uniform of field-marshals; followed by a train of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and members of both Houses of Parliament. On reaching the Middlesex side of the bridge, the company re-embarked, and returned to Whitehall. Every spot commanding a view of the bridge was crowded with spectators."*

About this very time, whilst the public admiration was universally lavished upon the work, a curious claim appeared in the publication from which we transcribe the foregoing account of the opening of the structure. It was known that Mr. Ralph Dodd had been the original projector of a bridge at this part of the Thames, as well as at Vauxhall; but it appears he was by no means satisfied with that amount of acknowledgment, but expressly claimed the design of the existing edifice; and, by way of proof, offered to exhibit his original plans to whoever thought proper to see them. † This is curious, but still more so is the fact that we do not find any immediate answer given to the statement in the publication where it appeared—if indeed, which seems doubtful, one was given to it at all.

Another claim to some of the chief features of Waterloo Bridge has been put forward by the French for their bridge at Neuilly; and certainly the architect of that bridge set the example of the equal arches and level roadway, which were adopted in the bridges of Vauxhall and Waterloo. The arches of the latter are of a semi-elliptical form, having a span of one hundred and twenty feet, and a height of thirty above the high water even of spring-tides. The piers, thirty feet wide, are decorated by double (three-quarter) columns of the Grecian Doric style, supporting an entablature, which forms within a square raised recess. Standing on the seat of this recess, one has perhaps the finest view of London that can be obtained, and which is enhanced by the quiet and comparative solitude of the place—a strange advantage, by the way, for such a bridge, and one that, however much we may individually appreciate, we should be glad to see lost by the removal of its cause—the toll. A Society has been for some time in active operation, which will no doubt ultimately succeed in doing away with this very injurious restriction on the utility of the structure. The tolls on Vauxhall and Southwark Bridges, which also fall within the scope of the Society's labours, will no doubt share the same fate. The great increase of passengers over Waterloo since the reduction of the toll from a penny to a halfpenny, shows how many must have previously submitted to inconvenience for the sake of the veriest trifle apparently, but which perhaps was felt not to be a trifle, and may serve as a still more valuable illustration of the multitudes who would avail themselves of this bridge if there was no toll whatever imposed.

* Gent.'s Mag., 1817. † Ibid. May, 1817.

The expense of Waterloo Bridge has excited much comment, and it was, as we have stated, above a million—a most enormous sum to be expended in a single work; but the homely principle, that it is better to do a thing well at first, than trust to after-patchings and improvements, was never more strikingly illustrated than in the bridges of London. Waterloo is built of granite, in the most perfect manner, and the foundations and piers have been laid so as to last for ages uninjured; but certainly it was dear, or at least expensive. On the other hand, Blackfriars and Westminster are—partly from the soft nature of the stone, partly from the inadequacy of the foundations—constantly under repair (something like a hundred thousand pounds, we believe, is now being expended on the latter); but they were cheap! The beauty of Waterloo Bridge every one can see; its strength must be tested by time: but it seems certain, that if ever a work was built with promise of permanence it is this. How much intelligent foreigners have been impressed with its solid grandeur, we may see in the enthusiasm of M. Dupin, the author of the well-known work on the 'Commercial Power of England,' who says, "If, from the incalculable effect of the revolutions which empires undergo, the nations of a future age should demand one day what was formerly the new Sidon, and what has become of the Tyre of the West, which covered with her vessels every sea,—the most of the edifices, devoured by a destructive climate, will no longer exist to answer the curiosity of man by the voice of monuments; but the Waterloo Bridge, built in the centre of the commercial world, will exist to tell the most remote generations, 'This was a rich, industrious, and powerful city.' The traveller, on beholding this superb monument, will suppose that some great prince wished, by many years of labour, to consecrate for ever the glory of his life by this imposing structure; but if tradition instruct the traveller that six years sufficed for the undertaking and finishing this work—if he learns that an association of a number of private individuals was rich enough to defray the expense of this colossal monument, worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars—he will admire still more the nation in which similar undertakings could be the fruit of the efforts of a few obscure individuals, lost in the crowd of industrious citizens."

In taking a farewell glance at this bridge, we remember with pain how many unfortunates have stood shivering in those very recesses, taking *their* last farewell of the world in which they had experienced so much misery. We have no idea, nor do we wish to have, of the entire extent of this dreadful evil, which has of late years given a new and most unhappy kind of celebrity to Waterloo Bridge, but the cases of accomplished and attempted suicide here must have been fearfully numerous. A suicide, as it almost deserves to be called, of another but scarcely less harrowing kind, will be in every one's memory, and of which we have already spoken, that of the American diver, Scott.*

Between Waterloo and Blackfriars Bridges, the magnificent façade of Somerset House, and the fresh-looking gardens of the Temple, are the chief objects of attraction—each calling up a long train of historical memories. The name of the first recalls the memory of the reckless statesman who built the earlier mansion

* Vol. i. p. 418.

here with the materials derived from the old Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, the cloisters of old St. Paul's, the tower and part of the body of the Church of St. John of Jerusalem, and the inns of the Bishops of Worcester, Lichfield and Coventry, Llandaff, and an inn of Chancery called the Strand Inn, in which Occleve, a poet of the reign of Henry V., is supposed to have studied. As to the Temple Gardens, who does not remember the famous scene of the Roses in Shakspere's 'Henry VI.'? It was into these very gardens, as being "more convenient," that the contentious lords, Plantagenet and Somerset, adjourned from the hall, where they were "too loud," and Plantagenet, impatient at finding the other nobles unwilling to give an opinion as to who is right in the quarrel, exclaimed—

> "Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
> In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
> Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
> And stands upon the honour of his birth,
> If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
> From off this brier pluck a white rose with me."

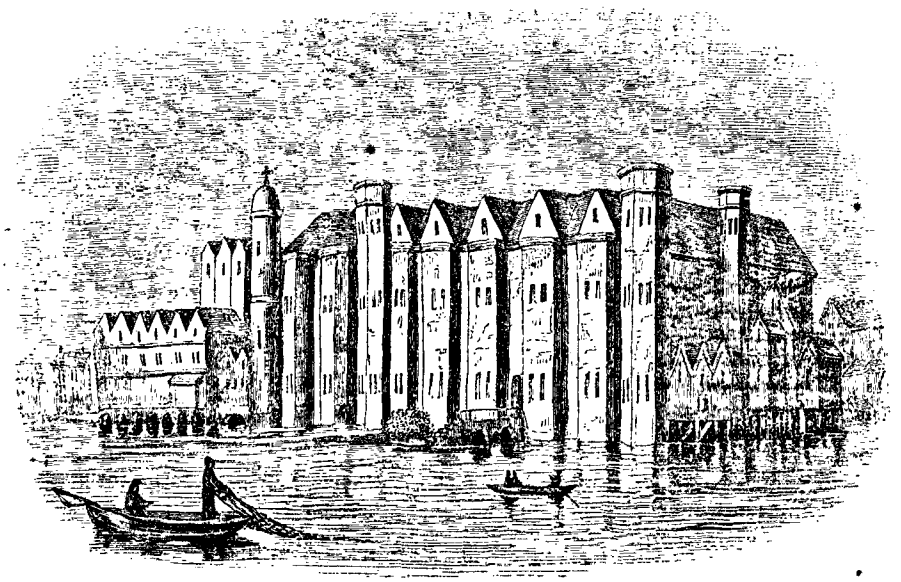
On which Somerset adds,

> "Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
> But dare maintain the party of the truth,
> Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

And thus began the "quarrel" which did indeed, in the words of Plantagenet, "drink blood another day;" and in which, with just retribution, the nobles whose ambition, or pride, or jealousy, brought on their country so dire a calamity, brought at the same time on their own kindred, and their own order generally, a most sweeping destruction. A picturesque scene of a still earlier time is also connected with the Temple Gardens. Immediately after the news reached Edward I. that Bruce had been crowned at Scone as monarch of Scotland, great preparations were set on foot for a fresh expedition into that country, and among the rest, solemn proclamation was made that the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward II.) would be knighted on the feast of Pentecost, and all the young nobility of England were summoned to receive a similar honour at the same time. On the eve of the day appointed, May 22, two hundred and seventy noble youths, with their pages and retinues, assembled in these gardens, where purple robes, fine linen garments, and mantles woven with gold, were distributed to them. We may imagine the splendour and bustle of the scene. The trees were cut down to enable them to pitch their tents. The greater part of the immense assemblage watched their arms in the Temple Church, the others in the Abbey of Westminster.

The steam-boat is now passing by Blackfriars Bridge, which is so altered from what it was, that if the shade of the architect could revisit the earth, in order once more to look on his great work, we doubt whether he would recognise it: he certainly would not acknowledge it as *his* Blackfriars. As the idea of one change is suggestive of another, we cannot but remark, as we look around us here, what great alterations this part of London in particular has known. Bridewell, a prison, a house of industry, a regal palace, a Saxon stronghold;

the White and Black Friars, homes for holy and peaceful men—then the one a den of thieves (Alsatia) into which Justice dares not enter, the other a fashionable May Fair, and now both lost in the undistinguishable mass of London; Baynard's Castle also utterly swept away; the Fleet, again, a concealed sewer, an open ditch, a navigable canal spanned by bridge after bridge, a wide and possibly rapid river: for such it must have been if the records speak truly that make Sweyn, in his invasion in 1012, pass up the Fleet with all his vessels as far as King's Cross, and there anchor; and there is one noticeable corroborating fact—an anchor has been found at that very part. These are but individual illustrations of the extensive changes wrought in the lapse of time in the neighbourhood before us. We have referred to Baynard's Castle. It stood here on the left just beyond Blackfriars Bridge, at the end of the City Wall, which, after passing along the side of the Fleet so as to shelter the Blackfriars, turned round and extended for a short distance on the bank of the river. As to its antiquity, it may be sufficient to say that it was founded by one of the Conqueror's followers, Baynard, who died in the reign of Rufus, and that it was one of the two castles described by Beckett's secretary, Fitzstephen, in the reign of Henry II.; and as to its size, that at a meeting of the great estates of the kingdom in 1547 Richard Duke of York lodged in it with his four hundred retainers. In 1303 it belonged to Robert Fitzwalter, as we learn from a very curious document, consisting of a declaration of his rights as castellain and banner-bearer of the City, formally made, and at great length, to John Blondon, mayor. In this he recites in what manner he ought to come to St. Paul's in time of war to declare himself ready to do his service, and in what manner he ought to be met, how they are then to ride forth in company, the sort of horse and amount of money they are



[Castle Baynard, as it appeared in the Seventeenth Century.]

to give him, the mode of summoning the commoners to join them under the "banner of St. Paul's," and the march to Aldgate, and if need be the there issuing forth to do battle, with the amount he is to receive for every siege he undertakes (100 shillings), &c. "These be the rights that the said Robert hath in time of war." As to his rights in time of peace, they consist of his soke or ward in which he enjoys particular privileges (locally, we presume, the Castle Baynard Ward of the present day); such as a certain degree of control over the punishment of criminals: traitors, it appears, were to be "tied to a post in the Thames at a good wharf, where boats are fastened, two ebbings and flowings of the water." The said Robert, also, was to be called to every great council of the City, and when he came to the hustings at Guildhall "the mayor or his lieutenant ought to rise against him and set him down near unto him; and so long as he is in the Guildhall, all the judgments ought to be given by his mouth," &c. &c. The castle was burnt down in 1428, and rebuilt by Duke Humphrey. Among the historical events which signalise the history of Castle Baynard is the assumption of the crown here by Edward IV. in 1460, in opposition to the reigning monarch, Henry VI.; and the commencement of a new and more eventful phase of the "brawl" begun in the Temple Gardens. But the most interesting of these events is the performance of a similar act by Richard III. here—a scene which Shakspere has also made familiar to every one—the scene where Gloster appears in the gallery between two bishops, and accepts, with such an exquisite show of reluctance, the crown offered by the poor mystified Lord Mayor. Here, too, Lady Jane Grey's *faithful* council, which had removed from her side at the Tower in order to do her better service, the moment they arrived declared for Queen Mary, and set the seal to the illustrious victim's fate. Castle Baynard was destroyed in the Great Fire.

Not the least interesting part of the river is that now lying on our right between the bridges of Blackfriars and Southwark, and known generally from a very remote period as the Bankside. The stairs towards which yonder wherry with its somewhat heavy load is gliding are called Paris Garden Stairs, the last relic of the once popular place of amusement when bear-baiting was not only a fashionable but a queenly sport. Paris Garden was also a regular playhouse at one period, for one of Ben Jonson's critics, Dekker, reproaches him with his ill success on the stage generally, and in particular with his performance of 'Zuliman' at the Paris Garden. In 1582 the scaffolding supporting the spectators fell during a performance, and great numbers were killed or severely injured. This was looked on as a judgment by many. Beyond Paris Garden were the two chief Bear Gardens, properly so called, as they seem to have been used for such purposes only, and not for dramatic entertainments: the name is yet preserved in that of a street opening from Bankside. Stow describes them as places wherein were kept "bears, bulls, and other beasts to be bayed; as also mastiffs in several kennels nourished to bait them. These bears and other beasts are there baited in plots of ground, scaffolded about, for the beholders to stand safe." Farther on still were the stews or brothels, licensed as they are to this day in Paris. Their very antiquity imparts a certain degree of interest and respectability to a revolting subject. It appears that "In

a Parliament holden at Westminster, the eighth of Henry II., it was ordained by the Commons, and confirmed by the King and Lords, that divers constitutions (or rules) for ever should be kept within that lordship or franchise according to the old customs that had been there used time out of mind." "Old customs" in force "time out of mind" before the reign of Henry II., must be indeed old. There is a curious historical passage connected with these houses. Till the time of Wat Tyler's insurrection they belonged to no less a person than William Walworth, mayor of London; and although we do not exactly wish to insinuate that the worthy mayor was roused by the spoil of this part of his property which ensued at the instance of the rebels, yet it may have done something towards sharpening his zeal, and made him bestir himself so effectually as he did at the critical moment. The original number of houses was eighteen, which were reduced to twelve in the reign of Henry VII. They must have presented a strange-looking aspect from the river, with their signs "not hanged out, but painted on the walls, as a Boar's Head, the Cross Keys, the Gun, the Castle, the Crane, the Cardinal's Hat, the Bell, the Swan, &c." Stow, the writer of the foregoing quotation, goes on to say, "I have heard ancient men of good credit report that these single women were forbidden the rites of the church so long as they continued that sinful life, and were excluded from Christian burial if they were not reconciled before their death. And therefore there was a plot of ground, called 'Single Women's Churchyard,' appointed for them, not far from the parish church."* The nuisance was at last abolished by "sound of trumpet" towards the close of the reign of Henry VIII. And here, too, on the Bankside was the Globe Theatre, Shakspere's theatre, situated very nearly in a line with the approach to the present Southwark Bridge, which now bestrides with its colossal arches about the same part of the river as that through which the courtiers of Elizabeth and James's reigns, in all their bravery of costume, were wont to pass to and fro, to welcome some fresh novelty from the world's master mind, and learn, if they were capable of it, some new lessons in that wondrous school of humanity.

Southwark Bridge was erected at an expense of about 800,000*l.*, by a company of proprietors, who obtained the necessary Act of Parliament in 1811. On the third reading of the Bill in the House of Commons, Sir T. Turton, in answer to the opposition offered by Sirs W. Curtis and C. Price, of civic fame, remarked that Mr. Rennie had given it as his opinion that London Bridge after one hard frost might not last one year: an excellent reason certainly for expediting the erection of a new bridge in the vicinity. The spot selected was from Bankside on the Surrey shore to a place close by the Three Cranes Wharf, and between that and Queenhithe, on the opposite or Middlesex bank; a part of some note even from the very remotest periods of metropolitan history. It forms a portion of the Vintry Ward, so called from the vintners or wine merchants of Bordeaux, who from a very early period were accustomed to bring their lighters and other vessels laden with wine to this part, and there land it by means of cranes (whence the name of Three Cranes Wharf), for sale during the next forty days.

* Survey, p. 449.

But in the reign of Edward I. the vintners complained that they could neither "sell their wines, although paying poundage, neither hire houses nor cellars to lay them in." In consequence, that monarch ordered redress to be given, and houses were built for the merchants' accommodation, with vaults, &c., for the stowage of their wines. To make room for them a characteristic feature of very old London was swept away. "There is in London," says Fitzstephen, "upon the river's bank, a public place of cookery, between the ships laden with wine, and the wines laid up in cellars to be sold. There ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried, or sodden, fish both small and great, ordinary flesh for the poorer sort, and more dainty for the rich, as venison and fowl. If friends come on a sudden, wearied with travel, to a citizen's house, and they be loth to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat, the servants give them water to wash, and bread to stay their stomach, and in the mean time go to the water-side, where all things are at hand answerable for their desire. Whatsoever multitude, either of soldiers or other strangers, enter into the city at any hour, day or night, or else are about to depart, they may turn in, bait there, and refresh themselves to their content, and so avoid long fasting, and not go away without their dinner. If any desire to fit their dainty tooth, they need not to long for the *accipenser*, or any other bird; no, not the rare *Godwit* of Ionia. This public victualling place is very convenient, and belongs to the city."* The vintners, however, proved too powerful for the cooks, and so the latter had to leave the field to their antagonists. The original name of Queenhithe was Edred's hithe (*i. e.* Edred's harbour). Formerly ships were brought up thus far to discharge their cargoes, London Bridge having a drawbridge which opened to allow them to pass. The name *Queen's* hithe is supposed to be derived from Henry III. having given its profits to his spouse, and at the same time the ships of the cinque ports were compelled to bring their corn thenceforward only to this place.

The bridge was begun on the 23rd of September, 1814, and the first stone of the south pier laid by Lord Keith on the 23rd of May, 1815, who, with the other gentlemen of the committee of management, partook of a cold collation on a temporary bridge erected on the works. The whole was finished in less than five years, and was opened, without any particular ceremony, at midnight (the bridge being brilliantly lighted with gas) in April, 1819. As an iron bridge this is confessedly without a rival. The arches are, for instance, the largest in existence, the centre one having a span of 240 feet, and each of the two side ones measuring 210 feet. The arch of the famous bridge at Sunderland has a span very nearly equal to this centre arch, but still it is less. As we now pass beneath this gigantic semicircle, and gaze upward upon the great iron-ribbed framework which supports it, one feels half unconsciously inclined to fancy Cyclopean hands must have been here at work. But the engineer, in the sublimity of his views, smiles at our wonder, and reminds us that Telford had previously proposed to erect a bridge at this spot with *one* arch only: "the force of *wonder* can no farther go;" we do not know, in these days, what we may venture to disbelieve. With the exception of

* Translation—Stow's Survey, p. 711.

the piers and the abutments, the whole of Southwark Bridge is of cast iron. The preparing the foundations was a work of unusual magnitude and expense, on account of the extraordinary dimensions of the arches; of still greater difficulty and importance was the business of casting the superstructure, which took place at the iron-works of Messrs. Walker and Co., Rotherham, Yorkshire. Many of the solid pieces of casting weighed ten tons. There are eight great ribs, from six to eight feet deep, riveted to diagonal braces, in each arch; and the height of the centre arch above low water is 55 feet. The entire weight of iron is about 5,780 tons. In building the bridge a mistake was committed that might have been attended with serious consequences, if timely discovery had not been made. To prevent the natural expansion of the metal with heat, some of the most important joinings of different parts of the work were tightly wedged with iron wedges. But as, in fact, nothing could prevent expansion under the operation of heat, it was found that a very unequal strain was produced, tending to the fracture of the entire bridge. The masons were accordingly employed night and day till the wedges were removed. Having mentioned this oversight, it is but proper to state that the accuracy of the work generally was most surprising. The centre arch sunk at the vortex, on removing the timber framework, just one inch seven-eighths, and that was all.

The erection of the bridge was followed, as in all the previous instances, by rapid and extensive changes in the neighbourhood, though, in the case of Southwark, these were confined chiefly to the Surrey side. The character of this part may be gathered, in some degree, from the notices we have given of the chief features of the place, the bear-gardens, brothels, &c.; and it need not, therefore, excite any surprise to find the extensive district, reaching from Bankside to the King's Bench, described, before the bridge was built, as covered with "miserable streets and alleys." Many of these, indeed, yet remain, but the carrying that fine road from the foot of the bridge direct to the Elephant and Castle has greatly improved the aspect and prosperity of the district.

In reviewing generally the collateral effects of the erection of the bridges of London, we are more particularly struck with what they have done for that part of the metropolis which lies on the opposite shore. If we remember the great branches they have sent out, Westminster Bridge Road, Waterloo Road, Great Surrey Street, and Southwark Bridge Road, and each again putting forth a new system of offshoots; if we remember that St. George's Fields *were fields* in the middle of the last century, and Lambeth Marsh *a marsh* even at the commencement of the present; or, in a word, if we remember that the extensive districts comprised within the boundaries of Southwark and Lambeth were, before the erection of these edifices, little better than a scattered assemblage of lanes and isolated houses and gardens, whilst now they form, with the parts adjacent, one dense, continuous, and prosperous town, which may be said to have Battersea on one side, and Greenwich for the other, for its proper limits, we shall have then some idea of the extrinsic, as well as of the intrinsic, greatness of the metropolitan bridges.

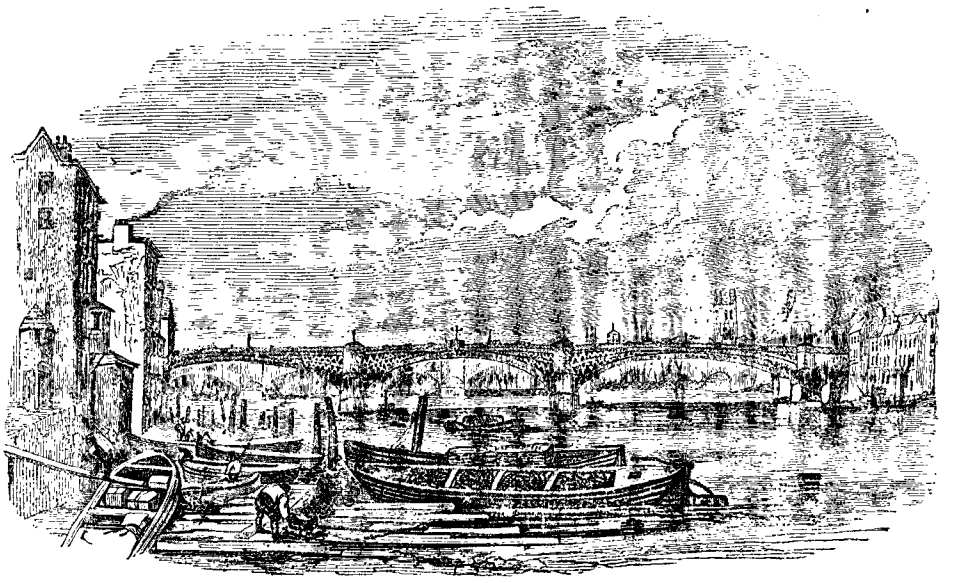
We conclude with the following document, for which we are mainly in-

debted to Messrs. Britton and Pugin's work on the Public Buildings of London:—

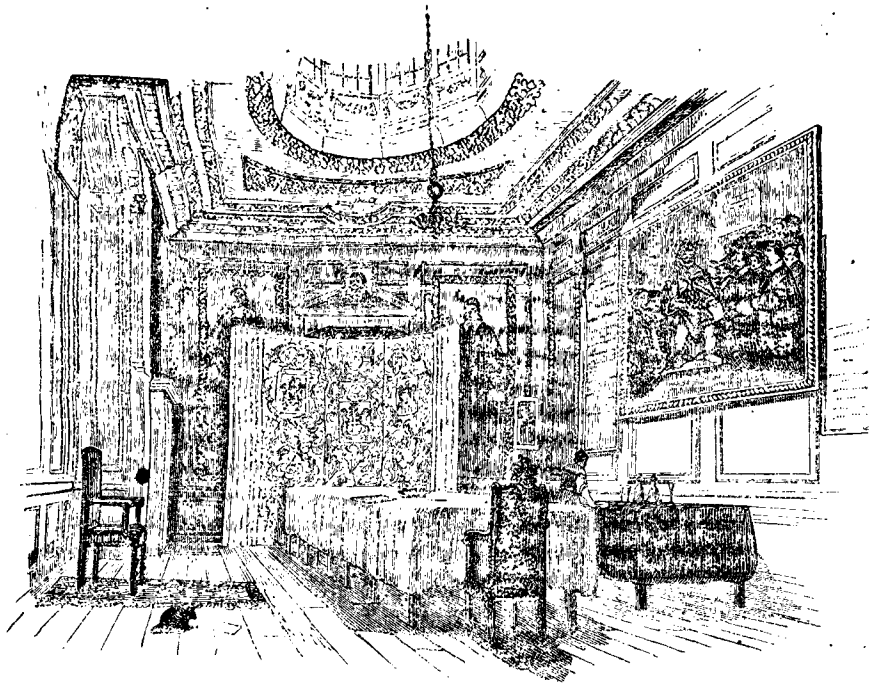
TABULAR VIEW OF THE BRIDGES OF LONDON,

Showing their extreme Length from bank to bank, their extreme Width, their Height from low water to the top of the parapet, their number of Arches and Span of Central Arch, their Materials, times of Commencement and Completion, the Names of their Architects, the surface of Waterway between the piers, and the extent of Space occupied by the piers in the width of the river.

	Length.	Width.	Height.	Arches.	Span of Centre.	Materials.	Commenced.	Finished.	Architects.	Waterway.	Solids.
	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.						Ft.
1. London, Old . .	930	20	40	19	70	Stone and rubble	1176	1209	Peter of Colechurch	Above starlings Ft. 540 Below 273	396 657
,, ,, altered by Mr. Dance and Sir R. Taylor . .	—	48	—	20	—	——	——	——	——	——	—
2. London, New . .	920	56	55	5	150	Granite, &c. .	Mar. 15, 1824	1831	J. Rennie	690	92
3. Southwark . . .	700	42	55	3	240	Iron . . .	Sept. 23, 1814	1819	,, ,,	660	48
4. Blackfriars . . .	995	42	62	9	100	Portland stone	June, 1760 .	1769	R. Mylne	793	207
5. Waterloo . . .	1326	42	54	9	120	Cornish granite	October, 1811	Opened June 18, 1817	J. Rennie	1080	160
6. Westminster . .	1220	40	58	15	76	Portland stone	January, 1739	1750	Labelye	820	246
7. Vauxhall . . .	809	36	—	9	78	Iron . . .	May, 1811 .	July, 1816	James Walker	——	—



[Southwark Bridge.]



[Court-Room, Barber-Surgeons' Hall.]

LXII.—BARBER-SURGEONS' HALL.

AMONG the types of an earlier time, now daily disappearing from our gaze, there is one feature of our old English streets which deserves at least a word of respectful recollection at parting. Who has not in childhood gazed on that long, gaily-striped, mystic-looking wand—let us not here debase it by associations that have so often injured its dignity, let us not call it pole—fixed over certain well-known places in his neighbourhood, and wondered what could be its use or meaning? We have yet visions before us of an old Elizabethan mansion in an antique corner of one of the most antique-looking towns in England, with projecting stories supported by strange monsters in fine old black carving, one of which—a huge piece of workmanship—seemed ever to brandish one of these awful instruments over the heads of all who approached the mysterious-looking precincts. We cannot to this day dispel the fancy that in that uncouth, grinning shape we beheld a kind of deposed household divinity of the once-flourishing Company of Barber-Surgeons—a *lar* fallen from its high estate, and driven into that remote solitude. Yes, these characteristic features of our old streets are

passing away, and in one sense the circumstance is to be regretted. They are the last popular symbols of the low state, even in very recent times, of a science which peculiarly affects the people's welfare; and might yet be a warning against a belief, by no means extinct, that surgery and physic, like reading and writing, "come by nature." Few readers but will remember that the existing pole is an imitation of the one formerly held in the hands of patients during bleeding, and the stripes represent the tape or bandages used for fastening the arm, whilst both pole and tape, as soon as done with, were again hung up outside the shop, to tempt passers-by to an operation they were by no means reluctant to, as being a generally favourite specific for all disorders. We hope the ghosts of those days were not of a revengeful nature, or the ancient Barber-Surgeons of this class must have had a weary time of it, considering the number of persons they must have prematurely dismissed with their terrible poles, and tapes, and basins.

With the poles, too, the "name" of the Barber-Surgeons is in process of extinction, but not so their "local habitation:" that yet remains, and a curious and interesting place it is. Among those narrow streets and alleys which surround the Post-Office, to the north and the east, is one, in the former direction, called Monkwell Street. Remembering to have met with the same street under the less euphonious appellation of Mugwell Street, in the books of the Company, under the date of sixteen hundred odd, we had suspicions that the alteration, suggestive of monasteries, and shaved heads, and cool and quiet cloisters, was not altogether a fair one; but it appears from Stow that the present is but a restoration of the original appellation, which was derived from a hermitage or chapel of "St. James in the Wall," inhabited by a hermit and two chaplains belonging to the Cistercian Abbey of Garadon. "Of these monks, and a well pertaining to them, the street took that name." And in Monkwell Street is the Hall of the Barbers' (formerly the Barber-Surgeons') Company. The conjunction which now seems so strange to us, may be dated, it appears, from the custom which prevailed among the monks and Jews—almost the only practitioners of the healing art during the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries—of employing barbers to assist in the baths, in applying ointments, and in various other surgical operations; and, as to surgery in particular, after the prohibition of the clergy, in 1163, from undertaking any operation involving bloodshed, the art fell into the hands of the barbers and smiths, but chiefly into those of the former. The first step towards combining this now important body into a united and chartered Company was taken by Thomas Morestede, surgeon to the three Henries, the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth. A record in the 'Fœdera' gives us an interesting glimpse into the state of surgery during Morestede's time. It appears that in Henry V.'s army (the army of Agincourt) there was but one surgeon present at a certain period—Morestede himself:—his fifteen assistants, whom he had pressed under a royal warrant, not having yet landed. The scientific attainments of these assistants were not, we may be sure, very extraordinary, when we find that three of them were to act as archers, as well as surgeons, that the whole fifteen received only archers' pay, and Morestede only the pay of an ordinary man-of-arms. But in surgery, as in physic, alchemy was the grand storehouse of all the secrets men

could desire to know; and whilst learned men were busy devising how we were to live for ever, who could expect they should care for the *manner* in which we lived during such a petty amount of time as the ordinary period of life? or inquire into the best mode of curing a wound, or safely taking off a limb, whilst unfailing youth, and strength, and beauty, for the whole human race, might be lying hidden in every crucible.

The promises of the alchemists were, indeed, so great in the noontide of their glory, that one is half ashamed to transcribe one of their latest, made in the days of their comparative decline, to Henry VI. In the protections granted to three "famous men" by Henry VI., whilst prosecuting their studies, the object of the former is said to be the discovery of "a certain most precious medicine, called by some the mother and queen of medicine; by some the inestimable glory; by others the quintessence; by others the philosopher's stone; by others the elixir of life; which cures all curable diseases with ease, prolongs human life in perfect health and vigour of faculty to its utmost term, heals all healable wounds, is a most sovereign antidote against all poisons, and is capable of preserving to us and our kingdom other great advantages, such as the transmutation of other metals into real and fine gold and silver." "Cures all curable diseases," indeed, "heals all healable wounds!" We wonder the monarch, with the faith that he possessed, which, however often "tried in the fire," was never found wanting, who, we verily believe, must have anticipated that the time would come when the Eastern salutation would cease to be a compliment, and that the King (oh! glorious days for monarchs!) would "live for ever"—we wonder, we repeat, Henry condescended to accept such an anti-climax to all his visions of wealth and immortality. But we would not have our readers suppose that he got what was promised. Neither would we be understood as absolutely contemning the medicine itself. For that matter, we should have been glad if the "famous men" had left us the recipe. To return, Morestede, with Jacques Fries, physician—and John Hobbes, physician and surgeon—to Edward IV., petitioned for a grant of charter, which was given by Edward and his brother Gloucester, in the first year of the reign; and the Company of Barbers practising Surgery were incorporated in the name of St. Cosmo and Damianus, brethren, physicians, and martyrs. Then, probably, it was that the first building in Monkwell Street was erected. The authority of the Company extended over all persons practising their arts in and about London; they were empowered to examine all instruments and remedies; to bring actions against ignorant persons, and against those who practised without having been admitted into their body. This association was clearly a practical evidence of the progress of rational principles in the art, and in itself a new advance. In lapse of time the surgical portion of what we may call the Company's constituents appear to have grown dissatisfied with the connection with the remainder; or it may be that the Company had grown exclusive or arbitrary; so they formed a separate and unmingled body, calling themselves The Surgeons of London. To meet this new state of affairs, physicians and surgeons, by the Act of the third of Henry VIII. were alike obliged to obtain a licence to practise from the Bishop of London, or the Dean of St. Paul's. The favours shown by Henry VIII. to the curative professions would seem to imply that he had some glimmering of an idea

that knowledge was better than ignorance, the regularly educated surgeon a more trustworthy guide than the illiterate quack; but his sympathies seem to have been decidedly with the weaker vessels, the old women, &c. See how, in a few years, he repents of his attack upon them in the Act just referred to: "Whereas, in the parliament holden at Westminster, in the third year of the King's most gracious reign, amongst other things for the avoiding of sorceries, witchcraft, and other inconveniences, it was enacted that no person within the City of London, nor within seven miles of the same, should take upon him to exercise and occupy as a physician or surgeon, except he be first examined, approved, and admitted by the Bishop of London and other, under and upon certain pains and penalties in the same Act mentioned; sithence the making of which said Act, the Company and Fellowship of Surgeons of London, minding only their own lucres, and nothing the profit or ease of the diseased or patient, have sued, troubled, and vexed divers honest persons, as well men as women, whom God hath endued with the knowledge of the nature, kind, and operation of certain herbs, roots, and waters, and the using and ministering of them, to such as be pained with customable diseases, as women's breasts being sore, a pin and the web in the eye, uncomes of hands, scaldings, burnings, sore mouths, the stone, stranguary, saucelim, and morfew; and such other like disease; and yet the said persons have not taken anything for their pains or cunning, but have ministered the same to the poor people only for neighbourhood, and God's sake, and charity. And it is now well known that the surgeons admitted will do no cure to any person but where they shall know to be rewarded with a greater sum or reward than the cure extendeth unto: for in case they would minister their cunning to sore people unrewarded, there should not so many rot and perish to death for lack of surgery as daily do; but the greater part of surgeons admitted be much more to be blamed than these persons they trouble. . . . . In consideration whereof, and for the ease, comfort, succour, help, relief, and health of the king's poor subjects, inhabitants of this his realm, now pained, or that hereafter shall be pained or diseased, be it ordained, established, and enacted of this present Parliament, that at all time from henceforth it shall be lawful to every person being the King's subject, having knowledge or experience of the nature of herbs, roots, and waters . . . . to minister in and to any outward sore, uncome, wound, imposthumations, outward swellings, or disease, any herb or herbs, ointments, baths, poultices, and plasters, according to their cunning, experience, and knowledge," &c., &c.* Gale, an eminent surgeon of the same reign, speaks in somewhat different language of these people, though at the same time showing that the King was by no means alone in his opinions of the unprofessional practitioners. He says, "If I should tell you of the ungracious witchcrafts, and of the foolish and mischievous abuses and misuses that have been in times past, and yet in our days continually used, ye would not a little marvel thereat. But forasmuch as it hath not only turned to the dishonour of God, but also the state of the Commonwealth, I have thought it good to declare unto you part of their wicked doings, that it may be unto you, which professeth this art, an example to avoid the like most wretched deeds. These

* 14th and 15th Henrici Octavi, cap. viii.

things I do not speak to you of hearsay, but of mine own knowledge. In the year 1562 I did see in the two hospitals of London, called St. Thomas's Hospital and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to the number of CCC and odd poor people that were diseased of sore legs, sore arms, feet, and hands, with other parts of the body so sore infected, that a hundred and twenty of them could never be recovered without loss of a leg or an arm, a foot or a hand, fingers or toes, or else their limbs crooked, so that they were either maimed or else undone for ever. All these were brought to this mischief by witches, by women, by counterfeit javills,* that take upon them to use the art, not only robbing them of their money, but of their limbs and perpetual health. This fault and crime of the undoing of these people were laid unto the chirurgeons—*I will not say by part of those that were at that time masters of the same hospitals*—but it was said that carpenters, women, weavers, cutlers, and tinkers did cure more people than the chirurgeons. But what manner of cures they did I have told you before; such cures as all the world may wonder at—yea, I say such cures as maketh the devil in hell to dance for joy to see the poor members of Jesus Christ so miserably tormented. . . . . Of this sort (of pretenders) I think London to be as well stored as the country; I think there be not as few in London as three score women that occupieth the arts of physics and chirurgery. These women, some of them, be called wise women, or holy and good women; some of them be called witches, and useth (are accustomed) to call upon certain spirits. . . . ." And in another part he says, "I will not speak of a multitude of strangers, as pouch makers and pedlars, with glass makers and coblers, which run out of their own countries, and here become noble physicians and chirurgeons, such as now is most in estimation, and ruleth all the roast in our country." Such, practically, was surgery in the sixteenth century.

The disunion of the barber-surgeons' and the surgeons' companies appears to have been found inconvenient or mischievous after all; so during the same reign they were re-united by the Act 32 Henry VIII., under the name of masters or governors of the mystery and commonalty of barbers and surgeons of London, and were to enjoy all the privileges previously belonging to the single company. This was in 1541; then commenced the culminating period of the prosperity of the Barber-Surgeons' Hall.

In passing along Monkwell Street, the visitor is at once directed to the place by the quaint circular piece of carved-work, projecting so boldly out like a porch head from the wall over the entrance, with the very large and finely cut arms of the Company in the centre. The three razors form a conspicuous object on the shield. Beneath the arms is a great head, with coarse features and open mouth, and looking very much as we should fancy a gentleman of his aspect would under the hands of the ancient barber-surgeons during some of their operations. Animals, fruit, and a variety of other ornaments, help to fill up the details of this somewhat interesting piece of workmanship. Passing through the door and a low square passage, we enter a paved court, and the front of the building is before us. This is in no respect remarkable: it is of brick, with large round-

* Wandering or dirty fellows, according to Johnson.

headed and square windows intermingled, and was erected by subscription some years after the great fire of London, which, without absolutely burning the edifice down, considerably injured its exterior. The doors here open into a small vestibule, and then into the large apartment called the Hall, which has one or two noticeable features. The upper portion, forming a raised dais, is paved with marble in chequer-work, the gift (in 1646) of Mr. Lawrence Loe, chirurgeon, a member of the Company, who, "through his good affection thereunto, did for the worship thereof freely offer to give for the beautifying of the hall so many stones of black and white marble." The portion thus paved is of a curious semicircular shape, which at once attracts attention; and, on inquiry, the delighted antiquary is informed he is there standing within one of the very bastions, or bulwarks as they are called in the old writings of the Company, of the genuine Roman wall, here entirely perfect. The ceiling of the hall is simple, but handsome, being formed chiefly into bold oval compartments. A gallery over the entrance vestibule, two or three anatomical and other pictures, and rows of long tables, used by the worshipful Company for their annual dinner, complete the furniture of the hall, which has on the whole a deserted, cheerless aspect. From the hall let us pass to the Court-room, one of the choicest little rooms of the kind perhaps in London, for comfort, for elegance, and for just so much of antiquity as to harmonise with the associations of the place. And no wonder that it is so, when we consider who has here been at work. Its agreeable proportions, and its exquisitely decorated ceiling, are from no less a hand than Inigo Jones (the lofty elegant octagonal lantern is of later date); and kindred spirits have enriched its walls. Over the screen which conceals the door of entrance is a portrait of Inigo Jones: that is by Vandyke. The rich full-length of the well-known Countess of Richmond over the fire-place can only be by Sir Peter Lely. But what glorious picture is that facing the fire-place, with its numerous figures, each so individually characteristic, yet the whole so homogeneously expressive—a picture glowing as a Titian, and minutely faithful as a Gerard Douw? That is the great treasure of the Company, *the Holbein*, the greatest of the great painter's undoubted English works, and we should say the least known, except to the possessors of the fine print by Baron. It was painted to commemorate the re-union of the companies in 1541. In the centre is Harry himself, a magnificent full-length portrait, in which you might almost read every thing but the dates of the monarch's career. He is in gorgeous apparel, still more gorgeously painted. Gold brocade and ermine, ruffles and rings, will all bear the closest examination: so also the Turkey carpet beneath his feet. All the other figures, seventeen in number, are portraits (of members of the Company); a curious proof of which is to be found in the interesting cartoon or study for this picture in the College of Surgeons. The portraits are there separate pieces of paper pasted on in their proper places, and are evidently the original studies made by Holbein from the life. We are not aware that the existence of this cartoon is generally known. It is not mentioned by Walpole, though it seems to us scarcely less interesting than the picture painted from it. It has another interesting feature. In the painting there is a long inscription occupying a certain space of the upper part; in the cartoon, Mr. Clift, the curator of the museum

[Henry VIII. granting the Charter to the Barber-Surgeons.]

of the College, found, on cleaning a portion of it, some years ago, in the corresponding space, a window, through which was seen the old church of St. Bride; showing that the event recorded took place in the palace of Bridewell. May we offer a suggestion as to the cause of the discrepancy? The painting was at one period "touched," as the phrase is; probably the window there, as in the cartoon, had become through time or neglect almost illegible, and so, in despair of recovering the original, this inscription was made to cover the place?

Among these gentlemen, kneeling before the monarch in their gowns, fur-trimmed, we have, first, three on the left (or Henry's right), who represent Alsop, Butts, and I. Chambre, all past masters of the Company. Chambre was Henry's own physician, and, according to a custom happily obsolete now, held ecclesiastical preferments. He was dean of the royal chapel and college adjoining Westminster Hall, to which he built "a very curious cloister at a large expense." Butts has obtained a wider celebrity, through the means of him who immortalizes by a word: he is the Dr. Butts of Shakspere's 'Henry VIII.,' and is there introduced in an incident strictly true to history, and which Strype relates. In 1544 the Duke of Norfolk and other members of the privy council who belonged to the Catholic party made a strong endeavour to overthrow Cranmer, by formally accusing him of spreading heresies through the land. The King, the same night, sent Sir Anthony Denny to inform the archbishop of the circumstance. "The next morning," says Strype, in his Life of the prelate, "according to the king's monition and his own experience, the council sent for him by eight o'clock in the morning. And when he came to the council-chamber door he was not permitted

to enter, but stood without among serving-men and lacqueys above three-quarters of an hour; many councillors and others going in and out. The matter seemed strange unto his secretary, who then attended upon him, which made him slip away to Dr. Butts, to whom he related the manner of the thing; who by and by came and kept my lord company. And yet ere he was called into the council Dr. Butts went to the King, and told him he had seen a strange sight. 'What is that?' said the King. 'Marry,' said he, 'my Lord of Canterbury is become a lacquey or a serving-man; for to my knowledge he hath stood among them this hour almost at the council-chamber door.' 'Have they served my lord so? It is well enough,' said the King; 'I shall talk with them by and bye.'" When the council did condescend to admit the prelate, it was to inform him that sentence of imprisonment was passed upon him. Cranmer's answer was the production of a ring which the King had sent him the night before, an original gift of the archbishop's to Henry: we may conceive the looks of blank dismay all around; their proceedings stopped at once. This incident is highly honourable to Dr. Butts, but is only in accordance with other records of his character. He was the patron of the learned and accomplished Sir John Cheke, whom he first assisted to educate, and then to introduce into the world: it was he who invited Latimer to court, and it appears he was a warm friend of the Reformation. On the other side of the King, the first figure is that of T. Vycary, the then master, who is receiving the charter from the royal hands. Vycary was serjeant-surgeon to the courts of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and the author of the first anatomical work in the language—'A Treasure for Englishmen, containing the Anatomy of Man's Body,' which was published in 1548. Its materials are almost entirely derived from Galen and the Arabian writers, so little advance had yet been made in that very important part of the healing arts, the foundation, indeed, on which they are built. The other members whose names are known are, I. Aylef, N. Sympson, E. Harman, J. Montfort, J. Pen, M. Alcoke, R. Fereis, X. Samon, and W. Tylly, of whom we need only mention the first, Aylef, a sheriff of London, and a merchant of Blackwell Hall, as well as a surgeon. His story was thus told on his tomb in the chancel of St. Michael's, in Basinghall Street:—

"In surgery brought up in youth,
A knight here lieth dead;
A knight, and eke a surgeon, such
As England seld hath bred.
For which so sovereign gift of God,
Wherein he did excel,
King Henry VIII. called him to court,
Who loved him dearly well.
King Edward, for his service sake,
Bade him rise up a knight;
A name of praise, and ever since
He Sir John Ailife hight," &c.

The picture is painted on oak, and is therefore likely to last for centuries. We conclude our notice of it with an interesting proof of the estimation in which it was held by James I., whose own autograph letter is in possession of the Company, and from which we now transcribe to the following effect:—"James R.

Trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we are informed of a table of painting in your hall, whereon is the picture of our predecessor of famous memory, King Henry VIII., together with divers of your Company, *which being very like him, and well done,* we are desirous to have copied: wherefore our pleasure is that you presently deliver it unto this bearer, our well-beloved servant Sir Lionel Cranfield, knight, one of our masters of requests, whom we have commanded to receive it of you, and to see it with all expedition copied, and re-delivered safely; and so we bid you farewell. Given at our court at Newmarket, the 13th day of January, 1617."

Among the other pictures of the Court-room are a portrait of Charles II., purchased by the Company in 1720, for 7*l.* 5*s.*; two full-length Spanish figures, a lady and a gentleman; a portrait of C. Barnard, serjeant-surgeon to Queen Anne; and a picture containing portraits of Sir C. Scarborough, physician to Charles II. and the two succeeding kings, and E. Arris, alderman, and master of the Company. Scarborough is habited in a red gown, hood, and cap, and is reading one of the anatomical lectures appointed by the College of Physicians. Arris, as the demonstrating surgeon, wearing the livery gown of the city, is holding up the arm of a dead body placed on a table. These lectures were received with great approbation. Scarborough, indeed, bears the character of the ablest physician of his time: it is he to whom the poet Cowley writes certain verses concluding with the lines which appear to refer to a too close application to study:

> "Some hours, at least, for thy own pleasures spare;
> Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,
> Bestow 't not all in charity.
> Let Nature and let Art do what they please,
> When all is done, Life's an incurable disease."

Some interesting articles of plate grace the sideboard of the court on all important occasions, the gifts of different members: as, a silver-gilt cup with little bells, presented by Henry VIII.; another with pendant *acorns,* presented by Charles II.; a large bowl given by Queen Anne; four crowns or "garlands of silver, enamelled, garnished, and set forth after the neatest manner;" and various "beakers," goblets, flaggons, dishes, &c. Some of these relics of the old splendour of the Company have more than once appeared to be lost. In the seventeenth century the plate was occasionally pledged, and finally sold; when that "loving brother," Arris, bought the cup of Henry VIII., and returned it to the Company. On another occasion, earlier in the same century, the Hall was broken open, and the plate with some money carried off; but one of the thieves, T. Lyne, confessing immediately after, a clue was obtained to the deposit of the treasure, which was all or nearly all recovered. The incident is chiefly noticeable for the matter-of-course inhumanity of the period, as illustrated in the fate of all the thieves, which is thus recorded in the books:—"About the 16th of November then following, Thomas Jones was taken, who being brought to Newgate in December following, Jones and Lyne were both executed for this fact. In January following Sames was taken and executed. In April, 1616, Foster was taken and executed. Now let's pray God to bless this house from any more of these damages. Amen."

In the records just referred to, under the date of 27th September, 1626, we read, "It is ordered by this Court, with a general consent, that the present master or governors shall take advice of workmen concerning the new building of their parlour and Lecture House, and to proceed as in their discretion shall seem meet." The parlour (or court-room) only appears to have been erected in pursuance of this mandate; for in 1635 it is stated that, in consequence of the want of a public theatre for anatomy and skeletons, and a lesser room for private dissections, a theatre is to be ovally built; and in the succeeding year the order is repeated, with the addition, "according to the plotts drawn by his majesty's surveyor," Inigo Jones. This building, which Walpole calls "one of his (the architect's) best works," is now lost, having been pulled down in the latter part of the last century, and sold for the value of the materials. It contained four elliptical rows of seats of cedar-wood, rising regularly upwards, was lighted by a cupola, and amongst a variety of decorations were figures representative of the liberal sciences and the signs of the Zodiac. Some curious skeletons were distributed about. We are here reminded of another curious passage in the Company's papers, referring to a strange perplexity in which the worshipful Barber-Surgeons once found themselves. In the minute-book of the Court of Assistants, under the date of July 13, 1587, we read, "It is agreed that if anybody which shall at any time hereafter happen to be brought to our hall for the intent to be wrought upon by the anatomists of the Company, shall revive or come to life again, *as of late hath been seen*, the charges about the same body so reviving shall be borne, levied, and sustained by such person or persons who shall so happen to bring home the body. And who further shall abide such order or fine as this house shall award."

There are two eminent surgeons we have not before mentioned among the Masters or Wardens of the Company; Clowes, in 1638, and Cheselden, in 1744, of whom Pope, in a letter to a friend, in which he refers to his "late illness at Mr. Cheselden's house," says, "I wondered a little at your question who Cheselden was. . . . . He is the most noted, and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery."

As to Clowes, we remember an amusing anecdote related by him in one of his prefaces, wherein he is complaining of the number of pretenders almost as bitterly as Gale a century before. His story is to the effect that a woman, who was accustomed to undertake the cure of all ills by a charm, for the reward of a penny and a loaf of bread, was committed, not for this fraudulent pretence, but for sorcery and witchcraft, by some of the shrewd justices of the peace for the county. At the assizes, the judges, smiling at the absurdity of the charge, told her she should be discharged if she would faithfully reveal at once in public what her charm was. She immediately confessed that all she did was to repeat to herself the following verses, after receiving her bread and her piece of coin:—

"My loaf in my lap,
My penny in my purse;
Thou art never the better,
Nor I never the worse."

In the preface just referred to, Clowes particularly complains of the empirics

who were allowed to practise in the navy; and in that circumstance again reminds us of Gale, who, when he was with Henry VIII. at Montreuil, found himself among a pretty "rabblement" of tinkers, cobblers, &c., who, with their ointment composed of rust of old pans and shoemakers' wax, seem to have killed more than the enemy. The mode of supplying the services had no doubt a great deal to answer for in this matter.. We have seen that Morestede's assistants, in Henry V.'s army, were "pressed under a royal warrant;" but our professional readers will perhaps hardly expect to find how late this custom continued, still less in what a complimentary manner it was done. Here is one of Charles I.'s right royal mandates to the Masters and Governors of the Company:—"After our very hearty commendations: Whereas there is present use for a convenient number of chirurgeons for the 4000 land soldiers that are to be sent with his Majesty's fleet now preparing for the relief of Rochelle, these shall be to will and require you, the Master and Wardens of the Company of Barber-Chirurgeons, forthwith to impress and take up for the service aforesaid sixteen able and sufficient chirurgeons, and that you take special care that they be such in particular as are best experienced in the cure of the wounds made by gun-shot; as likewise that their chests be sufficiently furnished with all necessary provisions requisite for the said employment. And that you charge them upon their allegiance, as they will answer the contrary at their perils, to repair to Portsmouth by the 10th of July next, to go along with such commanders in whose company they shall be appointed to serve. And you are further, by virtue hereof, to require and charge all mayors, sheriffs, justices of the peace, bailiffs, constables, headboroughs, and all other his Majesty's officers and loving subjects, to be aiding and assisting with you in the full and due execution of this our letter. Whereof neither you nor they may fail of your perils. And this shall be your warrant. Dated at Whitehall, the last day of June, 1628. Your loving friend." The letter is signed by several of the Lords of the Council.* In another order, of the date of 1672, twenty chirurgeons, thirty chirurgeons' mates, and twenty barbers, are all grouped together; whilst in a third, referring to the reign of William and Mary, Peter Smith and Josias Wills, the Company's officers, are ordered to deliver to "*every person by them impressed one shilling impress money.*" If these duties were of an unpleasant nature, what must have been that of turning constable, and running about to seek surgeons, who, not liking their mode of introduction into the navy, or the navy itself when they got there, took the liberty of otherwise disposing of themselves. Yet this, too, was imposed upon them, as we find from a mandate under the hand of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, in 1665, directing the apprehension and safe custody of "John Shoaler, chirurgeon to His Majesty's ship the *Return*," for neglecting his duty. These extracts are all transcribed by us from the original documents at the Hall, and afford, we think, some interesting glimpses of the powers and occupations of the distinguished surgeons of a century or two ago.

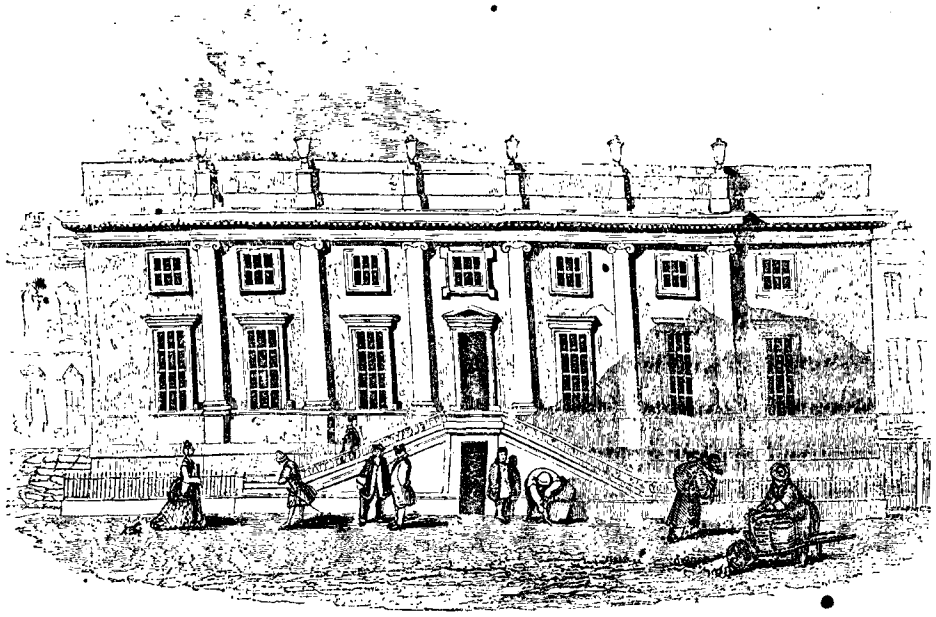
But as we now return through the hall of the building, we are reminded of a more

* A memorandum has been added to the bottom of the warrant, that—"The master and wardens' power and authority to impress surgeons is by their charter and ordinances confirmed by the Judges, but have not usually exercised lawful authority, but upon such like order as above written, either from the lords of the council or principal officer of the navy."

vivid and life-like view of the doings here, when a distinguished novelist was the chief actor as well as subsequent narrator. Smollett, it is well known, has described the principal adventures of his own early career in his 'Roderick Random,' and, among the rest, his appearance here to pass his examination prior to his obtaining an appointment as surgeon's mate, which he did in 1741. As he waited in the outward hall (the vestibule probably) among a crowd of young fellows, one "came out from the place of examination with a pale countenance, his lip quivering, and his looks as wild as if he had seen a ghost. He no sooner appeared than we all flocked about him with the utmost eagerness to know what reception he had met with, which, (after some pains) he described, recounting all the questions they had asked, with the answers he made. In this manner we obliged no less than twelve to recapitulate, which, now the danger was past, they did with pleasure, before it fell to my lot. At length the beadle called my name with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the last trumpet: however, there was no remedy. I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces sitting at a long table; one of whom bid me come forward in such an imperious tone, that I was actually for a minute or two bereft of my senses. The first question he put to me was, 'Where was you born?' To which I answered, 'In Scotland.' 'In Scotland,' said he, 'I know that very well; we have scarce any other countrymen to examine here; you Scotchmen have overspread us of late as the locusts did Egypt. I ask you in what part of Scotland was you born?' I named the place of my nativity, which he had never before heard of. He then proceeded to interrogate me about my age, the town where I served my time, with the terms of my apprenticeship; and when I had informed him that I served three years only, he fell into a violent passion, swore it was a shame and a scandal to send such raw boys into the world as surgeons; that it was a great presumption in me, and an affront upon the English, to pretend to sufficient skill in my business, having served so short a time, when every apprentice in England was bound seven years at least," &c. One of the more considerate of the examiners now interferes, who puts a few questions, which are well answered. Another, "a wag," now tries his hand, but his jokes fail to go off, and Smollett is turned over to a fourth party, who, in the examination, expresses opinions which appear somewhat heterodox to other members, and a general hubbub commences, which obliges the chairman to command silence, and to order the examinant to withdraw. Soon after he gets his qualification, for which he tenders half a guinea, and receives (on asking for it) five shillings and sixpence change, with a sneer at the correctness of his Scotch reckonings. The cost of admission, we may add, is now twenty guineas, exclusive of the stamps.

Very few years after this the barbers and surgeons were again and permanently disunited, the brilliant discovery having at last been formally recognised, in 1745, that there was no real connexion between shaving a beard and amputating a limb. In that year, the eighteenth of George II., the union was dissolved; and the surgeons became, for the first time, a regularly incorporated body, enjoying separately all the privileges of their former collective state; and in the following reign, by the Act 40 George III., the surgeons were still further

advanced by being incorporated into a Royal College, as they remain to this day. On leaving Monkwell Street they built, by subscription, the building here shown, which stood partly on the site of the most southern of the buildings now constituting



[Surgeons' Theatre, &c., Old Bailey.]

the Central Criminal Court, and partly on the site of the adjoining dwelling-houses. Some noticeable recollections attach to this place. Through that door in the basement, in the centre of the building, the bodies of murderers, executed at Newgate adjoining, were carried for dissection, according to the Act of 1752, and which was only repealed in the late reign. It was here, we believe, that the extraordinary incident occurred which John Hunter is said to have related in his lectures, of the revival of a criminal just as they were about to dissect him. We have looked in vain for some authentic statement of the circumstances; but if we remember rightly, the operators sent immediately to the sheriffs, who caused the man to be brought back to Newgate, from whence he was, by permission of the King, allowed to depart for a foreign country. It was here that a still more awful exhibition took place, in the beginning of the present century, in connexion with the same subject. In the 'Annual Register' for 1803, it is stated that "the body of Foster, who was executed for the murder of his wife, was lately subjected to the Galvanic process by Mr. Aldini (a nephew of Galvani), in the presence of Mr. Keate, Mr. Carpue, and several other professional gentlemen. On the first application of the process to the face, the jaw of the deceased began to quiver, and the adjoining muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye actually opened. In the subsequent course of the experiment, the right hand was raised and clenched, and the legs and thighs were set in motion; and it appeared to all the bystanders that the wretched man was on the point of being restored to life. The

object of these experiments was to show the excitability of the human frame, when animal electricity is duly applied; and the possibility of its being efficaciously applied in cases of drowning, suffocation, or apoplexy, by reviving the action of the lungs, and thereby rekindling the expiring spark of vitality."* Such is the notice in the contemporary publication of the day; but the most important part of the proceedings is not here told. We have been informed by those who were present on the occasion, that when the "right hand was raised," as mentioned above, it struck one of the officers of the institution, who died that very afternoon of the shock. In the early part of the present century the College removed to its present site, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

To trace the progress of surgery, step by step, from the state of things illustrated in the foregoing pages, down to its present comparative phase of excellence, or to do fitting honour to the individuals who have been the chief agents of such progress, are matters alike beyond our limits and object; but we may remark, that to two men in particular must we ascribe the high position of surgery and surgeons at the present day—John Hunter and John Abernethy. Each has introduced to the world principles of the deepest import to the welfare of the physical man—each has been a consummate master in reducing these high principles to practice. What John Hunter was we may partly judge from the simple circumstance that he, a surgeon, held, with regard to operation, that the operator "should never approach his victim but with humiliation" that his science was not able to cure but by the barbarous process of extirpation. And Abernethy not only participated in his sentiments, but took every opportunity of enforcing them. It is owing to the exertions of such men that we find one operation only take place now, where twenty would, a century ago, have been inflicted. Of Hunter we shall have to speak further in what we may call the local home of his fame—his Museum at the College of Surgeons. Abernethy, as the latest of our very great surgeons, demands a few words more in connexion with our present subject.

Little is known of Abernethy's early life; even the place of his birth is disputed, the town of Abernethy in Scotland, and that of Derry in Ireland, each claiming the honour. The date was 1763. He received his education at a school in Lothbury, having removed to London with his parents whilst very young. At the proper age he was apprenticed to Sir Charles Blick, surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and there commenced a career equally extraordinary for its rapidity and the height to which it conducted him. Abernethy owed much to Hunter, whose pupil he was; his ardent love of physiology, for instance, the basis of his own greatness. It was through his deep insight into this science, and into that of anatomy, which he studied also intensely, that he was enabled to perceive how much empiricism existed in the profession, and his contempt accordingly was lavished with a free tongue. But he pulled down in order to build up, and, with characteristic energy, accomplished both parts of his task. Before Abernethy's time the surgeon treated the locally apparent diseases, which it was his business to cure, as having also a local origin; it was Abernethy who first exposed the

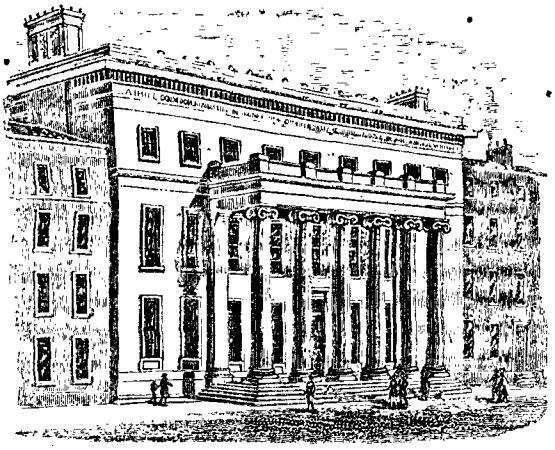
* 'Annual Register,' 1803, p. 368.

absurdity of this most dangerous, because most untrue, notion, and showed that it was the constitution itself which was disordered, and that *there* must commence the healing process. He first suggested and proved the practicability of performing two operations of a bolder character than any ever before attempted, the tying the carotid and the external iliac arteries: operations that have since his time been performed with the most brilliant success, and which have in themselves done much to extend the reputation of the English school through Europe. We are not about to retail the numerous, and, in many instances, absurd stories told of this distinguished man, and which have had too frequently the effect of lowering him in public estimation; but one feature of his character belongs to our subject. He was fond of lecturing, and the students were equally pleased to attend his lectures, or his "Abernethy at Home," as they called them, in reference to the wit and humour he was accustomed to regale them with whilst instilling the dry, abstract truths of the study. An eye-witness describes his very mode of entering the lecture-room as "irresistibly droll; his hands buried deep in his breeches pocket, his body bent slouchingly forward, blowing or whistling, his eyes twinkling beneath their arches, and his lower jaw thrown considerably beneath the upper."* Striking off instantly into his subject—gun-shot wounds for instance—he would relate a case which at once riveted the attention, and from which he would proceed to extract the "heart of its mystery," and show wherein failure or success had taken place. He would, then, perhaps, revert to surgery—as it was in the good old days of the barber-surgeons, and contrast it with its present state, enriching every step of his way by the raciest anecdotes—by an endless variety of the most amusing episodical matter. One of the richest scenes of the kind must have been his first lecture after his appointment as professor of anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons: a "professional friend," states the author of 'Physic and Physicians,'† "observed to him that they should now have something new. 'What do you mean?' asked Abernethy. 'Why,' said the other, 'of course you will brush up the lectures which you have been so long delivering at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and let us have them in an improved form?' 'Do you take me for a fool, or a knave?' rejoined Abernethy, 'I have always given the students at the hospital that to which they were entitled—the best produce of my mind. If I could have made my lectures to them better, I would certainly have made them so. I will give the College of Surgeons precisely the same lectures down to the smallest details: nay, I will tell the old fellows how to make a poultice.' Soon after, when he was lecturing to the students at St. Bartholomew's, and adverting to the College of Surgeons, he chucklingly exclaimed, "I told the bigwigs how to make a poultice!' It is said by those who have witnessed it, that Mr. Abernethy's explanation of the art of making a poultice was irresistibly entertaining." And no doubt if he had lived but a couple of centuries before, and had had to lecture on the barber-surgery of that day, he would have introduced, with equal glee, an explanation of the process which it appears then belonged to some of the most respectable practitioners. The following extract from the list of officers to Heriot's Hospital in the statutes

* Mr. Pettigrew's account of Abernethy, in the 'Medical Portrait Gallery.' † Vol. i., p. 109.

compiled in 1627, will explain our meaning:—"One chirurgeon barber, *who shall cut and poll the hair of all the scholars of the hospital;* as also look to the cure of all those within the hospital, who any way shall stand in need of his art."

[Portrait of Abernethy.]



[Exterior View of the College of Surgeons.]

LXIII.—THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

THE Square of Lincoln's Inn Fields, with its gardens (now revelling in all the sweet luxuriance of May—the white hawthorn and the gold-dropping laburnum), its fine old mansions, its exhibitions, and its historical recollections, is a place pleasant to walk through, and suggestive of interesting and elevated thoughts. Here, for instance, perished Babington, and his youthful and accomplished companions, who, in their sympathy for the captive Queen of Scotland, put aside their own allegiance to Elizabeth, and endeavoured to dethrone, if not slay, her, in favour of Mary: whose own fate they thus precipitated. Here too was Lord William Russell led to the scaffold; the last of those distinguished men, who, during the eventful period comprised between the commencements of the reigns of Charles I. and William III., sealed their political faith in the need and possibility of good government with their blood; and whose trial was one of those cases, which, occurring in a particular country, yet has stirred the heart of universal man, and given poet and painter a theme they delight to dwell on. It was on this trial that, when the Chief Justice told the prisoner any of his servants might assist him in writing anything for him, the memorable answer was returned,—"My Lord, my wife is here to do it." And here, to refer to memories of another kind, was D'Avenant's theatre, on the stage of which Betterton performed; a man whose portrait Pope painted (the poet, it will be remembered, occasionally dabbled with the palette and brush); whom Addison and Steele rivalled each other

in praising; and of whom Cibber says, "He was an actor, as Shakspere was an author, both without competitors," &c. These are interesting recollections, and no doubt often turn the eyes of the student in history or dramatic literature towards Lincoln's Inn Fields. But a much more widely spread as well as deeper interest centres there. Scarcely a town or large village in the remotest parts of England but has its young aspirants for the honours and emoluments of a profession, the entrance to which lies through Lincoln's Inn Fields. And only those who have passed, or endeavoured to pass through it, can fully appreciate the anxieties and difficulties of the undertaking, or understand the peculiar interest with which the minds of a very large class of persons throughout England view the Royal College of Surgeons.

We are now standing before the building in question, admiring Mr. Barry's chaste and impressive design. Till the almost entire rebuilding of the structure under this gentleman's superintendence in 1835-6, the aspect of the College was, with the exception of the portico, as mean as it is now dignified, as discordant as it is now harmonious. And that portico owes much of its present noble proportions and graceful beauty to the gentleman we have named: a new column, for instance, was added, and the whole fluted; whilst the bold entablature along the entire top of the edifice, with its enriched cornice, and the sunken letters of the inscription in the frieze, the elegant appearance of the stacks of chimneys at each end, and the general lightness of the structure from the great number of windows, are all new, and betoken the masterly hand that has here been at work, and which has given to London not one of the least considerable of recent architectural productions. It is afternoon, and many persons are passing beneath the portico into the Hall. Let us follow them. Some pass through the glazed open doors in front into the inner vestibule, with its low roof and open pillars, towards the Theatre; others into the Secretary's room on the left: these last are, almost without exception, young, and generally gentlemanly-looking men; and their business is to take the first step in a much-dreaded business, the registering their names for examination. It is astonishing how hard the most indolent or lazy student can work now—that is, a week or two before his examination;—and, tired as he has been of the eternal lectures, he is even chivalrous enough to hear one more, the one just about to be given in the Theatre—to the Students' gallery of which accordingly he ascends. Leaving the Secretary's room, we enter the inner hall or vestibule before mentioned, which is ornamented, and its roof supported by rows or screens of Doric columns; and in the far corner, on the left, we find the staircase ascending to the Council Room and Library, and the doorway to the Theatre. Entering the latter, we find ourselves in the Members' gallery, which runs round three sides of the lofty but somewhat contracted-looking place, with crimson seats, wainscoted walls, and a square-panelled roof, in the centre of which is a lantern or skylight. Above us is the Students' gallery, in front the wall of one entire side of the Theatre, and below a sunken floor, with a table for the lecturer, and seats rising upward from it towards us and on each side. The table is covered with preparations, some in glass vessels, intended no doubt to be used for the illustration of the subject of the lecture; and across the wall above, on a level with our own eyes, that long board has been evidently raised for a similar purpose, for it is almost hidden with

drawings, chiefly coloured. One single bust ornaments the place, the bust of John Hunter, placed on a pediment over the board. The seats immediately in front and by the sides of the lecture-table below us are, we are told, for the Council of the College.

In looking round, two or three circumstances arrest our attention. The Students' gallery is almost empty, while the members' gallery and the body of the Theatre, on the contrary, are almost full: another illustration of the truth that meets us in a thousand shapes—those only who know the most have the truest idea how much there is to learn. Again, among the faces present we can detect more than one man whom the world looks on, and justly, as among the foremost in their profession: yet these, with their time worth we know not how many guineas an hour, come to hear a lecture which has no adventitious interest whatever attached to it: it is but one of twenty-four given annually: there are no lords, dukes, nor princes present, nor is there any sumptuous dinner about to follow, as in the case of the annual oration delivered in the Theatre. The character of the faces around must be noticed by the most ordinary observer. Lavater and Spurzheim might each have written a separate chapter in their great works on the exhibition afforded by such an assemblage. The expression of thought and intellect—always acute, sometimes high—is written upon every face and stamped on every brow. But our reflections are interrupted: through a little door in the wall beside the table enters the beadle of the College with the gilt mace, which he lays on the table, members of the Council follow, and lastly enters the lecturer, in a black silk robe with crimson edging; and, as if impatient of the parade, however necessary, at once commences his lecture. The subject is one of greater interest than a stranger and an unscientific man might have anticipated, and of almost (to such an one) startling novelty: *the brain of fishes.* In a rapid survey, the lecturer describes in brief but expressive language the process of declension of the brain from man through the inferior animals, and the birds, down to the fishes; showing how closely each individual and species is linked with that above and below it in the great scale of creation, and how, above all, this variety of structure tends to explain the being of man himself. Thus, it has been maintained by distinguished physiologists, that the cerebellum in the human brain has organic functions connected with the locomotive power. If this be true, should we not find the cerebellum in the lower animals greatly developed, or almost entirely lost, precisely as we find the individuals endowed with extraordinary locomotive powers, or very deficient of them? The lecturer answers by pointing to the amazing development of the cerebellum of the shark, the most vigorous perhaps of fishes, and to that of another, which is scarcely visible, and the owner of which lies all but torpid for half the year.

From this glimpse of the Theatre during one of the lectures of the Professor of Comparative Anatomy, let us pass to an occasion of more general interest—the Hunterian oration, which takes place annually. The Theatre is now brilliantly lighted with chandeliers; for it is late in the day, and the occupants are of a more diversified character. The board is gone, and everything speaks that it is a show rather than a work day of the College. Warriors and statesmen, poets and artists, may now be found among the audience. The President is the orator. Referring to the fitness of the day for the subject—the 14th of February, and

the birth-day of John Hunter—he proceeds, in a notice of the life of that remarkable man, to show what the College, and, through it, the profession, and the world generally, owe to him.

John Hunter was born in 1728, at Long Calderwood, near Glasgow. His father was a small farmer, and having nine other children, but little attention was paid to the child's education. His father's early death made matters still worse, and up to the age of seventeen John Hunter was distinguished for nothing more important than his enjoyment of country sports. Finding this mode of life attended by pecuniary as well as other inconveniences, he addressed himself to a better, and went and laboured zealously in the workshop of his brother-in-law at Glasgow, a cabinet-maker. The manual dexterity which subsequently formed a noticeable feature of Hunter's personal character, and which he found so valuable in his scientific studies, is ascribed to the three years thus spent. The fame of William Hunter, the brother of John, as an anatomical and scientific lecturer, now roused more ambitious thoughts, or at least prepared the way for their accomplishment. He wrote to offer his services; they were accepted; and behold John Hunter at London. His first essays gave so much satisfaction that his brother at once prophesied he would become a good anatomist. This was in 1748. The year following he became the pupil of the celebrated surgeon Cheselden, and attended with him the Hospital of Chelsea for two years, and at the expiration of that time engaged himself to Pott in connexion with the practice of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Passing over various other stages of his career, we find him in 1754 a partner with William in the school, and sharing in the delivery of the annual course of lectures. The severity of his studies now became too great for him, serious illness ensued, and, but for the judicious course he adopted, the world might have now known nothing of John Hunter. He sought and obtained the appointment of staff-surgeon to a regiment ordered to a milder climate, and for two years followed its migrations, when he returned to England completely restored. Hunter would now have risen rapidly in his profession but for two deficiencies, amenity of manner, so valuable, we might say indispensable, to a medical man, and education; as it was, he suffered much inconvenience and anxiety, not on account of his own personal wants, but for his beloved museum, the foundation of which he began to lay from an early period. He lectured, but could get only few pupils, and was frequently obliged to borrow the money for some new purchase that had tempted him, and which he could not resist. A pleasant anecdote of one of these occasions is told. "Pray, George," said he one day to Mr. G. Nicol, the king's bookseller, an intimate acquaintance, "have you got any money in your pocket?" The answer was in the affirmative. "Have you got five guineas? because if you have, and will lend it to me, you shall go halves." "Halves in what?" said Mr. Nicol. "Why, halves in a magnificent tiger, which is now dying in Castle Street." The money was lent, and the great anatomist made happy. All this while his reputation was steadily on the advance, and the fact came home to him in two very satisfactory incidents in the years 1767-8: in the first of which he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society; and in the second, surgeon to St. George's Hospital. This was everything to John Hunter: patients and pupils alike flowed in, and the Museum went on at a glorious rate. More laboriously now than

ever did he devote himself to the investigation of the great subjects that Museum was formed to illustrate: it was no hobby nor plaything, but the grand storehouse of facts in which he proposed to study, more deeply than perhaps man had ever studied before him, the great branches of knowledge into which the general subject of man—"the ills that flesh is heir to" and their cure—divides itself, as natural history, comparative anatomy, physiology, and pathology. Mr. Thomas, who was some time his dresser at the hospital, and subsequently, through Mr. Hunter's influence, surgeon to Lord Macartney's Chinese embassy, gives us the following account of his introduction to him; and the anecdote forms a valuable illustration of the mode in which so much was accomplished in a single lifetime. He says, "Upon my first arrival in London, on presenting a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, he desired to see me at five the next morning. Having already the highest respect for his great professional talents, it may be easily imagined to what a height my curiosity was raised by so extraordinary an appointment: no one will doubt my punctuality of attendance. I found him in his Museum, busily engaged in the dissection of insects. The interest which he seemed to take in his employment—the sagacity of his observations on it—the acuteness of his general remarks upon whatever subject was started—the almost blunt manner in which he questioned me respecting my medical education, united to the kindness of his admonitions relative to my future plans, made a very forcible impression on my mind: it was a mingled feeling of profound respect, surprise, and admiration."*

Hunter had a great love for animals, and not merely, as the satirist might say or think, for their use for dissection, but whilst alive; and he ran some strange risks in consequence. At his house at Brompton he had a numerous collection, among which were two leopards, of which Sir E. Home relates the following anecdote:—"They were kept chained in an outhouse, but one day broke from their confinement and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked. The howling this produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them getting up the wall to make his escape, the other surrounded by the dogs. He immediately laid hold of them both, and carried them back to their den; but as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much agitated that he was in danger of fainting." Again: "The fiercer animals were those to which he was most partial, and he had several of the bull kind from different parts of the world. Among these was a beautiful small bull he had received from the Queen, with which he used to wrestle in play, and entertain himself with its exertions in its own defence. In one of these contests the bull overpowered him, and got him down; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by and frightened the animal away, this frolic would probably have cost him his life."

In 1773 he was affected by a disease of the heart, which subsequently carried him off. The immediate cause of his death involves painful remembrances. In 1792 a dispute occurred between him and his colleagues at St. George's Hospital, in consequence of the election of Mr. Keate to a vacancy which then happened, in

* Medical Portrait Gallery, vol. ii.

opposition to the man of Mr. Hunter's choice, Sir Everard Home, his brother-in-law. This led to recriminatory acts (or what were looked on in that light) on both sides, among which was an order on the part of the hospital governors that no person should be admitted as a student without bringing certificates that he had been educated for the profession. Hunter, who was in the habit of receiving pupils from Scotland of the class prohibited, took this as aimed against himself; but two young men having come up who were prohibited by the rule from entering the hospital, Hunter undertook to press for their admission before the Board. On the proper day, the 16th of October, Hunter went to fulfil his promise, having previously remarked to a friend that if any unpleasant disputes occurred it would prove fatal. It is melancholy to have to relate how true were his forebodings. In making his statement, one of his colleagues gave a flat denial to some observation, and the irrevocable blow was struck. Hunter stopped, retired to an adjoining room to conceal or repress his emotions, and there fell lifeless into the arms of Dr. Robertson. Every attempt was made to recover him, but in vain. We may imagine the feelings of all parties as they gazed upon each other and acknowledged that John Hunter was dead, and that such had been the occasion.

Leaving the Theatre, we ascend the handsome staircase with its roof of delicately-tinged green hue, and its entablature, having a richly sculptured frieze, to the landing at the top; where are busts of Cheselden and Sir W. Banks, who was an honorary member of and benefactor to the College, and an intimate friend of Hunter. On the right a door opens into the Library, on the left to the Council-Room. The Library fills one with surprise from its great height and dimensions. It has two ranges of windows, one above the other, some of the lower opening into the upper part of the portico, between the capitals of which the waving and gleaming foliage of the gardens beyond appear with a charming effect. The collection of books is worthy of the place, although, of course, they consist chiefly of works useful to the medical student. Near one end of the room the gigantic shell of a glyptodon, a kind of primeval armadillo, stands upon a pedestal; and near to it, towards the opposite wall, the half bony, half fossil-looking skeleton of a mylodon, apparently a species of extinct gigantic sloth, which the workmen are now carefully raising in an appropriate attitude, with its fore-feet high up the branch of a large tree.* At a considerable elevation along the walls pictures meet the eye—portraits of Sir Cæsar Hawkins by Hogarth, Serjeant-Surgeon Wiseman, an eminent surgeon of Charles II.'s time, &c. But the great treasure of the College is the Cartoon of Holbein's picture of the grant of the charter to the Barber-Surgeons, of which we have already spoken in connexion with the original in the hall of the Barber-Surgeons' Company. At the west end of the Library is a smaller room, called the Museum Library, the two rooms occupying the entire front of the College.

Crossing the landing of the staircase to the other extremity, we find ourselves at the door of the Council-Room, the place where sits the awful conclave of Examiners. It is a rich-looking and comfortable apartment, with imitation bronze doors and porphyry architraves, whilst the walls present the appearance

* These recent and very interesting and valuable acquisitions to the College have been removed to the Museum since the above was written.

of compartments inlaid with scagliola.' Among the more noticeable ornaments of the room are the pictures and busts: the former comprising Reynolds's admirable and well-known portrait of John Hunter; and the latter, busts of the same eminent man, and of Cline, Sir W. Blizard, Sir E. Home, Abernethy, and George III. and George IV., by Chantrey. There is also a bust of Pott by Hollins. There is one feature of the room which at a glance reveals its uses—a chair surrounded on three sides; and although, very properly, no persons are admitted during examination but the parties concerned, it needs no great exertion of the fancy to see the nervous, excited, quivering, and shivering young *examinee*, sitting in his solitary but most undesired stall, and the line of grave faces extending along his front and on each side of him, so that he sees nothing, hears nothing, but

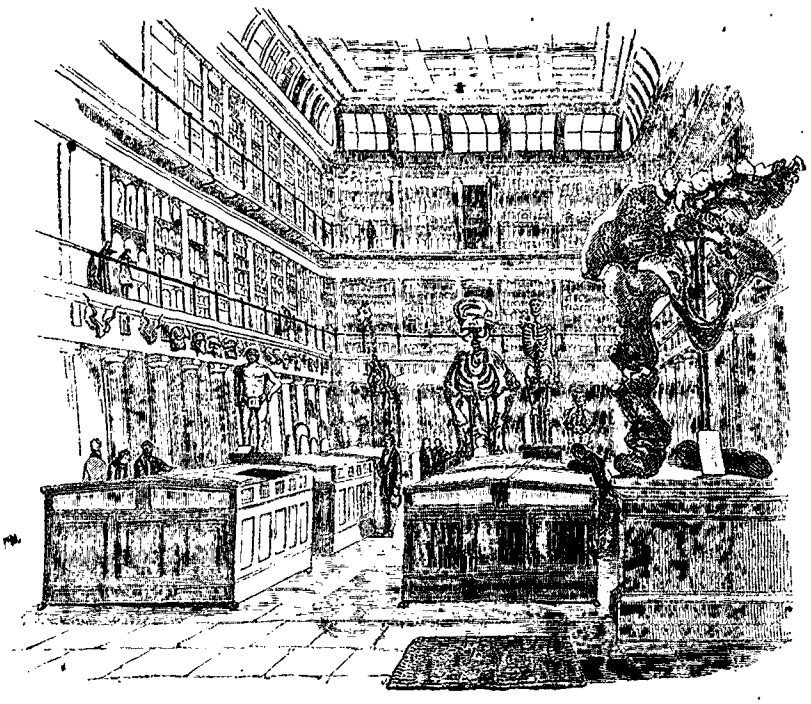
"Censors, censors, everywhere."

There is an ante-chamber attached to the Council-Room, whither candidates pass after examination, and receive refreshment, which in their exhaustion is generally most grateful. And a curious scene in connexion with this room may be occasionally witnessed. Whilst the young man is being examined in the Council-Room, a crowd of friends are walking to and fro on the pavement in front of the College, and looking from time to time upon the windows of that ante-chamber; some of them, perhaps, relatives or friends, no less anxious than the principal himself, knowing what sacrifices have been made to bear up against pecuniary difficulties till the Examination-day; and, to make the trial still more momentous, an appointment perhaps is waiting to be taken at once or be lost for ever. But there he is—the pale countenance flushed up with success. In homely but succinct and expressive words ascends the low-toned query, "All right?" "All right" is the joyous answer,—and the load haply is taken off some poor widow's heart.

The regulations of the Board of Examiners so directly interests a large body of the public, and indirectly the public itself, that it may be useful to describe them a little in detail; and the more, that alterations have from time to time been made in them. The regulations published in October last require candidates to be not less than twenty-one years of age; to have studied professionally not less than four years (six months of this must have been devoted to practical pharmacy, twelve to attendance on practical physic, and three years to the practice of surgery in a recognised hospital or hospitals of Great Britain); to have studied anatomy and physiology by attending lectures and demonstrations, and by dissections during three anatomical seasons; to have attended not less than two courses of at least seventy lectures each on surgery, and one course of similar length on each of the following subjects—practice of physic, materia medica, chemistry, and midwifery, with practical instruction. When diplomas, licences, or degrees are produced, as from certain local colleges of surgeons or from universities, which give sufficient evidence of reasonable preliminary attainments, these rules do not apply. The examinations are conducted *vivâ voce*, unless the candidate desire them to take place in writing. The questions relate almost entirely to anatomy and surgery; and each candidate is usually examined by four of the Examiners in succession. The affair lasts generally from an hour to an hour and a half. Not more than twelve candidates are now set down for one

day's examination, though there have been times, as during the war, when a hundred have been examined on a single occasion, and the young men, worn out by their anxiety and their want of food during the number of hours they have been in waiting, have fainted away in their examination when the time did come. To an old and highly-respected officer of the institution we believe candidates are indebted for the introduction of the kindly and hospitable custom of offering refreshments: this, with the limitation as to the number to be examined at one time, have done away with such scenes. The examination at the College, though indispensable to every medical man (except he be a physician) who desires to be esteemed a practitioner of respectability, can scarcely now be said to be legally necessary; for although the College of Surgeons has the power by charter, &c., of preventing any one but a member of the body from practising in London or within seven miles thereof, or in any other part of the kingdom except a licence has been obtained from the ordinary or vicar-general of the particular diocese, yet the College has never prosecuted any one for practising without licence or diploma. The present number of members is about twelve thousand, and it is calculated that about six hundred new members are added annually. It must be observed that there are also various incidental advantages attached to the membership: thus such persons alone are admitted into the army, the navy, and the East India service; they have access to the Library, Museum, and lectures at the College; and in a great number of cases they alone are eligible to appointments connected with charitable and other public institutions. Lastly, their sons who may be educated for the same profession have the chance open of obtaining for them one of the annual appointments of a student in anatomy, with a salary of 100*l.* a year; whose office is to assist the Conservator of the Museum in preparing and dissecting specimens, &c., and who, at the end of three years, obtains an appointment as assistant-surgeon either in the army, navy, or East India Company's service.

Descending to the entrance-hall, we now turn in an opposite direction (or to the right as you enter the College) in order to reach the Museum. This is a magnificent place in form, proportions, size, and general appearance. It measures about 91 feet in length, 39 in breadth, and 35 in height. It is lighted, not by windows in the side walls, or by lanterns from above, but by a series of windows set in a deep cove extending all round the building between the top of the wall and the ceiling, and the effect is as delightful to the eye as it is useful for the exhibition of the contents of the Museum. The walls exhibit three stories: first of glass cases, each set between half-pillars of the Doric style; second, of a gallery above, with a balcony before it, and occupied by open shelves with preparations in glass vessels; and third, of another gallery, which does not project so far forward as the second, and which is used for similar purposes. Two ranges of broad, solid, glazed cases, breast high, extend also down the floor of the room from one end to the other. Such, in brief, is the shell of the Museum; but how shall we describe its multifarious and almost invaluable contents? The shortest way were, perhaps, to remark, and we should be scarcely guilty of exaggeration in so doing, that it possesses almost everything the imagination of man can conceive of that can be useful or necessary for the study of physical life—that the whole world has been ransacked to enrich its



[Museum of Surgeons' Hall.]

stores. But however comprehensive the idea thus given, we fear it would not be very clear or suggestive; so we must describe it somewhat more in detail. First, then, to look at the Museum as a whole, and in the state Hunter left it at his death, when his Museum consisted of above 10,000 preparations, obtained, it is said, at a cost of about 70,000*l.*, and which was purchased from his widow by the government for 15,000*l.*, who presented it to the College. "The main object which he had in view in forming it," says the author of an admirable account of Hunter and his Museum,* and whose assistance we are glad to avail ourselves of in this somewhat technically scientific department of our subject, "was to illustrate, as far as possible, the whole subject of life by preparations of the bodies in which its phenomena are presented. The principal and most valuable part of the collection, forming the physiological series, consisted of dissections of the organs of plants and animals, classed according to their different vital functions, and in each class arranged so as to present every variety of form, beginning from the most simple and passing upwards to the most complex. They were disposed in two main divisions: the first, illustrative of the functions which minister to the necessities of the individual; the second, of those which provide for the continuance of the species. The first division commenced with a few examples of the component parts of organic bodies, as sap, blood, &c.; and then exhibited the organs of support and motion, presenting a most interest-

* 'Penny Cyclopædia,' article Hunter, vol. xii.

ing view of the various materials and apparatus for affording the locomotive power necessary to the various classes of beings. It was succeeded by series illustrating the functions of digestion (which Hunter placed first, because he regarded the stomach as the organ most peculiarly characteristic of animals), and those of nutrition, circulation, respiration, &c. These were followed by the organs which place each being in relation with the surrounding world, as the nervous system, the organs of sense, the external coverings, &c. The other chief division of the physiological part of the collection contained the sexual organs of plants and animals in their barren and impregnated states, the preparations illustrative of the gradual development of the young, and of the organs temporarily subservient to their existence before and after birth. Parts of the same general collection, though arranged separately for the sake of convenience, were the very beautiful collections of nearly 1000 skeletons; of objects illustrative of natural history, consisting of animals and plants preserved in spirit and stuffed, of which he left nearly 3000; of upwards of 1200 fossils; and of monsters. The pathological part of the Museum contained about 2500 specimens, arranged in three principal departments: the first illustrating the processes of common diseases and the actions of restoration; the second, the effects of specific diseases; and the third, the effects of various diseases, arranged according to their locality in the body. Appended to these was a collection of about 700 calculi and other inorganic concretions. These few words may give some idea of Hunter's prodigious labours and industry as a collector: but his Museum contains sufficient proof that he was no mere collector: it was formed with a design the most admirable, and arranged in a manner the most philosophic; and when it is remembered that it was all the work of one man labouring under every disadvantage of deficient education, and of limited and often embarrassed pecuniary resources, it affords, perhaps, better evidence of the strength and originality of Hunter's mind than any of his written works, where he speaks of facts, that in his Museum are made to speak for themselves." We need hardly add that this arrangement is strictly and reverentially preserved, and that every article which belonged to Hunter is carefully distinguished as his by marks, &c., from the additions which the College have ever since been continually making to complete his gigantic project, and in pursuance of which they expended last year no less a sum than nearly 3000*l.** Our readers may

* As the financial statement from which this item is borrowed shows in a striking manner the present and increasing prosperity of the College, we append it here:—

Receipts.	£	s.	d.
Court of examiners' fees for diplomas, at 20 guineas each, exclusive of the cost of stamps	12,761	14	0
Rent	37	10	0
Fees on admission to council and court of examiners (20 guineas each)	105	0	0
Fee on certificate of diploma	5	5	0
Incidental, sale of lists, catalogues, &c.	39	13	0
Dividends on investments in government securities, &c.	1,299	4	4
	£14,158	6	4

Disbursements.	£	s.	d.
College department, including council, court of examiners, auditors, diploma-stamps, collegiate prize, salaries, &c.	6,357	12	7
Museum department, including catalogues, specimens, spirit, salaries, &c.	2,823	5	11
Library department, including the purchase and binding of books, salaries, &c.	778	0	0
Miscellaneous expenses, taxes, rent, &c.	434	6	3
Studentships in anatomy	192	7	7
Repairs and alterations	238	19	11
Hunterian oration, lectures, Jacksonian prize, &c.	99	17	0
	£10,924	9	3

—thus leaving above £3000 to be added to the permanent capital in a single year.

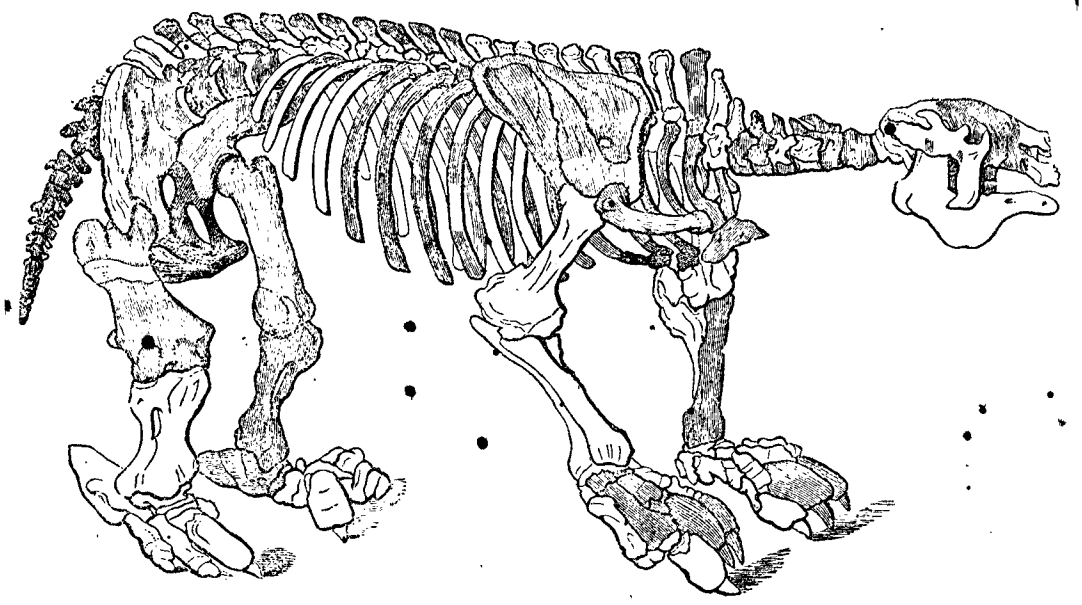
now judge of the value of this famous Museum. A few words on the regulations for admission may be here usefully given. These are highly liberal, if we consider the Museum is not intended to form an exhibition but a place of study. Members of both houses of parliament, great officers of state, the dignitaries of the church and the law, general and flag officers of the navy, members of learned and scientific bodies, and of public boards, physicians, surgeons, &c. &c. have all not only the privilege of personally visiting the Museum, but of introducing visitors.

A painful recollection is connected with the Museum, which we are reminded of by the volumes of the handsome and comprehensive Catalogue published by the College, which we see lying about in different parts of the place. That catalogue is very valuable, formed as it is with great care from the preparations themselves, and from the published works and a few scattered manuscripts of the founder—Hunter. But what it is, is but a slender compensation for what it ought to have been, had those who were bound by the nearest ties to look upon every memorial of Hunter as sacred, fulfilled the duty imposed on them. For several years before his death the great anatomist commenced the preparation of *his own catalogue*, which was to embody the entire results of all his professional and scientific experience; and although he died before positively completing more than a very small portion of his scheme, he did live to bequeath to the world nineteen folio volumes of MS. materials, written either by himself or at his dictation, and, there is little doubt, of a more valuable kind than the world had ever before possessed. These volumes have, it appears, been destroyed! "The formation of the catalogue," states the writer before quoted,* "was intrusted to Sir Everard Home, the brother-in-law and only surviving executor of Hunter; but from year to year he deferred his task, and, after supplying only two small portions of his undertaking, he at length announced that, in accordance with a wish which he had heard Mr. Hunter express, he had burned the manuscripts, which he had taken without leave from the College of Surgeons, and among which were the ten volumes of dissections (forming a part of the nineteen) and numerous other original papers. Thus nearly the whole labour of Hunter's life seemed lost: a few only of the least important of his writings remained, unless, indeed, we reckon as his the numerous essays which Sir E. Home published as his own in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and subsequently collected in six volumes, 4to., of 'Lectures on Comparative Anatomy.' Many of these give strong evidence of his having used Hunter's writings in their composition; and the fear lest his plagiarism should be detected is the only probable reason that can be assigned for so disgraceful an act." The injury done to Hunter's fame by this mysterious proceeding is incalculable. "Every year, as his Museum is more closely studied, proves that Hunter had been well aware of facts for the *discovery* of which other observers have since his death received the honour;" and from this we may judge how great must be the loss the public have experienced in losing the fruits of so many years' labour of so valuable a life.

In walking through the Museum, now in its principal department, physiology, the richest collection of the kind in existence, one is apt to be bewildered by the multiplicity of the objects which present themselves to our attention. Every

* 'Penny Cyclopædia,' article HUNTER.

one of all those numerous cases, divided by pillars which extend round the four sides of the noble room, might well detain us—as far as its abstract interest is concerned—for as long a period as the general visitor can spare to see the whole. Here, in wonderful profusion, the eye passes along an almost interminable series of skeletons, beautifully prepared and exhibited, first of quadrupeds, as llamas, zebras, rams, antelopes, deer, armadilloes, squirrels, seals, lions, cats, wolves, bears, monkeys, kangaroos; then of birds, from the tiny creeper to the giant ostrich; and lastly of fishes and reptiles; whilst one portion is set apart for an extensive collection of skulls of all the different varieties of the family of man. These are the contents of the glass cases of the ground story around the wall. Immediately above, adorning the open railing of the balcony which projects in front of the first gallery, we see its entire sweep round the Museum filled with the frontal honours of all the horned animals we have ever heard or read of. There is one gigantic pair of horns immediately over the entrance into the Museum, of a size that would be truly incredible if the eye had not its own unerring evidence. We tried to span it by extending our arms at full stretch, but it was amusing to see how much too short was even such an instrument of measurement: they are the horns of the extinct Irish elk, or stag. We may here observe, that the Museum contains a beautiful series of preparations showing the gradual growth of the horn in deer, from the first putting forth of the as yet tender sprout, with its blood-vessels, and its soft velvet-like covering, to the magnificent weapon with which the animal goes forth, the knight-errant of the woods, in the cause of love. The chief features of the Museum are the isolated skeletons, &c., on pedestals placed at the ends and in the centre of the room, and, as might be expected, the interest attached to them is in proportion to the prominency of their position. Standing at the door of the Museum, just as we enter, on our right, is a cast of one of those stupendous remains of the extinct animals of an early world,—the bones of the hinder portion of the skeleton of the megatherium, the originals of which are preserved in the College. Until the latter part of the last century this enormous quadruped was unknown in Europe. In 1789 the Viceroy of Buenos Ayres sent the Museum of Madrid a considerable portion of a skeleton, and subsequently portions of two other skeletons reached the same country. It was not, however, till the arrival of the remains collected by Sir Woodbine Parish, and presented to the College of Surgeons, that the general characteristics of the animal could be determined. These remains were found in the river Salado, which runs through the Pampas, or flat alluvial plains to the south of the city of Buenos Ayres. The immediate cause of this discovery was the unusual succession of three dry seasons, which caused the water to sink very low, and exposed the bone of the pelvis to view as it stood upright in the river. The cast in the Museum here is, as we have before stated, only of the hinder parts of the animal, which, in their startling magnitude, provoke a very natural desire for a glimpse of the entire creature to which they belonged. Let the reader, then, look at the following engraving (in which the simple outline shows the extent of the Madrid skeleton, the pale tint the corresponding parts in the College, and the dark tint the additional parts which are wanting in the skeleton at Madrid), and at the same time reflect that its general dimensions are about fourteen feet in length and about eight in height, that the upper part of



[Skeleton of Megatherium.]

its tail must have measured at least two feet across, that its thigh-bone is twice the size of that of the largest known elephant, that its heel-bone actually weighs more than the entire foot of the great elephant whose skeleton is in the Museum (and which we shall presently have to mention), and that its fore-foot must have exceeded a yard in length. "Thus heavily constructed," says Dr. Buckland, in an eloquent passage in his 'Bridgewater Treatise,' "it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under the ground, and in all its movements must have been necessarily slow; but what need of rapid locomotion to an animal whose occupation of digging roots for food was almost stationary? . . . His entire frame was an apparatus of colossal mechanism, adapted exactly to the work it had to do; strong and ponderous in proportion as the work was heavy, and calculated to be the vehicle of life and enjoyment to a gigantic race of quadrupeds, which, though they have ceased to be accounted among the living inhabitants of our planet, have in their fossil bones left behind them imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed." In cleaning the bones, on their arrival at the College, some small portions of adipocire (or animal matter, changed into the peculiar fatty and waxy substance first discovered during the last century) was found. Long exposure to water, in particular, appears to cause this extraordinary conversion; and the remains of the Megatherium must have been so exposed for at least many centuries. At the same time the existence of the adipocire would seem to imply that we can scarcely venture to date the period of the Megatherium's life beyond that of man's first appearance on the world, unless we are to suppose that soft substance as imperishable as the fossil bones themselves.

Immediately opposite the Megatherium, on our left, is the complete, and solid, heavy-looking skeleton of the Hippopotamus, or River Horse, the supposed

Behemoth of the Book of Job. Passing down the centre of the room, between the two ranges of glass cases which extend along the floor, and which are filled with a thousand small interesting objects—teeth of various animals, in various stages of growth (the series belonging to the elephant, showing the process of his shedding his teeth, which he does at least twelve times, is very interesting), dried preparations of the different vascular organs of the body, sponges, fossils, shells, &c., we find in the middle of the room, on our left, a fine cast of the figure of a male negro, and on the right the amazingly tall skeleton of a man, which we can hardly persuade ourselves can have really belonged to a human being; but there is no room for doubt. It is the skeleton of Charles Byrne, better known, however, as O'Brien, the Irish giant; who, according to the 'Annual Register,' died in June, 1783, in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, from excessive drinking, to which he was accustomed, and to which he had previously given himself up, with greater recklessness than ever, on account of a loss of 700*l.*, which he had by him in the shape of a single bank-note. It appears he measured eight feet four inches as he lay dead, being then only twenty-two years old: his skeleton is just eight feet. It is said that he wished his remains to be sunk out at sea. Was this from the mere horror of dissection, or that he looked upon himself as a kind of half-monster, and felt a sense of relief in the idea that when he was dead all traces of him should disappear? Whatever be the truth of the story, the body came into Mr. Hunter's possession before any attempt at interment was made. In strange contrast with this noble and graceful-looking edifice of man, for such it seems to us in a very eminent degree, stands, we cannot say by its side, but by its leg, the skeleton of Madlle. Crachani, a Sicilian girl of ten years of age. This is just twenty inches high, and does not reach, by an inch or two, the giant's knee. She was born in or near Palermo, in 1814, and was the daughter of an Italian woman, who, whilst travelling some months before her confinement in the baggage-train of the Duke of Wellington's army on the Continent, was frightened into fits by an accident with a monkey. The child was reared with difficulty, and, being taken to Ireland, became there consumptive. It was then brought to London, and publicly exhibited in Bond Street in 1824. Sir Everard Home, among numerous other scientific men, visited her; and he says, "The child, when I saw it, could walk alone, but with no confidence. Its sight was very quick, much attracted by bright objects, delighted with everything that glittered, mightily pleased with fine clothes, had a shrill voice, and spoke in a low tone; had some taste for music, but could speak few words of English; was very sensible of kindness, and quickly recognised any person who had treated it kindly." She died in the same year. On the same pedestal is a very minute and beautifully-constructed ivory skeleton of the human form.

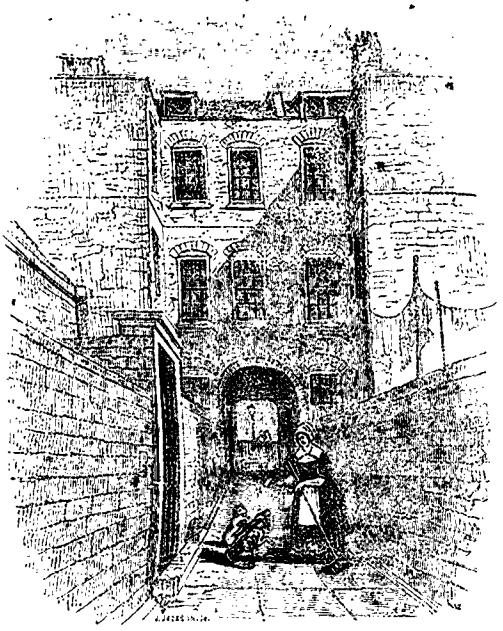
As we approach the end of the room, the colossal structure of the largest living quadruped, the Indian elephant, makes us gaze in astonishment at the wonders that still live and breathe among us. The skeleton measures from the pedestal to its highest part *twelve feet four inches*. Inquiring as to the personal history of this enormous creature, how were we surprised to hear that it was Chuny, whose destruction at Exeter Change excited so much sympathy;—and, poor Chuny, thou deservedst it. Thine was a sagacious and noble nature. We should not like to have been that one of thy keepers who, after helping to

fire into thy hapless body some eighty shots, bade thee kneel, little expecting, we may be sure, thou wouldst obey; but thou didst; and he beheld thee, in the midst of all thy agony, kneel down. Gradually thou droppest on thy knees, and in calm dignity let the pitiless storm beat on. When they grew tired, they found thee still in that posture, erect, but dead.

The skeleton of poor Chuny is flanked on either side by remarkable companions—a giraffe and a Bactrian camel. From this end of the room a door on the left opens into another Museum, of the same height, but comparatively small in its other dimensions. In front of the lofty gallery pictures hang at intervals, portraits and illustrations of surgical marvels: the room itself is chiefly devoted to preparations of extraordinary surgical cases of disease, &c., monstrosities (here is a cast of the band of the Siamese twins, for instance), and a variety of miscellaneous objects, among which the most striking are the row of mummies standing upright in open wooden boxes along the end facing you as you enter. One of them is the embalmed wife of the once notorious Martin van Butchell, with a parrot or some similar bird in the case with her: this was prepared at his request by Mr. William Hunter and Mr. Cruickshank, in 1775. But the most interesting mummy is that of an Egyptian in its inner case, unopened, brought to England in 1820, and we know not how many thousand years old. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and affords an excellent example of the mode of embalming practised in ancient Egypt. The external case, generally of sycamore, has been removed: the internal case, which more immediately envelopes the body, and partakes of its form, is composed of many layers of cloth cemented together, and faced or externally covered with a white composition, affording a smooth and uniform surface, upon which an endless variety of hieroglyphical figures and devices are drawn in vivid, and, to this day, comparatively well-preserved colours. In strange contrast with this artificially preserved human being is that painful-looking figure raised upon a high pedestal, seated on its haunches, the knees against the chin, and the hands pressing against the sunken cheeks. There is every reason to consider the history of this figure as extraordinary as its appearance. The governor of the district of Caxamarca, in Peru, became much interested in a tradition preserved among the natives of the place, that a certain guaca, or sepulchre, was the site of the voluntary sacrifice of the life of a Curaca, one of the order of nobles next in rank to the members of the royal family. He determined accordingly to have it opened, which was done in 1821; and at the depth of about ten or twelve feet three bodies were found—a female, which crumbled to dust on exposure to the air; a child, which is now in the museum of Buenos Ayres; and a man, the figure we are now gazing on. In all probability the three stood in the relation of husband, wife, and child. This dreadful instance of the lengths to which man's wild imagination will carry him is supposed to have taken place some little time before the arrival of Pizarro, or between the years of 1530 and 1540. The preservation of the bodies is owing to the peculiar character of the soil. With them were found various articles of interest—an axe or bludgeon of green jade-stone, and a ball of very fine thread or worsted, two or three inches in diameter, which was placed under the arm of the child, a symbol, probably, in some way, of its own undeveloped career.

As we wander to and fro, fingering among the many objects that call upon our attention, but which our space will not admit us to mention, we perceive in front of the pedestal on which stands the giant elephant, a bust, the only one, as in the case of the Theatre, which decorates the place. Need we add it is the idol of the shrine, the creator of all we see around—JOHN HUNTER.

[John Hunter.]



[Old Academy in St. Martin's-lane.]

LXIV.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY. No. I.

DURING the reign of the first George and part of that of the second, it seemed as though the nation at large was inclined to participate in the well-known contempt of one of those monarchs for "*Bainting*," whatever it might do as regards his similar opinion of "*Boetry*;" at all events, since anything deserving the name of art had existed in this country, never before had the prospect seemed so hopeless. The admirable works of Holbein and Vandyke, and, in a lesser degree, of Lely and Kneller (all foreigners), which had been scattered so profusely abroad through the palaces and mansions of England, appeared to have fallen on a soil barren, as far as they were concerned, but most prolific of the ranker and more gaudy kinds of vegetation. Whilst the national mind appeared to make no response to the exertions of the great painters we have mentioned, the sight of the acres of garish canvas—

'Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and La Guerre,'

set us all decorating our staircases and ceilings in a similar manner; mythology was made easy to the humblest capacities; Jupiters and Junos, Venuses and Mercuries, flocked about us in the most condescending fashion—*high* art was to be our own at once: there is no saying how soon the spirit as well as the forms of the art-religion of ancient Greece might not have been revived among us, but for the unlucky sarcasms of those wicked poets! At the period of the accession of George II., our most eminent native artists were Sir James Thornhill, the

painter of the dome of St. Paul's and the great hall of Greenwich Hospital, works which, whatever admiration they excited in his own day, when he successfully disputed the palm of reputation with La Guerre, are now at least as remarkable for the mode in which they were paid (forty shillings a square yard), as for their excellence; Hudson, the chief portrait-painter; and Hayman, the decorator of Vauxhall, and the author of many illustrative designs of 'Don Quixote' and other publications. When such were our great men, no wonder that French critics amused themselves with speculations on the cause of what they declared to be our evident unfitness ever to be distinguished in art, and kindly condoled with us on our ungenial climate and our defective physical organization. If they could have seen what was then going silently on in different parts of England, these sagacious critics would have saved themselves much trouble, some confusion, and have derived a lesson as to putting their own house into order, which would have been useful. Holbein and his immortal followers, it turned out after all, had *not* come to an ungenial soil; on the contrary, it appeared they had been slowly doing that which it is the prerogative of genius only to do—making equals, and not imitators. It was not long after the commencement of the reign of George II., that Sir James Thornhill, on rising one morning, found on his breakfast-table some etchings of so remarkable a character, that when he learnt they were by his poor son-in-law, who had offended him by marrying his child without his consent, he at once forgave them both. The etchings were some of the as yet unpublished engravings of the 'Harlot's Progress;' the poor son-in-law was Hogarth. In the same street where this scene took place—St. Martin's Lane—a few years after, a young painter from Devonshire had established himself after having visited Rome, and older artists talked of the absurd heresies he was practically broaching. Hudson, before mentioned, who was his old master, went to see him, and after looking for some time on the picture of a boy in a turban, exclaimed, with an oath, "Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England." Another eminent portrait-painter, who had studied under Kneller, also came to the studio and expressed his opinions:—"Ah! Reynolds, this will never answer; why, you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey!" The young artist, by no means overwhelmed, answered with quiet confidence, and explained his reasons (which of course embodied all his novel views in art), with great ability, till at last Ellis cried out, "Shakspere in poetry, and Kneller in painting, d——e!" and marched out of the room. Not many years had to elapse before that heretical student was acknowledged the master of a genuine and lofty English school of painting, and posterity has confirmed the opinion of contemporaries. Lastly, about the same time, Gainsborough, yet a boy, was obtaining holidays from school by ingeniously forging notes of leave from his parent, for the purpose of making sketches in the beautiful woods which surrounded his native place in Suffolk; and Wilson, the English Claude, was being happily turned from portrait to landscape by an accident. Whilst studying at Rome, he waited one morning a long time anticipating the coming of the artist Zucarelli, and, to beguile the time, sketched the scene he beheld through the windows before him. Zucarelli, looking on it when he came, was astonished, and asked Wilson if he had studied landscape. The answer was in the negative. "Then I advise you to try, for you are sure

of great success," was Zucarelli's immediate remark; and Vernet, an eminent French painter, spoke to the same effect. The picture of Niobe marked his return to England, and caused his immediate recognition as a painter of high genius. It is to these men that we chiefly owe the extraordinary advance in English art which has been made in the space of a single century. From the period of their advent we may date the rapid disappearance of the historical pictures of the La Guerre and Thornhill school, "the mobs of the old divinities—nymphs who represented cities—crowned beldames for nations—and figures, ready ticketed and labelled, answering to the names of Virtues;"* and with them went the artists who were at first Reynolds's chief rivals, and whom he describes as having "a set of postures which they apply to all persons indiscriminately: the consequence of which is, that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings; and if they have a history or a family piece to paint, the first thing they do is to look over their commonplace book, containing sketches which they have stolen from various pictures; then they search their prints over, and pilfer one figure from one print, and another from a second; but never take the trouble of thinking for themselves." In place of all these different kinds of inanities, Hogarth now set the town considering the stern realities of life, and instilled into them his wholesome morality; Reynolds showed a truer divinity, hedging in the shapes of humanity itself, than Verrio had ever fetched down from Olympus; and Wilson and Gainsborough revealed the natural beauties of the every-day world to thousands who had at least practically forgotten them. It was during the height of the reputation of these men that the Royal Academy started into existence, and chiefly in consequence of their exertions.

It appears from Hogarth's memoirs of himself that the first attempt to form a kind of artists' academy was made about the beginning of the eighteenth century "by some gentlemen-painters of the first rank, who in their general forms imitated the plan of that in France, but conducted their business with far less fuss and solemnity; yet the little that there was, in a very short time became an object of ridicule." The single object then desired was a school for drawing from the living model; and it is curious, and an unanswerable evidence of the low state of the arts, that in so important a matter nothing should have been done previously, or more effectively when undertaken. But the public had an idea that some of these meetings were for immoral purposes, and the artists had not a little difficulty to overcome on that score. The Duke of Richmond had the credit, later in the century, of establishing the first school in this country for the study of the antique, having fitted up a gallery with a number of casts, busts, and bas-reliefs, "moulded from the most select antique and modern figures at that time in Rome and Florence. Cipriani was one of the teachers here for a few months. Other associations, of the kind before referred to, sprang into existence from time to time. Vertue in 1711 was drawing in one, of which Kneller was at the head. Sir James Thornhill also founded one at the back of his house in St. Martin's Lane, which, Hogarth says, sunk into insignificance; and after his death, Hogarth, becoming possessed of the apparatus, himself caused the establishment of another, ultimately known as the Society of Incor-

* Allan Cunningham's 'British Painters,' vol. i., p. 51.

porated Artists, from which the Royal Academy, which Hogarth so strenuously opposed on the ground of the deleterious influence he conceived such establishments would have on art, may be said to have arisen. This is by no means the most noticeable feature of the contrast between Hogarth's intended opposition and actual support. A new advantage was soon discovered by the artists in the combination they devised, the advantage of exhibition, and it is one that has since kept the body firmly together by its potent influence. For this, also, the Academy is indebted chiefly to Hogarth. On the erection of the Foundling Hospital, it was desired, in accordance with the taste of the day—and an admirable taste, too, if better use had been made of it—to decorate the walls, &c. But the charity was too poor to pay the artists for so doing, some of whom accordingly offered to do it gratuitously. Hogarth was the chief of these benefactors. The fame of the different works spreading abroad, people began to desire to see them; their desires were gratified, the exhibition took amazingly; and thus did the painters of the day first derive their idea of the advantages that might accrue from exhibitions of their collected works. An opportunity for making the experiment soon offered. In 1754 a Society was formed for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, which, among its other good deeds, expended in twenty years nearly 8000*l.*, together with ten gold medals, six silver, seventeen gold palettes, and eighty-four large and small of silver, in rewards to youthful competitors in painting, sculpture, and architecture. The great rooms of this Society were thrown open for the first public English exhibition of art, April 21, 1760; the admission was free, and the price of the catalogue sixpence. The scheme was successful, and therefore repeated the next year in the great room of Spring Gardens, when the price of their catalogue was raised to a shilling, and admission was only to be obtained either by an individual or a party by the purchase of a catalogue. Johnson, writing to Baretti, notices this exhibition, and says, "They (the artists) please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise in reputation. . . . This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists and the lovers of art." And then follows a bit of what too many at that time thought philosophy, but of which it is truly surprising to find Johnson the utterer. "Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many *trifles* to rid us of our time—of that time which never can return." Johnson's friend Reynolds taught him better, a few years later, in those immortal discourses, which the doctor among others had the credit with some credulous or envious people of having in a great measure written. He may, perhaps, even have received a more direct reproof if he were in the habit of expressing such opinions in Reynolds's presence. The latter esteemed his art too highly to allow such remarks from such a quarter to pass unnoticed. His admirable comment upon an observation made by the Dean of Gloucester, Dr. Tucker, that a pin-maker was a more useful and valuable member of society than Raphael, is here in point. "That," said Reynolds, "is an observation of a very narrow mind—a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce—that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure: the end is a rational enjoyment by

means of arts and sciences," &c. The friendship of these remarkable men commenced in an interesting manner. Reynolds, whilst on a visit in Devonshire, took up Johnson's Life of Savage. He was standing at the time leaning against the chimney-piece. He read, and read on, without moving, till he had finished the book, and then, on trying to move his arm, found it benumbed and useless. From that time he eagerly sought an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the writer, and one soon offered, which resulted in a lasting and cordial friendship. It was perhaps through this connexion that Johnson was induced to write the advertisement of the third exhibition, when the artists ventured on the bold experiment of charging one shilling for the admittance of each person, but at the same time thought a kind of apology or explanation necessary. The concluding sentences, which are Johnsonian all over, contain the pith of the whole. "The purpose of this exhibition is not to enrich the artist, but to advance the art: the eminent are not flattered with preference, nor the obscure insulted with contempt: whoever hopes to deserve public favour is here invited to display his merit." This exhibition, too, being successful, the custom was firmly established, and the associated company began to grow rich and influential. In 1765 they obtained a charter of incorporation under the title before mentioned. But their very success bred dissension: there was no deciding what to do with the money. The architects wanted a house, the sculptors wanted statues, and the painters wanted a gallery for historical paintings, whilst some wanted nothing but the money itself, and to grow rich. Another cause of division existed in the very heterogeneous composition of the Society. It consisted at one period of 149 members, many of whom were artists only in name; and that was not the worst of the evil, for the bad and indifferent portions of the Society were so numerous as entirely to overpower the good, and to give tone and influence to the whole. This, of course, was not to be endured, and some of the best members seceded, among whom were Reynolds; and West, then known as a young American artist of promise, and a Quaker, whom the King, George III., had taken under his especial patronage. The Presidency of the Incorporated Artists being vacant about that time, Kirby, teacher of perspective to the King, was elected, and in his inaugural address assured the members that His Majesty would not support the dissenters. West was then painting his picture of 'Regulus' for the King in the palace, where Kirby was one day announced, and, by the King's orders, admitted, and introduced to West, whom he had never seen before. Kirby looked at the picture, commended both it and the artist, then turning to George III., observed, "Your Majesty never mentioned anything of this work to me. Who made the frame? It is not made by one of your Majesty's workmen, it ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder." "Kirby," was the quiet reply, "whenever you are able to paint me such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame." "I hope, Mr. West," added Kirby, "that you intend to exhibit this picture?" "It is painted for the palace," was the reply, "and its exhibition must depend upon His Majesty's pleasure." "Assuredly," remarked the King, "I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public." "Then, Mr. West, you will send it to my exhibition?" "No!" interrupted the King, "it must go to *my* exhibition—that of the Royal Academy." Such was the first announcement to the Incorporated Artists of the success of a memorial

that had been presented by the seceders from their body, which stated that the two principal objects they had in view were the establishing a well-regulated school or academy of design, and an annual exhibition, open to all artists of distinguished merit; and they apprehended that the profits arising from the last of these institutions would fully answer all the expenses of the first; they even flattered themselves, they said, that there would be more than was necessary for that purpose, and that they should be enabled annually to distribute something in useful charities. The constitution was signed by George III. on the 10th of December, 1768, and the "Royal Academy for the purpose of cultivating and improving the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture" was an established thing.

Before the King's answer had been received, the choice of the members for the presidency had been fixed, and the manner in which they announced it to him whom it most nearly concerned was striking. Reynolds and West, when the former had determined to join the new body, entered the hall together where the artists were assembled. They rose to a man, and saluted Reynolds with the single but significant word "President!" Although touched by such a mark of approbation, he would not agree to accept the honour till he had consulted his friends Burke and Johnson, who advised him to do so; and, accordingly, he did. The young monarch not only thus favoured the Royal Academy, but promised to supply all pecuniary deficiencies from his private purse, and then gave additional *éclat* to the whole by knighting the chosen President, Reynolds. Johnson was so elated at the honour paid to his friend, that he broke through a restraint he had for some years imposed on himself of abstaining from wine. If the world had been searched for a man combining all the most desirable qualifications for the office, it would have been impossible to have found a better man for the Presidency of the New Academy than Sir Joshua Reynolds. Deeply imbued with the loftiest theories of the art, which he had studied at the fountain-head, in the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, at Rome, and in those of the illustrious ancients of Greece, and himself a painter of rare excellence, he possessed at the same time literary attainments of a distinguished order, to enable him to give adequate expression to whatever he most desired to instil into the rising minds of the Academy. As a man his character seems to have approached as near to perfection as our erring nature admits of. Amid all the squabble and clamour, which from time to time shook the academic halls, the noble figure of the President seems ever to stand aloof in calm dignity. The deep repose which forms one of the characteristics of antique art, was not to him a thing to be talked about only, or even to be thought of: he knew that the stream can rise no higher than its source, the artist's whole being must be in harmony with what he desires to achieve, and with him it was so. Of his generous sympathy with struggling genius the anecdotes are as numerous as they are individually delightful. On one of his journeys on the Continent a young artist, of the name of De Gree, attracted his attention, and, probably through his advice, came to England. Reynolds, knowing the difficulties of the young artist, generously gave him fifty guineas: it is one pleasant evidence of the character of the man thus assisted to find that the money was at once sent off for the use of poor aged parents. When Gainsborough offered for sale his picture of 'The Girl and Pigs,' at the price of sixty guineas, Sir Joshua

gave a hundred. Gainsborough appears to have taken a pique against Reynolds, and left a portrait of him unfinished that he had begun. But, on his death-bed, who does he send for but Reynolds; and with him by its side, and uttering the words, "We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company," died. To these qualities we must add that, in person, Reynolds added the graces of the gentleman to the dignity of the man; and, in his house, that he was hospitable without being profuse. Fond of the best society, Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, were continual visitors at his table, he made all such enjoyments tend to the enriching and enlarging his mind, and thus was constantly carrying fresh acquisitions of thought to his study, instead of withdrawing his attention from it, as is too often the case under such circumstances. As President his first act was in accordance with all that we have described, and stamped a glory on the Academy that will for ever make its memory dear to the lovers of art. He voluntarily undertook the duty of delivering a series of discourses for the instruction of students, and commenced with the opening of the Academy, January 2, 1769, and continued them from time to time till the world was in possession of the whole of those writings which now form the student's best text-book for the principles of his art, and where not the painter only, but the poet and the musician, may find the most valuable instruction.

The members of the Academy were well calculated to support the reputation which was at once obtained by the favourable circumstances of its commencement. In the excellent picture, by Zoffany, of the hall of the Academy during one of the

[Zoffany's Picture of the Royal Academicians, 1773.]

days devoted to drawing from the living model, we have the portraits of the original members; and it is surprising, on looking over their names as given in the Key, to see the amount of talent here congregated together. No wonder the Incorporated Artists soon sunk into oblivion, for they must have been deprived of almost every man of any eminence among them. Goldsmith's couplet on Reynolds, and the empty pretenders to knowledge who used to buzz about him,

> "When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his *trumpet*, and only took snuff,"

points out the President in the centre. Next to him, with his hand raised to his chin, is Dr. William Hunter, brother to John Hunter, who was appointed Professor of Anatomy. On the other side of Reynolds, the star on the breast marks Sir William Chambers, the author of a most valuable 'Treatise on Architecture,' the architect of Somerset House, and the admirer of Chinese gardening: an admiration for which he was somewhat severely handled by Horace Walpole and the poet Mason in the well-known 'Heroic Epistle,' which ridiculed, in rhyme, the prose reasonings and descriptions of the original. Near the extremity of the picture, on the same side, is the standing full-length figure of West; behind him, hat and stick in hand, Cipriani; and by his side, nearer the front and middle of the picture, Hayman, a powerful-looking man sitting at his ease, watching the process of placing the model in the position desired. On the other side of Reynolds and Hunter the first figure is that of Bartolozzi, the eminent engraver, near whom is Wilson, with his hand in his breast, his portly figure raised upon an elevation above any of the neighbouring figures. Wilson, who is said to have painted his 'Ceyx and Alcyone' for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese, was represented in Zoffany's original sketch with a pot of beer at his elbow. Wilson, hearing this, immediately obtained a very "proper" looking cudgel, and vowed to give his brother painter a sound threshing. Zoffany prudently took the hint, and caused the offensive feature to vanish. Standing in front of the model, examining the propriety of the position, are Yeo, and Zucarelli, an Italian artist, who had first distinguished himself in England as a scene-painter at the Opera. A curious circumstance is mentioned in Smith's 'Nollekens and his Times:' the distinguished painter Canaletti, it is there stated, frequently painted the buildings in Zucarelli's landscapes. The person giving the handle suspended from the ceiling for the support of the arm, to the man who is being placed in the position required, is Moser, one of the most active movers in the foundation of the Royal Academy. The noble figure standing against the chair, with one arm reclining on its back, belongs to a somewhat ignoble personage, Nathaniel Hone, a man who made some noise in his day by an attempted attack on Sir Joshua and the lady whose portrait (that in the square frame) is introduced instead of herself on the wall above Hone, Mrs. Angelica Kauffman, the well-known historical painter. One of the ideas adopted by the mediocre artists of the time to console themselves under Reynolds' undeniable pre-eminence, was that he was a plagiarist, and accustomed to steal his groups, attitudes, &c. Hone, to give point and popularity to the idea, painted a picture, in which a wizard-looking personage stood with a wand in his hand, surrounded by various works of art, and pointed

to a number of scattered prints, beneath which were slight indications of various of Sir Joshua's works the most nearly resembling, or appearing to resemble them in design. Still more grossly was a representation introduced into the composition of the lady, Angelica Kauffman, between whom and Sir Joshua some slight flirtation was said to have taken place. This picture Hone had the impudence to send to his brother Academicians for exhibition, who rejected it with indignation. Hone then endeavoured to deny that his picture did refer to the personages in question, but the thing was too evident. In quitting Mr. Nathaniel Hone we must not forget Peter Pindar's summary of his abilities :—

> " And now for Mister Nathan Hone:
> In portrait thou 'rt as much *alone*,
> As in his landscapes stands the unrivall'd Claude :"

with this difference, that Hone's isolation was at the wrong end of the professional scale. To return: the full-length figure occupying the extreme right of the picture is Richard Cosway, an excellent miniature-painter, and a gentleman who, if we are to believe his own word, had occasional communings of a remarkable nature. " One day at the Royal Academy dinner he assured a brother Academician, that he had that morning been visited by Mr. Pitt, who had then been dead about four years. ' Well,' asked the brother member, ' and pray what did he say to you?'—*Cosway.* ' Why, upon entering the room, he expressed himself prodigiously hurt that during his residence on this earth he had not encouraged my talents,' &c."* Over Cosway's right shoulder appears the head of Nollekens; the sculptor, a strange mixture of opposites; in his works exhibiting a graceful and refined intellect, and in manners appearing an illiterate boor; a miser, who might almost have contested the palm of notoriety with Elwes, yet one of the best of masters, and occasionally generous in an uncommon degree, where generosity was well bestowed. That he was essentially what he appeared in his productions rather than in anything else, we want no other proof than his conduct on a certain occasion. An admirable bust of Horne Tooke came to the Exhibition: it was by a young and friendless sculptor, and it was placed—where such works are but too apt to be placed in the struggle for the best positions. Nollekens happened to see it: he took it up—he looked at it first in one way, then in another, and, at last, turning to the parties arranging the exhibition, said, " There's a fine—a very fine work; let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts, and put this in its place, for well it deserves it:"—the sculptor was Chantrey. But one figure remains particularly demanding notice—the painter himself, Johan Zoffany, who sits in the left-hand corner, palette in hand. He was born in Frankfort, but came to England whilst yet a young man, and, attracting the attention of the Earl of Barrymore, speedily distinguished himself. His admirable pictures of Garrick and other performers are well known. A pleasant passage is recorded of him. He went at one period to Florence, at the Grand-Duke's invitation, and whilst there was accosted one day by the Emperor of Germany, then on a visit to the Duke, who, seeing and admiring his performances, inquired his name. Zoffany having told him, was asked what countryman he was. " An Englishman," was the reply. " Why, your

* ' Nollekens and his Times,' vol. ii. p. 406.

name is German!" "True," said the painter, "I was born in Germany—that was accidental; I call that my country where I have been protected."

The real talent of the Royal Academy, we see, therefore, was very great; and additional lustre was shed upon it by its connection with such men as Johnson, who was appointed professor of ancient literature, and Goldsmith, professor of ancient history: both appointments were merely honorary. Goldsmith observed concerning his, "I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man who wants a shirt." Thus favourably ushered into the world, the Royal Academy commenced that career of prosperity which has known no check, but steadily increased down to the present day. At first the Academy was lodged in St. Martin's Lane, and held their annual exhibitions in Pall Mall; but George III. soon caused apartments to be fitted up in Somerset House, where he exhibited his interest in their welfare by his steady attention to all their concerns. And when the old Palace was purchased by the nation, he took care that a portion of the new edifice should be reserved for the Academy. In 1780 the Academicians entered upon their new apartments, which were fitted up with great magnificence, and were soon made to exhibit a higher splendour from their own hands. Sir Joshua, for instance, painted the ceiling of the library. In the same year the exhibition was also removed from Pall Mall to Somerset House, and the painters were now thoroughly at home. The sovereign smiled upon them, the people flocked in crowds to see their pictures, the critics were mute, or at least the echo of their voices has not reached us; and so passed on the time for a year or two, when all at once a succession of shells was thrown into the camp in the shape of 'Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians, by Peter Pindar, Esq., a distant relation of the poet of Thebes, and Laureate to the Academy;' and tremendous seems to have been the flurry, the flutter, and the indignation. The qualifications of the critic were of no ordinary kind, as a single circumstance may partly show. Whilst Wolcot (Peter's real name) was residing at Truro as a physician, he had taken a boy into his service to clean the knives, and fulfil other such menial offices. One of his occupations was to fetch paunches for the dog, and it was noticed that he always spent a considerable amount of time on these errands. At last the secret was explained: he brought home one day a portrait of the butcher, which Wolcot saw and was astonished. He then made the boy paint his (Wolcot's) portrait, which was equally successful. From that time he became the young artist's patron, assisting him not only in all the more worldly and business portions of his career, but in the development of his natural talents: a matter in which Wolcot's extensive knowledge and sound judgment were of great moment. Such was the early history of Opie. But the duller or more incapable members of the Academy might have forgiven his knowledge that they were dull and incapable, but they could not forgive the wit and humour which made the whole of their world know it too. It seems to have been somewhat a fashion of late to decry Wolcot's abilities, because he so often misused them; but we doubt whether any critic's opinions, formed under similar circumstances, and making allowance for the exaggeration given to them in passing through the satirical medium in which they reached the public, will better stand the test of time. The poet at the outset thus solicits for the inspiration proper to his theme:

"Paint and the men of canvas fire my lays,
Who show their works for profit and for praise;
Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings,
Gaining two thousand pounds a year by shillings."

He then at once plunges into his subject. Some of Reynolds's pictures first engage his attention, and, on the whole, escape pretty well, with a concluding compliment to the painter: then, with much unction, comes in as the concluding lines of the Ode,

"Now, mistress Muse, attend on Mister West;"

and, certainly, never does Peter appear more in his glory than when attacking the eminent but overrated painter, and especial favourite of royalty. The daring character of the subjects chosen by West seems to have stirred the satirist's sharpest bile; Mr. Cunningham says, "The mere list of his works makes us shudder at human presumption:" this must be Wolcot's excuse for the more presumptous—the irreverend—tone of the passage in which he conveys his opinion of the manner in which such gigantic conceptions had been developed:

"O West, what hath thy pencil done?
Why, painted God Almighty's son
Like an old-clothes man about London streets!
Place in his hand a rusty bag,
To hold each sweet collected rag,
We shall then see the character *complete*."

His description of another of West's historical paintings, King Alexander of Scotland attacked by a Stag, is irresistibly ludicrous; and, although the effect to us is decreased by our not having the picture before us, as the public had about the time, or a little before they read the 'Odes,' yet it is only necessary to bear in mind the serious and lofty expression intended by the artist to enjoy it still:

"His Majesty, upon his breech laid low,
Seems preaching to the horned foe;
Observing what a very wicked thing
To hurt the sacred person of a king,
And seems about his business to entreat him
To march, for fear the hounds should eat him.
The stag appears to say, in plaintive note,
'I own, King Alexander, my offence:
True, I've not showed my loyalty nor sense;
So bid your huntsmen come and cut my throat!'
The cavalry, adorned with fair stone bodies,
Seem on the dialogue with wonder staring;
And on their backs a set of noddies
Not one brass farthing for their master caring," &c.

In an epistle from Brother Peter to Brother Tom at Rome, alluding to the King's great partiality for West, he explains the royal motives and feelings by likening him and West to a girl with a daisy which she has placed in the garden,

"Thinking the flower the finest in the nation,"

and who then visits it every hour, watering it, proud of her gardening,

"Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,
Tells all the world it was *its own* sweet planting;
And boasts away, too happy elf,
How that it found the daisy all *itself!*"

We must add that Peter does not deny West's merit, but its misapplication and audacity. Of his picture of 'Nelson,' for instance, he says to him,

" The hero's form is not disgraced;
Which adds a leaf of laurel to thy head."

Gainsborough, now a member of the Academy, as well as an exhibitor, next falls under the lash for his portraits, the originals of which, he complains, ought not

" Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high,
Just like yon felons after death,
On Bagshot or on Hounslow Heath,
That force from travellers the pitying sigh."

The " charming forte" of this eminent artist, landscape, is at the same time fully acknowledged. Loutherbourg and Wilson follow next, and the notice does equal credit to Peter's judgment and feelings:

" And Loutherbourg, when heaven so wills,
To make *brass* skies and *golden* hills,
With *marble* bullocks in *glass* pastures grazing;
Thy reputation too will rise,
And people, gaping in surprise,
Cry ' Monsieur Loutherbourg is most amazing!
* * * * * *
Till then old red-nosed Wilson's art
Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
By Britain left in poverty to pine."

The position of poor Wilson, the " English Claude," was here but too accurately described. It seems almost incredible, yet it is undoubtedly true, that after the appearance of such pictures as his ' Niobe,' he should be reduced to obtain his subsistence by working for the pawnbrokers: many of his finest works went fresh from the easel to them; and we may judge at what prices. One individual who had bought pieces frequently from him, when solicited by the miserable painter to purchase another, took him up into a garret, and showing him a pile of paintings, said, " Why, look ye, Dick, you know I wish to oblige, but see! there are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years." Perhaps it was in pity to his misfortunes that some of his brother Academicians sent Penny, the historical painter, whom Barry so worshipped, to advise with him as to the cause. And what, our readers will be curious to know, might be their advice? Why, that, as his works were deficient in the gayer graces of style, he ought to imitate the lighter style of Zucarelli! Can we, ought we to wonder at the " torrent of contemptuous words" the indignant painter poured forth upon the coterie and their messenger? But, alas! it was himself who was to suffer most by their utterance. He sank from one rank to another, till at last he found himself in a room somewhere about Tottenham Court Road, destitute of the commonest comforts, making sketches for half a crown each. Here a noticeable scene took place. A lady of rank desired a young student of her acquaintance to mend a first-rate landscape-painter. The latter, acquainted with Wilson's genius and misfortunes, mentioned him. The lady insisted on seeing him immediately, to the young man's alarm, who was afraid that neither Wilson's room nor the pictures it contained might be exactly in the best state for the occasion. However, with much tact, he so managed matters as to let the lady obtain a just appreciation of the painter: she ordered two landscapes. As she drove away, Wilson, detaining the young student, looked sadly in his face, and said, " Your kindness is all in vain—I am wholly destitute—I cannot even purchase proper canvas

and colour for these paintings." But his friend soon set that matter right. On reaching home, he said to himself, "When Wilson, with all his genius, starves—what will become of me?" He at once renounced the profession, as a profession, and, entering into holy orders, rose high in the church. This was the Rev. Mr. Peters, the painter of numerous pictures of pretension. Wilson, we must add, spent his last hours in comfort in one of the most delightful parts of Wales; a small estate having descended to him at the death of a brother.

A capital hit at the imitators of Sir Joshua occurs in one of the 'Lyric Odes' for 1782 (the 9th); where Peter says,—

"Sir Joshua (for I've read my Bible over),
Of whose fine art I own myself a lover,
Puts me in mind of Matthew, the first chapter:
Abram got Isaac—Isaac, Jacob got—
Joseph to get was lucky Jacob's lot,
And all his brothers,
Who very naturally made others;
Continuing to the end of a long chapter.'
* * * *
Sir Joshua's happy pencil hath produced
A host of copyists, much of the same feature;
By which the Art hath greatly been abused:
I own Sir Joshua great, but Nature greater."

For several years did the licentious but able critic continue his stinging odes, enriching them with a variety of stories that of themselves would have made the opinions they conveyed popular, if there had been less of truth, though exaggerated truth, in them than there was. In the 'Lyric Odes' we find some of the most popular humorous tales in verse which the language possesses. The story of the 'Country Cousins' and the visit to St. Paul's was written to illustrate the conduct of many of the ladies at the Exhibition, who, instead of admiring the great works they had come to see, stopped to dote upon the lace and the brocade—

"....The pretty sprigs the fellow draws;
* * * *
Whilst, unobserved, the glory of our nation,
Close by them hung Sir Joshua's matchless pieces;
Works that a Titian's hand could form alone—
Works that a Rubens had been proud to own."

Hodge, and the razors made to sell, was in ridicule of mercenary artists, who cared only for the mercantile value of their productions; and 'The Pilgrims and the Peas' a practical exemplification of the value of Peter's advice to artists:—

"The genius of each man with keenness view,
A spark from this or t'other caught,
May kindle, quick as thought,
A glorious bonfire up in you."

Whilst this storm was hurtling about their ears from without, the members of the Academy were not altogether at peace among themselves within. In 1784 Gainsborough sent a portrait to the Exhibition, with directions that it should be hung as low as the floor would admit. A bye-law either prevented his wishes from being fulfilled, or formed a colourable reason for objections: he sent for his picture back, and never exhibited with his brother Academicians again. A more

important division was that which took place in 1790, when Reynolds was the party principally concerned. It appears that, on the first formation of the Academy, among the other appointments made was that of a Professor in Perspective, who gave public lectures. At the death of the first lecturer the public lectures were discontinued for some years. This arrangement did not agree with the President's views; and in 1789, when an architect of the name of Bonomi placed his name on the list of candidates for the degree of Associate, he determined his election by his own casting vote against Gilpin, an artist of high reputation, on the ground that Bonomi might be subsequently "elected an Academician, in order that he might be appointed Professor of Perspective." The minority of the Academicians attributed the vote to Sir Joshua's desire to oblige Bonomi's patrons, but there does not seem to be a shadow of proof of the truth of this charge. An Academician's seat soon became vacant, and Sir Joshua, pursuing his avowed intention, supported Bonomi in opposition to Fuseli, who was also a candidate. We have no doubt of the purity of Sir Joshua's motives, but it was unfortunate, to say the least of it, that such a man as Fuseli was to be opposed in favour of the comparatively unknown Bonomi. Fuseli, in a manly, straightforward manner, went direct to the President's house to solicit his vote. He was received with the accustomed kindness; his claims were distinctly acknowledged; but, said Sir Joshua, "Were you my brother, I could not serve you on this occasion; for I think it not only expedient, but highly necessary for the good of the Academy, that Mr. Bonomi should be elected." He added, "On another vacancy you shall have my support." Fuseli thanked the President for his promise, but expressed a hope that, if he tried his friends on the present occasion, the latter would not be offended. "Certainly not," was the reply, and they parted. On the evening of the election the Academicians found on their table certain drawings neatly executed by Bonomi. This excited much contention, as being a novel proceeding, and as Fuseli had received no notice to prepare an exhibition of a similar kind. It is, however, to be observed that Fuseli's works must have been well known to all present, and Bonomi's, in all probability, were not. Ultimately the drawings were removed. When the vote took place, there were twenty-one votes for Fuseli, and only nine for Bonomi. Sir Joshua, for once in his lifetime, seems to have been deeply wounded and indignant at the conduct of his brethren. Thirteen days after the occurrence he wrote to the Secretary of the Academy, "I beg you would inform the Council, which I understand meet this evening, with my fixed resolution of resigning the Presidency of the Royal Academy, and consequently my seat as an Academician. As I can no longer be of any use to the Academy as President, it would be still less in my power in a subordinate situation. I, therefore, now take my leave of the Academy, with my sincere good wishes for its prosperity, and with all due respect for its members." Sir William Chambers in the meantime had obtained an interview with the King to inform him of the occurrence, when, among other flattering expressions of royal favour, his Majesty stated he would be happy in Sir Joshua's continuing in the President's chair. It was a wonder George III. did not confine himself to vague words of regret, and set about at once getting his *protegé*, West, installed in the vacant presidency: for he had so little appreciation of the greatness of

Reynolds, that he never gave him a single commission, or was ever painted by him more than once or twice, and then only at the latter's express request, as well as at his own expense; and this, too, whilst West was scarcely ever absent for a week together from the Palace, where he was painting one great work after another, to be paid for at royal prices. Sir William Chambers lost no time in telling Reynolds of the King's words, but he remained firm, and the letter we have transcribed was sent. At first the council were inclined to have disgraced themselves by allowing such a man to be lost to them from such a cause without an effort at reconciliation; but better feelings grew up, and ultimately a deputation, consisting of Messrs. West, Copley, Farington, T. Sandby, Bacon, Cosway, Cotton, and the Secretary, waited upon Sir Joshua at his house, and requested him to re-consider his determination. Sir Joshua was not a man to resist honourable kindness of any kind; he at once acceded, and the President that evening re-appeared in his place. It was well that matters ended thus pleasantly, for that same year Reynolds died. Only a few months after these scenes had taken place he delivered a discourse, which was attended with one or two remarkable circumstances. There were present a large number of distinguished persons, in addition to members and students; and the weight of the assembly was so considerable, that just as the President was about to begin a beam in the floor gave way. Great was the confusion and alarm; Reynolds alone sat silent and composed. The floor sank a little, but that was all; it was quickly supported and made safe. Reynolds afterwards remarked, and it is a striking evidence of the entire absorption of his mind into the general interests of art, that if the floor had fallen, the whole company must have been killed, and the arts in Britain thrown back a couple of centuries. In the Discourse that was then begun, he said, "So much will painting improve, that the best we can now achieve will appear like the work of children;" another trait of his character and his faith in the grand principle of never-resting improvement, the principle which religion and philosophy alike teach us to be, above all others, the best worth living for. And then, as if some dim prophetic consciousness was at work within, whispering that he would never again have an opportunity of recording his devotion to the memory of the man whose soul seemed to partake of the superhuman energy enshrined in the forms of the sibyls, the prophets, and the apostles he so loved to paint, he spoke thus: "I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo." In effect, *they were his last words;* he appeared not at the Academy after that evening. An enlargement of the liver took place, which no skill could remedy. He was perfectly well aware of the near approach of death, though friends, unwilling to banish hope from their own breasts, spoke of recovery and years of future happiness to be enjoyed. "I have been fortunate," was his answer, "in long good health and constant success, and I ought not to complain. I know that all things on earth must have an end, and now I am come to mine." He expired on the 23rd of February, 1792, in the same deeply peaceful manner he had lived. The day after, the following appeared in the newspapers of the day:—

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was on many accounts one of the most memorable men

of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste—in grace—in facility—in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest masters of the renowned age. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere.

"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse. His talents of every kind powerful by nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters; his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow. Hail! and Farewell." Thus wrote one who had enjoyed the fullest opportunities of arriving at an accurate estimation of Sir Joshua Reynolds's character—Edmund Burke.

[Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

[Benjamin West.

OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
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LXV.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY. No. II.

THE death of Reynolds was followed by the election of West to the Presidential chair; and, no doubt, the enthusiastic painter beheld in the honour only another evidence of the truth of the supernatural influences which he conceived had shaped out his career. And there was much in that career to excuse such notions. His birth had been prematurely brought on during a field-preaching scene in Springfield, Philadelphia; he began to draw, and to exhibit indications of talent in his productions, without having seen painters, or paintings, or even prints; he had received his first lesson in the art of preparing his colours from some wandering Red Indians; above all, for him and him alone had the society to which he belonged, the Quakers—a society not remarkable for the ease with which they can be induced to give up any of the tenets of their belief—been induced to make a great relaxation, we might almost say renunciation, of one of their cherished principles. There are few things more interesting in the history of Art than the memorable meeting of the Society to consider what should be determined upon respecting the boyish artist whose praises were in every one's mouth. Deeply, we may be sure, had the matter been pondered over before the meeting. Whether rightly or wrongly, they believed the future greatness of the subject of their thoughts was in their hands; yet that greatness could only be developed in a shape hostile to all their previous notions of man's duty. However, they met, and John Williamson (the proceedings of that day have made it an honoured name) first spoke. "To John West and Sarah Pearson," said he, "a man-child hath been born, on whom God hath conferred some remarkable gifts of mind; and you have all heard that, by something amounting to inspiration, the youth hath been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind; but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth a genius for art,—shall we question his wisdom? Can we believe that he gives such rare gifts

but for a wise and good purpose? I see the Divine hand in this. We shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth." The voice of nature, thus eloquently expressed, found a response in every heart. Young West was called in; and with his father on one side, his mother on the other, and the whole community around, Williamson again spoke:—"Painting has been hitherto employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and add to the sensual gratifications of man. For this we classed it among vain and merely ornamental things, and excluded it from amongst us. But this is not the principle, but the misemployment, of painting. In wise and in pure hands it rises in the scale of moral excellence, and displays a loftiness of sentiment and a devout dignity worthy of the contemplation of Christians. I think genius is given by God for some high purpose. What the purpose is let us not inquire—it will be manifest in his own good time and way. He hath in this remote wilderness endowed with the rich gifts of a superior spirit this youth, who has now our consent to cultivate his talents for art. May it be demonstrated in his life and works that the gifts of God have not been bestowed in vain; nor the motives of the beneficent inspiration, which induces us to suspend the operation of our tenets, prove barren of religious or moral effect!" Excellent John Williamson! surely thou wert born to be a painter, nay, the president of an academy! Sir Joshua himself never laid down a nobler principle than is here inculcated as to the true value and uses of the art. At the close of this address, the women rose and kissed young West, and the men successively laid their hands on his head. It is true that, on reading the account of this scene, one instinctively seems to regret that the whole does not belong to a page of the life of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo; yet, whilst it will hardly be denied that the painter of the 'Death of Wolfe,' and 'Death on the Pale Horse,' was a great man, still less is it questionable that West was a very good man: his life was simplicity and purity itself. At the time of his elevation to the chair of the Academy there was but one man who might have successfully entered the field as a competitor—Barry, then Professor of Painting, and who had but lately completed his extraordinary works in the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi. But Barry had never found the art of mingling among his brothers of the Academy with due temper and discretion—the stuff of which the outer man at least of presidents must be made: from Reynolds downwards he was ever engaged in broils with some of them. These, as we shall hereafter see, were to bring his connection with the Academy to an unhappy conclusion. In addition to his personal requisites, his high talent, and his general devotion to the interest of the art, West had established a new claim to respect and admiration. In the 'Death of Wolfe' he had committed a daring innovation. In our previous historical pictures, Englishmen, absurdly enough, never appeared as Englishmen, but as Greeks and Romans, for the costume of those countries alone was admissible according to the existing canons of criticism. West's own account of this innovation, as related in Galt's 'Life,' is a pleasant and instructive passage, and exhibits his predecessor, Reynolds, in a new light. "When it was understood," says West, "that I intended to paint the characters as they had actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds, and asked his opinion: they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and eloquent dissertation on the state of

the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period when no warriors who wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won; and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. If, instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fiction, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people; and to do this I must abide by truth. They went away then, and returned again when I had the painting finished. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then, rising, said to Drummond, "West has conquered—he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated: I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." George III. seems to have never faltered in his approbation of West but in this instance, where it was both deserved and desirable: he allowed the picture to be sold to Lord Grosvenor, to his great vexation when he discovered its value.

We may be sure that West's evil genius, Peter Pindar, did not remain silent under such a state of things as the painter's accession to the presidency; but in 1794, or only two years after that event, a new satirist entered the field, who seems even to have made a greater sensation than Peter himself. This was Williams, better known by his assumed appellation of Antony Pasquin, who, in what he called 'A Liberal Critique on the Exhibition for 1794,' poured out the vials of his wrath on sundry of the Academicians. Of Opie, who, he acknowledges, "is certainly distinguished from the daubing herd by some genius," he says, "an indifferent spectator would be led to imagine that he was concerned in a coarse-woollen manufactory, as he seizes all possible occasions to array his personages in that species of apparel, from an emperor to a mendicant." Amongst other attacks upon West, he says, "The identity of Mr. West's figures is so continually apparent, that I believe he has a few favourite domestics who are the saints and demons of his necessities." Rigaud's 'Exposing of Moses,' it seems, is an exposure of the artist. Sir Francis Bourgeois's discovery, that *brickdust* is the primary tint in colours, receives due notice; and Westall's 'Portrait of a Young Gentleman' is "as puerile as the subject." The latter artist's more ambitious picture of 'Minerva, painted for the Council Chamber of the City of London,' comes in for especial ridicule and reprobation. The divinity, it appears, "is all legs and thighs, like the late Sir Thomas Robinson." Lawrence, then very young, but at the same time an Academician (who had been forced upon the Academy by the King, in defiance of their laws, before the proper age, and made a kind of supplementary associate), and the Court portrait-painter, receives a severe castigation. Lawrence's 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' which filled Antony with the idea of an irascible pedagogue explaining Euclid to a dunce, forms the text for the following remarks:—"Mr. Lawrence began his professional career

upon a false and delusive principle. His portraits were delicate, but not true; and attractive, but not admirable; and because he met the approbation of a few fashionable spinsters (which, it must be admitted, is a sort of inducement very intoxicating to a young mind), vainly imagined that his labours were perfect." As Wolcot could appreciate the dawning genius of Wilkie, whom he calls an honour to his nation, and of Turner, so does his rival, Williams, show his admiration for Stothard, and other young artists, whom the voice of posterity has signalized as truly excellent.

The West dynasty proved in many respects a troubled one. The Academicians quarrelled among themselves, and occasionally with their President. In 1793 the Rev. Mr. Bromley published the first volume of 'A History of the Fine Arts;' and, on the motion of the President, the Academy subscribed for a copy. On reading the volume, the Academicians found various works by Reynolds and Fuseli noticed with reprobation; and, on the other hand, unqualified praise was bestowed on West's paintings. This might have passed unnoticed, but for the circumstance that this very Mr. Bromley had, as was well known, assisted West in the preparation of his lectures. A not unnatural suspicion now entered their minds that West was in some degree cognisant of these attacks, which in the case of Fuseli, who was living, were deemed worse than ill-judged. Fuseli criticised the book generally in a journal of the day, and so completely convicted the author of unfitness for his task, that the Academicians determined not to receive the second volume, which, however, was never published. Fuseli, indeed, was not the safest man in the world to attack. Many a stinging sarcasm of his yet lives in connexion with the memory of men who had offended him. Northcote seems to have been the only man in the Academy who could cope with the Swiss painter and Lavater's early friend; and numerous are the records of their intellectual fences. When the former exhibited his 'Judgment of Solomon,' Fuseli came to look at it. "How do you like it?" said Northcote. "Much," was the reply. "The action suits the word: Solomon holds out his fingers like a pair of open scissors at the child, and says, 'Cut it.' I like it much." Some time after, Fuseli had occasion to put a similar query to Northcote respecting his picture of 'Hercules drawing his arrow at Pluto.' "How do you like it?" said Fuseli. "Much," was the ready answer. "It is clever, very clever, but he'll never hit him." Fuseli appears to have felt the truth of the criticism; for he ran off for his brush, muttering, "Hit him!—by Jupiter, but he shall hit him!" Northcote, as well as Opie, had been aided by Fuseli in obtaining admission into the Academy; and when the latter desired some office, he anticipated their assistance in return. They voted against him, and went the next morning to apologise. He saw them coming, ran to meet them, and hastily cried out, "Come in, come in, for the love of heaven come in, else you will ruin me entirely." "How so?" inquired Opie. "Marry thus: my neighbours over the way will see you, and say, 'Fuseli's done; for there's a bum-bailiff (here he looked at Opie) going to seize his person, and a little Jew broker (glancing at Northcote) going to take his furniture.'" Nollekens' avarice formed a favourite subject for Fuseli's wit. They were once dining with Mr. Coutts, the banker, when Mrs. Coutts, dressed like Morgiana (in the Forty Thieves), came dancing in, and presented her dagger at each person in succession. As she stood before Nollekens, Fuseli cried out,

"Strike, strike, there's no fear: Nolly was never known to bleed!" When Fuseli got too much roused, and it was scarcely prudent to give vent to all he had to say, he relieved himself in some language unknown to his brother Academicians. "It is a pleasant thing, and advantageous," said he, during one of the Academy squabbles, "to be learned. I can speak Greek, Latin, French, English, German, Danish, Dutch, and Spanish; and so let my folly or my fury get vent through eight different avenues." But all the quarrels that ever disturbed the Academy were light to that in which Barry was the chief actor.

This painter, whom Mr. Cunningham calls "the greatest enthusiast in art which this country ever produced," was an Irishman, and his first important work was exhibited at Dublin, when he was only a very young man. It was a picture alike noticeable for the novelty of the conception and the excellence with which it had been developed. The subject was a tradition of the Irish Church, running something to the following effect:—St. Patrick, it appears, by one of his discourses, succeeded in converting the barbarian King of Cashel, who demanded immediate baptism. Hastening with pious zeal to perform the act, St. Patrick struck his iron-shod crozier into the ground, and in so doing unwittingly struck it through the King's foot. So rapt, however, was the King in his new faith, that believing it to be a part of the ceremony, he bore the torture without the slightest manifestation of uneasiness, and was thus baptized. No sooner was the picture looked on than it was admired. "Who was the painter?" asked every one. Barry, a countryman, young, friendless, and not too well clad, came forward with feelings of the deepest emotion to declare himself, when, to his astonishment, no one would believe him, and he hurried out of the room to conceal the sudden revulsion of his feelings. But Burke was there—the man who seems never to have beheld genius in any shape struggling without taking it at once to his heart, his purse, his home:—Burke, who saved Crabbe from the depths of a despair that we shudder to contemplate, now followed the young artist, commended his work, advised with him as to his future studies, and ultimately sent him to Rome, paying the entire expenses of the expedition. From that time his rise was rapid, though no doubt partially checked by the infirmity of temper to which through life he was a victim. At Rome he was constantly quarrelling with his brother artists, or with the connoisseurs of the place, or with picture-dealers. After five years' absence he returned to Britain, and produced his 'Venus rising from the Sea,' an exquisite picture, but one that failed to arouse any warm admiration in the public mind. It is probable there was a re-action at this period against the classicalities which Verrio and La Guerre had spread along every wall, and hung upon every roof. Other pictures of a similar kind followed, and, as far as the million were concerned, with a like result. But Barry had devoted his life to what he esteemed the loftiest school of painting, and, single-handed, hoped gradually to paint the nation into his own views; and, not content with that influence, endeavoured also to sway it by his writings. His 'Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstruction to the Progress of Art in England,' is at once a monument of his extensive knowledge and lofty enthusiasm, and of his contempt for many of his contemporaries and academic associates. Such direct attacks added new enemies to those whom his personal manners had alienated. His life, indeed, may be said to have been in a great

measure passed between two antagonist principles—the one ever carrying his thoughts upward into the serenest atmosphere of art, making him endure every kind of personal privation for the glorious privilege, as he esteemed it, of being independent;—the other, chaining him down to the pettiest broils and jealousies that ever degraded or made miserable a fine nature. Even Burke became in a measure estranged, partially perhaps on account of Barry's inexcusable attacks on Reynolds. Yet there was too much nobility in Barry's soul for Burke to break off their long and intimate connexion. And, occasionally forgetting everything but the true friend and generous patron before him, and the art they both loved, Barry's conduct would give fresh cause of regret at the injury done to his genius by his unhappy disposition. A delightful story is told of one of these meetings. Burke had heard of Barry's eccentric domestic habits: he kept no servant; and when some one had once advised him to take a better house, dress more neatly, hire a domestic, and altogether improve the appearance and conduct of his establishment, he answered, "The pride of honesty protests against such a rash speculation." The statesman one day, desiring to see Barry's domestic arrangements, asked himself to dinner. A man less proud would have avoided the exposure, or at least have hesitated. Barry said, cheerfully, "Sir, you know I live alone—but if you will come and help me to eat a steak, I shall have it tender and hot, and from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford." At No. 36, Castle Street, on the day and hour named, Burke accordingly appeared, and was received by his host, who conducted him into the carpenter's shop which he had transformed into his painting-room. Along the walls hung the sketches of his great paintings at the Adelphi. Old straining-frames, sketches, a printing-press, with which he printed with his own hand the plates engraved from the pictures just mentioned, formed the other chief contents of the place. The windows were mostly broken or cracked, and the tiled roof showed the sky through many a crevice. There were two old chairs and a single deal table. The fire, however, was bright, and Barry cordial. Presently a pair of tongs are put into Burke's hands, with the remark, "Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steaks till I fetch the porter." The statesman got on admirably with his task, and by the time Barry returned the steak was done to a turn. "What a misfortune," exclaimed Barry, as he entered; "the wind carried away the fine foaming top as I crossed Titchfield Street." The friends then sat down to the feast—anecdote and criticism flowed freely; the stars were propitious, no cloud ruffled the painter's mind, and, altogether, Burke used to say he had never spent a happier evening.

It was in this house that Barry was robbed of 400*l.*, to the astonishment of everybody, who did not think the painter had been so rich. But the most extraordinary part of this affair was Barry's notion of the thieves. In a formal placard, he attributed his loss direct, and without any circumlocution, to his own brother Academicians! The memory of this insult was no doubt cherished by the Academy, to be signally punished at a more favourable opportunity. This was soon afforded. Plunging once more into literary controversy, Barry issued his memorable 'Letter to the Dilettanti Society,' in which he attacked the Academy in no measured terms. He spoke of its private combinations and jealousies—of the misuse of its funds—and advised that in all cases of appeal to

the body, the honesty of every individual member's vote should be tested by oath. This letter was read at the Academy by one of the members—Farington; two others—Dance and Daniell—then enlightened the meeting on the subject of Barry's personal conduct; and the result was, a determination to draw up a series of charges for the judgment of the Council. Barry was accordingly accused of abusive digressions in his lectures; of teaching the students habits of insubordination, and countenancing them in licentious and disorderly conduct; of accusing the Academy of having voted 16,000*l.* in pensions among themselves, which should have been expended for the benefit of the students; lastly, of having spoken improperly of the President (West). Many may think these matters deserving serious notice on the part of the Academy; but no one, we think, can defend the way in which they did notice them. They sent no copy of the charges to Barry; they called for no explanation or defence, but, determining the accusations to be just, at once expelled him. Barry received a pittance of some 30*l.* a-year from the Academy as professor; and to the man who for the whole of the great works of a lifetime received probably less than a modern fashionable portrait-painter will make in a single year, even this trifle was of importance: of course he lost it with his seat. A subscription was now commenced by various friends, and 1000*l.* raised to purchase an annuity. But he died before it could be of any service; and in a manner that seems to tell but too plainly of mental suffering. During an attack of fever he locked himself in for forty hours without medical assistance; and after that nothing could save him. He died on the 22nd of February, 1806.

The President, West, some years before this period, had lost his royal patron, not by death, but by the illness that darkened so many of the later years of the monarch's life. The Government would not allow him to finish the works he had in hand, and having, whilst thus out of favour, gone over to France, he fancied on his return that the admiration he had expressed for Napoleon had made the countenances of the great men about court chillier than ever. But, worse than all, the Academy was unmanageable. Where the blame rests it is impossible to say, as the particulars of these matters are never fully made public; but all at once West imitated Reynolds, and resigned. He then made another journey to Paris, where, as before, he was received with great distinction, and certainly the amiable painter's head was a little turned at the honour paid him. To no other cause can we attribute that most exquisite piece of simple conceit he has recorded of himself in connexion with that visit. He says, "Wherever I went men looked at me, and ministers and people of influence in the state were constantly in my company. I was one day at the Louvre—all eyes were upon me; and I could not help observing to *Charles Fox, who happened to be walking with me,* how strong was the love of art, and admiration of its professors, in France." The Academy, in the mean time, had put Wyatt, the court architect, in the chair; but West soon heard that he was to be once more a prophet in his own country—that the Academicians had grown tired of the new rule—albeit their own choice—and consequently they had displaced him, and restored West by a vote that was unanimous, with a single exception. The exception was certainly a bitter drop in the cup of sweetness. One member—it is supposed Fuseli, and it was like him—put in the name of Mrs. Mary Moser

for the Presidency (she was a member); thereby intimating apparently that an old lady was not an unfit competitor with the late President. From this time little occurred to disturb the even tenor of his way. He died in 1820.

The history of the connexion of the new President, Lawrence, with the Academy, which we have before incidentally noticed, is curious, and deserves a few words of remark, were it only from the circumstance that Wolcot appears among the historians. When Lawrence first appeared in the Academy it was as a student. He was then about eighteen years old. Mr. Howard, the Secretary of the Academy, states* that his "proficiency in drawing, even at that time, was such as to leave all his competitors in the antique school far behind him. His personal attractions were as remarkable as his talent: altogether he excited a great sensation, and seemed to the admiring students as nothing less than a young Raphael suddenly dropped down among them. He was very handsome; and his chestnut locks flowing on his shoulders gave him a romantic appearance." Although he thus entered the Academy under the most favourable auspices, the Academicians were hardly prepared to allow him to take his seat among themselves within three years afterwards; so, when, in accordance with the desire of the King, he was proposed as a supplementary Associate (Associate he could not be by the rules till he was twenty-four), they rejected him by a vote of sixteen to three, though Reynolds and West were among the minority. Peter Pindar, in a note, says he "has *some* reason to imagine that a part of the academic rebellion was meant to attack the President"—Reynolds. This was glorious fun for Peter, who, in a fervour of loyal indignation, bursts out thus:—

"Am I awake, or dreaming, O ye gods?
Alas, in waking's favour lie the odds.
The devil it is! Ah, me, 'tis really so!
How, Sirs? on Majesty's proud corns to tread,
Messieurs Academicians, when you're dead,
Where can your Impudences hope to go?"

And then follows a series of Odes full of all the peculiar characteristics of the writer. Lawrence's friends were not, however, deterred, but at the next vacancy again proposed him, and succeeded in having him as it were stuck to the Aca-

[Sir Thomas Lawrence.]

* Williams's 'Life of Lawrence,' vol. i. p. 99.

demy for a time, in a position that no one before or since has occupied: in 1791 the Academicians elected him supplemental Associate. The year after he was appointed to the office of painter in ordinary to the King, on the death of Reynolds, being then but in his twenty-second year. It was well for Lawrence that his abilities were equal to the demand thus prematurely made upon them; for there is a very natural jealousy against those who receive such marked favours, almost at the commencement of their career, as are more usually bestowed at a period nearer their termination. Lawrence had also formidable competitors in men like Opie, Beechey, and Hoppner; with the last in particular he may be said to have kept up a continual struggle of generous emulation, which was only ended by Hoppner's death. As during Reynolds's lifetime there had been a Reynolds faction and a Romney faction, and men like Lord Erskine made a boast of belonging to the latter, who was never connected with the Academy, so with him who was destined to occupy Sir Joshua Reynolds's chair, and Hoppner: each had his respective faction, and, as in the great political divisions of the day, the King was at the head of the one, and the Prince of Wales (George IV.) the other. On the death of Hoppner, the Regent gradually transferred his favours to Lawrence; and it was on his return from the continent, where he had been to execute a magnificent commission received from the Regent, to paint the portraits of the great personages assembled at the congress of sovereigns at Aix-la Chapelle, subsequently to the fall of Napoleon, that he received simultaneously news of the death of West, and his own election as President. In the period of his rule there is nothing, we believe, requiring particular notice: he died in 1830, and was succeeded by Sir Martin Archer Shee, the present head of the Academy.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, one day explaining the cause of his preference for "face-painting," as Barry contemptuously called it, observed, "Painters of history make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live." The painters of the present day seem very much of Kneller's opinion, if we may judge from the Exhibition now before us, as, passing through the great portico of the National Gallery, we ascend the staircase into the chief rooms of the Academy. Of the fourteen hundred and odd works contained in the Exhibition of the present year, a single glance will show the immense proportion portraits and busts bear to all other subjects. And in walking through the crowded place, one is forcibly struck with the eloquent complaint of Opie, in connexion with the same point:—"So habituated," says he, "are the people of this country to the sight of portraiture only, that they can scarcely as yet consider painting in any other light: they will hardly admire a landscape that is not a view of a particular place, nor a history unless composed of likenesses of the persons represented, and are apt to be staggered, confounded, and wholly unprepared to follow such vigorous flights of imagination as would—*as will*—be felt and applauded with enthusiasm in a more advanced and liberal stage of criticism. In our exhibitions, which often display extraordinary powers wasted on worthless subjects, one's ear is pained, one's very soul is rent, with hearing crowd after crowd sweeping round, and, instead of discussing the merits

of the different works on view, as to conception, composition, and execution, all reiterating the same dull and tasteless questions—*Who is that? And is it like?*"* The evil, it is to be hoped, will ultimately work its own cure. When thoroughly weary of the eternal rows of faces of others, we may begin to think a little less of the exhibition of our own.

The use of the original apartments of the Academy in Somerset House was granted, as we have seen, by George III.: it may be useful to add a few words here on its present position in Trafalgar Square. On the death of George III., his son and successor continued the royal patronage of the institution, as did also William IV. In 1834 a proposal was made to the latter monarch to transfer the Academy from Somerset House to Trafalgar Square, where it was intended to erect a building large enough for a National Gallery and the Academy under the same roof. The change was agreed to; and consequently the Academy enjoys its present accommodations by the same right, whatever that might be, which they had in their first locality, Somerset House. Their expectations of increased facilities for the business of the institution are said to have been hardly fulfilled: certain it is that serious disadvantages arise from the want of larger space. The sculpture-room will occur to every one; but that is not the kind of evil we are here referring to, but the shutting up of the principal schools during the whole period of the exhibition. The school for drawing from the antique is held in that sculpture-room, and the school for painting in the West room, the chief of the rooms appropriated for exhibition; so that the school for drawing from the living model is the only one of the Academic schools not interrupted yearly for a considerable time. As the chief feature and the great value of the Royal Academy is the schools, we must notice them somewhat at length.

The admission arrangements are on the broadest principle: any person may become a student, whether he intend to pursue the study as his profession, or merely for his occasional enjoyment. On applying for admission he receives a printed form to be filled up, which explains the only qualifications required—that he be of good character, and that he can send a drawing of some talent, with vouchers of it being entirely his own production. If he be a draughtsman, the specimen he sends must be a chalk drawing of an entire naked figure from the antique; if a sculptor, a model of a similar description; and if an architect, he must send a plan, elevation, and section of an original design for some building, and an individual ornament for details. The council, which consists of nine members, including the president, and is the executive of the Society, examine this specimen, and, if they approve of it, the applicant is admitted for three months as a probationer. During that time he must produce fresh works before the eyes of the officers; and if these exhibit a decided improvement, he is then enrolled among the list of students, and for ten years enjoys all the privileges the Academy can give him—tuition in the different schools, the use of the library, attendance on the lectures, &c. Numerous prizes are also given: as several of silver annually, and one of gold for each school biennially. It is somewhat curious that of all the living members of the Academy there are not perhaps above four or five who have obtained the gold medal: nor is the number very numerous, we believe, of those who can claim the honours of the silver one. A still more solid

* From Opie's first lecture to the Academy.

reward may follow the attainment of the gold medal. Every three years the council sends a student of this rank to Rome, paying all the expenses of the journey both ways, and allowing an annuity of 100*l*. The expense hitherto seems to have been more than proportionate to the good produced. The students are young, and when they reach Rome they are left to shape out their own plans; the consequence too often is that false styles of art come to be admired and imitated, and the young man returns, to all valuable purposes, worse, because more sophisticated, than he went. It is true that he must send at the end of the second year a specimen of his progress; but that can only show the evil when existing, not act as a preventive. Two names only of any eminence recur to us in connection with these Italian visits from the Academy, Rossi and Banks. The latter received the gold medal in 1770; and in the following year exhibited his group of Mercury, Argus, and Io, when the council unanimously voted that he should be sent to Rome. He was the first student of the Academy whom Reynolds took any pride in, or, in other words, who came up to the painter's lofty standard. He said Banks's "mind was ever dwelling on subjects worthy of an ancient Greek."

The school for drawing from the life model is held in the interior of the dome of the edifice, a curious, unornamented, dingy-looking place, lighted by a single window in the side wall, which throws a tolerably strong light upon a raised platform with a high back, covered with crimson, on which the person who acts as the model is placed. A double row of plain seats form an oval round the platform, on which about forty students find accommodation. A few casts scattered about the walls complete the furniture of the room.

The general management of the schools is vested in the Keeper, who, however, personally attends only to the antique school; the others being directed by visitors, who are certain of the Academicians annually chosen. Among the past Keepers of the Academy, Fuseli's is a memorable name. Numerous are the jokes and sarcasms of the eminent Swiss yet current among the students: the story of the formidable nail he used to cherish expressly for the work of pointing out how bad was that outline, or how easily this might be remedied, and which seldom failed to impress the lesson on the memory in the shape of a drawing cut through in the most remorseless fashion, yet lives to delight the new-comer, even whilst he is shuddering at the thought of the bare possibility of his becoming himself a similar victim. One day, during Fuseli's absence, the students were more than usually riotous, and the noise reached him in a distant part of the building. He asked one of the porters what was the matter. "It is only those fellows, the students, sir," was the answer. "Fellows!" exclaimed Fuseli; "I would have you to know, sir, that those fellows may one day become Academicians!" The noise increasing, he suddenly burst in upon them and told them with an oath they were a set of wild beasts. A student of the name of Munro bowed, and remarked, "And Fuseli is our Keeper." There was no resisting this. Fuseli retired smiling, and muttering to himself, "The fellows are growing witty." A student on some occasion as he was passing held up his drawing to Fuseli for admiration, remarking, "Here, sir, I have finished it without using a crumb of bread." "All the worse for your drawing," was the answer: "buy a twopenny loaf and rub it out." Some painter, not approving of the progress of the pupils under Fuseli, and who had himself studied under Keeper Wilton, said to him, "The

students, sir, don't draw so well now as they did under Joe Wilton." "Very true," was the reply and explanation; "anybody may draw here, let them draw ever so bad—*you* may draw here if you please." A sculptor, and we presume a student, one day working away at the old emblem of eternity, a serpent with its tail in its mouth, Fuseli told him it would not do: "You must have something new," said he. "How shall I find something new?" demanded the sculptor. "Oh, nothing so easy; I'll help you to it. When I went away to Rome I left two fat men cutting fat bacon in St. Martin's Lane: in ten years time I returned, and found the two fat men cutting fat bacon still: twenty years more have passed, and there the two fat fellows cut the fat flitches the same as ever. Carve them! If they look not like an image of eternity, I wot not what does."

Descending from the dome, we pass into the Hall of Casts, now unusually full, from the circumstance of those which are usually in the Antique school (sculpture-room) being placed here during the Exhibition. Many of these beautiful works are a portion of the gift of George IV., who, having procured from Rome, through the intervention of Canova, a highly valuable collection of casts from the finest known antiques, gave the whole to the Academy. All those beautiful or sublime forms of antiquity, which have ever haunted the dreams of the young painter or sculptor, or made him, awaking, sigh to think of their unapproachable excellence, are here, and in the great entrance hall of the building, congregated together—the exact prototypes of their respective originals. The different figures composing the wonderful group of the Niobe and her daughters; the graceful Mercury of the Vatican; Fauns with their cymbals; Apollos and Venuses, in which the genius of different artists and periods have embodied their ideal of the human form; the Egyptian Jupiter, and the Olympian; Apollo, and all the Muses; the Laocoon; the Fighting and Dying Warrior, or gladiator, as commonly but incorrectly called, &c. &c., are all here, the concentrated genius of the most wonderful people the world has ever seen. Here, too, is that maimed and mutilated remnant of a statue, Theseus, which caused so much discussion before a committee of the House of Commons in 1816 (on the value of the Elgin Marbles), which Lawrence and other distinguished artists did not hesitate to place in rank even before the Apollo Belvidere; and, considering the character of some of the committees of the House that had sat upon such questions, it required a little determination to speak thus of a fragment which some of the members probably, of their own unassisted judgment, would have thought a mere misshapen piece of stone. The committee of 1805, for instance, made an especial point of noticing that the Townley Marbles were in excellent condition, with the surface perfect; and, where injured, they were generally well restored, and perfectly adapted for the decoration, and *almost* for the ornamental furniture, of a private house. On reading this we may observe, with Mr. Williams,* from whom we have borrowed the passage, "Let no man after this discredit the Royal saying, 'I always buy Mr.——'s paintings, they are so beautifully shiny, and look as smooth as glass.'"

Leaving the Hall, we cross the eastern passage or thoroughfare to the Library and Council-Room. In the former the centre of the ceiling is divided into compartments, occupied by paintings from the hand of the lady Academician,

* Life of Lawrence.

Angelica Kauffman. Figures typical of the arts form the subjects, which were no doubt painted at the time of the removal of the Academy from St. Martin's Lane to Somerset House, when Sir Joshua and the chief Academicians aided in the adornment of their new abode. The books are in wainscot cases, closely covered in with crimson silk, which gives the apartment a warm, rich aspect. The Library now comprises all the best works on art, a considerable number of prints, and a collection, of considerable value, of engravings of the Italian school from the earliest period, purchased from George Cumberland, who formed it. Busts ornament the top of the shelves, and over the fireplace is a cast of a Holy Family by Michael Angelo. We must not omit to add, before we leave the Library, that Wilson was saved perhaps from actual destitution, during some of the later years of his life, by the office of Librarian, which was given to him by the Academy.

Let us now step from the Library into the Council-Room. This is an apartment small in size for such a body as the Academy, but rich in its works of art, which are chiefly the diploma pictures and statuary: that is, the works given by the Academicians on their admission, each person being expected to present one work from his own hand. The ceiling is very elegantly arranged in compartments, filled with paintings by West, the centre representing the Graces unveiling Nature, and the surrounding pictures figures typical of the elements. First in size, in splendour, and in value, along the walls, we behold Sir Joshua's full-length portrait of George III., seated on the throne, and wearing his kingly robes. The author of the 'Nightmare,' Fuseli, has left here one of his most favourite works—'Thor battering the serpent of Midgard in the boat of Hymer the giant'—a subject borrowed from the Scandinavian mythology, which had so many attractions for Fuseli's imaginative, romantic, and most daring genius. His love for the terrific was pleasantly satirised by his brother Academicians, who called him "Painter in ordinary to the Devil!" But the Academy has had few greater men—few men more generally great—than Fuseli. His lectures are admirable, enforcing in pregnant language the most pregnant truths. As with Reynolds, Michael Angelo is the great god of his idolatry; and he used often to tell his friends how he had been accustomed to lie on his back on the pavement of the Sistine Chapel for hours together, day after day, and week after week, intently wrapped in the grandeur of that matchless ceiling; and it is not difficult to trace in Fuseli's productions something more than a spark of the sublime genius of the Florentine. His paintings for the Shakspere Gallery, formed under the patronage of the enlightened and generous Boydell, and the series for the Milton Gallery, which was entirely his own production, testify a mind of the very highest order, though not perhaps always under the best regulation. Mr. Cunningham says of him, very happily, "Out of the seventy exhibited paintings on which he reposed his hope of fame, not one can be called commonplace: they are all poetical in their nature, and as poetically treated. Some twenty of these alarm, startle, and displease; twenty more may come within the limits of common comprehension; the third twenty are such as few men could produce; while the remaining ten are equal in conception to anything that genius has hitherto produced, and second only in their execution to the true and recognised masterpieces of

art."* England may be proud of having fostered, and made, in every essential respect, her own, such a man as Fuseli. Passing over a variety of works, all of greater or less interest and importance, such as 'A Rustic Girl' by Lawrence, 'The Tribute Money' by Copley, 'A Shepherd Boy' by Westall, 'Charity' by Stothard, 'Jael and Sisera' by Northcote, 'The Falling Giant' by Banks (a work of wonderful power of expression), we pause a moment before the productions of the greatest of British sculptors, the 'Apollo and Marpessa,' and a cast of the shield of Achilles, by Flaxman. "If ever Purity visited the earth, she resided with John Flaxman," said one who knew him intimately; and it is impossible to gaze on his works without feeling some such truth, breathed, as it were, from out the marble. Sir Joshua's judgment was for once found tripping in Flaxman's case. As a student, he contended for the gold medal, which, however, was given to Englehart—a man now only remembered from that circumstance. Flaxman married early; and one day, shortly after, met Sir Joshua. "So, Flaxman, I am told you are married: if so, sir, you are ruined for an artist." Again was the President deceived: never was marriage more happy in all its consequences. We wish we could pause over some of the delightful domestic scenes recorded of this simple-hearted and lofty-minded pair. Again we must hurry quickly by Baily's bust of Flaxman, that of West by the recently-deceased sculptor Chantrey, the 'Cupid and Psyche' by Nollekens, 'Christ blessing Children' by West, &c. Many other paintings are at present in the Exhibition Room, hidden behind the modern works. Among these are a portrait of Hoppner by himself, Wilkie's picture of 'The Rat-Catchers' (now invested with a more melancholy interest from the recent death of the great painter), Opie's 'Infancy and Age,' Raeburn's 'Boy and Rabbits,' &c. &c. There, too, is a portrait of that most delightful and most English of landscape-painters—that somewhat wayward, and occasionally gross, but ever humorous, witty, and delightful member of society—that enthusiastic artist and half-mad musician—Gainsborough. He appears to have painted portraits for the same reason that everybody else does—money; landscapes because he loved them; but he was a musician because he could not help it. Musicians and their instruments, of every kind and in every degree, he worshipped them all. His friend Jackson says, "He happened on a time to see a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's; and concluded, because perhaps it was finely painted, that the theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor; and, ascending to his garret, found him dining on roasted apples, and smoking his pipe, with his theorbo beside him. 'I am come to buy your lute: name your price, and here's your money.' 'I cannot sell my lute.' 'No, not for a guinea or two; but you must sell it, I tell you.' 'My lute is worth much money: it is worth ten guineas.' 'Ay! that it is—see, here's the money.' So saying, he took up the instrument, laid down the price, went half-way down the stairs, and returned. 'I have done but half my errand. What is your lute worth if I have not your book?' 'What book, Master Gainsborough?' 'Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute.' 'Ah, Sir, I can never part with my book!' 'Poh! you can make another at any time:—this is the book I mean: there's ten guineas for it—so, once more, good day.

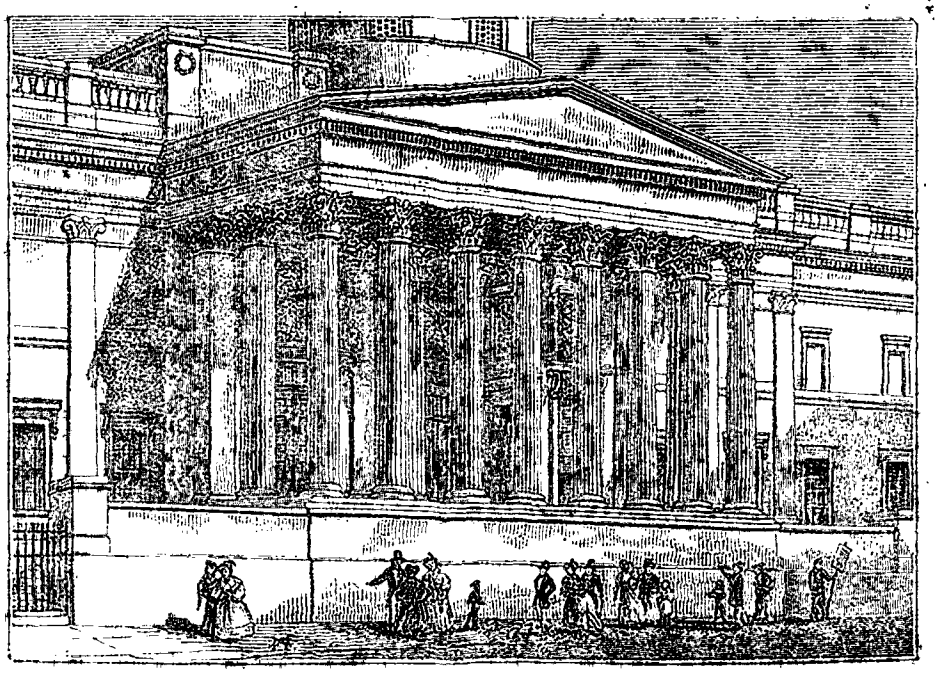
* 'British Painters,' vol. ii. p. 346.

He went down a few steps, and returned again. 'What use is your book to me if I don't understand it? And your lute: you may take it again if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me the first lesson.' 'I will come to-morrow.' 'You must come now.' 'I must dress myself.' 'For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day.' 'I must shave, sir.' 'I honour your beard!' 'I must, however, put on my wig.' 'D—n your wig! Your cap and beard become you. Do you think, if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?'" And so the poor German professor was hurried off. Smith, the writer of the 'Life of Nollekens,' one day found Gainsborough listening in speechless admiration, and with tears on his cheeks, to the playing of a first-rate violin-player—Colonel Hamilton. Suddenly the painter called out, "Go on, and I will give you the picture of the 'Boy and the Stile,' which you have so often wished to purchase of me." He was as good as his word: the Colonel took away the picture with him in a coach.

With a brief account of the constitution of the Academy we conclude. It consists of forty Academicians—painters, sculptors, and architects—and twenty Associates, from whom the Academicians are elected by the Academicians. There are also six Associate Engravers, who, however, must remain Associates—a feature in which, it is said, we know not with what truth, this Academy stands alone in Europe. With the body of Academicians rests all the business of the Society, the Associates having no voice in any of its proceedings. The Associates are chosen by the Academicians from the great body of artists who exhibit. The chief officers of the Academy are the President, the Keeper (who has the general care of the Institution), the Treasurer, Librarian, and Secretary. There are four Professors, who lecture respectively on painting, sculpture, architecture, and perspective, who are Academicians, and a Professor of Anatomy, who is not always a member. The honorary members are a Professor of Ancient Literature, Professor of Ancient History, a Chaplain, of high rank in the Church (the Lord Bishop of London at present), and a Secretary for Foreign Correspondence. These offices have been held by Gibbon, Dr. Burney, Walter Scott, and other eminent men, in addition to those before mentioned—Johnson and Goldsmith. All elections require the Sovereign's signature to make them valid. The most onerous, in every sense, of the duties of the Academy is the choice of the works for the Annual Exhibition. Large as the number of pictures admitted always is, a great many are annually rejected; and sometimes not from want of merit on the part of the artist, but for want of space on the part of the Academy. The process of selection, as it has been described to us, forms a noticeable scene. Here sit the nine members of the Council behind a large table; whilst there porters, &c., are hurrying to and fro, passing every single work in review before them. Is it sufficiently good?—it is so marked, and placed in a certain part of the building. Is it only middling?—it goes, with a suitable mark, to another place, to take the chance of being included in the Exhibition, if the good ones should leave any room. Is it decidedly bad?—it is at once ordered to be returned to the artist. Where some seven or eight hundred artists are chosen, as in the present Exhibition, we may judge of the character of a great part of the rejected. Fuseli used to express, in his own satirical way, the anti-genial effect upon him of the greater part of

the works that came pouring in. Standing one day at the receipt of pictures, he called out, "What pictures are come?" "Many—very many, Sir," was the reply. "I know that, but whose are they?" "There are six landscapes, Sir, by Mr.——" "Oh! don't name him: I know whom you mean. Bring me my coat and umbrella, and I'll go and see them."

Our space will not admit of our doing more than merely referring to the splendid dinner given annually by the Academicians, to which the most distinguished personages of our country—nobles, warriors, statesmen, poets, literary and professional men, &c., &c.—are alone invited. A brilliant assemblage! and not unworthy of them the Institution—whatever its defects—they have met to do honour to.



(Portico of the National Gallery.)

[Francis Moore, 1657. From an anonymous print published at that date.]

LXVI.—LONDON ASTROLOGERS.

WHETHER there be prophecies, we are told *they* shall fail: but that has not yet altogether come to pass in London; for the Worshipful Company of Stationers, we believe, still continue to prophesy, even as they have been in the habit of doing for some hundreds of years past. And if, according to the proverb, the honour they thereby acquire among their countrymen be but small, we do not doubt that the profit is considerable. The prognostications which they publish to the world, in truth, were never so distinctly and all but avowedly their own as they have come to be in our day. They are now, if we mistake not, all put forth in the single name of Francis Moore—a most venerable name, we admit, but still for a long time past palpably nothing but a name; for the largest bump, or bumpkin, of credulity among the buyers and believers of their predictions cannot fancy that Francis, who has been star-gazing and almanac-making almost ever since almanacs or stars were heard of, can be still alive. It must be taken to be now as good as confessed that the *magni nominis umbra* of Francis Moore is nothing more than the fan, as it were, behind which the Worshipful Company half hide, half reveal themselves, in their astrological coquettings with the public —that they are their own dreamers of dreams and seers of visions—that all the signs and wonders and mystic lore of their almanacs are to be considered as, if not the actual produce of their worshipful brains, at least manufactured under their direction and offered to purchasers on their sole responsibility—in short, as

theirs in the same sense in which a butt of porter is said to be of Meux's or Perkins's brewing, or in which any other commodity is held to be the handiwork of the parties who give their names to it and profess themselves its makers. Now, this was not the case in former times. A hundred and fifty years ago the Stationers' Company probably dealt as largely in astrology as it does now; but we question if it then published any astrological almanac in its own name, or even on its own account. The prognostications of this date came forth to the world, not as proceeding from the Company of Stationers, but from the writers of the several almanacs, who were all, with at most one or two exceptions, men known to be actually in existence, putting their true names, like other authors, upon their title-pages, and, doubtless, like other authors too, vain enough of their performances, and not at all disposed to divide their glory with any other party. Even the almanacs which the Company ultimately adopted and continued, as we may say, in their own name, appear to have been all originally the speculations of their authors themselves. We have now before us a collection of the almanacs published by the Stationers' Company for the year 1723; it probably includes nearly the entire number: all of them are of the same small octavo size, and all profess to be printed for the Company, but yet for the most part by different printers, as if each author had got up his own work even to the completion of the impression, and had then merely made an arrangement with the Company in regard to the formality of bringing it out. Here is the list:—'Remarkable News from the Stars,' by William Andrews, Student in Astrology (printed by A. Wilde); 'Merlinus Anglicus Junior, or the Starry Messenger,' by Henry Coley, Student in the Mathematics and the Celestial Sciences (printed by J. Read); 'A Diary, Astronomical, Astrological, Meteorological,' by Job Gadbury, Student in Physic and Astrology (printed by T. W., that is, probably, Thomas Wood); 'Vox Stellarum,' by Francis Moore, Licensed Physician, and Student in Astrology (printed by Tho. Wood); 'Merlinus Liberatus,' by John Partridge (printed by J. Roberts); 'Parker's Ephemeris' (printed by J. Read); 'The Celestial Diary,' by Salem Pearse, Student in Physic and Celestial Science (printed by J. Dawkes); 'Apollo Anglicanus, the English Apollo,' by Richard Saunder, Student in the Physical and Mathematical Sciences (printed by A. Wilde); 'Great Britain's Diary, or the Union Almanac,' also by Saunder (printed by J. Roberts); 'Olympia Domata,' by John Wing, Philomath (printed by J. Dawkes); 'Wing,' by the same (printed by W. Pearson); and lastly, 'An Almanac after the Old and New Fashion,' by Poor Robin, Knight of the British Island, a Well-wisher to the Mathematics (printed by W. Bowyer), being the only one of the number to which a fictitious name is prefixed. The collection also contains 'The Woman's Almanac,' and 'An Ephemeris,' by George Kingsley, Gent.; but there is no astrology in either of these.

Such, then, were the London astrologers of the beginning of the last or the latter part of the preceding century. William Andrews, "Student in the mathematics and astrology," published a little volume entitled 'The Astrological Physician, showing how to find out the cause and nature of a disease according to the secret rules of the art of Astrology,' so long ago as in the time of the Protectorate—in the year 1656. It was ushered into the world by a recommendation

from the renowned William Lilly, of whom more presently, although the author, Lilly declares, was wholly unknown to him. Andrews's astrology, indeed, seems to have been of a different temper from Lilly's—to have wanted the spirit of accommodation and compliance by which that ingenious practitioner commonly managed to see a sunny side of things for himself in all the contradictory aspects of that changing time. Andrews, in this little book, which appears to have been his first publication, inveighs against the evil days for science and philosophy on which he had fallen, in a very bitter and contemptuous style. The manner, too, in which he asserts the claims of his art looks like sincerity. "It were needless here to show," he observes in his preface, "what great necessity there is for every physician to be an astrologer, or to practise physic astrologically, in regard of the great influence and dominion the planets and stars have on our bodies, seeing no rational man can deny or disprove the same, although many have endeavoured what they can to contradict the truth." Alas for the shiftings of opinion, or of what we mortals call truth and wisdom! We have still our mystical physicians of sundry varieties—homœopathic, hydropathic, mesmeric—but London, we fear, does not now contain one physician who professes to be an astrologer, and to practise physic astrologically. Andrews began his annual communication of 'News from the Stars' at least as early as 1696; whether he was still alive when the publication for the year 1723 appeared we do not know; he was undoubtedly dead and rotten long before the fact was admitted by the Worshipful Company of Stationers, who continued to publish a yearly pamphlet of celestial intelligence in his name till towards the close of the last century at least. The number before us contains nothing very remarkable or distinctive: its astrology is very pious and very Protestant—professing the greatest veneration throughout for the glorious Trinity, the Church of England, and King George. Of nearly the same general character is Coley's 'Starry Messenger,' the earliest tidings brought by which, that have come under our notice, are for the year 1681, and which the Company also continued to publish annually till the latter part of the last century. Coley, however, is rather more varied and sprightly than Andrews: he combines both the qualifications of the ancient *Vates*, is poet as well as prophet, and ever and anon breaks out into song from the midst of his predictions and calculations.

The 'Diary' of Job Gadbury is also a most loyal and religious publication. This, we suppose, was a son of the famous John Gadbury—"that monster of ingratitude, my former tailor, John Gadbury," as Lilly calls him. He is said to have been, in fact, originally a tailor; but, having come up to London from Oxford, his native place, he was taken into Lilly's service as a sort of assistant in carrying on his trade of interpreter of the heavens, of which he soon learned enough to hold himself entitled to set up for himself. This was the main part of the monstrous ingratitude which so excited Lilly's virtuous indignation. Naturally enough, too, Gadbury's astrology took a political complexion the opposite of Lilly's: as the stars with Lilly were all Roundheads and Puritans, with Gadbury they were all friends of the Cavalier cause, and in their theological predilections either High Church or Roman Catholic. Gadbury's publications, all of an astrological character, were very numerous. The earliest we have found is dated in the year 1654. His Almanac, first entitled a 'Diary,' afterwards an

[John Gadbury, 1658.]

'Ephemeris,' appears to have begun in 1664, and to have been continued till 1712, for which year it first appears under the name of Job Gadbury. Old John is said to have been lost at sea on a voyage to Jamaica. Among his publications is a collected edition of 'The Works of the late most excellent Philosopher and Astronomer, Sir George Wharton, Baronet,' which he brought out in a thick octavo volume in 1683. Wharton, who was a wit and a versifier, as well as an astrologer, published his Almanacs in the reign of Charles I. under the anagram of 'Naworth,' and was the great authority in regard to the intentions of the Fates with the Court party, as Lilly was with the adherents of the Parliament. The rivalry and opposition between Wharton and Lilly commenced immediately after the appearance of Lilly's first publication, his 'Merlinus Anglicus Junior,' which came out in April, 1644. In his almanac for the next year Wharton noticed the new astrologer as "an impudent, senseless fellow, and by name William Lilly," as Lilly himself has taken the trouble to inform posterity. Now "before that time," adds Lilly, "I was more Cavalier than Roundhead, and so taken notice of:" he admits, indeed, that he afterwards "engaged body and soul in the cause of Parliament;" but even while so acting he claims the credit of "much affection to his majesty's person and unto monarchy, which," says he, "I ever loved and approved beyond any government whatsoever." He confesses that his object in writing his next "Anglicus," for 1645, was to vindicate his reputation and to cry quittance with Naworth, "against whom," he says, "I was highly incensed;" and it seems clearly by his own account to have been this spite against the royalist astrologer that provoked him to venture upon what he calls in his Life (written after the Restoration) his "unlucky judgment" for the month of June, 1645—"If now we fight, a victory stealeth upon us"—which was so signally verified by the king's defeat at Naseby, "the most fatal overthrow he ever had." Whatever he may have thought of it, or chosen to call it, afterwards, we may be sure that at the time Lilly looked upon this prediction as one of the luckiest hits astrologer had ever made; and possibly it even turned his rage against Wharton into something like gratitude or a sense

[Lilly.]

of obligation; for although Wharton still continued his attacks, it is related that when at length, on the complete subjugation of his party, the captain fell into trouble, and even got sent to Newgate, Lilly interceded for him with his friends in power, and obtained his release. Wharton, however, who before his imprisonment had been reduced to write for bread, long outlived his misfortunes; and after the Restoration the old astrologer was made treasurer to the Ordnance. When shall we have another treasurer of the Ordnance who shall have recommended himself to his place in the government by his skill in casting nativities, and who shall leave his literary reputation to be taken charge of after his death by a brother astrologer and almanac-maker? Yet this was only about a century and a half ago. As for the Job Gadbury of 1723, if he was, as we have supposed, the son of John, he had not inherited his father's religious opinions, but seems to have been rather a Protestant, and something more. But one of his memoranda of the past is more curious than any of the predictions we find in his almanac: in a 'Compendious Chronology,' extending from the creation of the world to the current year, to which he devotes a couple of pages, in the midst of a series of notices of the dates of Noah's flood, the destruction of Troy, the building of Rome, the Gunpowder Treason, the martyrdom of King Charles, and other such familiar events, occurs the following entry:—"1620, Bern. Calvert, of Andover, went from St. George's Church in Southwark to Calais in France, and back again, in 17 hours, on July 17." It is to be understood, we suppose, that he went through the air on a broomstick, the only substitute at this date for our modern balloons and railways. This veracious Diary of Job Gadbury's continued to be published down to the first years of the reign of George III.

The renowned Francis Moore, who was at one time, we take it for granted, a living man, seems to have made his first appearance about the end of the seven-

teenth century. He published a 'Kalendarium Ecclesiasticum' in 1699, and his earliest 'Vox Stellarum' or almanac, as far as we can discover, came out in 1701. When he became a mere name, and ceased to be really *more*, we do not know. His almanac for 1723 is what one may call a workman-like performance; and it seems already to have become one of the chief popular favourites, if we may judge by the much larger number of advertisements of new books and quack medicines it is graced with than almost any of its contemporaries. It begins, dashingly, with a whole page of poetry, and more verse is plentifully scattered throughout: its prose too is more ambitious and eloquent than that of its neighbours; and its Protestantism is quite ferocious. Altogether, in short, Francis has the air of taking the lead among his brethren, most or all of whom were older than himself, and were probably past their prime, while he was as it were only commencing his career, to continue it, as we have seen, till he should have witnessed all the rest go out one by one, and find himself the last of the astrologers.

If there was any one of the older almanacs that rivalled at this time the popularity of Francis Moore, it was that of John Partridge—the immortal Partridge of Swift's satire. Partridge—Dr. Partridge, as he called himself—is said to have been originally a shoemaker, and to have borne the name of Hewson, which one would think was as good a name as the one he exchanged it for: if he intended any allusion to his new trade of "commercing with the skies," it seems strange that he did not rather dub himself Dr. Eagle or Dr. Falcon—for Dr. Partridge, the sooth to say, hardly carries more dignity with it than Dr. Sparrow would have done. Partridge acted for some time as assistant to Gadbury, in the same manner as the latter had done to Lilly: he commenced astrologer on his own account in 1679; his almanac, styled 'Merlinus Liberatus,' first appeared, we believe, in 1696; Swift, in his 'Predictions for the year 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.,' put him to death on the 29th of March of that year; and although "an uninformed carcase," which was "pleased to call itself Partridge," continued to walk about for some time longer, he was at last fairly interred in the churchyard of Mortlake, in 1715, under a monument with a sonorous Latin epitaph, according to which he was born at the neighbouring hamlet of East Sheen, on the 18th of January, 1644, and died at London, on the 24th of June, in the year in which he was thus buried. In this inscription, which is said to have been set up at the cost of his widow, who when he married her was the relict of the Duke of Monmouth's tailor, he is styled Astrologer and Doctor of Medicine—*Astrologus et Medicinæ Doctor*—and we are told that he practised medicine under two kings and one queen, namely, Charles II., William III., and Queen Mary, so that we may presume he had betaken himself exclusively to almanac-making and fortune-telling before Anne came to the throne. James's short reign he is known to have spent in Holland—having run away from the danger to which he apprehended he had exposed himself by some unlucky anti-popish prediction; and it was on his return to England after the Revolution that he married the tailor's widow. This temporary expatriation, besides enabling him for the rest of his life to claim the credit of having been a sufferer in the cause of liberty and religion, was turned to account by him in the support of his medical pretensions: for he professed to have brought home a doctor's

degree from the University of Leyden; and this may have been the case: we remember a *naïve* account given by the late respectable Dr. John Aikin of his graduation by that ancient university, which would make even Partridge's doctorship by no means incredible. Partridge, in fact, had to the last a wonderfully high continental reputation: Grainger notices that the obituary of the 'Acta Lipsiensia' for 1715 records, among the deaths of other *philosophers*, that of "John Partridge, the most famous English astronomer and astrologer"—*Astronomus et Astrologus in Anglia famigeratissimus.* Nevertheless, it is certain that the man could barely spell. His ignorance and stupidity made him the happiest possible subject for Swift's joke. Bickerstaff's prediction when it first came out appears seriously to have alarmed him, and it is evident that he lived in terror till the day announced for his death was fairly past. He said not a word till then; but the strain in which he began to crow as soon as he found himself safe affords ludicrous proof of how much he had been frightened. "Old friend," he wrote to an Irish acquaintance, three days after, "I don't doubt but you are imposed upon in Ireland also, by a pack of rogues, about my being dead;" and then he goes on to abuse the suspected author of the prediction:—"There is no such man as Bickerstaff; it is a sham name, but his true name is Pettie; he is always in a garret, a cellar, or a gaol; and therefore you may, by that, judge what kind of reputation this fellow hath to be credited in the world." Still the impression clings to him that he has made a lucky escape; he is surprised that, if not actually dead, he should not at least have been in some danger:—"I thank God," he exclaims, "I am very well in health, *and at the time he had doomed me to death I was not in the least out of order.* The truth is, it was a high flight at a venture, hit or miss. *He knows nothing of astrology.*" Poor Partridge! so might one of thy feathered namesakes congratulate itself after the fire of some young shot which has not touched one of the covey. "The truth is, it was a high flight at a venture, hit or miss. He knows nothing of partridge-shooting!" "Pray, Sir, excuse this trouble," concludes the exulting almanac-maker, "for no man can better tell you I am well than myself; and this is to undeceive your credulous friends that may yet believe the death of your real humble servant, John Partridge." As if the very demon of jocular mischief had inspired this proceeding, the person to whom Partridge addressed himself, Isaac Manley, the Irish postmaster, was Swift's particular friend! Forthwith came out 'The Accomplishment of the First of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, being an Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge, the Almanac-maker, upon the 29th instant, in a Letter to a Person of Honour,' professing to have been written on the 30th of March. Partridge now saw the necessity of taking the most decided measures, as people say in such circumstances, to vindicate his vitality; and so, not satisfied with earnestly assuring his countrymen in his almanac for the ensuing year that Squire Bickerstaff was a sham name, assumed by a lying, impudent fellow, and that, "blessed be God, John Partridge was still living and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise," he applied to his neighbour, the Rev. Dr. Yalden, preacher at Bridewell, to draw up for him a full statement of his injuries and sufferings, to be laid, as a conclusive appeal, before the public. Yalden, a wit and poet, whose life is among Dr. Johnson's biographies, readily undertook the task; and if Partridge, as is said, actually published the pamphlet

which the Doctor drew up in his name, entitled 'Squire Bickerstaff Detected; or, the Astrological Impostor Convicted,' he may be written down an ass such as there has seldom been known the like of. He must have brayed like a whole legion of asses in his fury and despair when he found that, after all, his unrelenting tormenters still persisted in their original assertion, and even undertook to make it good out of his own expressions in contradicting it. 'A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., against what is objected to him by Mr. Partridge, in his Almanac for the present Year, 1709; by the said Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.,' now came forth, in which, besides various other grave reasons proving that Mr. Partridge was not alive, the writer alleged the following:—"Fourthly, I will plainly prove him to be dead, out of his own almanac for this year, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says, he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March which I foretold he should die on: by this he declares his opinion that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And, indeed, there lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not assert that he was alive ever since the 29th of March, but that he is now alive, and was so on that day: I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a letter to a lord; and whether he be since revived I leave the world to judge. This, indeed, is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it." It would have been wise after this in Partridge to have let the matter drop—to have rested satisfied, like other people, with being alive, without any further attempts to prove the fact. Driven wild, however, by some more persecution in the 'Tatler,' he was foolish enough, in announcing his almanac for 1710, to reiterate his passionate contradiction of the story of his death: "Whereas," he said, "it has been industriously given out by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., and others, to prevent the sale of this year's almanac, that John Partridge is dead, this may inform all his loving countrymen that he is still living in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise.—J. P." This the 'Tatler' noticed immediately as "an advertisement, with several scurrilous terms in it, that do by no means become a dead man to give;" and the next week appeared the humorous letter from the Master and Company of Upholders, exclaiming against the "intolerable toleration" by which so many dead people were allowed to "go putrefying up and down the streets," pointing out the danger of infection to Her Majesty's subjects "from the horrible stench of so many corses," so long as it was "left to every dead man's discretion not to be buried until he sees his time"—and concluding with the following postscript:—"Whereas a commission of interment has been awarded against Dr. John Partridge, Philomath, Professor of Physic and Astrology; and whereas the said Partridge hath not surrendered himself, nor shown cause to the contrary; these are to certify that the Company of Upholders will proceed to bury him from Cordwainers' Hall, on Tuesday the 29th instant, where any of his surviving friends, who still believe him to be alive, are desired to come prepared to hold up the pall.—*Note.* We shall light away at six in the evening, there being to be a sermon." To be dead was bad enough, but to be buried was still worse, and Partridge probably objected with increased vehemence; but we have not inquired further into his proceedings. A letter of his dated from the banks of Styx is given in a subsequent number of

the 'Tatler,' followed by an intimation from Bickerstaff that, having lately seen some of his predictions, which were "written in a true Protestant spirit of prophecy, and a particular zeal against the French king," he had some thoughts of sending for him from the other world, "and reinstating him in his own house, at the sign of the Globe, in Salisbury Street." By the bye, in a former paper he had been designated as "late of Cecil Street in the Strand." The last mention of him that occurs is in an advertisement in August, 1710, which has the appearance of having been provoked by some new proclamation he had been making of his continued existence in the body:—"Whereas an ignorant upstart in astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 29th of March, 1708; these are to certify all whom it may concern that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.—Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad." For the remainder of his life (if life it could be called) John appears to have been left in quiet by the nest of hornets his braying had kept so long about him, and whose persistency we fear must have made the poor astrologer look upon what the world called wit as something equally atrocious with downright murder. But even his real departure from the earth did not interrupt the publication of his almanac; the 'Merlinus Liberatus, by John Partridge,' continued to appear as regularly every winter as ever—with only a sly (not to call it profane) intimation, or word to the wise, in the addition, after the pretended author's name, of the scriptural expression as it stands in the Vulgate, "*Etiam mortuus loquitur*," that is, "He, being dead, yet speaketh." The book seems to have for a time been got up by Mrs. Partridge, the tailor's remnant: the publication for 1723 concludes with an advertisement informing the world that "Dr. Partridge's night drops, night pills, &c., and other medicines of his own preparing, continue to be sold as before by his widow, at the Blue Ball in Salisbury Street, near the Strand." The other contents of the almanac are merely the usual farrago.

'Parker's Ephemeris for the year of our Lord 1723,' is described as "the thirty-fourth impression," which would carry back the commencement of the publication to the year 1689. It continued, as well as Partridge, to be published down to our own day. Of the author, George Parker, we know nothing, except that he carried on for some time, while he was actually in the flesh, an abusive controversy with his brother nativity-monger Partridge, to which the world is indebted for the knowledge of some recondite particulars in the history of the latter. 'Parker's Ephemeris for 1723' carries an effigies in its front, a head copiously bewigged and otherwise somewhat clerically adorned, which is probably intended for that of the astrologer. Yet an advertisement at the end announces "Printing of all sorts of books, bills, bonds, indentures, cases of parliament, funeral tickets, and tradesmen's bills, &c., performed by this author." On the whole, 'Parker's Ephemeris' contains more useful information, and less nonsense, than any of the other astrological almanacs of the day that we have examined. The author's astrological faith was evidently of the weakest. Of a very different spirit is Salem Pearse, whose 'Celestial Diary' for 1723, in two parts, overflows both with fervent verse and with ample details in prose of all the human and planetary influences. It seems indeed to be

drawn up mainly for the meridian of the kitchen; as 'Poor Robin,' also in two parts, which follows it in our collection, may be said to be wholly. The latter, which was of ancient standing in Swift's time, continued to be published, we believe, till within the last few years, with all its old rich and singular *mélange* of the horrible and the jocular, the puritanical and the prurient. Pearse we cannot trace back farther than to the year 1719, but he also survived to the end of the last or the beginning of the present century. A Richard Saunder, or Saunders, published a work upon physiognomy, chiromancy, &c., in 1653, and an 'Apollo Anglicanus' at least as early as 1667; but the author of the almanac published with that title in 1723 was probably the son of this original Richard. It is stated to be "the eight-and-thirtieth impression of the same author," which would carry back its commencement to the year 1685. Nevertheless Mr. Richard Saunder still walked the earth, and in a long advertisement at the end of his 'Union Almanac' he informs his readers that he was now removed to Brook near Oakham in the county of Rutland, where he professed the following mathematical arts: Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, Trigonometry, Navigation, Dialling, Surveying; "or," it is added, "if any gentleman, or other person, would have his land surveyed, or any building or edifice measured, either for bricklayers, carpenters, masons, plasterers, &c., he will perform the same either for master or workmen. Weather-glasses are also prepared, and carefully adjusted, by him, for any that have a desire to have them."

Wing is a famous name in the history of English astrology, having been first raised to distinction by Vincent Wing, who is said to have been born in 1619 and to have died in 1668, and who was a mathematician and astrologer of considerable eminence, as well as a proficient in more mystical lore. John Gadbury, who edited the works of Sir George Wharton, wrote 'A Relation of the Life and Death of Vincent Wing,' which was published in quarto in 1669. There is a letter from him to Lilly printed among the 'Letters written by Eminent Persons' published by Dr. Bliss along with Aubrey's 'Lives,' partly about a little astronomical work in the press, entitled 'Harmonicon Cœleste;' but the literary matter is preceded by an equally grave and earnest passage on another sort of subject, which curiously illustrates the character not only of the two correspondents, but of the time. "Honoured Mr. Lilly," the epistle commences, "a worthy gentlewoman of this town hath requested me to write a line unto you, concerning a great number of fine linnings [linens] that was stolen in the night time, the last week, out of a private garden close under her house. And, because she much fancies astrology, I would desire you to give her your advice therein, and to write a line or two back, whether you think they be recoverable or not. I set one figure for the first question, but I forbore to give judgment, and the rather because she hath, not undeservedly, so good a confidence of you and your writings, for which, I must say, we are all obliged to you. Good sir, at her request be pleased to honour her with a line, and she protesteth to make you pl.[enty?] of satisfaction, if ever it be in her power. Her husband is a member of this parliament, and one, I suppose, well known to you, and is a man that highly esteems of your singular parts." The recovery of stolen goods was one of the most lucrative professions of these old astrologers; Isaac Bickerstaff alludes to it as a well-known branch of Partridge's practice:—"Thirdly, Mr. Partridge pretends to tell

fortunes, and recover stolen goods; which all the parish says he must do by conversing with the devil and other evil spirits; and no wise man will ever allow he could converse personally with either till after he was dead."* Partridge and his brethren, in fact, were in this way a sort of predecessors of Jonathan Wild. As for Vincent Wing, he was succeeded by John Wing (perhaps his son), whose almanac, entitled sometimes 'Olympia Dogmata,' sometimes 'Olympia Domata,' and printed sometimes at London, sometimes at Cambridge, we trace back to 1689; and John was succeeded by Tycho, whose name first appears on the 'Olympia Dogmata,' or Domata, for 1738, although we find him publishing another almanac, which he called 'Merlinius Anglicus,' so early as 1730. Both the 'Olympia Domata," and the prognostication entitled 'Wing,' for the year 1723, by John Wing, who dates from Pickworth in the county of Rutland, are sufficiently stored with planetary and lunar learning of all kinds even to satisfy the manes of the worthy Vincent, whose astronomical studies ranged from the harmony of the spheres down to the setting of a figure for the recovery of a stolen washing of linen.

There was evidently a considerable amount of astrological faith remaining in the popular mind so long as all these almanacs continued to be printed and bought; but the religion of the stars had ceased, we apprehend, to have a generally believing priesthood in this country even before the middle of the seventeenth century, and by the beginning of the next, probably, we had not a single professing astrologer who was the dupe of his own pretensions. Lilly, who was born in 1602, and who commenced practice, as we have seen, in 1644, certainly was not so, and it may be questioned if among his immediate predecessors and contemporaries, of whom he has given us accounts in his characteristic and amusing autobiography, there were more than two or three who were not much more rogues and impostors than self-deceived enthusiasts. Dr. Simon Forman, for instances though, we are told, "he travelled into Holland for a month, in 1580, purposely to be instructed in astrology, and other more occult sciences, as also in physic, taking his degree of doctor beyond seas," and afterwards "lived in Lambeth, with a very good report of the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was very charitable," we must take leave to hold to have been a thorough scoundrel. Lilly says, "he was a person that in horary questions (especially thefts) was very judicious and fortunate; as also in sicknesses, which indeed was his masterpiece." If this means that he was a master in the art of secretly destroying health and life, a subtle practitioner in poisons, the infamous story of Lord and Lady Essex, and the tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, will sufficiently bear out the statement. "In resolving questions about marriage," Lilly adds, "he had good success; in other questions very moderate." As for a remarkable memorandum which it seems the doctor left behind him—"This I made the Devil write with his own hand in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June or July, as I now remember"—we must be excused for withholding our belief from what is therein affirmed, till some unexceptionable witness is brought forward who will swear to his infernal majesty's handwriting.

There was a contemporary of Forman's, however, also mentioned by Lilly—the

* Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., &c.

famous John Dee, commonly called *Doctor* Dee, who was a man of unquestionable learning and talent, much of which he expended in the study of astrology and the Rosicrucian philosophy, and whose undoubting mind appears really to have, in great part at least, believed the magic wonders which he passed his life in dreaming of. Dee was born 13th July, 1527, in London, where his father, Rowland Dee, was, according to Anthony Wood, a vintner in good circumstances, though Aubrey, who was his relation, tells us he was a Radnorshire gentleman of ancient and illustrious pedigree, being descended from Rhees, Prince of South Wales. John Dee was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1542, and there studied so hard, as he states, for the space of three years, that he never allowed himself more than four hours of the four-and-twenty for sleep, and two for meals and recreation. He spent several years, chiefly on the Continent at different universities, but returning to England in 1551, he received from King Edward, first a pension, and then a grant of the rectory of Upton-upon-Severn, one of a number of church preferments which he held in the course of his life, though he never was in orders. He appears to have first become known to Elizabeth while she resided at Woodstock, in the reign of Queen Mary, and he then suffered a short imprisonment at Hampton Court, in consequence of some suspicions excited by a correspondence which he was detected in carrying on with some of the persons in attendance upon the princess. He himself says that he was suspected of "endeavouring, by enchantments, to destroy Queen Mary." In fact, he had already acquired the reputation in the popular mind of being wiser than he ought to be—of being not only astrologer, but magician. The accession of Elizabeth brought him at once into request in the former capacity. In 1577 the court was greatly alarmed by a comet; upon which Dee was sent for to Windsor, and spent three days there in tranquillizing her Majesty and her ministers by a more favourable interpretation of the phenomenon. On another occasion, "My careful and faithful endeavour," continues Dee, "was with great speed required (*as by divers messages sent to me one after another in one morning*) to prevent the mischief which divers of her Majesty's privy council suspected to be intended against her Majesty's person, *by means of a certain image of wax, with a great pin stuck into it above the breast of it, found in Lincoln's Inn Fields!*" This, if we may judge from the vehement importunity of the council's application, was a still worse case than that of the comet: however, Dee's art was a match even for the wax figure and the great pin. "I did satisfy her Majesty's desire," he says, "and the lords of the privy council, within few hours, in godly and artificial manner." After this his next "dutiful service" has something of the bathos in it—"the diligent conference which," says he, "by her Majesty's commandment I had with Mr. Doctor Bayly, her Majesty's physician, about her Majesty's grievous pangs and pains, by reason of toothache and the rheum." In return, Elizabeth took much notice of her learned adviser in matters of comets, witchcraft, toothache, and rheumatism. On the afternoon of the 16th of March, 1575, "The Queen's Majesty," he tells us, "with her most honourable Privy Council, and other her lords and nobility, came purposely to have visited my library; but finding that my wife was within four hours before buried out of the house, her Majesty refused to come in, but wished me to fetch my glass so famous, and to show unto her some

of the properties of it, which I did. Her Majesty being taken down from her horse by the Earl of Leicester, master of the horse, at the church wall of Mortlake, did see some of the properties of that glass, to her Majesty's great contentment and delight, and so in most singular manner did thank me." We do not know if it will assist in identifying the spot beside the wall of the old village church, where, on a March afternoon, two hundred and sixty-seven years ago, the royal Elizabeth thus alighted to converse with the astrologer, her full-blown favourite (it was the year of Kenilworth) assisting her to the ground, to mention that Dee's house, according to Aubrey, stood "next to the house where the tapestry hangings are made, viz., west of that house."* Aubrey had his information from an old woman, a native of Mortlake, who remembered Dee; and stated that "the children dreaded him, because he was accounted a conjuror." Another time, on the 17th of September, 1580, "the Queen's Majesty," Dee himself relates, "came from Richmond in her coach the higher way of Mortlake Field, and when she came right against the church, she turned down toward my house; and when she was against my garden in the field, her Majesty staid for a good while, and then came into the field at the great gate of the field, where her Majesty espied me at my door, making reverent and dutiful obeisance unto her; and with her hand her Majesty beckoned for me to come to her, and I came to her coach-side. Her Majesty then very speedily pulled off her glove, and gave me her hand to kiss; and, to be short, her Majesty willed me to resort oftener to her Court, and by some of her Privy Chamber to give her to weet when I am there." Finally, on the 10th of October in the same year, at five in the afternoon, her Majesty came again; but Dee was now going to the church to bury his mother, as five years before, when he was thus honoured, he had just returned from the funeral of his wife—a circumstance which Elizabeth did not fail to remember.

It appears to have been shortly after this last visit that Dee became connected with Edward Kelley, whom he is said to have engaged to assist him in a course of experiments, perhaps having for their object at first nothing more than the pursuit of the grand hermetic secret of projection, or the transmutation of metals, at a salary of fifty pounds. But Kelley, a sharp-witted rogue, would soon perceive the influence he might acquire over the visionary by humouring his enthusiastic and credulous disposition: at any rate the two are alleged to have, after a short time, abandoned the regular alchemical method of seeking the philosopher's stone, and to have boldly taken to the forbidden practices of incantation and magic. We cannot go into this part of Dee's history; the true nature of his proceedings has been the subject of much controversy; what is certain is that he and Kelley left England suddenly and clandestinely in the end of 1583 for Poland, whence Dee did not return till November, 1589, when he came back by special invitation from Queen Elizabeth. Kelley remained abroad, and is said to have been made a baron by the Emperor, though he ended his life in a jail. But there is still in existence a most elaborate and minute

* In a note, by Mr. Halliwell, to Dee's very curious 'Diary,' printed by the Camden Society since this paper was written, the following statement is given on the authority of a manuscript in the Ashmolean Library:—"Dr. Dee dwelt in a house near the water-side, a little westward from the church. The buildings, which Sir F. Crane erected for working of tapestry hangings, and are still (1673) employed to that use, were built upon the ground whereon Dr. Dee's laboratory and other rooms for that use stood. Upon the west is a square court, and the next is the house wherein Dr. Dee dwelt, now inhabited by one Mr. Selbury, and further west his garden."

[Kelley.]

detail, apparently drawn up by Dee, of their proceedings during several years in the raising of spirits, a portion of which has been published, making a closely printed folio volume of some five hundred pages. It is altogether about the most amazing performance that ever proceeded from the press or the pen. Meric Casaubon, the learned divine, by whom it was given to the public in 1659, is clear as to the absolute and literal truth of every line of it, and considers the narrative (as well he may upon this supposition) to be the most complete account of the spiritual world of which we are in possession. Modern readers will in general content themselves with the question of whether the narrator is to be held as deceiver or deceived, as quite sufficient exercise for their faculties or their faith. For our own part, it is one which we shall not attempt to answer. All this portion of Dee's life, indeed, is a mystery. He made his journey homeward in extraordinary state and parade, travelling with not only three coaches, besides baggage waggons, but also with the attendance of a hired guard of horse; yet when he reached his native country he found himself in utter destitution. If he had ever possessed the philosopher's stone, he had apparently lost it by the way. The detail of his various shifts and difficulties during the three years that had elapsed since his return, which he gives in the 'Compendious Rehearsal,' presents one of the most singular pictures of housekeeping anywhere delineated. It appears that his house at Mortlake, having been left unprotected while he was abroad, had been broken into, and that a valuable library and a collection of philosophical instruments which it contained were nearly all carried off, not, however, as it should seem, by regular thieves or burglars, but rather by persons who thought it meritorious to scatter about the magician's books of diablerie and to break to pieces the tools of his black and sinful art. One wonders that everything was not irretrievably gone: however, he succeeded in recovering a considerable portion of his dis-

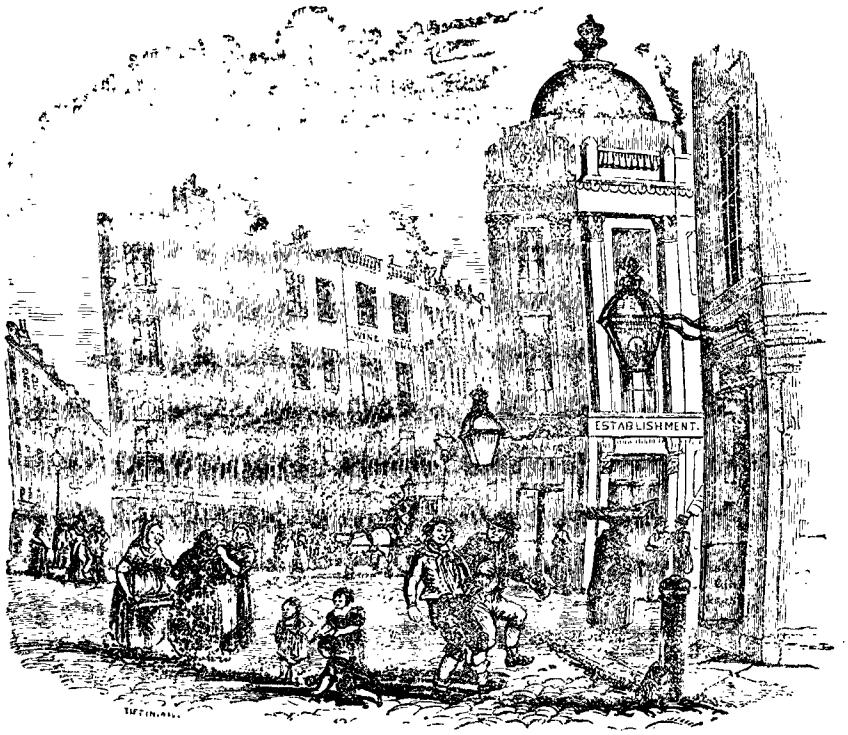
persed property, of about four thousand printed books and manuscripts finding in the end only about a fourth part lost. But many of those he got back he had afterwards to dispose of for wherewithal to keep himself and his family from starving; "enforced," says Lilly, "many times to sell some book or other to buy his dinner with, as Dr. Napier, of Linford, in Buckinghamshire, oft related, who knew him well." For the rest, he borrowed and begged from all and sundry who came in his way. His establishment all the while was on a scale of extraordinary extent for a person in such circumstances; for besides himself, his wife, and seven children, he seems to have kept no fewer than eight servants—he talks of "seventeen of us in all." No wonder that the thought of catering much longer for so numerous a brood in this predatory style filled him with apprehension: he dreads that he will be obliged to sell his house for half what it cost him, and he describes himself as now "brought to the very next instant of stepping out of doors:—"I," says he, "and mine, with bottles and wallets furnished to become wanderers as homish vagabonds, or, as banished men, to forsake the kingdom." Nevertheless it appears by a marginal note of subsequent date that he contrived to keep up the war in the same way by borrowing and getting in debt for about a year and a half longer. At length in May, 1595, the old astrologer and reputed magician was appointed to the wardenship of Manchester College, vacant by the promotion of Dr. Hugh Bellot to the bishopric of Chester. Dee indeed hints in his 'Compendious Rehearsal' that he was at one time actually offered a bishopric if he would have taken orders; but he shrunk from having anything to do with the cure of souls. After all, he came back from Manchester after a few years, and taking up his abode once more at Mortlake, resumed his old crazy dealings with spirits, having got into the hands of a new assistant or associate, one Bartholomew Hickman, who was probably as great a rascal as Kelley. He had not resigned his preferment, but nevertheless poverty was again as great as ever: he seems to have preferred a precarious, scrambling existence, and to have rather had an aversion to a settled income. It is even asserted that he was meditating a new journey into Germany, when death at last arrested him some time in the year 1608, at the age of eighty-one. He was buried in Mortlake Church, Aubrey's informant, the old woman, told him, in the midst of the chancel, a little towards the south side, between Mr. Holt and Mr. Miles, both servants to Queen Elizabeth. A stone that covered him was removed in Oliver's days: before this, the children, the old woman said, when they played in the church, would run to Dr. Dee's gravestone. Of a numerous family which he left, there are only two of whom anything seems to be known—a daughter, Sarah, who is said to have married a flax-dresser in Southwark; and a son, Arthur, who studied medicine, became physician in ordinary to Charles I., and died at Norwich about 1650. According to Aubrey, Ben Jonson had Dee in his eye in writing 'The Alchemist;' he is indeed mentioned by name in that play—

"——— one whose name is Dee,
In a rug gown."

Aubrey says, "He was tall and slender; he wore a gown like an artist's gown; with hanging sleeves and a slit."

These "follies of the wise" of former days are now become the jests of children; but when we think of Dee and his divinations we ought to remember that in the same age the grave and wise Burghley cast the nativity of Queen Elizabeth, and that a century later Dryden still attempted in the same way to unveil the future fortunes of his newly-born son. Nor ought we to forget that with all this weakness something strong and high has also perished: these superstitions, whatever evils of another kind they brought along with them, gave in some respects a consecration and solemnity to this life of ours that is now wanting. And even of astrology and its kindred visionary sciences themselves, it is true, as Bacon has remarked in his high style, that, although they had better intelligence and confederacy with the imagination of man than with his reason, nevertheless the ends or pretences were noble.

{Dee.}



[Seven Dials.]

LXVII.—ST. GILES'S, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE sententious Maitland says, of the Church of St. Giles in the Fields, that it "is denominated from St. Giles, a Grecian;" which may be the reason why so many "foolish Greeks" (*vide* Shakspere's 'What you will') have both in ancient and modern times congregated around it. It is scarcely to be wondered at that, among so numerous a company as the Saints of the Roman Church (half-a-dozen for every day in the year, besides a numerous *corps de reserve* to supply any vacancies that might occur, packed away in the day of All Saints), some of them should occasionally fall into indifferent company. But there are one or two of them who, with every inclination to make allowance for human frailty even in Saints, have stretched their licence rather too far. St. Julian's connection with thieves is matter of notoriety; St. Nicholas's conduct has led to his name being conferred upon one whom, according to old saws, it is not very safe to mention; and as for St. Giles, if in any town possessed of more than three or four churches there be one set apart for him, it is odds but you find the most questionable characters in the town dwelling in its neighbourhood. Without going out of our own island to seek for examples, we may remark that in Edinburgh the "Heart of Mid Lothian" stood, and the Parliament House still stands, close to the shrine of

St. Giles; and here, in London, he is the central point of a population—"of whom more anon," as Baillie Nichol Jarvie said of the sons of Rob Roy.

St. Giles appears to have come in with the Conqueror, or soon after, which may account for his sympathy with marauders: "By the village of St. Giles's not appearing in 'Domesday Book,' I imagine it is not coeval with the Conquest," says Maitland; and here, for the information of those who, not being deeply read in this historian, may not be acquainted with his peculiar use of the English language, "not coeval with" means, in his mouth, "what did not exist before." 'The Beauties of Maitland' would be an interesting book, and one of them follows close in the wake of the piece of intelligence just cited: "That the parish is of great antiquity is manifest by the decretal sentence of Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, &c., *anno* 1222, in the great controversy between Eustace, Bishop of London, &c., and William, Abbot of Westminster, &c., in which sentence this parish is expressly mentioned; but I imagine *it* was not converted into a parish-church till the 20th of April, *anno* 1547." By what process a *parish* can be converted into a *parish-church* it is not very easy to conceive; but as, in the same breath, the soaring imagination ("I imagine") of the author leads him to decide that the parish prophetically mentioned in a judicial sentence of 1222 did not exist till 1547, this is a trifle.

The church and village of St. Giles are supposed to have sprung from an hospital for lepers founded there by Matilda, wife of Henry I., about the year 1117. As in the sentential award made by the Archbishop of Canterbury, already alluded to, the garden of the hospital appears to have been situated between St. Giles's High Street, the Pound, and Hog Lane (now dignified by the appellation of Crown Street, thereby plainly showing that in London, at least, men know how to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear), Maitland concludes that the hospital itself stood near the west end of the present church. In 1354 Edward III. granted this hospital to the master and brethren of the order of Burton St. Lazar of Jerusalem, in Leicestershire. When the gallows was removed from the Elms in Smithfield, about the year 1413, it was erected at the north end of the garden-wall of St. Giles, near the junction of St. Giles's High Street and Crown Street. When it was again removed, still in a western direction, which may have helped, along with other observations, to lead Bishop Berkeley to the conclusion, "westward the course of empire holds its way," St. Giles's became a sort of half-way house for the heroes who travelled that dark road. "The condemned criminals, in their way to the place of execution, usually stopped at this hospital, where they, as their last refreshment, were presented with a large bowl of ale."

It is probably owing to this combination of circumstances—to its being selected as a place of retreat for noisome and squalid outcasts, and associated in various ways with the careers of those who lived in hostility with the law—that the character which St. Giles's has retained from first to last during the whole period that anything is known of it has been so ineradicably burned into it. St. James's, which was also originally a lazar-house, has become a kingly residence, and Tyburn too has in its day been the shambles or sacrificial altar (which you will) of the law: all traces, however, of the disagreeable associations which clung to the one locality, and are still conjured up by the name of the other, have vanished. But St. Giles's combined within itself what was repulsive about both, and accordingly St. Giles remains true to itself, "unchanged, unchangeable."

It cannot be said that no attempt has been made to reclaim it. In the days of Charles II. the place subsequently denominated Seven Dials was erected, in the expectation that it would become the abode of the gay and the wealthy. Nor did the hope seem altogether groundless. Close at hand were Soho Square and Covent Garden, then aristocratical resorts, and on the other side were the mansions of the Bedford and other noble families, upon the ruins of which the seemly district of St. George's, Bloomsbury, has since arisen. There was good society enough to keep the Seven Dials from turning haggard. But the atmosphere of St. Giles's was too powerful for such counter-agents, and the Seven Dials soon became nearly, though not altogether, as bad as its neighbours in the Rookery.

During the ascendency of the Puritans a stout effort was made to reform the morals of the denizens of St. Giles's, as well as other places; but it appears from the parish books that a stout resistance was made by these turbulent worthies. Mr. Brayley furnishes us with a few illustrative extracts:—

	£.	s.	d.
"1641. Received of the Vintner at the *Catt* in Queen Street, for permitting of tippling on the Lord's-day . . .	1	10	0
1644. Received of three poor men for drinking on the Sabbath-day at Tottenham Court	0	4	0
1645. Received of John Seagood, constable, which he had of a Frenchman for swearing three oaths . . .	0	3	0
„ Received of Mrs. *Thunder*, by the hands of Francis Potter, for her being drunk, and swearing seven oaths . .	0	12	0
1646. Received of Mr. Hooker, for brewing on a Fast-day .	0	2	6
„ Paid and given to Lyn and two watchmen, in consideration of their pains, and the breaking of two halberts, in taking the two drunkards and swearers that paid . . .	1	4	0
„ Received of four men travelling on the Fast-day . .	0	1	0
„ Received of Mr. Wetherill, headboro', which he had of one for an oath	0	3	4
1648. Received from the City Marshall, sent by the Lord Mayor, for one that was drunk at the Forts in our parish . .	0	5	0
„ Received from Isabel Johnson, at the Coal-yard, for drinking on the Sabbath-day	0	4	0
1652. Received of Mr. Huxley and Mr. Norris, who were riding out of town on a Fast-day	0	11	0
1654. Received of William Glover, in Queen Street, and of Isaac Thomas, a barber, for trimming of beard on the Lord's-day. (The sum is not stated.)			
1655. Received of a maid taken in Mrs. Jackson's ale-house on the Sabbath-day	0	5	0
„ Received of a Scotchman drinking at Robert Owen's on the Sabbath	0	2	0
1658. Received of Joseph Piers, for refusing to open his doors to have his house searched on the Lord's-day	0	10	0
1659. (An entry occurs of 'one Brooke's goods sold for breach of the Sabbath;' but the produce is not set down.)"			

"Think of that, Master Brook," as a congenial spirit would doubtless have exclaimed, had he not long ere this been "all cold as any stone." So, too, would his co-mates; but Bardolph and Nym were hanged "for pyx of little price:" Mrs. Pistol (the quondam Quickly) was dead; and Pistol himself had doubtless fired his last shot, for at our farewell interview with him he was complaining—

"Old do I wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled."

It was clear, from the subdued and despondent tone of his voice, that "his heart was fracted and corroborate," and that he was soon to die the death of his old master. They had left, however, kindred souls behind them, who bade defiance alike to the Ironsides of Cromwell and the whole Assembly of Divines at Westminster. The vintner at the "Cat" kept his doors open on the sly, notwithstanding the fine of thirty good shillings imposed upon him; Mrs. Thunder (appropriate name) continued to tipple and swear, at the rate of five shillings for each jollification, and a shilling for every oath; the Frenchman kept spitting out "sacres" as fast as the sparks from a Catherine-wheel; and the worthies who broke the two halberts of Lyn's watchmen (and, though the parish records gloss over the defeat of their officers, swinged the watchmen), survived to lead a gallant troop down Drury Lane, and along the Strand, to assist in burning the rumps at Temple Bar. The only recusant was the Scotchman, who was reclaimed, by the outlay of two shillings English, from all such backslidings; though the maid taken in Mrs. Jackson's alehouse, despite her five shillings, and Isabel Johnston, despite her four, continued rebellious "malignants" to the last.

Nor is this so much to be wondered at, when we consider that, as early as 1641, "the correcting Parliament" had excited the jealousy of the sellers and drinkers of ale by appearing to mete to the sellers of lordly wine, and to the sellers of yeomanly beer, with a different measure. The vintners were relieved from the pressure of the wine monopoly at the very time that the alehouse-keepers were subjected to a rigorous police; and the roisterers of St. Giles's, not unnaturally, jumped at the conclusion that the rigid morality of the Parliament was like the sobriety of the vice-president of a Temperance Society whom we knew well in our younger and more foolish days—the office-bearers of such societies have since become more consistent. Worthy man!—Ardent spirits he would not allow to enter his house, except in homœopathic doses in an apothecary's phials, but many a good bottle of Edinburgh ale have we shared with him when we chanced to drop in on him at his house for luncheon; and at one serious *tête-à-tête* did we finish three bottles of claret—he drinking glass for glass, while he urged upon us, with weighty arguments, the propriety of joining the Society. That this suspicion lent vigour to the resistance offered in St. Giles's to all attempts on the part of the parish dignitaries to amerce them into sobriety, appears from a dialogue, the scene of which is laid in this neighbourhood, published in 1641, under the imposing title of 'The Tapster's Downfall and the Drunkard's Joy; or, a Dialogue between *Leatherbeard*, the Tapster of the Sheaves, and *Rubynose*, one of his ancient acquaintance, who hath formerly eaten three stone of roast-beef on a Sunday morning, but now (being debarred that privilege) slights him, and resolves to drink wine altogether.' The communing of these worthies begins as follows:—

"*Leatherbeard.* Whither away, Mr. Ruby? Will you not know your old friends, now they grow poor?

"*Rubynose.* Now you grow poor, I hold it a gentle garb to be willing to forget you.

"*L.* What! not one cup more of our brisk beer, which hath set that tincture

in your well-dyed scarlet face? Are you resolved to leave us so? This is most discourteously done of you.

"*R.* I cannot stay, i' faith. More serious employments draw me away.

"*L.* What do you say?—Will you try a piece of beef, for all your haste?

"*R.* Yes: were it Sunday morning.

"*L.* Truly, Mr. Rubynose, you do not well to jeer your poor friends, now they are in misery. . . . . With a most sorrowful heart I will relate to you the saddest news that ever befel unto us squires of the drawing society of the tap.

"*R.* Good Small-beer, proceed.

"*L.* Why, you know the benefit my poor master's widow got every Sunday morning by her thin-cut slices of roasted beef; how she made the gents to pay for the vinegar and pepper they ate with the roast-beef at prayer-time; and how I sold my ale and beer all that time at double prices.

"*R.* I am very sensible of it.

"*L.* I know likewise you are not ignorant of what innumerable numbers of mince-pies we sold every Sunday at dinner, and what benefit we made of the refuse of the slashed roast-beef.

"*R.* I know of all this very well.

"*L.* Nay, one of the chiefest matters is behind; how many great gross of plum-cakes and cheese-cakes, what stewed prunes and custards, we have sold every Sunday at prayer-time in the afternoon, and what doings we have had all the day after—oh, in those days I was a man of great calling! I assure you we have taken more money on a Sunday than all the week after.

"*R.* Why, all this I confidently believe; therefore, I pray, what of it?

"*L.* Oh, sir, those days are done; we must now fall to our prayers on a Sunday, and keep our doors shut all the day long, and sing psalms if we please, but we have never a room to the street.

"*R.* Why, how cometh that about, you have not liberty to open your doors on a Sunday as formerly?

"*L.* The correcting Parliament, that hath a sight on all trades, hath made an order to the contrary, which is put in strict execution: we are now in more fear of the churchwarden than of all the back-clappers and clenching tenter-neck bailies of the town.

"*R.* Why, you may fee the churchwardens, and regain your privilege.

"*L.* No, Sir; they are not so mercenary as the promoting paritor is: six shillings a quarter and free access to a lusty chine of roast-beef will not give them content."

And thereupon Rubynose tells the complaining man that, if things remain in that way, he must break, and to render him still more malcontent, leaves him, after communicating the information that Parliament has extended the privileges of vintners, and thus rendered wine cheap, and that he, Rubynose, is resolved for the future to abjure both meat and malt potations, and spend every farthing he has or can get upon the juice of the grape. And by such means was St. Giles's and all its worshippers of John Barleycorn rendered ripe for revolt. They saw the wine-bibber favoured, and themselves, unaccused, untried, treated worse than the convicted felon who passed through their village on his way to Tyburn—stinted in their bowls of ale. Like one of the great men with whom

we have already paralleled them, they protested they had "operations in their head, which be humours of revenge;" and with another they swore "by welkin and her star" to have revenge with wit or steel. If it were but to spite the Parliament and churchwardens, they were resolute *not* to "purge and leave sack, and live cleanly as a noble man should do."

And most happily were they situated for carrying their resolves into effect. St. Giles's, situated neither in Westminster nor the liberties of the City, abuts upon both. In those days it communicated with the former through St. Martin's Lane, with the ganglion of courts, minor lanes, and houses of questionable character at its lower extremity; with the latter through Drury Lane and Wych Street, and sundry almost impervious defiles round or across St. Clement's Churchyard into Butcher Row. The situation is commanding; it overlooked Whitehall on the one side and the City on the other with a saucy complacency. In front it was only accessible through dangerous defiles, and all to the north of Holborn and the Oxford Road was in a manner open country. In those days it seemed marked out by the hand of nature as a city of refuge for the oppressed and persecuted tipplers and raggamuffins of London and Westminster, when they wanted to make merry in defiance of the churchwardens, whose empire was then more terrible than that of the thief-catchers. St. Giles's was at that time for the natives or naturalised of Alsatia and the Sanctuary what the hills in the south of Scotland were for the Presbyterian disciplinarians, when their turn came to be undermost, a central point where they could meet, and from the elevation of which they could timeously descry the approach of danger; and in whose channelled sides were rare dens for sculking, doubling, and throwing out their pursuers. It is a mistake to imagine that the stifling pressure of a densely peopled metropolis is most sensibly felt in its innermost recesses. The filth and squalor of its necessitous population are to be found squatting in out-of-the-way corners where town and country meet. The islands of social misery found in the interior of London or Paris have been surrounded and built in as these capitals extended themselves. Thus favoured by natural position, by the sturdy character of its inhabitants, the blackguardism of St. Giles's was only increased by harsh treatment: it was pounded into tougher consistency. It might even have protracted its resistance although the reign of Puritanism had been lengthened; but relief came to its inmates—as well as to the better-dressed and more cleanly blackguards—with the restoration of Charles II.—the anniversary of which ought nowhere to be celebrated with more fervent gratitude than in the quondam village of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

Not to insist upon other pieces of evidence to the unvarying character maintained by St. Giles's from the days of the Commonwealth to those we live in, it may suffice to mention, between the years 1740 and 1750, it was a resort of the celebrated Thurot—the commander of a French squadron which committed some depredations on the coasts of Ireland and the Hebrides in 1760—a native hero of France, much of the same class and calibre with the one of Scotch growth who commanded the 'Bon Homme Richard' some twenty years later. Thurot, though a Frenchman, had some Irish blood in his veins, and he began the world under the auspices of a relative of the name of O'Farrel, an eminent smuggler from Connaught. The education, commenced on board a smuggling lugger,

was advanced by the experience of two years' service as valet in a nobleman's family in Dublin. He and the lady's maid were dismissed rather abruptly and unceremoniously about the same time; and the girl being soon after received into the family of another nobleman who lived in the north of Ireland, Thurot followed her. "In this place he made himself acceptable," says his biographer, "to many gentlemen and to the Earl of A——, by his skill in sporting; but his situation being near the sea, and the opposite coast of Scotland favouring the trade of smuggling, in which he was a much greater master than in cocking and hunting, he soon got into a gang of these people." The chance of trade brought him to London; and from 1748 to 1752 he was constantly trading between France and this city. "Part of this time he lodged in a court in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was then instructed in the mathematics by one Mr. Donnelly, an Irish gentleman famous for his knowledge and abilities in the mathematical studies." After 1752 his chief place of residence was Boulogne, "where he became king of the smugglers, and during his reign did not export and import less than 20,000*l.* worth a-year." In due time he was thrown into prison, from which the French government, being at that time sadly at a loss for a naval hero, took him, and gave him the command of a buccaneering expedition along the coasts of Britain, in the course of which he displayed skill, courage, and humanity. In short, though we are not aware that his parallel, Captain Paul Jones, ever went through the initiatory processes of smuggling and waiting at table, "barring these accidents," Thurot was infinitely the more genuine hero of the two: he was more of the gentleman, and never landed as commander of an alien and hostile force within sight of the house he was born in.

But what has Thurot to do with St. Giles's? He is a specimen of the company which, while he was studying mathematics and serving his time as journeyman to the trade of smuggler—before he had set up for himself on a large scale—used to frequent the more genteel streets of that district. "He used frequently to go to a club which was held every Monday night somewhere about the Seven Dials, and consisted wholly of foreigners, chiefly of Frenchmen. Some of these gentlemen took it in their heads one evening most grossly to abuse the English and Irish, calling them every contemptuous name which liquor and ill-manners could suggest. Thurot listened to them for some time with a great deal of patience; till at length, finding they intended to set no bounds to their insolence, he very calmly got up, and, seizing the two who sat next him, each by the nose, without saying a syllable, he led them to the door, and put them out and bolted it after them; then, returning to his seat—'Come, gentlemen,' he said, 'let us drink about and call another subject.'"* The class of foreigners to which Thurot belonged has become too numerous or too ambitious to find proper accommodation at Seven Dials: now that they obtrude themselves upon a wider public, it is to be wished that they sometimes had a Thurot among them.

It is time, however, to come to the modern St. Giles's. This interesting district is bounded on the north by the great brewhouse in Bainbridge Street, and on the south by the great brewhouse in Castle Street; and extends from Hog Lane (now Crown Street) on the west, to Drury Lane on the east. The erection of Bloomsbury, which originally formed part of St. Giles's, into a separate

* 'Annual Register,' 1760, p. 28 (of the Chronicle division of the volume).

parish, has given a greater homogeneity to the district. Leaving out of view, therefore, the scantling of Great Russell Street included in it, the parish of St. Giles's may be considered as the most thoroughly uniform and consistent in point of character and appearance of any in London. Slight shades of difference may be detected between its "west end" (which, by the way, is situated on its south side) about Seven Dials, and its "east end" which rejoices in the designation, redolent of woodland or cathedral associations, of "the Rookery."

The Seven Dials, we have had occasion to remark above, are an evidence of an attempt to civilise the neighbourhood by introducing respectable houses into it. The attempt was not altogether in vain: this part of the parish has ever since "worn its *dirt* with a difference." There is an air of shabby gentility about it, not unlike that which may be remarked about the native of such a district, who, after having been tried for a year or two as servant in a genteel family, has been returned in despair to his (or her) original rags and dirt. The air of the footman or waiting-maid can be recognised through the tatters, which are worn with more assumption than those of their unsophisticated neighbours—

"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will;
The scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The houses in this region, with their inmates and surrounding objects, always remind us irresistibly of Sophia Western's *sacque* worn by Molly Seagrim in her father's house.

It is here that the literature of St. Giles's has fixed its abode; and a literature the parish has of its own, and that, as times go, of a very respectable standing in point of antiquity. In a letter from Letitia Pilkington to the demure author of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and published by the no less exemplary and irreproachable Mrs. Barbauld, the lady informs her correspondent that she has taken apartments in Great White Lion Street, and stuck up a bill intimating that all who had not found "reading and writing come by nature," and who had had no teacher to make up the defect by art, might have "letters written here." With the progress of education, printing-presses have found their way into St. Giles's, and it is now no exaggeration to say that, compared with the rest of the metropolis, the streets radiating from Seven Dials, and intersecting the diamond-shaped space included by Monmouth Street, West Street, Castle Street, and King Street, display more than the average allowance of booksellers' and stationers' shops, circulating libraries, and the like. It was here—in Monmouth Court, a thoroughfare connecting Monmouth Street with Little Earl Street—that the late eminent Mr. Catnach developed the resources of his genius and trade. It was he who first availed himself of greater mechanical skill and a larger capital than had previously been employed in that department of THE TRADE, to substitute for the execrable tea-paper, blotched with lamp-black and oil, which characterised the old broadside and ballad printing, tolerable white paper and real printer's ink. But more than that, it was he who first conceived and carried into effect the idea of publishing collections of songs by the yard, and giving to purchasers, for the small price of one penny (in former days the cost of a single ballad), strings of poetry, resembling in shape and length the list of Don Juan's mistresses, which Leporello unrolls on the stage before Donna Anna. He was no ordinary man, Catnach: he patronised original talents in many a bard of St.

Giles's, and is understood to have accumulated the largest store of broadsides, last-dying speeches, ballads, and other stock-in-trade of the flying stationers, upon record. We had flattered ourselves with the illusive hope of benefiting by his liberal assistance in compiling these annals of St. Giles's; but upon entering Monmouth Court, the first time for many years, we were *abîmé* by finding over one of his doors (for the great man filled two), "Paul and Riley, successors to late Catnach." We entertain not a doubt that his mantle has descended upon successors worthy of him, but to us they never can be what Catnach has been. His literary treasures will, in all probability, remain locked up until some St. Giles's George Robins does for them what the genuine Robins is doing for the collection of Strawberry Hill. Unless, indeed, the British Museum or the Bodleian contrive to secure them before they are offered to public competition.

The taste of St. Giles's is more literary than scientific, and modern seems preferred to ancient literature. At present there is, so far as we can ascertain, only one old book-shop in the district—the extensive and recherché collection, near the upper end of Broad Street, on the south side—second-hand books are sometimes indeed to be met with in the shops of other dealers, but they are in general the latest fashionable novels. Romantic serials appear to be greatly in demand: such as the 'The Grave of the Forsaken,' 'The Wreck of the Heart,' 'The Lion King,' 'Susan Hopley,' 'The Horrors of the Castle of Zeinzendorff,' 'The Miller's Maid,' &c. All these are of the Bulwer or Ainsworth schools, and illustrated by engravings in wood every way worthy of them. For works of humour, such as the 'Penny Satirist,' 'Cleave's Police Gazette,' there seems to be a considerable demand. The fact of all the works we have enumerated belonging to the illustrated class will have prepared the reader to expect other symptoms of a taste for art; and accordingly, in Monmouth Street, we find one of the great ateliers from which the milk-shops, ginger-beer stalls, green-groceries, and pot-houses of the suburbs are supplied with sign-boards. Theatrical amateurs appear to abound; at least the ample store of tin daggers, blunt cutlasses, banners, halberds, battle-axes, &c., constantly exposed for sale at a cellar in Monmouth Street, indicate a steady demand. Nor is this all: in no part of the town do we find singing-birds in greater numbers and variety, and as most of the houses, being of an old fashion, have broad ledges of lead over the shop windows, these are frequently converted into hanging gardens, not so extensive as those of Babylon, but possibly yielding as much pleasure to their occupants. In short, what with literature and a taste for flowers and birds, there is much of the "sweet south" about St. Giles's, harmonising with the out-of-door habits of its occupants; and one could almost fancy that, amid the groups so easily and picturesquely disposed round each of the seven angles which abut upon the central circle, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer had there found many of those exquisite pictures which he has so felicitously introduced into his 'Last Days of Pompeii.' Flower (or vegetable) girls (sometimes blind of *one* eye) meet you at every corner, and the baths are to be found in Little Earl Street with the inscription, "A shave and a wash for 1*d*." Pedants may fancy this a degradation from the merits of the great work referred to, but who ever complained because phrases of true English growth are to be found in the mouths of Shakspere's "citizens?"

The bulk of the permanent population seems composed of Hebrews and the

natives of the Emerald Isle. The former preponderate in Monmouth Street (and this being the case, it is a favourable account of their practical tolerance that there is a flourishing pork and sausage shop near one end of the street, and an equally flourishing Roman Catholic bookseller's at the other); the Irish abound most in the lanes and courts. The association is not without its predisposing causes in the economical relations of the two parties. Whoever has passed along Monmouth Street must have been struck with the redundant drapery of the old-clothes' shop, intermingled with stores of second-hand boots and shoes, enough, it would seem, to fit out whole Spanish legions, were they again required. Doubtless good part of them finds a retail sale on the spot: it is not easy to escape the importunities of their eloquent vendors. But in addition to these, a large export trade is driven with Ireland. It is understood that Mr. O'Connell's patriotic attempt to promote the domestic manufactures of Ireland has failed mainly from the circumstance that nine-tenths of the population have contracted a habit of wearing in preference second and third-hand clothes, and that the remaining tenth cannot with their best will wear out their new clothes quick enough to provide the rest with a constant supply of their favourite wear.

The classical reader may possibly retain from his schoolboy days a recollection of a race of people called Troglodytes—dwellers in caves, an intermediate species between the man and the rabbit. Their descendants still flourish in great force in Monmouth Street. Cellars serving whole families for "kitchen and parlour and bed-room and all" are to be found in other streets of London, but not so numerous and near to each other. Here they cluster like cells in a convent of the order of La Trappe, or like onions on a rope. It is curious and interesting to watch the habits of these human moles when they emerge, or half emerge, from their cavities. Their infants seem exempt from the dangers which haunt those of other people: at an age when most babies are not trusted alone on a level floor, these urchins stand secure on the upmost round of a trap-ladder, studying the different conformations of the shoes of the passers-by. The mode of ingress of the adults is curious: they turn their backs to the entry, and, inserting first one foot and then another, disappear by degrees. The process is not unlike (were such a thing conceivable) a sword sheathing itself. They appear a short-winded generation, often coming, like the otter, to the surface to breathe. In the twilight which reigns at the bottom of their dens you can sometimes discern the male busily cobbling shoes on one side of the entrance, and the female repairing all sorts of rent garments on the other. They seem to be free feeders: at certain periods of the day tea-cups and saucers may be seen arranged on their boards; at others, plates and pewter pots. They have the appearance of being on the whole a contented race. At present, when the cold north-easter of the income-tax is about to sweep cuttingly across the face of the earth, we often feel tempted to envy those who, in their subterranean retreats, will hear it whistle innocuously far above their heads, with the feelings of the travellers in 'Mary the Maid of the Inn:'

"'Tis pleasant, says one, seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."

There are some features common to both divisions of this region, which will be best understood and appreciated after we have introduced our readers to "the

Rookery." Here is the genuine unsophisticated St. Giles's. Its limits are not very precisely defined, its squalor fades into the cleanness of the more civilised districts in its vicinity, by insensible degrees, like the hues of the rainbow, but we shall not be far from the mark if we describe it as the triangular space bounded by Bainbridge Street, George Street, and High Street, St. Giles's. It is one dense mass of houses, "so olde they only seemen not to falle," through which narrow tortuous lanes curve and wind, from which again diverge close courts innumerable, all communicating with those nearest them. It is one great maze of narrow crooked paths crossing and intersecting in labyrinthine convolutions, as if the houses had been originally one great block of stone eaten by slugs into innumerable small chambers and connecting passages. There is no privacy here for any of the over-crowded population; every apartment in the place is accessible from every other by a dozen different approaches. Only at night, when they are asleep—and not always at night—can their redundant numbers find room; for so long as they are lively enough to turn and be aware that anything presses them, there is squeezing and jostling, and grumbling and cursing. Hence whoever ventures here finds the streets (by courtesy so called) thronged with loiterers, and sees through the half-glazed windows the rooms crowded to suffocation. The stagnant gutters in the middle of the lanes, the accumulated piles of garbage, the pools accumulated in the hollows of the disjointed pavement, the filth choking up the dark passages which open like rat-holes upon the highway —all these, with their indescribable sights and smells, leave scarcely so dispiriting an impression on the passenger as the condition of the houses. Walls of the colour of bleached soot—doors falling from their hinges—door-posts worm-eaten and greasily polished from being long the supports of the shoulders of ragged loungers—windows where shivered panes of dirty glass alternate with wisps of straw, old hats, and lumps of bed-ticken or brown paper—bespeak the last and frailest shelter that can be interposed between man and the elements. It is a land of utter idleness. Groups of women, with dirty rags hung round them, not put on, cower round the doors—the old with wrinkled parchment skins, the young with flushed swollen faces and heavy eyes. The men lean against the wall or lounge listlessly about, sometimes with pipes in their mouths. In this region there are no birds or flowers at window or on wall; the inmates can scarcely muster liveliness sufficient to exchange words, or perpetrate the practical joke of pushing each other into the kennel. Shops are almost unknown—in the interior of the district quite unknown. Half-way up Bainbridge Street is one in which a few withered vegetables are offered for sale; in George Street another, where any kind of rags, with all their dirt, are purchased; along Broad Street, St. Giles's, are some provision shops, one or two of those suspicious deposits of old rusty keys called marine stores, and opposite the church a gin-shop. Here a few miserable women may be seen attempting to help each other to arrange their faded shawls, when by any means they have procured liquor enough to stupify themselves—exhilaration is out of the question. Such is the aspect of this place by day. At night men speak of wild frantic revels, but these are not by the permanent inhabitants. In this desolate region many of the windows announce "Lodgings at 3*d.* a night," and the transient population is almost as numerous as the regular in-dwellers. What the attraction can be it is difficult to conceive:

perhaps in winter animal heat in over-crowded rooms may be a cheap substitute for fuel. It is the wild wanderers from town to town, whose blood circulates owing to their unsettled life, who keep up the revels spoken of; their hosts look on apathetically, or, if allowed to participate, moodily drink stupefaction.

The dull prosaic accounts given by policemen and constables of the intellectual and moral character of the inhabitants of this district some years back (and externally there is yet little show of amendment) was more appalling than anything a mere imaginative writer could conceive. Imagination falls short of reality on one hand ("Bill Sparkes could patter flash ten times faster and funnier than that cove," said an *élève* of the flash-house, tossing aside contemptuously one of those novels which attempts to be striking by imitating the language of thieves); and, on the other, there is a liveliness excited by the effort of describing incompatible with the representation of the utter apathy and moral deadness sometimes to be found in men. One gin-shop "was reported, from the multiplicity of business they carried on from six in the morning till church commenced on Sundays; and there have frequently a great many people come out quite intoxicated, not able to stand on their legs." "My opinion is," pursued the witness, "that, if there is a house that sells good spirits, if they go in and have a glass, they make a point of repeating that so often, that in my own mind they become stupefied and intoxicated sooner than they would by sitting down and drinking spirits in a public-house. You seldom find any of these people ask for beer in these houses; when they go into a public-house, they may take a glass and then sit down and have some beer. I have seen a woman myself go a dozen times into one shop, and I am sure that has been within two hours and a half." * These practices were not confined to adults:—"There is a number of *his* lodger's children who go round Russell Square and those places, sweeping the causeways, and I have seen a deal of abandoned conduct of these children. I have come round and heard their conversation one to another; after one of them has got fourpence, the others have been successful and got fourpence more: 'Well,' using a most dreadful expression, 'I will give you a fly for a quartern of gin.' They are children from eight to twelve; I do not think they exceed twelve." Is the reader curious to know who the *he* was whose lodger's children were such precocious adepts in drinking and gambling? He was "street-keeper of Russell Square." Nor was he the only public functionary who made a livelihood out of the vices of the inhabitants: one was mentioned who was the proprietor of no less than three disreputable houses, and clerk in Bedford Chapel.

The truth is, that you cannot touch pitch without being defiled; and this accounts for the peculiar morality of thief-catchers. "Do you think it necessary," was asked of a gentleman of this profession, by a member of the committee which made the report from which we have been quoting, "for respectable police-officers to associate with thieves and bad characters at flash-houses, in order to detect them?" "In the first place," was the sententious reply, "I do not think very

* Some comfortable philosopher says, "There never was a *bad*, but it had a worse;" and this seems to hold true of St. Giles's. Bad though it be, it is nothing to what it was. A magistrate of the county of Middlesex said in 1817:—"In the early part of my life (I remember almost the time which Hogarth has pictured), *every house in St. Giles's*, whatever else they sold, sold gin; every chandler's shop sold gin: the situation of the people was dreadful. I lived with a relation of mine then who employed a vast number of people, and observed the lower orders then in a terrible state."

respectable officers can long bear to be in the company of *the lower class of thieves,* on account of their conversation and their manners." This was an officer of delicate taste. As the bear-leader in 'She Stoops to Conquer' never allowed his bear to dance except to the "very genteelest of tunes," our hero could only associate with the very genteelest of thieves. Captain Macheath might have been his friend, but Nimming Ned must have in vain aspired to the honour of his acquaintance. This worthy (it was before the days of the new police) admitted that he "did a little in the coal-trade," and that he supplied public-houses. Then "came question like an A B C book:"—"Is that not a temptation for officers to pass over the conduct of certain houses, when they supply those houses with articles of consumption?"—"It is very natural to consider that it must *on all pure minds* be acknowledged that, *generally speaking,* it must be a temptation occasionally to show lenity; at the same time I must speak for myself, that it has given me an opportunity of looking into the houses backwards and forwards, where I have discovered several things that have been useful." One other trait, and we dismiss the subject. Mr. "senior police-officer," as he styled himself, having declared magisterially that "Sunday newspapers have a great tendency to corrupt the minds of the lower classes of society," and having previously stated that he served newspapers, the committee not unnaturally inquired whether he served Sunday newspapers? "Yes, I do; *I am very sorry for it.*"

We would not be misunderstood; every officer of justice does not bear his truncheon in vain, or become, as Falstaff would say, "little better than one of the wicked." We read, in the same annals of disreputability from which we have been quoting, of a beadle who was so well known, and had so much influence even over the Irish, that he had been seen "leading up the Irishmen, one in one hand and one in another, with a mob of two or three hundred persons around him, and no person attempting to rescue any one from him, though they might to do it if they would." The terrible man thus described unconsciously paints himself in one of his answers to the committee:—"There is generally somebody *looking out for my cocked hat* at the chamber-window, and the moment they see *my gold-laced hat,* they shut it up." Gold, like the magnet, operates differently according to the end of the instrument that is turned to the object: gold in the breeches-pocket attracts; gold "all round my hat," as the bard of St. Giles's sweetly sings, repels. But seriously, in St. Giles's, even more than in many other places, the pomp, pride, and circumstance of authority does a great deal. "I have never attempted," said Mr. John Smart in 1817, "to collect the rate but for the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields and St. George's, Bloomsbury, where they will not pay any person but the high constable." There is pride for you! The sturdy burghers of St. Giles's will not condescend to be taxed by deputy; the high constable must come in person and take it himself. It is as if the nobility should refuse to pay their income-tax to a common tax-gatherer, and insist upon the Premier's coming to receive it in person. Nor is this a solitary instance of the airs the denizens of St. Giles's (both in and out of office) give themselves, as witness:—"Samuel Furzeman called in and examined.—What are you? I am constable and *round-house keeper* of St. Giles-in-the-Fields and St. George's, Bloomsbury, the two united parishes." To say nothing of the

solemn specific nature of the description, the retention of the title "round-house keeper," long after a round-house had ceased to exist, reminds one of the Kings of England persisting in calling themselves Kings of France, although for centuries they had not owned a foot of land on the other side of the Channel.

Such are the regions close on either hand of the street which connects High Holborn with Oxford Street—an airy thoroughfare, along which no small portion of the ease and affluence of London is daily rolled in cab, 'bus, or in their own private vehicles, unobservant it may be, or merely remarking how shabby fly-blown provision-shops, old furniture repositories, and marine stores look, but little thinking of the squalid scenes that lurk behind them—in "the back settlements," as they are poetically named by the natives. The main difference between the north and the south sides of the great thoroughfare alluded to consists in this: that in the latter there is still thought, and hope, and exertion, while in the former all these seem dead in the human bodies which move mechanically about amid its pestilential effluvia. Isolated courts and lanes, resembling the Rookery, are found on the south side also, but not in one dense mass: they are broken up and ventilated by the busier streets, where men are still human. The feeblest eddy on the outer edge of the ever-foaming torrent of London life, it may be, with just enough of motion to enable us to distinguish between it and the dull moisture which keeps out the ooze alongshore as torpid as itself, but still there is life in it; and unspeakable is the difference between life, however faint, and utter apathy. In this eddy of Seven Dials is to be found the pilfering instinct of the native of its back-courts not utterly dead, mingling with the rusting honesty of the indolent and unfortunate sinking downward from the industrious classes. There is activity after its kind, as any one may be aware who has threaded Monmouth Street during the hours nearest on either side to noon; for later in the day its busy chafferers reward themselves for their activity by indulgence, and in the morning they crawl about opening their shops as if only half awake. But the incessant crowds of listless hangers-on at the doors of the gin-palaces in Seven Dials show by how thin a partition the anomalously industrious of the place are separated from the hopeless class whose only pleasure is sottishness.

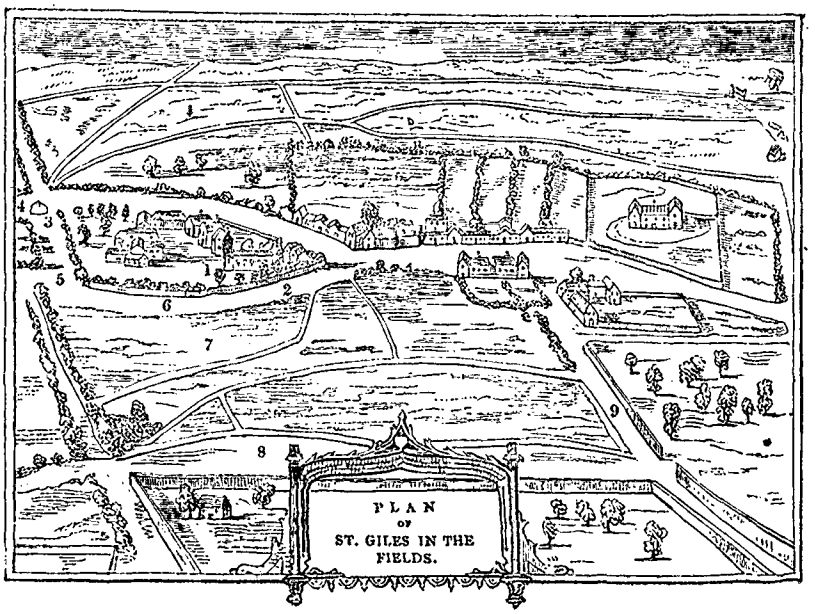
Let us not forget the education of St. Giles's; for however little is done in that sacred cause, the forms of it are now everywhere gone through with most edifying hypocrisy. In Compton Street is a sign-board, "Infants' School," but whether this inscription relates to what is or to what was, it were hard to say. At the lower end of Monmouth Street is a cellar into which a crowd of children are duly packed in the morning to keep them from amongst the horses' feet during the day; and at the upper end of George Street may be seen the firmly-bolted doors of "St. Giles's Irish Schools," confronting the "Catholic School of St. Francis," with its brown and torn hats stuck through the broken panes of glass in its windows. There is here just enough of the appearance of education to remind us that there is such a thing elsewhere, if it should for a moment escape our memory.

And this desolate region lies between the Inns of Court and the two great theatres, extends on one side to the busy traffic of the Strand, on the other to the equally busy traffic of Oxford Street and Holborn, and is separated from the

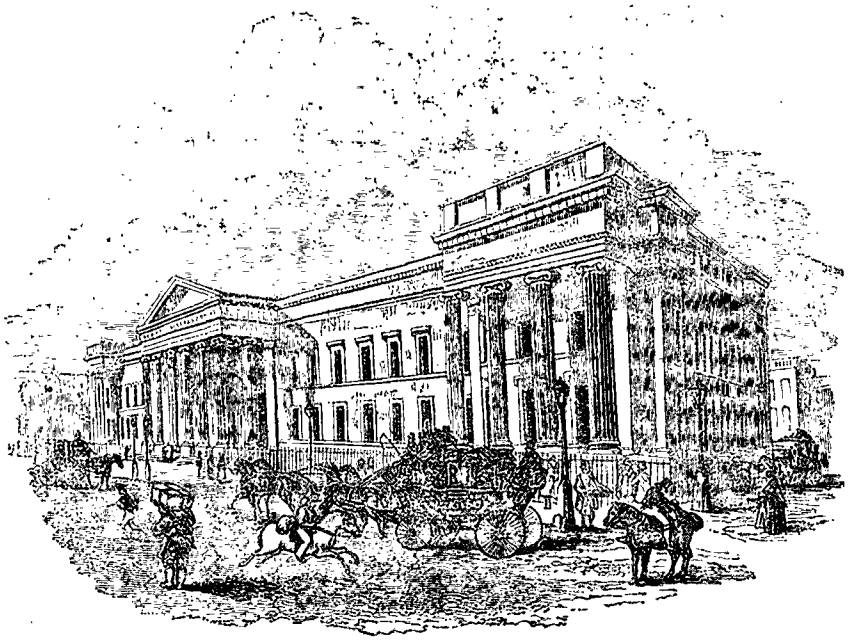
Court-end of the town only by the equivocal region of Soho and Leicester Squares. One step conveys us from a land of affluence and comfort to a land of hopelessness and squalid want. And what remedy is proposed? Men are beginning to suspect that spacious lines of streets, with rows of stately fronts of houses on each side, in which the decorations of Grecian temples are superinduced upon shops of all kinds, are of little avail, so long as close and noisome lanes and courts are allowed to remain in their rottenness behind, only hidden by these whitened sepulchres; and therefore it is proposed to apply, to "the Rookery" in particular, a more thorough-going cure. A street is to be driven through in a direct line from Oxford Street to Holborn, where the Rookery now stands, sweeping the offensive mass away bodily. As far as the houses merely are concerned, there can be no objection to this; but what is to become of their inhabitants? They have sought shelter there not because they prefer dirty and ill-ventilated abodes, but because there are no others to which they can betake them. Pulling down their old houses about their ears will not provide these miserables with new residences. Is it an amendment of their lot to drive them from their mouldy straw and crumbling roofs to the hard streets without any covering? There is a lamentable ignorance about that self-applauding humanity with which we deck ourselves in this age as with a glittering robe. It is the true counterpart of that of the French princess, who, when told that the people were starving for want of bread, asked why they did not eat buns? It is either that selfish reluctance to contemplate pain, which would assuage the pain of the sufferer so long as he is in view, heedless of the pangs he may endure as soon as he is removed from sight; or it is a dream that, by removing some of the consequences of poverty, the cause itself is removed. To the first class belong those who imagine that lavish poor-laws—abundant doles of alms—are all that is required; to the latter, those who persuade themselves that, by merely enforcing a medical police, improving drainage, opening up close and over-built districts, removing dilapidated buildings—in short, by rendering all parts of our towns and cities fit habitations for those who can afford to pay for comfort, and leaving none of those holes in which the very poor are accustomed to hide their heads—enough is done. Alas! man is not relieved by heaping food, clothing, and shelter upon him, so long as he remains unchanged within—unable to help himself—a pauper in soul! And it seems little likely that Lazarus will cease to be hungry merely because he sees the crumbs he used to pick up swept away and destroyed as they fall from the table.

Let the rich and the powerful lay these things to heart. We pause for a moment ere we quit the scene through which we have led our readers, to look around from this the highest part of it, on which the church is built. Most frequently the lazar refugees of the poor or the dishonest in great cities are to be found in hollows, into which they seem to have run down like the rain-water, carrying all impurities along with them. Here is one planted like a city on a hill, which cannot be hid. And, from the little care taken to amend it, one could almost fancy London was proud of this pimple on her fat smooth citizen visage. "Here lieth," so runs, or ran, a monumental inscription in this cemetery, "Richard Pendrill, Preserver and Conductor of his sacred Majesty King Charles II. of Great Britain, after his escape from Worcester Fight, in the year 1651, who died

February 8, 1671." Surely it was not altogether by accident that the body of this loyal yeoman came to be deposited here. There is a meaning and a moral in the arrangement. A devotional feeling is ennobling, if sincere, however erroneous its attachment. Whatever we may think of Charles, the faith and loyalty of Pendrill was pure. And fitting, therefore, is it that he be held in remembrance; yet the erecting of his monumental trophy amid a living condemnation of those who held the faith that rulers may blamelessly live for themselves, neglecting the discharge of their high functions, as a standing rebuke to all who, seeing honour paid to one who in ignorance served faithfully an undeserving master, seek their own honour by serving those who they know do not deserve it. Or, if the reader think, with Horatio, that it is "to consider too curiously to consider so," he may satisfy himself with the *quodlibet*, that honest Pendrill lies here, amid the living lumber of St. Giles's, like a fine picture by an old master deposited by accident among the rubbish of some of the neighbouring old-furniture shops.



1. The first St. Giles's Church. 2. Remains of the Walls anciently enclosing the Hospital precincts. 3. Site of the Gallows, and afterwards of the Pound. 4. Way to Uxbridge, now Oxford Street. 5. Elde Strate, since called Hog Lane. 6. Le Lane, now Monmouth Street. 7. Site of the Seven Dials, formerly called Cock and Pye Fields. 8. Elm Close, since called Long Acre. 9. Drury Lane.



[West Front of the General Post Office.]

LXVIII.—THE POST OFFICE.

Of all the public departments under the direction and management of the State, the Post Office is at once the most popular and the most interesting in its operation and influence. In consequence of recent changes, it can scarcely be any longer regarded as an engine of taxation, but its vast machinery is put into action almost solely for the advantage of the public. In its social influence, such an institution is only second in value and importance to the art of writing. If the millions of letters which it is now employed in transmitting from one part of the earth to another—from kingdom to kingdom, from the metropolis to the most obscure hamlet, and from the latter to the antipodes—were suddenly deprived of the means of reaching their destination, and all the resources for accomplishing this end were to be broken up, the whole world would be thrown backward in civilization, and all the springs by which it is urged onward would lose some portion of their elasticity. Such a prospect need not, however, be contemplated.

The Post Office is not a very ancient institution in England. For many centuries a great proportion of the population lived and died near the spot which gave them birth; and long after a change in that state of society, writing was not a very common accomplishment. The business of Government could not,

however, be carried on without some correspondence; and when the King summoned Parliaments, or addressed the sheriffs, or the governors of his castles, officers were employed called "Nuncii." They carried their despatches on horseback, and the payment of sums of money to them for the carriage of letters is mentioned in various rolls, from the days of King John through subsequent reigns. The principal nobles, whose large estates were often at a great distance from each other, also maintained "Nuncii." In the 'Paston Letters,' and in the 'Household Books' of various families, down to the end of the sixteenth century, the practice of transmitting letters from their country-seats to London, or elsewhere, by their own servants, is frequently mentioned. After a day's journey they halted for the night at the ancient hostelry. Before this period, however, there were post-stations on the great roads. Gale states that during the Scottish war, Edward IV. (1461-83) established such stations, at distances of twenty miles from each other. On arriving at one of these, the messenger delivered his despatches to another horseman, who conveyed them to the next station; and so they passed from one station to another, each messenger travelling only a stage of about twenty miles. By this means letters were expedited about two hundred miles in two days. Cyrus, the first King of Persia, established an exactly similar mode of communication through his dominions. The superscription of "Haste, post haste," often met with in letters of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, shows that letters were not unfrequently transmitted through horsemen attached to a line of post-houses. In the 'Household Book' of the Le Stranges of Hunstanton, Norfolk, there is an entry, in 1520, by Lady Le Strange, of 9*s*. 3*d*. "for cost of riding up to London with a letter to my son Nycholas." In this case a servant of the family might ride up to London himself, procuring relays of horses at the different post-houses, or he might place his letter in the hands of an authorised messenger travelling to London with other letters. In these arrangements the rudiments of a regular Post Office begin to appear. Two persons having each a letter to send to London would be enabled to do so at one-half the expense by employing one public messenger; four persons would do so at one-quarter of the expense; and so on. The carriers of goods were also carriers of letters. The rate of hire for post-horses was fixed at a penny a-mile by a statute of 1548 (2 and 3 Edw. VI. c. 3).

The duties of the office of chief Postmaster of England at first related rather to the superintendence of the system for facilitating travelling, by the establishment and regulation of post-houses, and had little or no immediate connexion with the collection and distribution of letters. It does not appear certain when he undertook the latter task. In 1514 the aliens resident in London appointed their own Postmaster. Letters were committed to his charge, and it devolved upon him to provide the means of forwarding them to their destination. Sometimes the Flemings, at other times the Italians, appointed one of their own countrymen to this office; but his nomination was confirmed by the Postmaster of England. At length the aliens of London presumed upon exercising their choice as a matter of right, and in 1568 a Spaniard was appointed their Postmaster through the influence of the Spanish ambassador; but the Flemings had at the same time chosen one of their own countrymen, who was confirmed in his

office by the Postmaster for England; and to decide the matter an appeal was made to the Privy Council, the substance of which is given in a paper entitled 'Articles touching the Office of the Post of London.' In this document it was alleged that "The strangers that had been Postmasters of London had always been occasion of many injuries and much damage unto the merchants of England, as well by means of staying and keeping their letters a day, twain, or more, and in the mean time delivering the letters of strangers; and also by staying the ordinary post a day, three, or four, that in the mean time one extraordinary might be despatched by the strangers to prevent the market." Other abuses were alleged, and the petition concluded by a desire that an Englishman might be placed in the office. The English merchants suggested that, "for quietness' sake," an agreement should be made between the Postmasters of London and Antwerp, that one-half of the "runners" employed should be foreigners, though it was stated that under the former arrangement not one Englishman was engaged. How the dispute was settled we do not know; but in letters patent of Charles I., in 1632, it is stated that King James had constituted an office called the Postmaster of England for Foreign Parts. He had "the sole taking up, sending, and conveying of all packets and letters, concerning his service or business, to be despatched to foreign parts, with power to grant moderate salaries;" and no person besides was to take upon himself these duties.

In 1635 a proclamation was issued "for settling of the letter office of England and Scotland," which is the first attempt to place the Post Office system on its modern footing. It stated that hitherto "there hath been no certain or constant intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland," and commands "Thomas Witherings, his Majesty's Postmaster of England for foreign parts, to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and Scotland and the City of London, to go thither and come back in six days;" and all postmasters are "to have ready in their stables one or two horses." Bye-posts were to be established with places lying at a distance from the great roads; with Hull, Lincoln, &c., on the road to the north. Similar arrangements were to be carried out on the road to Dublin through Holyhead, and to Plymouth through Exeter; and Oxford, Bristol, Colchester, and Norwich, were to enjoy corresponding advantages with as little delay as possible. The pre-established system set on foot by private parties for the transmission of letters was not summarily put down, the Government contenting itself for the present by enunciating its exclusive title to the business of conveying letters. In 1640, Witherings, the Postmaster, was superseded by the Long Parliament for having interfered with the private adventurers who undertook the transmission of letters, his interference being declared contrary to the liberty and freedom of the subject; and the duties of his successors were to be exercised under the superintendence of the Secretary of State. But when, in 1649, the Common Council of the City of London proceeded to set up an office of their own for the despatch of letters, the Commons passed a resolution asserting their exclusive right to the control of such establishments. A struggle now took place between the Government posts and those carried on by companies of private individuals. The latter not only established more frequent posts than the Government, but carried letters at a cheaper rate.

Prideaux, a member of the Commons, who had been appointed Postmaster, threatened to seize the letters which passed through their hands, but the "New Undertakers," so far from being deterred, stated that they were resolved, "by the help of God, to continue their management," and announced that many new places would be included in their arrangements. Besides Tuesday and Saturday, they established an additional post-day on the Thursday, so that they had three posts a-week, while the Government had only one; and they charged only threepence where the charge of the Government was sixpence. Prideaux was empowered to reduce the Government rates, and the private carriers were subsequently put down by an order for the seizure of their letters. The revenue derived from the postage on letters soon became of some importance, and during the Protectorate various improvements were introduced calculated to render it more productive.

The authority of the Government posts was fully established by an Act passed in 1656 "to settle the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland." The preamble showed that "the erecting of one General Post Office for the speedy conveying and re-carrying of letters by post to and from all places within England, Scotland, and Ireland, and into several parts beyond the seas, hath been and is the best means not only to maintain a certain and constant intercourse of trade and commerce between all the said places, to the great benefit of the people of these nations, but also to convey the public despatches, and to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs which have been and are daily contrived against the peace and welfare of this commonwealth, the intelligence whereof cannot well be communicated but by letter of escript." The Act provides "that there shall be one General Post Office, and one officer styled the Postmaster-General of England and Comptroller of the Post Office." The horsing of all "through" posts, and persons "riding in post," was to be placed under his control. Rates were fixed for English, Scotch, Irish, and foreign letters, and for post-horses. The Post Office had now assumed the character and exercised the functions which it does at present.

When Prideaux was made Postmaster the revenue of the Post Office is supposed scarcely to have exceeded 5000*l.* a-year. It was farmed at 10,000*l.* in 1653, and at 14,000*l.* in 1659; at 21,500*l.* in 1663, at which period it was settled on the Duke of York; in 1674 at 43,000*l.*; and in 1685 at 65,000*l.* The Duke was now James II., and an Act was passed granting to him and to his heirs the revenue of the Post Office independent of the control of Parliament. This profligate grant was resumed at the Revolution, though it was settled on the King, but it could not be alienated beyond his life. In the following reigns a certain proportion of this revenue was applied to the purposes of the state; but it was not until the settlement of the Civil List, at the accession of George III., that the claims of the sovereign were finally relinquished. In 1724 the net revenue of the Post Office amounted to 96,399*l.*; in 1764 to 116,182*l.*; in 1784 to 196,513*l.*; in 1794 to 463,000*l.*; in 1804 to 952,893*l.*; in 1814 to 1,532,153*l.*, after which time it remained nearly stationary. The gross revenue from 1815 to 1820 averaged 2,190,517*l.*, and from 1832 to 1837, 2,251,424*l.*

The modern history of the Post Office may be divided into three distinct

periods: 1st, before 1784; 2nd, from that year to 1839; and 3rd, from 1839 to the present time. In the first period the mails were conveyed on horseback or in light carts, and the robbery of the mail was one of the most common of the higher class of offences. The service was very inefficiently performed, and the rate of travelling did not often exceed four miles an hour. A time-bill for the year 1717 has been preserved, addressed "to the several postmasters betwixt London and East Grinstead." It is headed "Haste, haste, post haste!" from which it might be inferred that extraordinary expedition was not only enforced but would be accomplished. The mails, conveyed either on horseback or in a cart, departed "from the letter-office in London, July 7th, 1717, at half-an-hour past two in the morning," and reached East Grinstead, distant forty-six miles, at half-an-hour after three in the afternoon. There were stoppages of half-an-hour each at Epsom, Dorking, and Reigate, and of a quarter-of-an-hour at Leatherhead, so that the rate of travelling, exclusive of stoppages, was a fraction above four miles an hour. But even nearly fifty years afterwards, and on the great roads, five miles an hour was considered as quite "going a-head." "Letters are conveyed in so short a time, by night as well as by day, that every twenty-four hours the post goes one hundred and twenty miles, and in five or six days an answer to a letter may be had from a place three hundred miles from London." Letters were despatched from London to all parts of England and Scotland three times a-week, and to Wales twice a-week; but "the post goes every day to those places where the court resides, as also to the several stations and rendezvous of his Majesty's fleet, as the Downs and Spithead; and to Tunbridge during the season for drinking the waters." The mails were not all despatched at the same hour, but were sent off at various intervals between one and three in the morning, and letters were delivered in London at different times of the day as each post arrived. This careless and lazy state of things existed until Mr. Palmer's plan for extending the efficiency of the Post Office began to be adopted in 1784.

Mr. Palmer's attention was drawn to the singular discrepancy which existed between the speed of the post and of the coaches. Letters which left Bath on Monday night were not delivered in London until two or three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, and were sometimes even later; but the coach which left Bath on Monday afternoon arrived in London sufficiently early for the delivery of parcels by ten o'clock the next morning; and though the postage from Bath to London was at that time only threepence, yet despatch was in many cases of such importance that the tradesmen of Bath willingly paid two shillings to send their letters to London in the form of a coach parcel, besides requesting their correspondents to give a gratuity to the porter for the early delivery of the packet, this promise of additional payment forming part of the direction. The slow rate of travelling of the Bath post was not an exception. The post which left London on Monday night, or rather on Tuesday, from one to three in the morning, did not reach Norwich, Worcester, or Birmingham, until Wednesday morning; and the Exeter post not until Thursday morning, while letters were five days in passing from London to Glasgow.

Mr. Palmer submitted his plans to Mr. Pitt. He proposed that the mails

should no longer be transported on horseback or in light carts, but that coaches should be employed, and, as the robbery of the mail was so frequent an occurrence, a man with fire-arms was to travel with each coach. The coaches with the mails were all to start from London at the same hour, and their departure from the country was to be so regulated as to ensure, as far as possible, their simultaneous arrival in town at an early hour in the morning. The first mail-coach upon Mr. Palmer's plan left London for Bristol on the evening of the 24th of August, 1784. The improvements suggested by Mr. Palmer met with a good deal of opposition from some of the Post Office authorities. One of them, Mr. Hodgson, "did not see why the post should be the swiftest conveyance in England;" and he conceived that to bring the Bristol mail to London in sixteen or eighteen hours was a scheme altogether visionary. Another gentleman, Mr. Draper, declared "that the post cannot travel with the same expedition as chaises and diligences do, on account of the business necessary to be done in each town;" and the quarter-of-an-hour which Mr. Palmer proposed to allow at the different post-towns was insufficient, as half-an-hour would, in Mr. Draper's opinion, be required in many places. The idea of a guard to each coach, so far from affording safety, would only occasion the crime of murder to be added to that of robbery; for, "when desperate fellows had once determined upon a mail robbery, the consequence would be murder in case of resistance." Timing the arrival and departure of the coaches bearing the mails would "fling the whole commercial correspondence of the country into the utmost confusion." Even the Postmasters General addressed the Lords of the Treasury after Mr. Palmer's plans had been partially in operation for eighteen months, stating that they felt "perfectly satisfied that the revenue had been very considerably decreased by the plan of mail-coaches." Happily the minister saw more clearly the advantages of increased safety, and of more frequent, rapid, and certain facilities of communication; and he resolved that the scheme should be carried out in all its most essential features. The results were that by 1797 the greater part of the mails were conveyed in one-half the previous time; in many cases in one-third; and in some of the cross posts in one-fourth of the previous time. Daily posts were established to above five hundred places, which before had only received them thrice a-week. The great commercial towns were thought to be as much entitled to this advantage as the water-drinkers at Tunbridge Wells thirty years before. The revenue of the Post Office increased beyond anticipation; but Mr. Palmer, who had stipulated for a per-centage on the surplus net revenue beyond 240,000*l.*, received instead an annuity of 3000*l.*

The era of mail-coaches embraces about half a century. Their origin, maturity, and perfection, and gradual displacement by the railways, all took place within that short period. In 1836 there were 54 four-horse mails in England, 30 in Ireland, and 10 in Scotland. The number of pair-horse mails in England was 49. Their average speed in England was nine miles, all but a furlong, per hour, including stoppages. Starting from London at eight o'clock in the evening, the mail reached Exeter, 170 miles, in 16 hours 34 minutes; Holyhead, 261 miles, in 27 hours; Glasgow, 396 miles, in 42 hours; Edinburgh, 399 miles, in 42½ hours. The number of miles travelled by the mails in England and Scotland, in

1838, was above seven millions, equal to a circuit round the globe, every day in the year. The English mail-coach was strongly characteristic of the national energy and spirit, and also of the national taste. The daily departure of the mail-coaches from the Post Office was always a favourite sight. In 1837 the number which left London every night was 27, travelling in the aggregate above 5500 miles before they reached their respective destinations. A short time before the hour of starting, they arrived in the yard round the Post Office from their respective inns, with the passengers already in their places. Through the iron railing, by the light of innumerable gas-lamps, the public could see the process of packing the mail-bags. It was really a fine sight to see twenty of these vehicles drawn up, each occupying the same station night after night, the horses fine and spirited animals, the harness unexceptionably neat, and the coachmen and guards wearing the King's livery. The travellers for such various and distant parts of the kingdom seemed as if they felt the difference between travelling by the mail and by the stage-coach. As the clock struck eight the Post Office porters dragged out huge bags, of which the guards of the different mails took charge. In a few minutes, each coach, one by one, passed out of the yard, and the sound of the guard's horn became lost in the noise of the streets. About six of the mail-coaches on the south-western, western, and north-western roads, did not take up their bags at the Post Office, but started from the western end of Piccadilly—the bags for those mails being conveyed in light carts in the care of mail-guards. The starting of these mails was a sight for the West-End. About twenty minutes past eight the mail-carts drove up at great speed, the guards' horns warning passengers of the necessity of getting out of the way. The bags were transferred to the mail-coaches, and each successively took its departure.

The annual procession of the mail-coaches on the King's birthday was also an exhilarating and pleasing sight, which will never again be witnessed. "The gala turn-out of our mail-coaches on the King's birthday," says a popular writer,* "I always think must strike foreigners more than anything else in our country with the sterling, solid integrity of the English character." And here we have some of the impressions of a foreigner after witnessing this sight:—"Such a splendid display of carriages-and-four as these mail-coaches could not be found or got together in all Berlin. It was a real pleasure to see them in all the pride and strength which, in an hour or two later, was to send them in every direction, with incredible rapidity, to every corner of England."† The procession proceeded from the City to the West-End, and through Hyde Park; and usually passed before the residence of the Postmaster-General for the time being.

We now come to a new era, which has had a most important influence on the arrangements of the Post Office. In 1836 the stamp-duty on newspapers was reduced from fourpence to one penny. The circulation of the London and provincial papers together has nearly doubled since this change; and a very large proportion of the total number is sent through the Post Office. Here is so much additional work to be got through. The Penny Postage came into operation on the 10th January, 1840; and the number of letters passing through the Post Offices of the United Kingdom has risen from 1,500,000 per week to 4,000,000,

* Sir F. Head. † Von Raumer, 'England in 1835.'

being at the rate of above 200,000,000 letters per year, instead of about 78,000,000. In the same period the letters passing through the General Post Office, London, have increased from 400,000 to 1,364,000 per week; and in the London District Post (late Twopenny Post) the increase has been from 255,300 per week to 476,000.

The great lines of railway have been gradually rendered available for the transmission of correspondence as they were successively opened. In 1838 the sum paid by the Post Office to Railway Companies amounted to 12,380*l.*, and in 1841 to 94,818*l.* Most of the great towns in England, with Dublin and Edinburgh, have now a mail twice a-day from London, or fourteen times a-week, and a mail to London as often, making twenty-eight communications per week to and from the metropolis. Before the morning mails were established, a letter from Brighton for a town in Yorkshire was stopped fourteen hours in London, as it could not be transmitted until eight o'clock at night; but it now reaches its destination (200 miles, perhaps, from London) two or three hours before it would formerly have left the Post Office. The Liverpool merchant receives his foreign letters on the same day that they reach London, instead of thirty hours afterwards. The effect of expediting the class of letters formerly detained a whole day in London is a good illustration of the philosophy of the Post Office system: they have increased from 6,000 to 30,000 a-day, or five-fold.

The gross revenue of the Post Office in 1838, the last year of the old system, was 2,346,298*l.*; of the first year under the Penny Postage, 1,342,604*l.*; of the second year (1841), 1,495,540*l.* If the increase should be progressive at the same rate, the gross revenue will be restored to its former amount in about two years from the present time. The cost of management, which in 1838 was 686,768*l.*, in 1841 amounted to 938,168*l.* for the whole country. Of this increased cost—namely, 251,400*l.* in 1841, as compared with 1838—the sum to be attributed to the Penny Postage plan does not much exceed 50,000*l.* The morning mails, additional Post Offices, and other additions to the public accommodation, account for the remainder.

From what has been already stated, it will be seen that the London Post Office has grown up with the development of commercial and intellectual activity. If it were merely an establishment for the collection and distribution of the letters which pass through it, the building required for such a purpose would still rank amongst those of the largest class. Nearly as many letters go through the London Office now as circulated a few years ago through all the Post Offices of the United Kingdom, including London in the number. But the General Post Office is a grand central department for the management of the Post Office business of the United Kingdom, for maintaining the means of intercourse with foreign countries and distant colonies, and therefore apartments are required for a large number of officers who are employed in the general administration of the establishment at home and abroad.

The Post Office appears to have been successively removed, immediately after the commencement of the last century, from Cloak Lane, near Dowgate, to Bishopsgate Street, when the next transfer was made to a mansion in Lombard Street, occupied by Sir Robert Viner, who was Lord Mayor in 1675. It was a

large and substantial brick building, with an entrance from Lombard Street, through a gateway into a court-yard, around which were the various offices. There was a second entrance by an inferior gateway into Sherbourne Lane. In 1765 four houses in Abchurch Lane were taken, and additional offices erected; and from time to time other additions were made, until the whole became a cumbrous and inconvenient mass of buildings, ill adapted to the great increase which had taken place in the business of the Post Office. It was at length determined to erect a building expressly for affording the conveniences and facilities required; and in 1815 an Act was passed authorising certain Commissioners to select a site, and to make the necessary arrangements for this purpose. The situation chosen was at the junction of St. Martin's-le-Grand with Newgate Street, where once stood a monastery which possessed the privileges of sanctuary. Since the dissolution it had been covered with streets, courts, and alleys. Compensation was granted to the parties whom it was necessary to remove: their houses were pulled down; and the first stone of the new building was laid in May, 1824. On the 23rd of September, 1829, it was completed and opened for the transaction of business. It is about 389 feet long, 130 wide, and 64 feet high. The front is composed of three portions, of the Ionic order, one of four columns being placed at each end; and one of six columns, forming the centre, is surmounted by a pediment. The other parts of the building are entirely plain. The public entrances are on the east and west fronts, which open into a hall 80 feet long, by about 60 wide, divided into a centre and two aisles by two ranges of six columns of the Ionic, standing upon pedestals of granite; and on each side of the hall are corresponding pilasters of the same order. There is a tunnel underneath the hall by which the letters are conveyed, by ingenious mechanical means, between the northern and southern divisions of the building.

On entering the hall from the principal front, the offices on the right hand are appropriated to the departments of the Receiver-General, the Accountant-General, the Money-Order Office, and the London District (late Twopenny Post) Office. On the left are the Newspaper, Inland, Ship, and Foreign Letter Offices. A staircase at the eastern end of this aisle leads to the Dead, Mis-sent, and Returned Letter Offices. The Inland Office, in the northern portion of the building, is 88 feet long, 56 wide, and 28 high; and there is a vestibule in the eastern front where the letter-bags are received, and whence they are despatched from and to the mails. The Letter-Carriers' Office adjoins the Inland Office, and is 103 feet long, 35 wide, and 33 feet high. The business of assorting the letters and newspapers for delivery and for despatch into the country is carried on in these two offices. The whole building is warmed by means of heated air, and the passages and offices are lighted by about a thousand Argand burners.

The business of the General Post Office, independent of the general routine of administration, is directed towards two operations, the delivery and the collection and despatch of letters and newspapers. But before giving some explanation of the means by which these objects are effected, we must briefly advert to the London District Post—the local post of the metropolis and its vicinity.

In 1683, a merchant of the name of Dowckra set up an office in London, and undertook the delivery of letters, within certain limits, for a penny each. This

was thought to be an infringement of the right of the Duke of York, already adverted to; and in a suit to try the question, a verdict was given against Mr. Dowckra. He afterwards received a pension for the loss of his office, and at a subsequent period was appointed Comptroller of the Penny Post. In 1700 he was dismissed in consequence of various complaints, the nature of which will show the mode in which the office was at that time managed:—"He forbids the taking in any band-boxes (except very small), and all parcels above a pound, which, when they were taken, did bring in considerable advantage to the office, they being now at great charge sent by porters in the City, and coaches and watermen into the country, which formerly went by Penny-Post messengers, much cheaper and more satisfactorily. He stops, under specious pretences, most parcels that are taken in, which is great damage to tradesmen, by losing their customers or spoiling their goods, and many times hazard the life of the patient, when physic is sent by a doctor or by an apothecary." He was also charged with opening and detaining letters, and removing the office from Cornhill to a less central situation. The Penny Post was therefore at first similar in its operations to the Parcels' Delivery Company of the present day. In 1708, Mr. Povey set up a private post under the name of the "Halfpenny Carriage," and appointed receiving-houses and persons to collect and deliver letters in London, Southwark, and Westminster; but this undertaking was put down by the Post Office authorities. The conveyance of parcels by the Government Penny Post continued down to 1765, when the weight was limited to four ounces, unless the packet had first passed, or was intended to pass, through the General Post. The postage was paid in advance down to the year 1794. In 1801 the Penny Post became a Twopenny Post. In the same year the postage was advanced to threepence for letters delivered beyond the limits of London, Southwark, and Westminster. In 1831 the limits of the Twopenny Post were extended to all places within three miles of the General Post Office; and in 1833 the boundaries of the Threepenny Post were enlarged so as to comprise all places not exceeding twelve miles from the same point. These are the present limits of the London District Post, which is in no respect distinguished from other parts of the country, except by the frequency of collection and delivery of letters, the service connected with which is administered by a distinct department of the General Post Office.

The gross revenue of the Penny Post before 1702 did not exceed 361*l.* In 1801 it was 54,893*l.*, and in 1836 it had reached 120,801*l.*, the cost of management in the latter year being 47,466*l.* The gross revenue under the last complete year before the adoption of the uniform rate was 118,000*l.*; and for 1840, the first complete year under the new system, it amounted to 104,000*l.*, being equal to the gross amount collected in 1835. The number of letters has since gradually advanced until the gross revenue has now become restored to its former amount.

The limits of the London District Post, extending twelve miles in every direction from the General Post Office, comprise an area of five hundred and seventy square miles, being, within sixty miles, equal in extent to the county of Hertford. Within this boundary there are, besides the principal office, four hundred and thirty-six sub-offices or receiving-houses, including four principal branch-offices

centrically situated. A few years ago the receiving offices of the General and Twopenny Post were quite distinct, and a letter for the country dropped inadvertently into the latter was subject to a charge of twopence in addition to the General Post rate. The consolidation of these offices was a most satisfactory improvement, and they now receive indiscriminately letters intended for the General Post as well as those for the London district. Formerly the stranger might wander a long time in search of a receiving-house, and he might be compelled to pass one intended only for the reception of letters for the country, but during the present year the situation of the receiving-houses has been indicated by a plate of tin affixed to the nearest lamp-post, on which is shown the street number of such house, a crown being conspicuously placed at the top of the lamp. The keepers of the receiving-houses are shopkeepers, who were formerly paid according to the number of letters they received, but they have now fixed salaries, usually varying from 5*l.* to 40*l.*, though a few, where the duties are heavier, receive considerably more.

At above two hundred receiving-houses, situated within three miles of the General Post Office, the letters are collected six times a-day—every two hours from eight in the morning to eight at night; and there are as many deliveries within these limits. At above two hundred other offices, situated beyond this circle, and within one of twelve miles, the collection and deliveries of letters vary from two to five daily, in proportion to the wants and importance of each district. Thus the communications between the four hundred and thirty-six sub-offices and the central office amount, on the aggregate, to fifteen or sixteen hundred per day. For this purpose horse-posts, mail-carts, and letter-carriers are employed. A few years ago there were three classes of letter-carriers, the Foreign, General, and Twopenny, but the former are no longer a distinct class, and the latter are now extensively employed in delivering the letters which arrive by the day-mails, and also foreign and ship letters. The General Post letter-carriers are employed only within the three-mile district to deliver the letters which reach town by the mails in the morning; but a few of them are engaged within a circle, comprising chiefly the heart of the city, in delivering those which are brought by the day-mails arriving before two o'clock in the afternoon; but others which arrive somewhat later are sent out by the letter-carriers in the London District department. The practical tendency is to consolidate the two services so far as concerns the delivery of letters. The number of General Post Letter-carriers in 1835 was 281, and in June, 1842, only 261; but there has been a very large addition to the other class, whose number at the latter date was 662, with 117 assistants, making in all 779; and if the 261 others be added, we have a total of 1040 persons engaged in the delivery of letters. In 1735 the General Post Office employed 65 letter-carriers, and the Penny Post 100; but the number of receiving-houses was very large, amounting, it is said, to about six hundred, each of which exhibited at the door or window a printed placard with the words, "Penny Post Letters and Parcels taken in here." In 1821 the number of General Post receiving-houses in the three-mile district was only fifty, and of those for the Twopenny Post one hundred.

With this digression we shall now be prepared to understand the machinery by

which the Post Office performs various of its important functions. On a Saturday the number of letters despatched into the country is above a hundred thousand, and there are as many newspapers. Each of the four hundred and thirty-six receiving-houses contributes its proportion, those from the greatest distance being received by horse-posts and mail-carts, which call at each office along their respective lines of road, and arrive at the central office between five and six o'clock. 'At five o'clock the receiving-houses in the three-mile district close, and at six o'clock the four principal branch-offices are closed for the evening's despatch. Within this district also the General Post letter-carriers go through their respective walks with a bell, and, for a penny each, collect the letters which were too late for the receiving-houses, calling also in many cases daily at the counting-houses and shops of merchants and tradesmen, for which extra service they are remunerated by a Christmas gratuity. At six o'clock they hurry with their bags to the chief office, or to the nearest branch office. The letter-boxes at the central office close at six, but a very large number of letters are received until seven, on payment of an additional penny. There is a box appropriated to these late letters, where, if an extra penny stamp be affixed to the letter, they may be deposited without the trouble of paying the penny to the window-man. A small number of letters are received from seven until half-past for a fee of sixpence. Newspapers are received until six o'clock, and, to expedite the business of sorting, the Post Office porters call at the different newsvenders before that hour, and carry to the office the sacks of newspapers already prepared for the post. This is, comparatively, a recent innovation, and but for the reduction of the stamp duty would never have been necessary. From six until half-past seven newspapers are also received on payment of a half-penny fee. A minute or two before the boxes are closed for the receipt of newspapers, the late editions of the evening papers, with an account of the proceedings in Parliament, and of other events which have transpired before seven o'clock, are brought on horseback in bags; and it often happens that intelligence reaches Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and other great towns, as far north as Lancaster, distant two hundred and forty miles from the metropolis, which the merchant or tradesman who has retired to his house at Hampstead, Highgate, or Norwood, does not hear of until a later period on the following morning. The great exertions for effecting the despatch of the mails are crowded into the two or three preceding hours. The appearance of the large hall a few minutes before six is very striking. Men and boys with sacks of newspapers pour in in a continued stream; the newspaper window is raised for their reception, and one or two porters inside empty the contents into large baskets, which are wheeled forward for sorting, and pitch the bags outside to their owners. Within three or four minutes of the time for closing, the discharge of bags into the office-window, and the hurling of those which are emptied, take place as fast as it is possible for the two or three porters inside to perform the operation. When the clock has finished the sixth stroke the window descends as if it were impelled by a powerful spring. At the same instant all the letter-boxes close as if by some similar means. The scene there is as animated as at the newspaper window. Crowds of persons arrive by each of the entrances into the hall, and if their letters are

stamped there is no further trouble than that of depositing them in the letter-box. But there are hundreds who carelessly neglect this convenience, and yet detain their clerks and servants to the latest possible moment. To receive the penny and mark the letter is but the work of an instant, but, though several windows are open, the arrivals accumulate faster than they can be despatched; and each person fearing to lose the opportunity of handing in his letters, a struggle ensues, which it is disgraceful to permit, the strong putting on one side the weak, and the young clerk, anxious to serve his employer, thrust from the window just when his turn had come. All this confusion might be avoided by simply using a stamp; but where the remedy is so easy, the Post Office authorities can scarcely be expected to interfere further than stationing several of their servants in the hall to keep the approaches to the letter-boxes as clear as possible.

Before an attempt is made to assort the letters they are placed with the address uppermost, and stamped at the rate of two hundred a-minute. They are then assorted in about twenty great divisions, all those letters which are intended for a particular series of roads constituting one division. While this process is going on, the letters already placed in their proper division are taken to other tables, where other sorters are employed; they are then classed according to the separate roads, and next according to the different post-towns for which bags are made up, and which are about seven hundred in number. The newspapers merely require to be faced and sorted. Every letter and newspaper passes more than once through the hands of the sorters, and about three hundred persons are engaged as sorters, including a considerable number of letter-carriers. An account is taken of the unpaid letters to be sent to the postmaster of each town, and the bags are then sealed up.

As the clock strikes eight the sacks with the letters and newspapers are dragged into the Post Office yard, and put into the mails, mail-carts, and omnibuses. The old Edinburgh, the Glasgow, Holyhead, and other first-rate mails, are gone, and nine omnibuses for conveying the letter-bags to the railway stations occupy their places. At present there are only nine mails which take their bags from the yard, and these can never rival the celebrity of the old mails, being merely intended to maintain a communication with a few places which are not yet connected with London by railways, or are useful to intermediate districts rather than to the metropolis. The present mails are the Hull, the Louth, the Melton Mowbray, the Lynn, the Norwich, the Ipswich, and the Brighton, Dover, and Hastings mails; and the three latter will probably be superseded at no distant time. In place of six or seven mail-carts dashing with rapidity to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, there are only two, one for the Worcester and the other for the Exeter mail, the latter of which makes a part of its journey on a railway truck. The total weight of the newspapers and letters despatched on a Saturday night, including the bags, is above eight tons, and six out of the eight are, probably, transmitted by the railways.

Five of the omnibuses, or accelerators, proceed to the station of the London and Birmingham Railway; two to that of the Great Western Railway; and two to the South-Western Railway station. On the two latter railways the letter-bags

are conveyed in a mail tender under the care of a guard; but on the Birmingham line there is a different arrangement. On the arrival of the five accelerators at the Euston Square station, the servants of the Company carry the bags to a large vehicle, sixteen feet long, seven and a half wide, and six and a half feet high, fitted up as a sorting room, with counters and desks, and neatly labelled pigeon-holes. This is the Railway Post Office. It travels on the northern chain of railroads to Lancaster. While the train is proceeding at a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, a couple of clerks are engaged in sorting letters and arranging the bags for the different towns. By an ingenious contrivance of Mr. Ramsey's, of the General Post Office, letter-bags are taken up while the train is at full speed. They are suspended from a cross-post close to the line, and as the train passes the bag is caught by a projecting apparatus, which drops it into a net hung from the exterior of the Railway Post Office. Bags for delivery are simply dropped as the train passes. The bag taken up is examined, and the letters for places northward are put into the proper bags, which are left during the passing of the train. At Rugby the correspondence for Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Leeds, Hull, York, and Darlington, and for Edinburgh and the east of Scotland, and all the districts adjacent to the above places, is detached, and conveyed by different lines of railway in the care of mail-guards. The Railway Post Office continues its course, leaving at one place the mails for Ireland, and reaches Lancaster before half-past eight in the morning, the clerks being occupied the whole of the night in taking up and delivering bags, and in sorting their contents. They make up bags for above fifty different towns. The same process goes on in the day-mail, and the services of eighteen clerks are required for the day and night work. The gross number of bags taken up in the twenty-four hours by the day-mail and the night-mail together is about five hundred. In 1717, and for above half a century afterwards, a week would have elapsed before a reply could be received in London to a letter addressed to a person at Lancaster. Now a letter may be written to the latter place on one day, and an answer received to it on the next day. It is not only the internal means of communication which have been accelerated, but the change has been complete. Letters are conveyed in eleven days from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to London; and from London to Bombay in thirty-one days. There are lines of steam-boats from England to Halifax and Boston; to the West India Islands; and to India by the Mediterranean and Red Seas. The post has become the safest and quickest of all modes of conveyance.

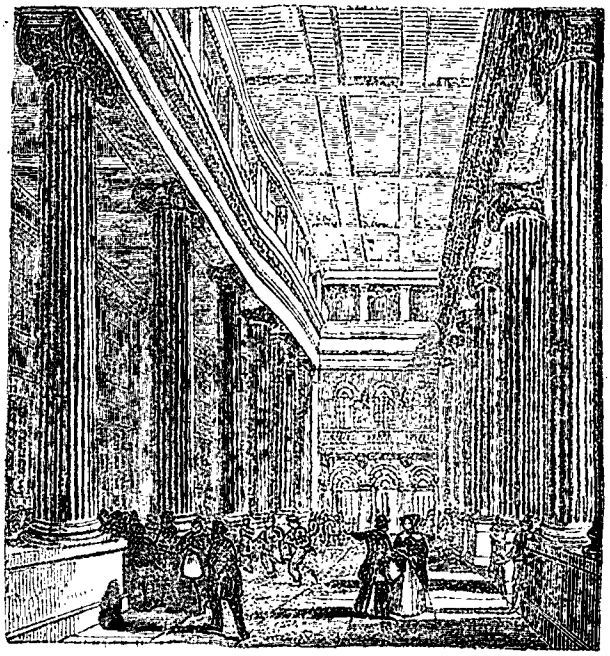
The business of the General Post Office commences at six o'clock in the morning, by which time all the mails have arrived. There are about seven hundred bags to be opened, and as many accounts of unpaid letters to be checked. It is said that expert persons will open a bag and check the account in a minute and a half. The letters are then sorted into districts, and afterwards into "walks" corresponding to the districts of actual delivery. A bill is made out against each letter-carrier, and the whole number start at the same time. The letter-carriers whose walks are farthest from the office are conveyed by the accelerators or omnibuses, which were first used when the new Post Office was opened. Nine of these vehicles are used at present, which convey a hundred and fifty

letter-carriers as near as possible to the scene of their duties, dropping them one by one in rapid succession. The effect of this excellent arrangement is to give the most distant parts of the town nearly the same advantages as those in the immediate vicinity of the Post Office. The work is so subdivided that the deliveries are finished in from one hour and a half to two hours. The despatch of letters to the suburbs, and villages and towns not included within the limits of the General Post delivery, but comprised within the twelve-mile boundary, is effected by the horse-posts and mail-carts, which leave the bags at different offices, where letter-carriers are in waiting to deliver the letters, or to take the bags to the respective receiving-houses to which they are subordinate, and which are in many cases situated at a distance from the line of road traversed by the mail-cart or horse-post.

There is one department of the General Post Office to which we have not alluded, which has lately become of great importance. This is the Money-Order Office. A few years ago the business was transacted in apartments at a house in Noble Street, a little distance east of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and subsequently it was transferred to offices in the present building, but it was again removed. Entering by the principal front, this office is now on the right hand of the hall; and a wooden construction has been put up, which projects into the hall, for those who wish to obtain orders, or to receive payment for them. About five years ago, the cost of transmitting a few shillings to a place 160 miles distant was 2*s.* 2*d.*, the order being on a separate paper, which rendered the enclosure liable to double postage. The necessity of double postage was first avoided by the order being given on a sheet of letter-paper. Since the reduction of the commission to 6*d.* for sums between 5*l.* and 2*l.*, and to 3*d.* for all sums not exceeding 40*s.*, which took place in the year that the Penny Postage was adopted, the facilities of the office have become available to an extraordinary extent. At present the number of money-orders issued and paid is at the rate of upwards of 700,000 a-year, instead of 40,000. Twice as much is paid on orders from the country as is issued for payment at the country offices. In the quarter ending January 5, 1842, the number of each per day averaged 2071: namely, 1335 paid, and 736 issued. A large proportion of the former are paid to tradesmen for articles to be sent into the country by post, or other means. Innumerable are the objects procured in this way, without any other intervention than that of a Post Office order. The appearance of others who present their orders tells of exhausted resources recruited by appeals to early friends, or of profligacy recklessly wearing out their patience. On the whole, the air of those who apply for orders to be sent into the country is more cheerful. This class comprises servants who are sending a portion of their earnings to aged parents, workmen who can spare something out of their large wages for the wants of others; and here also is to be found the Irish labourer, and others of the same class. The total number of Post Office orders issued and paid at the present time, in England and Wales, is at the rate of 3,000,000 a-year, involving the circulation of about 7,000,000*l.* This return does not include Ireland.

We cannot conclude without a tribute to the admirable management of the

Post Office in this country. It has in a great measure ceased to be an engine of taxation; and, within the last few years, a series of improvements have been adopted which renders the institution a most valuable auxiliary in the diffusion, both directly and indirectly, of most important moral advantages.



[Hall of the Post Office.]

[Pall Mall, about 1740.]

LXIX.—PALL MALL.

"PALL MALL," says 'A New View of London,' published in 1708, and professing to give an ample account of that city in two volumes or eight sections—"Pall Mall, a fine spacious street between the Haymarket N.E. and St. James's Street S.W.; length 580 yards; from Charing Cross, near W., 260 yards." The precision and scientific accuracy of these admeasurements, to say nothing of the laconic brevity with which they are recorded, furnish a good model for the imitation of travellers whom the Geographical Society may hereafter send to explore unknown regions.

Pall Mall, even at this early period of its history, had already developed the character it has since maintained: for in Evelyn's time we have reason to believe it was not paved; Pepys mentions supping at a tavern in it, calling it "The Old Mall," and thereby indicating that the tradition of its original destination was then held in fresh remembrance; and in the days of Queen Elizabeth there were only a few houses standing where is now the corner of Warwick Street. Down to the era of Club Houses (of which anon) there have been few buildings of architectural pretensions in Pall Mall. Marlborough House (behind a screen of commonplace dwellings), Schomberg House, the Ordnance, Carlton House, and

the Opera House in the Haymarket—these are all. The geographer—the Strabo or Ptolemy of London in 1708, we may call him—quoted above, while expatiating on the glories of St. James's Square, incidentally throws some light upon the external appearance of the houses in Pall Mall:—"St. James's Square, a very pleasant, large, and beautiful square, between Jermyn Street N.W. and Pall Mall S.E., and between Charles Street N.E. and King Street S.W.; all very fine buildings (*except those that side towards Pall Mall*), mostly inhabited by the *prime quality*. The area is upwards of 4½ acres, and the centre is from Charing Cross W. 570 yards. *Here are houses of* 500*l. per annum!*"

Pall Mall was not, with the few exceptions indicated above, inhabited by "the prime quality," and the houses "siding towards it" were not *very* fine. It was, however, a frequent resort of the gay world—one of the most thronged and bustling walks or alleys in the great Vanity Fair of London fashion. It was one of the principal approaches to St. James's Park; it was, and still continues to be, a standing-place for carriages which have set down their courtly loads at birthday, drawing-room, or levee; and at the corner of the Haymarket has stood, since early in the eighteenth century, the theatre,* devoted almost from its first erection to the aristocratic representations of the opera. With such attractions Pall Mall could not fail to become a favourite lounge, and, being such, to draw into it such dealers as minister to luxury. So early as the 8th of March, 1709, we find one of their shops exciting the austere suspicion of no less formidable a person than Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., Censor of Great Britain:—"The Censor having observed that there are fine wrought ladies' shoes and slippers put out to view at a great shoemaker's shop towards St. James's end of Pall Mall, which create irregular thoughts and desires in the youth of this realm, the said shopkeeper is required to take in these eye-sores, or show cause the next court-day why he continues to expose the same; and he is required to be prepared particularly to answer to the slippers with green lace and blue heels."

From an intimation issued by the same eminent philosopher, on the 7th of October, in the year above-mentioned, we derive some information regarding one of the most frequented coffeehouses of the day:—"This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of music, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna Coffeehouse in Pall Mall, between the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate Essays by word of mouth, on all or any of the above-mentioned arts. The disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of Bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff. If any young student gives indication of parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent question, one of the professors shall distinguish him by taking snuff out of his box in the presence of the whole audience. N.B. The seat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney on the left hand towards the window, to the round table in the middle of the room over against the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters

* It was flourishing in 1709, as may be inferred from the following advertisement:—"On Saturday night last a gentlewoman's husband strayed from the playhouse in the Haymarket; if the lady who was seen to take him up will restore him she shall be asked no questions, he being of no use but to the owner."—'Tatler,' Nov. 14, 1709.

and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all the last summer."

"Porters and chairmen!" the words carry us back into another world. The locomotion and messages and parcel carrying of the capital were then effected by means of human legs and arms. London was in those days a town which men could walk through, and its business could be transacted without the aid of complicated machinery. As yet, cabs, 'busses, and Metropolitan Parcels Delivery Companies, were not, and could not be. The very names of chairmen and porters are fast being forgotten; and a raw young Scotsman just come up from Edinburgh, who inquires for either (these terms having in that town been adopted of late years by the venerable fraternity of Celts, which used to rejoice in the euphonious and vernacular designation of "Cadies"—see 'Humphrey Clinker'), is apt to be stared at as if he gabbled an unknown tongue—as, indeed, he in most cases does.

But this is a digression: we return to Pall Mall in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when chairmen and porters still haunted the doors of its coffeehouses. In those days a good observer, the author from whom we have been quoting, assures us that no one "could speak with even Kidney at St. James's Coffeehouse without clean linen;" and the history of the young gentleman who "on the 9th of September, 1705, being in his one-and-twentieth year, was washing his teeth at a tavern-window in Pall Mall when a fine equipage passed by, and in it a young lady who looked up at him" (see 'Tatler,' No. 1), affords us some notion of the forenoon amusements in those places of public resort. All was not thus "innocent and silly sooth," for in Suffolk Street, "opposite to the lower end of Pall Mall," was a notorious gambling-house, described metaphorically in the sixty-second 'Tatler' as a dog-kennel.

It was in one of the houses so slightingly spoken of by the author of 'A New View of London' that, a few years earlier than the period to which we have hitherto been referring, the celebrated Beau Fielding, immortalized by Sir Richard Steele under the name of Orlando the Fair, had his abode. Some passages in the evidence given upon the trial of this worthy for bigamy are of a nature to throw light on the economy of a gay bachelor's lodgings in those days. He was visited at his chambers in Pall Mall by the woman whom he married in the belief that she was a lady of fortune:—"Mrs. Villars, the evening of my lord-mayor's day, brought Mrs. Wadsworth in a mourning-coach and widow's dress to Mr. Fielding's lodgings: he was not within at the time they came thither, but, being sent for, came in soon after, and was extremely complaisant for some time; but at length, though he had been cautioned not to let the lady know that they were his lodgings, yet he could not forbear showing his fine clothes, and what furniture he had, and in a little time after sent for Mrs. Margaretta to sing to her." The evidence of Mrs. Villars is more specific as to the manner in which he entertained his fair guest:—"He asked her whether she loved singing? He said he would send for Margaretta to come up. When she came, Mr. Fielding bid her sing her two songs which he loved, which she did. The one was 'Charming Creature,' and the other was 'Ianthe the Lovely.' After which Mr. Fielding sent for two pints of wine and some plum-cakes." Mrs. Margaretta herself said,—"I remember Mr. Fielding sent for me to his

lodgings in Pall Mall. I sung several Italian songs and one English, and that was 'Ianthe the Lovely.' He desired me to sing that song, 'Ianthe the Lovely,' for he said he had the original of it, and had translated it out of the Greek." When Mrs. Wadsworth visited Mr. Fielding on another occasion, he told his valet "to get wax-candles, and sconces, and fires in the rooms;" and some time after her arrival "he came down stairs in great haste, and said, Boucher [his valet], go and bespeak a dish of pickles. I did so, and brought over a cloth and the rest of the things, and left them in the window." The dish of pickles was the wedding-feast, for on this occasion Mr. Fielding locked the supposed widow and her friend in his apartments till he went and procured "a priest in a long red gown lined with blue, and a long beard and a fur cap," who performed the marriage ceremony. The lady did not visit him again for fifteen or sixteen days, and then seems to have put up with pot-luck. "He was not at home when she came; but she went to supper by herself. She had for her supper some toasted cheese, a pint of wine, and a bottle of oat-ale. When he came home, he asked her why she did not send for something better for supper?"

The public amusements of Pall Mall were at this period scarcely more refined than those of the neighbouring May Fair. "Certain models," says Malcolm in his 'Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century,' "representing William the Third's palaces at Loo, Keswick, and Hunslaerdike, were shown in 1701, from ten in the morning till one, and from two till eight at night, at the White Hart near Pall Mall, facing the Haymarket, within two doors of the glass-lamps." The proprietors elegantly observe in their advertisement that they were "brought over by outlandish men," and that, "to render those diversions altogether more delightful and acceptable, there will be a collection of several curiosities to be sold and raffled for at the opening, and likewise every Monday and Friday following, those days being appointed the public raffling-days, besides a great variety of rarities; and to entertain the nobility and gentry (who the Undertakers hope will countenance them with the honour of their company), there shall be on Wednesday, the 14th of January, a concert of music by the best performers; and if all these diversions please such for whom they are intended, there shall be from time to time great additions made." The "outlandish men" who brought over the models of the palaces were possibly in league with the king, who may have wished to shame the English into giving him a new palace by showing how much better the Stadtholder of Holland had been lodged than the King of England was. If so, the plot was too refined for this meridian; the outlandish men, finding their exhibition did not pay, were glad to dispose of it to natives, who sought to enhance its attractions by adding the delights of a raffle, concerts, and indefinite promises of something still finer behind. So, notwithstanding sundry and divers models of projected palaces still extant at Hampton Court, Buckingham Palace was the first built in England since the Revolution, and a creditable specimen of royal and national taste it is.

In 1733 the Pall-Mallians do not seem to have advanced in taste and refinement much beyond their condition in 1701. We again quote from Malcolm:— "Some absurd persons were at the expense (!), in October, 1733, of procuring a Holland smock, a cap, checked stockings, and laced shoes, which they offered as

prizes to any four women who would run for them at three o'clock in the afternoon in Pall Mall. The race attracted an amazing number of persons, who filled the streets, the windows, and the balconies. The sport attendant on this curious method of killing time induced Mr. Rawlings, high constable of Westminster, resident in Pall Mall, to prepare a laced hat as a prize to be run for by five men, which appears to have produced much mirth to the projector; but the mob, ever on the watch to gratify their propensity for riot and mischief, committed so many excesses, that the sedate inhabitants of the neighbourhood found it necessary to apply to the magistrates for protection, who issued precepts to prevent future runs to the very man most active in promoting them."

But a new era was dawning for Pall Mall at the very time that these swift Camillas were scouring along its plain. Schomberg House, it is true, built in the reign of William III. by the Duke of that name, had rather retrograded: it had fallen into the hands of Astley the painter, who divided it into three habitations, reserving the centre for his own residence. The house bestowed upon Nell Gwynne by Charles II., from the back wall of which she horrified the decorous Evelyn by holding a light conversation with the King, never seems to have had any architectural pretensions: it is now occupied by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. Marlborough House was scarcely visible from Pall Mall. In the paper on St. James's Palace we had occasion to notice the cavalier manner in which Marlborough House, when occupied by "old Sarah," gave the public to know whether it was peace or war between it and the Court. This is perhaps the most appropriate place to advert to a characteristic scene which occurred in 1740. The City in that year observed with great solemnity the anniversary of Admiral Vernon's birth; and the Duchess of Marlborough presented two does to the Lord Mayor, and one to each of the Sheriffs, that they might feast their friends on the occasion. These dignitaries returned the compliment by visiting her Grace in state on the 1st of January. "She received us," says Mr. Hoare, "in her usual manner, sitting up in her bed; and expressed much satisfaction for the compliment and great honour, as she said, we had done her in returning our thanks; and after an hour's conversation on indifferent matters we retired." Lord Grantham, too, had a house in Pall Mall; and Sir Robert Walpole for some time lived nearer the Duchess Sarah than seems to have been altogether conducive to the preservation of his equanimity.

But these were trifles to the glories preserved for Pall Mall. In 1732 Frederick Prince of Wales purchased what an erudite historian of London calls "the original Carlton House and Gardens of the Earl of Burlington." The name of the proprietor seems almost to warrant that, in his hands, the English architecture of the day had already done its worst; but royalty can prompt the genius even of absurdity to flights beyond what ordinary mortals have the power to inspire. Flitcroft is said to have drawn a plan, in 1734, intended as an improvement of Carlton House; and Kent laid violent hands upon the gardens, said by the historian above alluded to to be "very beautiful, and *full as retired as if in the country.*" For this sequestered spot Kent designed "a cascade;" and a saloon was erected in 1735, and paved with Italian marble brought to England by Lord Bingley and the immortal Bubb Doddington. "The walls were adorned with rich paintings and statues; and the chair of state was of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold,

which cost five hundred pounds. A bagnio near it *consisted of* encrusted marble." It was not till 1788 that one Prince of Wales completed what the kindred taste of another had begun: but there is much to be told of Pall Mall before we reach that era.

It was about the same time that Carlton House was undergoing the process of "translation," as Nick Bottom's cronies would have called it, into a royal residence, that the literature of Pall Mall received its first development. Previous attempts appear to have been made. Letitia Pilkington at one time opened a pamphlet-shop here; but her stock-in-trade consisted only of a couple of dozens of an unsaleable pamphlet, generously presented to her by the author or by the publisher, and a few secondhand prints, and the concern was soon wound up. In 1732, however, Dodsley, born and bred to be the appropriate link between new and old Pall Mall—between the Pall Mall of mere Court gaiety and the Pall Mall of elegant literature—Dodsley, born a poet and bred a footman, published his 'Muse in Livery.' In 1735 he opened, with the assistance of his patrons, a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall.

'The Muse in Livery' is indeed the work of a footman: it is professional all over. The very frontispiece (the "effigies auctoris" representing a young man with one hand attached by a shackle-bolt to concentric rings, inscribed "poverty," "ignorance," &c., and extending the hand which he has wrenched from its confinement, with the handcuff still there, but ornamented by a pair of wings, to the sun, the god of poetry) is typical of the sentiment and imagination of the parti-coloured race. Fielding, in the opening of his 'Joseph Andrews,' has presented us with a full-length portrait of the footman of that age; and, to parody a favourite expression of coal-merchants when their commodity rises in price, "footmen were footmen then." It was only in 1701 that the Right Hon. Charles Earl of Carlisle, Earl Marshal of England during the minority of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, moved thereto by "many mischiefs and dangerous accidents occasioned by footmen wearing of swords," had found it advisable to "order that no footman attending any of the nobility and gentry of his Majesty's realms shall wear any sword, hanger, bayonet, or other such-like offensive weapon, during such time as they or any of them shall reside or be within the cities of London and Westminster." And it was not till a good many years later that a Townley arose to break the spirit of this ancient and honourable fraternity, by his 'High Life below Stairs,' as effectually as the Minister of George II. broke the spirits of the Scots Highlanders by the Act of Parliament forbidding them to wear their national dress. Dodsley flourished as a footman in the yet palmy days of the profession, when (see 'Joseph Andrews' for the particulars) the gentlemen of the cloth were still, in their own especial gallery, lords paramount of theatrical criticism. To have been drawn by a non-professional hand, Fielding's sketch must be allowed to have merit; and so has 'Humphrey Clinker,' although that great man, living in the declining days of his order, had betaken himself to Methodism; but still a portrait of a footman and his tribe by one of themselves must be allowed to be the more authentic. Dodsley has given us a full, true, and particular account of his thinkings and doings from the time of his rising in the morning till the close of the day's labours, which commences thus:—

"As soon as laziness will let me,
I rise from bed, and down I set me
To cleaning glasses, knives, and plate,
And such-like dirty-work as that,
Which, by the bye, is what I hate.
This done, with expeditious care
To dress myself I straight prepare;
I clean my buckles, black my shoes,
Powder my wig, and brush my clothes,
Take off my beard, and wash my face,
And then I'm ready for the chace."

A few rapid and abruptly cadenced lines convey a lively impression of the multitudinous errands on which his lady despatches him: then follows a savoury description of the odours from the kitchen announcing the approach of the dinner-hour that makes one's mouth water. The meditative footman tells how he lays the cloth, decants the wine, ale, and beer, and declares—

"This is the only pleasant hour
Which I have in the twenty-four;
For whilst I unregarded stand,
With ready salver in my hand,
And seem to understand no more
Than just what's called for out to pour,
I hear and mark the courtly phrases,
And all the elegance that passes."

We reluctantly pass over his graphic account of the ceremonies of the tea-table to hurry to his public appearance in state when the hour of paying visits arrives:—

"The chairman straight prepares his chair,
A lighted flambeau I prepare;
And, orders given where to go,
We march along, and bustle through
The parting crowds, who bustle off
To give us room. Oh, how you'd laugh
To see me strut before a chair,
And with a sturdy voice and air
Crying, 'By your leave, Sir! Have a care!'
From place to place with speed we fly,
And 'Rat-a-tat' the knockers cry;
'Pray is your lady, sir, within?'
If no, go on; if yes, we enter in."

Tastes are free: we have no mind to enter into controversy with any one who may prefer Steele's more amplified description of a similar scene in the 109th 'Tatler:'—"There has not, for some years, been such a tumult in our neighbourhood as this evening about six. At the lower end of the lane the word was given that there was a great funeral coming by. The next moment came forward in a very hasty, instead of a very solemn manner, a long train of lights, when at last a footman, in very high youth and health, with all his force, ran through the whole art of beating the door next to me, and ended his rattle with the true finishing rap. This did not only bring one to the door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the lane, in an instant. Among the rest, my country maid took the alarm, and, immediately running to me, told me there was a fine, fine

lady, who had three men with burial torches making way before her, carried by two men upon poles, with looking-glasses on each side of her, and one glass also before, she herself appearing the prettiest that ever was." In justice, however, to Mr. Dodsley, we must remark that Steele, to heighten the effect of his description, employs the artifice of carrying the visit into a region where such sights were unknown. We may add that Dodsley writes like an experienced footman—Steele like one less familiarised with the ceremony.

But be this as it may, none but a footman, none but one who could say of the deeds he narrates "quorum pars magna fui," could give, as Dodsley has done, the scene in the servants' hall while their mistresses are chatting above-stairs:—

"Then to the hall I guide my steps,
Amongst a crowd of brother skips,
Drinking small beer and talking smut,
And this fool's nonsense putting that fool's out;
Whilst oaths and peals of laughter meet,
And he who's loudest is the greatest wit.
But here among us the chief trade is
To rail against our lords and ladies;
To aggravate their smallest failings,
To expose their faults with saucy railings.
For my part, as I hate the practice,
And see in them how base and black 'tis,
To some bye-place I therefore creep,
And sit me down to feign to sleep;
And could I with old Morpheus bargain,
'T would save my ears much noise and jargon.
But down my lady comes again,
And I'm releas'd from all my pain"—

that is, he is hurried off to conclude the evening at the play or opera. This, it will be allowed, is conceived in the true spirit of a footman, even to the peaching against his fellows, and affecting that he had never taken part in their uncivil comments on their betters; for, be it remembered, Dodsley's poetical vein was encouraged by his masters and mistresses, and this poem, and all the rest, were composed with a view to their being perused by them.

It may not be out of place to remark here that, curtailed though the footmen of our degenerate days are of the proportions and appendages of their progenitors, they are closer copies of them than is found to be the case with any other class in gay and genteel society. On the great gala occasions, when the nobles of the land present themselves to their sovereign, there is some attempt made by them to revive the finery of former days, but court suits, bags, and swords are only to be worn gracefully by those to whom custom has made them a second nature—almost what his fur and tail are to the monkey. The wearers of these antique adornments for a day walk as awkwardly in them as David did in Saul's armour. Not so their footmen, whose daily dresses are the only ones a beau of Queen Anne's time would acknowledge to be passable were he to rise from the grave, and who by daily use learn to wear them with a grace. We never stand at St. James's on a levee or drawing-room day, and observe the gentlemen (civilians at least) so ashamed of their unwonted array as to lose more than half the pleasure of being presented to royalty, and mark the *dégagé*, easy, self-pos-

sessed deportment of the gentlemen's gentlemen, with their fine coats, gold-headed staffs, and bouquets, but we are led irresistibly to think how the whole pageant would be improved were they and their masters to change places. Pall Mall is, on such occasions, the spacious hall to which the "brother skips" guide their steps. We will not take upon us to say that Dodsley's description of the manners of the class in 1732 is altogether applicable now—indeed our impression decidedly is that their deportment is marked by more gentleness and refinement —but they still retain their predilection for beer, though, perhaps, their drink cannot with strict accuracy be called "small beer." There is something extremely piquant in watching the dainty and minikin airs of one of these gentlemen picking his steps from the tap of the Star and Garter to where his friend the coachman remains glued to his seat (for what Talleyrand said, in his éloge on Count Reinhard, of a minister of foreign affairs, may equally be applied to a coachman—"il ne doit pas cesser un moment dans les vingt-quatre heures d'être ministre des affaires etrangères"), himself arrayed in a peach-blossom coat that might have made Goldsmith envious, inexpressibles of a brilliant orange bordering on pomegranate, irreproachable white silk stockings, and in his breast a bouquet of the rarest and most delicate exotics the green-house can afford, carrying in his hand the while a pewter pot, bright, it is true, as silver, but betraying, by a hundred indentations and roughnesses, its age and hard service, with the rich froth, of the colour of chocolate cream or the foam of an embrowned mountain-stream, mantling over it. And if they have no Dodsley among them in these latter days —have they not a "Yellowplush?"

We have said that 'The Muse in Livery' was an apt designation—that the Muse, if Muse she were, had contracted the sentiments and habits of the servants' hall as if she were to the manner born. But "honours change manners," as the old copy-line hath it: Dodsley the bookseller was a very different man. With wonderful good sense he spoke of the employment of his early life quietly as a matter of course; and he displayed good taste and kind feeling on many occasions. It was he who purchased Johnson's first original publication (1738); and it was he who, when in 1758 he started his 'Annual Register,' had the boldness and discrimination to employ as his historian no less "eminent a hand" than Edmund Burke. Dodsley's shop was the resort—and who that has known what an exquisite lounge a bookseller's shop is, ever cared for another?—of Young and Akenside, of Horace Walpole, the Wartons, and Burke. Dodsley too was the publisher of several of Pope's works. From 1735, when he first opened shop, to 1764, when he died, Dodsley's establishment was deservedly one of the lions of Pall Mall.

We learn from the 'Tatler' that the wits of Queen Anne's time were in the habit of repairing at times to Pall Mall and its vicinity. But when they did this they, in a great measure, laid aside their literary character, and appeared as men of gaiety and fashion, or of the great world of politics. "All accounts," writes Isaac Bickerstaff, in his introductory paper, "of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House; poetry under that of Will's Coffee House; learning under the title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestic News you will have from St. James's Coffee House." And although in Dodsley's day, and since, they did not altogether lay aside their literature on

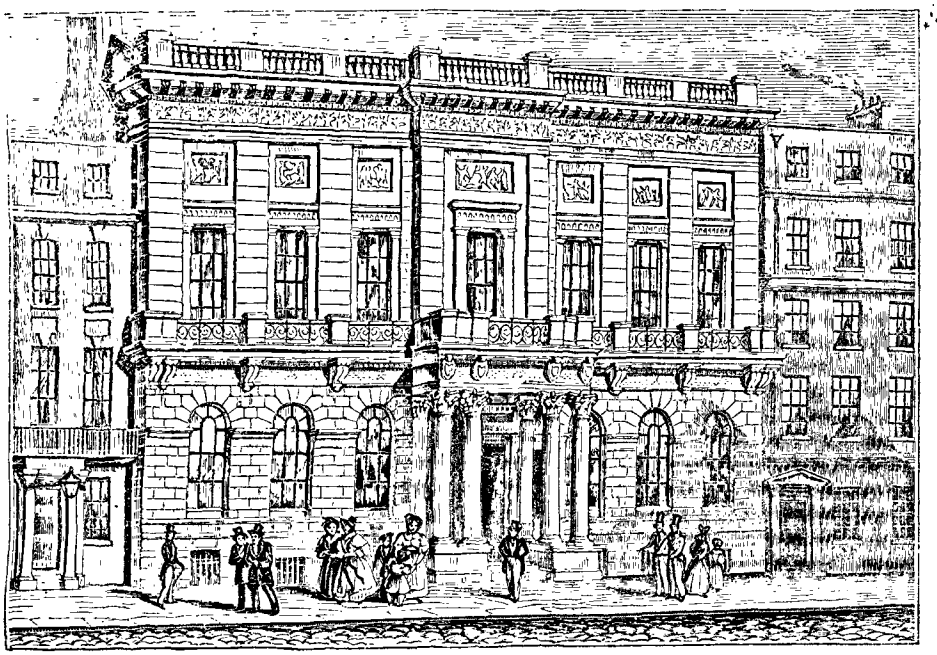
entering Pall Mall, they continued to wear it, as Ophelia allowed her friends to wear their rue, "with a difference." Accordingly we hear little of Dr. Johnson's visits to these regions: for the Doctor, although he certainly did purchase a scarlet waistcoat and gold-laced hat to appear in at the first night of his tragedy —thinking that a dramatic poet ought to dress less gravely than he had been wont—cannot with strict propriety be called a gay man. Gibbon, on the contrary, luxuriates in the atmosphere of St. James's.

Those who know Gibbon only as the author of the 'Decline and Fall' ought not to lose a moment in making his acquaintance through his diary and letters, as published by Lord Sheffield;—would that the task of editing them had fallen into the hands of some one less a slave to the feeling expressed in the cant speech—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" The ineffable coxcombry of this editor, affecting to think that a full-grown public was not as competent to judge of what was wholesome and what dangerous doctrine as himself, and under this pretext laying before the poor innocents nothing that *he* did not think they might safely partake of, has "cut us here a monstrous cantle out" of the edifying revelations of Gibbon. Johnson, on the one hand, as has been justly remarked by Mr. Croker, did not mix in high society, and Burke was too earnest a character to enjoy its frivolities. Horace Walpole made literature his relaxation. Gibbon is almost the only real *littérateur* of his day who mingled with the fashionable world on a footing of equality. And his journals and letters, mutilated though they be, afford us some pleasing glimpses of it. We like to catch the sententious historian recording that he writes from the Club of Almack, or of Boodle, in a velvet embroidered coat, with lace ruffles. His participation in the Bachelor's Masquerade at the Pantheon raises him ten per cent. in our estimation; and but for his pen the controversy among the proprietors of that establishment concerning immaculate and leopard beauties would have perished. He does the honours of the social position of a silent M.P. with infinite discretion, and with great glee and good humour.

In his time that truly English invention the Clubhouse seems to have attained its full development; at least, the following picture might still be matched without much difficulty:—"November 14, 1762. I dined at the Cocoa Tree with Holt, who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real honour, good sense, and even knowledge, than half those who laugh at him. We went thence to the play (The Spanish Friar), and, when it was over, returned to the Cocoa Tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honour to be a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men of the kingdom in point of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat or a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present we are full of king's councillors and lords of the bedchamber, who, having jumped into the Ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language with their modern ones." Gibbon was a member of Boodle's, White's, Almack's, and perhaps of some more. He gave the preference to the last-mentioned:—"Almack's, June 24, 1776. * * Town grows empty, and this house, where I have passed many agreeable hours, is the only place which still invites the flower of the English youth. The style of living, though *somewhat* expensive, is

exceedingly pleasant, and, notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertainment and even rational society here than in any other club to which I belong."

The number of club-houses has increased since Gibbon's time, and also their architectural pretensions. Pall Mall is a favourite locality with them, and bids fair to become a street of club-houses. In the centre the "houses of call" of the two rival political parties, the Carlton and the Reform Club, keep watch and ward over each other. Near the west end of the street the United University opens wide its doors to the alumni of Oxford and Cambridge, and is much be-



[Oxford and Cambridge Club House.]

loved of such clergymen as, like Vanbrugh's Lady Grace, love to be a *leetle* dissipated "soberly." Passing to the east from the Reform Club, there is the Traveller's, for the reception of such as have "swum in a gondola;" the Athenæum, for the worshippers of the goddess Minerva, who stands over the door with downward-pointing finger, as if saying, "This man may enter—that man may not;" and the United Service, which appears, by the simple and somewhat barn-like style of its architecture, intended to keep its inmates in mind of life in the barracks. But Pall Mall is far too narrow to contain these multitudinous establishments: they overflow into all kinds of neighbouring streets. At the corner of Cockspur Street is the Union, beloved of the late James Smith; in Regent Street is the Junior United Service, and a club with a very hard name, the Erectheium—an establishment that stands in somewhat the same relation to the Athenæum that a tap does to its hotel; in St. James's Street the two Whites', Brookes's, Crockford's, the Guards', and some more, crowd upon each other; and the Colonial has nestled itself in the house once Sir Philip Francis's in St.

James's Square. This is a tolerable list, and yet some clubs of note remain unnamed, as, for example, the Wyndham.

The features of all are much the same; places they are wherein to murder time; some are places of amusement under the pretence of promoting serious business, and some are places where serious business is sometimes transacted in the yawning intervals of pleasure. The political clubs are of considerable use to political leaders, especially when their party is in opposition. Ministerial leaders can ingratiate themselves with a partisan whom they would not like to admit to their own table by sending him and his family cards to a Queen's ball; but the Opposition have no such lightning-conductor to carry off their vulgarian friends, so they allow them a kind of equality within the walls of the club as a set-off. Politics are not altogether excluded from other clubs, indeed they are a condiment indispensable at every English table. When Vanbrugh erected his theatre in the Haymarket in 1706, "on the first stone that was laid were inscribed the words LITTLE WHIG, as a compliment to a celebrated beauty, the toast and pride of that party." Club loungers naturally betake themselves to politics, as fine ladies have been known to do, for a relief to ennui. The idle man of fashion seeks relief in business sufficiently important to be exciting, in the same manner as the grave man of business is apt to plunge into dissipation for relief. And in both cases it is odds that the fresh new-comer outstrips the old *habitués* in the race. The decline of drinking and gaming may have been favourable to political amusements: men must have some stimulus; and in this decorous age, though a De Roos will arise from time to time, men do not venture to shake the dice-box so pertinaciously as Charles James Fox. That habit, however, survived in full force to a not very distant period. Club-houses, their character, rise, and progress, deserve a chapter to themselves: we have taken them up at present on the same principle that Falstaff says Worcester took up rebellion—they lay in our way, and we found them.

But to our tale.

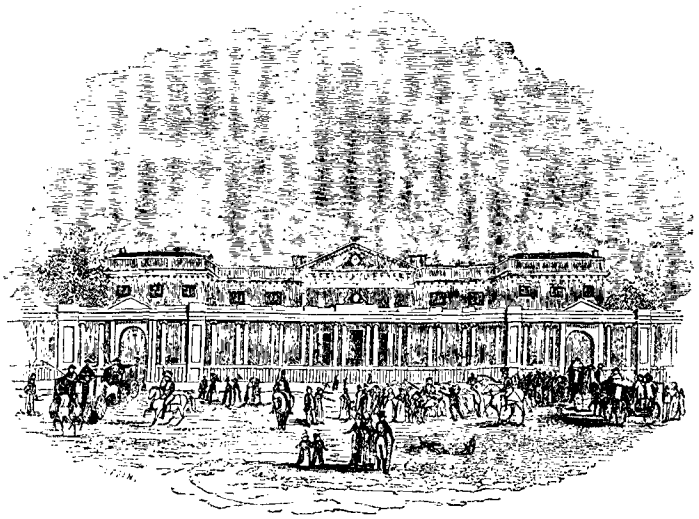
The transformation of Carlton House into a nursery for the younger sprouts of royalty has already been noticed, and a hint given that the decorations commenced under Frederick Prince of Wales were carried to their height by George Prince of Wales and Prince Regent. Pall Mall certainly has gained by the substitution of the airy open space between it and the Duke of York's Pillar, the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs, for Carlton House. That palace, probably because it stood on the declivity towards the Park, looked low and insignificant, and the screen of Ionic columns in front did not much mend the matter.

"Care colonne, che fatti quá?
Non sapiamo, in verità"—

was the sarcastic dialogue inscribed upon them by some Italian refugee, who had brought a taste for real art from his own country. Sheridan's allusion to them was not much more complimentary. About the time that the Duke of York took possession of Melbourne House, now Lady Dover's, near the Horse Guards, of which the most remarkable feature is the cupola in front, some discussions were raised (no uncommon case) in Parliament about the debts of the royal brothers. A considerable amount of virtuous indignation was of course

expressed by the Opposition of the day; and, some of their remarks having been reported to Sheridan when he entered the House, "I wonder," said he, "what amount of punishment of these young men would satisfy some people! Has not the one got into the Roundhouse, and the other into the *Pillory?*"

Carlton House did not carry many historical reminiscences with it when it was pulled down. It was the Regent's residence during the whole time of the Penin-



[Carlton House, Levee Day.]

sular war, but its connexion with the martial exploits of that period was merely accidental: the more distinguished soldiers who had occasion to visit London got an occasional dinner there. It derived a temporary *éclat* from so many of Moore's squibs being directed against it and its occupant; but this interest is of the kind upon which time operates with most destructive effect. Twenty or thirty years have a withering influence over lampoons. Already it is as difficult to enter into the spirit of those of Tom Moore as of those of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams; and the Irish poet himself, in a fit of real or affected modesty, has gone far to accelerate the work of time. In vindicating himself from the charge of having repaid the hospitality of the Regent with satire, he has succeeded in proving that he could know very little of that Prince's personal habits and domestic arrangements; and has thus lowered the value of his rhymes—in so far as they might have been taken to convey authentic information regarding the manners of a Court—to that of the lampoons of any newspaper hack.

"Non omnis moriar" may, however, still be the motto of the old house. Something of Carlton House will still survive so long as the fame of Beau Brummell lives. Since his star was eclipsed, England has, properly speaking, had no beau, and indeed no character to supply the vacancy. He was the last of a race now apparently extinct. Contrary to the anticipations of a great poet, the dynasty of dandies has not been succeeded by some other herd of imitated imitators. The sceptre of foppery, handed down from Sir Fopling Flutter—

"He's knight of the shire, and represents you all,"—

through Sir Plume,

> "Of amber-colour'd snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,"—

found no hand capable of wielding it after the deposition of Brummell. Fops, beaux, maccaronies, dandies—the same things under various names—are extinct. Prize-fighters and puppies have both gone out. Tom Cribb's parlour has contracted a dingy appearance—you may write your name in the dust which covers the tables; and your tailor finds difficulty in inventing a name of sufficient eminence in dress to pass off a new cut or shade of trousers.

Pall Mall retains unchanged its public character. There is Vulliamy's, to attract those who are curious in taking note how they lose their time; and Senior's, for those who think the occasional purchase of a foreign book stamps them literary characters. One compartment of Schomberg House is occupied by one of the most recherché mercers of the day; military clothiers abound; Sams is to be found at one end of the street, and Moon and Graves at the other. Besides, the clubs are a centre of attraction to those who are members, and also to those who would have people infer, from seeing them in this quarter, that they are members. The Opera House draws gay crowds at night, and the British Institution in the daytime. So the dash and glance of carriages as they wind through the crowd in mazy evolutions—the flutter of silks, waving of hands and glances of eyes, the brief dear whisper leaning on the door of the landaulet—all are as of old, "the everlasting to be that hath been." Sometimes a transient cause of excitement enhances the bustle: thus during the last general election the array of led horses, drawn up rank and file in front of the Carlton Club, was positively imposing: in the effervescence of their success, the inmates seemed preparing to take Downing Street by a charge of cavalry.

The domesticities of Pall Mall seem to have experienced little alteration since the days of Beau Fielding. It is there that the beau's literary namesake places Nightingale and Tom Jones when they leave the lodgings of Mrs. Miller in Bond Street. And to this day a commission of inquiry might find similar loose hangers-on upon society resident there. These lodgings are also much affected by certain members of parliament, on account of their proximity to the clubs: the Irish predominate, though we have a dim recollection of one English M.P. addicted to poetry, who took up his abode in one of the houses (already more than once alluded to) between St. James's Square and Pall Mall, in order that the view of the Carlton on one side might remind him of the stern realities of life, while the contemplation of the shrubs and duck-pond of the square on the other might sooth him in his imaginative moods. It was under these auspices that he composed his immortal sonnet, 'A poet-statesman at the grave of Jane Jones.'

Nor is Pall Mall altogether destitute of tragic associations, though certainly those of a lighter and gayer complexion predominate. In the paper on 'Piccadilly' we commemorated Sir Thomas Wyatt's march along it, when a cannon-shot from the Queen's forces occupying the hill above killed one or two of his followers, and drove in some yards of the park-wall. It was nearly opposite the south-west corner of the Opera House that Mr. Thynne was assassinated by the retainers of Count Königsmark—one of them a strange compound of Dirk Hatteraick ("Virtue! Donner! I always accounted to my employers for the last stiver!")

and the French Countess, who was of opinion that God Almighty would think twice before he damned a person of good family. And it was in the Star and Garter (in the very house where gas first poured its fairy radiance on a street in the beginning of this century—not far from the spot where experiments are now making on the efficacy of the Bude light in street illumination) that William Lord Byron killed his cousin, Mr. Chaworth, in an extempore duel. The memory of this transaction has been longer preserved than it might otherwise have been from its bearing on the history of the poet who inherited the title; and yet, for those who find the study of the strange windings and cross-turns of human character attractive, the story is not devoid of an interest of its own. The young men were cousins; Lord Byron seems to have had more mind, to have been more considerate, than the other. In the discussion (about the preservation of game) in which the fatal quarrel originated, he not only embraced the more creditable side of the argument, but the very taunts and jeers thrown out on the occasion imply that he acted upon the principles he advocated. But he was a slave to that constitutional timidity which degrades a man in his own eyes quite as much as in the eyes of the world. His intellectually less gifted cousin was a finer animal—a frank, straightforward, confident being—borne onward by the sanguine spirits of perfect health—a graceful object to all beholders—and tainted with the overbearing spirit which want of reflection generates in such spirits. It is clear that in his contempt for his cousin William's timidity he had overlooked his good qualities, and recklessly and causelessly been in the habit of wounding his feelings by alluding to it. It is equally clear that these insults had sown the seeds of bitterness in a mind naturally of kind dispositions, and possessed of sufficient sense to struggle against, but not to master, the malignant feelings called up by persevering, unprovoked contumely. The deportment of Chaworth, when invited by Lord Byron to enter a separate room, was that of a man astonished to see the worm he has trodden upon turning on him. The deportment of Lord Byron after he had wounded his adversary was that of a conscious coward astonished at his own momentary valour:—"I am as brave as any man," he cried, as he allowed himself to be disarmed. Chaworth died in character; incapable of seeing that he had given any just cause of provocation; triumphing in the thought that he was conquered only because he was taken somewhat unawares. The fate of the survivor was still more melancholy: to bear about for years the consciousness that he had killed a near relation without convincing the world that he possessed courage, and with the damning sense of cowardice still clinging to him.

Enough has been said to show what throngs of associations crowd Pall Mall for those who—living more in books and in the memory of the past than in the busy world *in*, and not *of* which chance has made them denizens, close the eyes of their body to open

> "The visionary eye whose lid
> Moves not and cannot fall;"—

they who, like poor Susan, can behold

> "Volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
> While a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside;"—

or, like Old Adam, the Farmer of Tilsbury Vale,

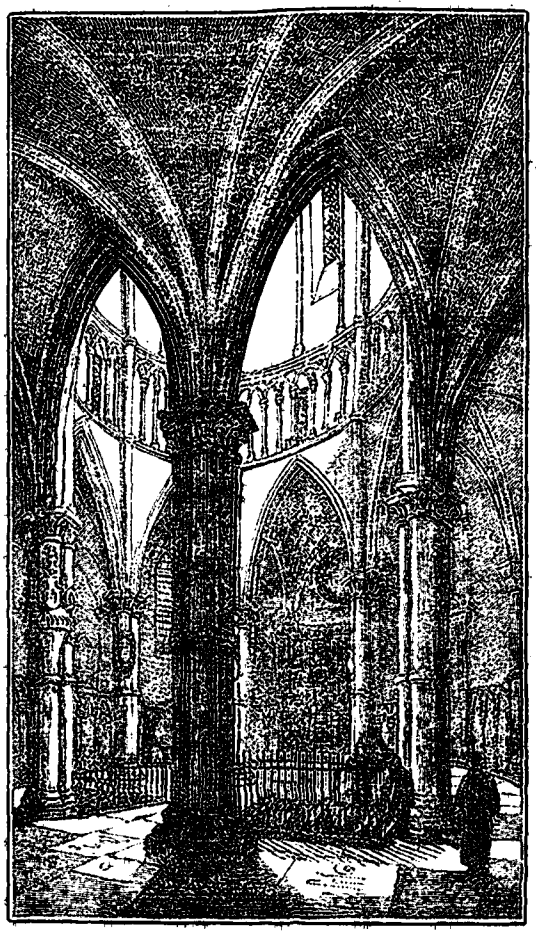
> "While he watches the clouds that pass over the streets,
> With a look of such earnestness often will stand,
> You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the Strand"—

see other sights in Pall Mall than the carriages that hurry and the loungers that saunter past them. Full "in their mind's eye," Beau Brummell stands, with a hand in each pocket of his swallow-tailed coat, bringing the pendant ribbons round before him, and looking with an air of grave mockery upon Bubb Doddington, who, in his best-fancied birthday suit, bows right to Beau Fielding attired in the very dress he showed to Mrs. Wadsworth, and left to Sir Fopling Flutter, who, in the "sacred periwig" which "wind ne'er blew nor touch of hat profaned,"

> "Returns the diving bow he did adore,
> Which with a shag casts all the hair before,
> Till he with full decorum brings it back,
> And rises with a water-spaniel shake."

Not far distant, Dodsley, in the periwig and full coat of burgess "well to do in the world," beneath which peep out a pair of irreproachable "yellow plushes," bows deferentially to Burke, casting a sidelong glance of patronage, not unmixed with respect, upon the colossal slouch of Johnson, in his coat of rusty-brown and unchanging scratch-wig. In the distance the shadowy form of Thynne points to his wound, and Chaworth frowns on Lord Byron, who shuffles past as if he would fain apologise for having the presumption to kill him, but cannot muster courage to do it. The Duchess of Cleveland's carriage is disappearing round the far corner of the street with Wycherley's in full pursuit, at which Beau Fielding smiles meaningly, as who would say, "My turn will come."

[Sculpture on Thynne's Monument in Westminster Abbey.]



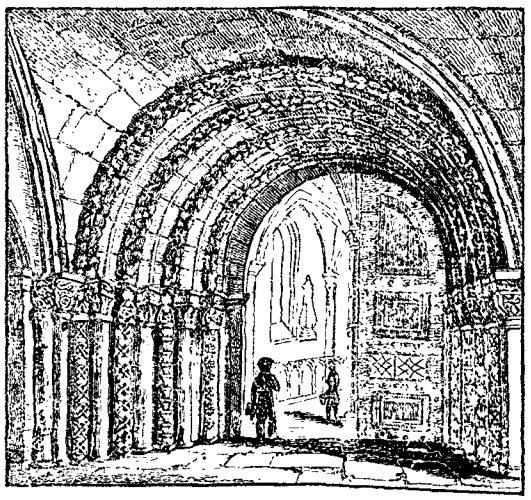
[Interior of the Round.]

LXX.—THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

THERE seems to be a strong under-current of enlightened and generous sentiment respecting the care of our national edifices moving beneath the surface of the bustling, struggling, money-loving world, which it is pleasant to reflect on and still more delightful to see—revealing itself, as it does, in the restoration of such beautiful structures as the Lady Chapel, Southwark; and Crosby Place; and in the still more important works of reviving the pristine splendour of the Abbey of St. Albans, and of the old and famous church of the Knights Templars, now in progress, the subject of the present paper. In expense, magnificence, and refined taste, this last-mentioned restoration promises—the extent of the original being considered—to surpass every similar attempt known in this country. In looking also at the quarter from whence the funds for these

labours are obtained, one finds fresh cause for satisfaction. The benefactors are no longer isolated individuals, but a combination of many, or even public bodies. Thus, whilst the Lady Chapel and Crosby Place have been, and St. Albans is in process of being, restored, each at the expense of a considerable number of subscribers from different ranks of society, the works at the Temple Church, on which an enormous sum of money is to be expended, are being carried into effect by the unaided efforts of the Societies to which it belongs—those of the Inner and Middle Temple. This is, perhaps, the most cheering symptom of the whole. When we consider how many of our noblest cathedrals, churches, halls, and other public buildings are directly or indirectly connected with wealthy and influential bodies, we may judge what wonders may be worked by the practical example of the Templars. We see, indeed, good grounds to hope that it will mark an era which the future antiquary—and not him only—will be delighted to refer to;—an era from whence no edifice of real value, whether for its intrinsic grandeur or beauty, its place in the history of art, or for its associations, will be allowed to sink into irretrievable decay and ruin, as too many have done, nay, as too many yet are suffered to do. Apart from the ordinary advantages pointed out by the advocates of such restorations, there is one which we do not remember to have seen dwelt on sufficiently. To a large number of persons—the intelligent poor, who have no money to buy books, nor leisure to read them, in particular—these national memorials have a peculiar value. They are not to them merely objects of interest as the "local habitations" of men and deeds already made familiar by history; they *are visible history itself.* To adduce no other example than that afforded by the subject before us, here in this very low and dark passage, through which crowds are hurrying, some to the chambers of the men of law who are in this part so thickly clustered together, some to make a shorter cut from Temple Bar to Blackfriars, and inhale the pleasant breeze from the Temple Garden in their way—in this very passage how often may we not see the artisan, with his basket of tools on his shoulder, pausing to gaze on some peculiar expression that has caught his eye in one of the faces of the beautiful Norman gateway before us, and then, by a natural process, on the gate



[Entrance Doorway.]

itself—the church within—into which he peeps curiously; whilst, lastly, his thoughts revert to the Knights Templars, whose church he has heard it was, and as he connects the skill, the courage, and the rank conveyed in the idea of knights, with what he sees, the peaceful and holy temple before him, so gloriously adorned with all the braveries of architecture, sculpture, painting, and yet so simple, almost austere in its general effect, he arrives, perhaps unconsciously, to a very fair notion of that extraordinary and interesting class of men.

Pending the completion of the church, according to the splendid designs for its restoration, we shall not attempt a description of the edifice; but in the mean time let us imagine ourselves entering the interior as it was till recently, and call up some of the historical associations in which it is so rich. The church, as no doubt most of our readers know, is divided into two portions, opening, however, into each other—a circular part called the Round, and an oblong. The different architecture as well as the different shapes show that these portions belong not to the same period. The Round is of course the oldest, and is a most remarkable feature, there being but three other churches in England of the same form. Above six centuries and a half have elapsed since the consecration of this part, an event not merely noticeable in itself as marking the culminating period of the Knights Templars in England, but for the circumstances with which it was attended.

In the year 1128, Hugh de Payens, the head of a new and strange society, which had excited much notice among the pious and warlike of England, arrived in London to explain its objects, and extend its scope and influence. We may imagine the interest with which his auditors (among whom were the King, Henry I., and his court) listened to his tale of the origin and progress of the order. But a few years before, himself and eight other Knights, pitying the sufferings of the Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem, recently recovered from the Infidels by the first Crusaders, entered into a solemn compact to devote their lives and fortunes to the defence of the highway from the inroads of the Mussulmans, and the ravages of the numerous robbers who infested it. "Poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ" they then called themselves; but, as their services became conspicuous, and the heads of the church lodged them within the enclosure of the Temple on Mount Moriah (the site of the great Jewish structure destroyed by Titus), and amidst that magnificent assemblage of buildings partly erected by the Christian Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century, and partly by the Mussulman Caliph Omar, in the seventh, this new combination of the somewhat opposite qualities of the warrior and the monk became known as the *Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon.* Their rise was rapid, and so was the growth of their ambition. Presently they enlarged their object from the defence of the roads to the defence of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem itself; and eminent men from various countries joined their society, and threw their whole possessions into the common stock. Hugh de Payens was made Master; who, having first succeeded in obtaining the sanction of the Pope in a personal visit, spread everywhere throughout Europe the knowledge of the actual purposes of the new Order, and sought assistance. He set out from Jerusalem with four brethren; he returned to it, after his visit to England, with three hundred, all chosen from the noblest families of Europe, and principally from France and England. The days of the

Order when two Knights (Hugh de Payens himself and a companion) were compelled to ride one horse, a memorable circumstance commemorated in the Seal of the Order, were at an end now; and an opposite danger, that of too much wealth, was, as subsequent events showed, the most to be guarded against. Before Hugh de Payens' departure from England, he placed a Knight Templar, called the Prior of the Temple, at the head of the Society in this country, whose duty it was, in common with all the similarly appointed persons throughout Europe, to manage the estates and affairs of the Order, and transmit the revenues to Jerusalem. Numerous Templar establishments now sprang up in different parts of Great Britain, the chief of which was that of London. The site of the first metropolitan house was in Holborn, where Southampton House was afterwards erected, and subsequently the existing Southampton Buildings. And here a very interesting remain was discovered, but we regret to say not preserved, an ancient circular chapel of Caen stone. This house Hugh de Payens himself saw formally established. As the English Knights increased in number and wealth, they purchased the site of the present Temple, and set about erecting their magnificent church and other buildings. To distinguish this house from that of Holborn, the one was called the *New*, and the other the *Old* Temple.

Whilst these works were fast progressing to completion, and the Templars were probably looking for some distinguished personage to consecrate and open their house with suitable honours and ceremonies, the misfortunes of their brethren in Palestine brought no less a personage than Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, to England, accompanied by the Master of St. John's, now, in emulation of the Templars, a fighting as well as a religious establishment. It was evident that the state of affairs must be critical that could have brought such messengers together. After a long-protracted struggle, attended by many alternations of success to both sides, but ending generally in the increased power of the followers of Mahomet, particularly after the appearance of Saladin on the scene, nearly the whole body of the Templars were destroyed or taken prisoners in a terrific battle between the Christian and Mussulman armies on the banks of the Jordan in 1179. Among the prisoners was Odo de St. Amand, the Master, who truly "perished in his pride," although his motives demand both sympathy and admiration. Saladin offered him his liberty in exchange for his nephew, who was in the hands of the Templars; but the only reply he could obtain was that a Templar ought either to conquer or die, and that the only ransom he had to give was his girdle and his knife. He was thrown into the dungeons of Damascus, where he languished and died. Subsequent successes, however, enabled the Christian warriors to give Saladin a serious check, when a truce for four years was agreed to. It was to make the best use of this temporary suspension of arms that Heraclius the Patriarch, the Master of the Temple, and the Master of St. John's, proceeded to Europe. Their chief hope was in Henry II. of England, who had promised, on receiving absolution for the murder of Becket, to proceed in person to Palestine with a great army, and to maintain, in particular, two hundred Templars at his own expense. To fortify their position, the trio obtained letters from the Pope, threatening Henry with the judgment of Heaven if he failed in his engagements. The Master of the Temple died at Verona, on

the way, the other two arrived in England in 1185. Henry met them at Reading, and listened with tears to their statements, as, throwing themselves on their knees before him, they described the state of the Holy Land, and besought his assistance. Their reception was very encouraging, and Henry promised to bring the matter before Parliament, when it met, on the first Sunday in Lent.

In the mean time the English Templars brought Heraclius to their house and church here (the round portion), now finished, and requested him to consecrate the latter. Familiar as he was with the gorgeous architectural splendours of Jerusalem, Heraclius must have examined with pleasure the beautiful house of the Templars in London, which was not merely beautiful, but replete with all conveniences suitable to so distinguished and wealthy a community, and every way fitted for the due performance of the discipline of the Order. The Church, with its circular, sweeping colonnade and tesselated pavement below, and noble arches, stained windows, and painted and groined ceiling above; the peaceful-looking cloisters; the separate residences of the Prior or Master, and the Knights, the Chaplains, and serving brethren, the retainers and domestics; the Refectory where they dined, and the Chapter House where they held their meetings; and lastly, the garden or pleasaunce on the banks of the Thames, where the brethren not only walked but trained their horses, and performed military exercise—all betokened the firm hold the Order had here obtained, and the taste and wealth at its disposal. Heraclius now performed the act required of him; and, till the year 1695, when some workmen destroyed it, there was an inscription recording the circumstance placed over the little door leading from the Round into the Cloisters, granting an indulgence of fifty days to those yearly seeking the sacred edifice. On this same visit, it is deserving of notice, Heraclius consecrated the church of the rival Society of Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, at Clerkenwell.* In the house of the latter, just one month after the performance of the ceremony at the Temple, the Parliament met; when, among other distinguished persons present, were William, King of Scotland, and his brother David. An earnest discussion took place on Heraclius's demands for succour, the King expressing his desire to fulfil his promise, but secretly wishing, there is little doubt, to be spared its performance; whilst the barons, and others present, represented to him that he was bound by the solemn oath of his coronation to stay at home and govern his dominions. They tried a kind of compromise, in offering to raise fifty thousand marks to defray the expenses of a levy of troops, and added their desire that all Nobles and others desiring to join the Christian bands in Palestine should be freely permitted so to do. The result is thus told by Fabyan, on the authority of a still older chronicler:—"Lastly, the King gave answer, and said that he might not leave his land without keeping, nor yet leave it to the prey and robbery of Frenchmen. But he would give largely of his own to such as would take upon them that voyage. With this answer the Patriarch was discontented, and said, 'We seek a man, and not money; well-near every Christian region sendeth unto us money, but no land sendeth to us a Prince. Therefore we ask a Prince that needeth money, and not money that needeth a Prince.' But the King laid for him such excuses, that the Patriarch departed

* For an account of this body, including some notices of its quarrels with the Templars, the burning of the Temple by Wat Tyler, &c., see 'St. John's Gate,' vol. ii. p. 133.

from him discontented and comfortless, whereof the King being advertised, intending somewhat to recomfort him with pleasant words, followed him unto the sea-side. But the more the King thought to satisfy him with his fair speech, the more the Patriarch was discontented, insomuch that, at the last, he said unto him, 'Hitherto thou hast reigned gloriously, but hereafter thou shalt be forsaken of Him whom thou at this time forsakest. Think on Him, what he hath given to thee, and what thou hast yielded to Him again; how first thou wert false unto the King of France, and after slew that holy man Thomas of Canterbury, and lastly thou forsakest the protection of Christian faith.' The king was moved with these words, and said unto the Patriarch, 'Though all the men of my land were one body, and spake with one mouth, they durst not speak to me such words.' 'No wonder,' said the Patriarch, 'for they love thine, and not thee; that is to mean, they love thy goods temporal, and fear thee for loss of promotion, but they love not thy soul.' And when he had so said, he offered his head to the King, saying, 'Do by me right as thou didst by that blessed man Thomas of Canterbury, for I had liever to be slain of thee than of the Saracens, for thou art worse than any Saracen.' But the King kept his patience and said, 'I may not wend out of my land, for my own sons will arise against me when I was absent.' 'No wonder,' said the Patriarch, 'for of the Devil they come, and to the Devil they shall go;' and so departed from the King in great ire." Such was the result of the Patriarch's mission to England, from which so much had been hoped.

As the consecration of the new Temple Church may be said to mark the consummation of the establishment of the Order in England, we may with propriety follow our notice of that event with a few words on the constitution of the house, and its discipline. Their rule was drawn up by their early patron, St. Bernard; their chief privileges they derived from Pope Alexander, who in 1172 promulgated a bull in their favour. The head of the house was now styled the Master of the Temple, and it was to distinguish the supreme head at Jerusalem from these minor potentates that it became a custom to call the latter the Grand Master. The master was elected by the chapter or assembly of the knights from among themselves. His jurisdiction extended not only over his own house in London, but over all the provincial priors or preceptors and their establishments. These houses the master visited in succession. The main body of the Templars were persons who had been previously knights (none other were admitted into their *class*), and whose fathers were or might have been knights. On their entrance into the Order they had to declare themselves free from all obligations, that they were neither married nor betrothed, had never taken vows nor been consecrated in any other religious order; that they were neither in debt nor diseased, and that they possessed sound, healthy constitutions. On the south side of the Round there was to be found, till the year 1827, an ancient structure, called the Chapel of St. Anne, formerly enjoying a peculiar reputation, as making barren women, who resorted thither to pray, "joyful mothers of children." In this chapel, no doubt, according to the custom of the Templars generally, would take place the introduction of new candidates into the Order—a solemn and most impressive proceeding, during which the whole body of knights were present. After a variety of preliminary questions put to the candidate before his entrance into the midst of the assembly of the knights, and satisfactory answers received, he was

conducted to their presence, when, kneeling before the Master with folded hands, he said, "Sir, I am come, before God, and before you and the brethren, and pray and beseech you, for the sake of God and our dear Lady, to admit me into your Society and the good deeds of the Order, as one who will be, all his life long, the servant and slave of the Order." The Master then replied, "Beloved brother, you are desirous of a great matter, for you see nothing but the outward shell of our Order. It is only the outward shell when you see that we have fine horses and rich caparisons,—that we eat and drink well, and are splendidly clothed. From this you conclude that you will be well off with us. But you know not the rigorous maxims which are in our interior. For it is a hard matter for you, who are your own master, to become the servant of another. You will hardly be able to perform, in future, what you wish yourself. . . . . When you wish to sleep, you will be ordered to watch; when you will wish to watch, then you will be ordered to go to bed; when you will wish to eat, then you will be ordered to do something else," &c. A renewed series of interrogations followed, in the course of which the candidate bound himself by the most solemn asseverations to be obedient to the head of the house and the chief head at Jerusalem, to observe the customs of the Order, to live in perfect chastity, to help, with all the strength and powers God had bestowed on him, to conquer the Holy Land, and never to be present when a Christian was unjustly and unlawfully despoiled of his heritage. He was then received, assured of "bread and water, and the poor clothing of the Order, and labour and toil enow," and the coveted habit placed on him by the Master, the famous white mantle with the red cross. The Master and Chaplain then kissed him, and the former, whilst the newly-made Templar sat before him, delivered a discourse in which he admonished the listener not to strike or wound any Christian; not to swear, not to receive any attendance from a woman without permission, nor to kiss any woman at any time, even his mother or sister, not to assist in any baptismal ceremony, never to abuse or call names, but be ever courteous and polite. He was also directed to sleep in a linen shirt, drawers, and hose, and with a small girdle round his waist, to attend divine service punctually, to sit down to table and rise from it with prayer, and to preserve silence in the interim. Lastly, when he heard of the Master's death he was to repeat immediately, wherever he might be, two hundred pater nosters for the repose of his soul. The ceremony over, the new member received clothes, arms, and equipments, and no longer appeared abroad but in his costume of a Knight Templar, such as we here behold him. He was allowed also three horses and an esquire, who was sometimes a serving brother, sometimes a hired layman, and sometimes a youth of noble birth, proud to serve so distinguished a personage.

Directly attached to the body of knights were two other classes, the chaplains and the serving brethren, and somewhat more remotely the affiliated, and the Donates and Oblates. Through the class of serving brethren many found admittance into the Order, who, not enjoying the honour of knighthood, and knightly descent, must have been otherwise by the rules proscribed. Some distinguished men joined the Society even in this comparatively humiliating position. The affiliated comprised persons from all ranks of society and of both sexes, who, desiring to assist the Order, or to share in the advantages connected with

it, such, for instance, as the exemption from the effects of interdict enjoyed by the Templars, were permitted to join the Order, without assuming its habit, its hardships, and its dangers, on taking certain vows, as that of chastity, and engaging to leave their property to the Templars on their death. The great Pope, Innocent III., did not disdain to declare himself as standing in this position to the Society, in one of his bulls. The Donates and Oblates were either children destined to the service of the Order, or persons who engaged to promote its welfare to the best of their power while they lived: princes were to be found among the last-mentioned class.

The very duty of the Knight Templar to fight the enemies of his faith, by compelling him to mix continually and largely with the world, prevented him

[A Knight Templar.]

from observing the strictness of the rules set down for his governance, and, as a very natural consequence, his conduct was no doubt often sufficiently lax when he had no such excuses to plead. Among the rules of the Order that seem to have been religiously observed were those of obedience; at least the punishments were very severe for any breach of such rules, as we are reminded by the sight of the penitential cell of the Temple, which is formed within the solid thickness of the wall of the church, and measures only four feet and a half in length, by two and a half in breadth, so that the unhappy prisoner could not lie down except by drawing his limbs together. One act of mercy, however, there was for him to be thankful for. During divine service he could hear and participate in all that was passing, through one of the apertures here looking into the church. If the secrets of this prison-house could be made known, they would be doubtless appalling; for the meagre facts that have oozed out into the light of day are sufficiently terrible. Here Walter le Bacheler, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was fettered by order of the Master, and left till he died of the severity of his punishment. The corpse was then taken out at daybreak, and buried in the

court between the church and the hall. Besides imprisonment, which was either temporary or perpetual, according as seemed expedient to the Master, the Templars were occasionally scourged on the bare shoulders by the Master's own hands, in the hall, or even whipped in the church on Sundays before the congregation. A knight of the name of Valaincourt once quitted the Order, but, unable most probably to stifle the whisperings of his conscience that he had done wrong, returned, and submitted himself cheerfully to whatever penance the Master thought proper to impose. He was accordingly condemned to eat for a year on the ground with the dogs, to fast four days in the week on bread and water, and every Sunday to be scourged in the church before all assembled.

A public exhibition such as that last named no doubt had a double effect, and edified the world as much as the criminal. The Order for a long time, indeed, seems to have been, as it deserved, highly popular, for its piety, bravery, and humility; and the usual consequences of popularity in those days followed. Great men desired to be buried among them, which could only be accomplished by a connexion with their Society in one of the available modes; lands, manors, houses, fairs, privileges were showered upon them; money was deposited with them in cases of peculiar danger; and one monarch at a somewhat critical time deposited himself in their community. This was King John, who, during the period of the arrangements connected with the signing of the Great Charter, resided here. Numerous documents of this king's are dated from the Temple. Among other distinguished visitors was one the Templars must have been glad to get rid of—Martin, the Pope's nuncio, of whom Matthew Paris says, "He made whilst residing at London in the New Temple unheard-of extortions of money and valuables. He imperiously intimated to the abbots and priors that they must send him rich presents, desirable palfreys, sumptuous services for the table, and rich clothing; which being done, that same Martin sent back word that the things sent were insufficient, and he commanded the givers thereof to forward him better things, on pain of suspension and excommunication."* The treasure deposited in the Temple must have been frequently immense, from the quality of the depositors or the circumstances of the deposit. Fully trustworthy, enjoying the privilege of sanctuary, and able so well to defend personally whatever was in their charge, the Templars became distinguished as the safest of guardians on all extraordinary occasions. The king, his court, and chief ecclesiastics, all made the Temple their bank when they pleased, and here, too, were brought all monies collected for the Christian service in Palestine. The most remarkable record on this subject is connected with the great Earl of Kent, Hubert de Burgh, on whose disgrace and committal to the Tower the King began to look shrewdly after the captive's treasures. Matthew Paris says, "It was suggested to the King, that Hubert had no small amount of treasure deposited in the New Temple, under the custody of the Templars. The King, accordingly, summoning to his presence the Master of the Temple, briefly demanded of him if it was so. He indeed, not daring to deny the truth to the King, confessed that he had money of the said Hubert, which had been confidentially committed to the keeping of himself and his brethren, but of the quantity and amount thereof he was altogether ignorant. Then the King endeavoured with threats to

* Transcribed for Mr. Addison's 'History of the Knights Templars,' p. 113.

obtain from the brethren the surrender to him of the aforesaid money, asserting that it had been fraudulently subtracted from his treasury. But they answered to the King, that money confided to them in trust they would deliver to no man without the permission of him who had intrusted it to be kept in the Temple. And the King, since the above-mentioned money had been placed under their protection, ventured not to take it by force. He sent, therefore, the treasurer of his court, with his justices of the Exchequer, to Hubert, who had already been placed in fetters in the Tower of London, that they might exact from him an assignment of the entire sum to the King. But when these messengers had explained to Hubert the object of their coming, he immediately answered that he would submit himself and all belonging to him to the good pleasure of his sovereign. He therefore petitioned the brethren of the chivalry of the Temple that they would, in his behalf, present all his keys to his lord the King, that he might do what he pleased with the things deposited in the Temple. This being done, the King ordered the money, faithfully counted, to be placed in his treasury, and the amount of all the things found to be reduced into writing and exhibited before him. The King's clerks, indeed, and the treasurer acting with them, found deposited in the Temple gold and silver vases of inestimable price, and money and many precious gems, an enumeration whereof would, in truth, astonish the hearers."*

Of the eminent persons who caused their bodies to be here interred some very interesting memorials are preserved. We allude to the two ranges

[Effigies of Knight Templars.]

of monumental effigies of great men reposing in their habits as they lived; one of five figures on the north side of the entrance to the oblong part of the church; the other of four, and a coped stone, the top of a coffin, on the south. The first figure on the left in the range here shown is that of Geoffrey de Magnaville, the bold and bad son of the Norman baron of the same name who distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings. This baron, after committing all kinds of excesses

* History of 'Knights Templars,' p. 112.

during the troubled reign of Stephen, died excommunicated by the church, and abandoned by all but the Templars, who, finding him repentant, put their habit on him, and enrolled him among their order. On his death, as they dared not bury him in consecrated ground, they hung him up in a leaden coffin on a tree in the garden here, where he remained till absolution was obtained some years afterwards, when they buried him in the portico before the western door. Next to him is the effigy of the famous Protector, the Earl of Pembroke, to whom Henry III. was indebted for the safety of his throne during his minority, and the people of England for healing, as far as they could be healed, the dissensions between the barons, and for driving the French from the country. He was buried here on Ascension-day, 1219. The expressive and beautiful effigy which forms the third in the group represents the youthful-looking Lord de Ros, one of the foremost of the memorable men who forced the Charter from John. None

[Effigies of Knight Templars.]

of the other figures in this and the following range can be distinguished with any certainty. It is known that two of the sons of the Protector Pembroke, William and Gilbert Marshal, were here buried, and the two effigies to the right, which have evidently a kind of correspondence (such for instance as the turn of the bodies in opposite directions), are supposed to be theirs. William Marshal, another of the patriots of Runnymede, married King John's daughter, and was therefore brother-in-law to Henry III., who was so grieved at his death that, on attending the funeral, he could not conceal his emotion. We need hardly add that all the cross-legged figures represent crusaders. Among other persons of eminence whose remains may yet lie beneath the floor along which we are pacing, are William Plantagenet, fifth son of the king just mentioned, and the Bishop of Carlisle, who was killed in 1255 by a fall from his horse, and to whose memory it is supposed the recumbent figure of a bishop in the recess in the south wall was erected. In the tomb beneath, which was opened in 1810, was found, at the feet of the skeleton of the bishop, the skeleton of a very young infant. It may

partly explain this strange circumstance to point out that the tomb had evidently been opened before. Here too the celebrated man of learning, Selden, and Plowden, the eminent lawyer, were both interred. In the churchyard of the Temple many stone coffins have been found, once filled, no doubt, by persons of distinction in their day, but whose very names are now lost in oblivion.

The extraordinary features which from the first characterised the Knights Templars, both in themselves and in their history, and made them so widely and popularly known, and which still invest their name with a thousand romantic associations, were to be equally visible in their melancholy fall and extinction. There seems little doubt but that the body grew in many respects more and more lax in their observance of many of the virtues for which they had at one time been so distinguished; but still it is only simple justice to say that, on the whole, they never lost sight of the object for which they had first banded themselves together: on the contrary, as the fortunes of the Christians in the Holy Land grew darker and darker, their spirits, throwing off much of the grosser corruptions which their immense wealth and irresponsible power had generated, shone out the more clearly through the gloom. They showed by their heroic disregard of danger, sufferings, and death, that they were still the "fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ," if no longer the "poor." Their last great act, the defence of Acre in 1291, was a worthy close to their brilliant career. And, if anything could add to our surprise as well as horror at the ultimate fate of the Order, it is the consideration that the period when the circumstances to which we are about to allude took place was not twenty years removed from this event, in which the great body of the Knights Templars perished, the last defenders of the last (with one exception) Christian stronghold.

The throne of France, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, was occupied by Philip the Fair, a man already distinguished for his avarice, and the unscrupulous means he was accustomed to use for its gratification. But all the evil deeds he had ever committed in this way, we might almost say that any powerful tyrant had ever committed from such motives, were thrown into the shade by the proceedings which now took place. The Templars were known to be wealthy; they had houses in every portion of Christian Europe; their manors and lordships were reckoned at not less than *nine thousand;* the popular opinion estimated their annual revenue at six millions sterling—an exaggeration most probably, but there was quite truth enough in it for Philip the Fair. He was not covetous; if it should turn out a million or so less, why he would be content. Such, no doubt, was one of the directions his thoughts took. Then what an opportunity was afforded by circumstances! That long and expensive day-dream of the Crusades was evidently over; what could the Order want with its wealth? What could the world want with the Order? No doubt the monarch's answers to himself were perfectly satisfactory. Then the example of his brethren of England was before him; both Edward I. and Edward II. had been nibbling at the possessions of the English Templars, influenced most probably by similar considerations. The first monarch, on his victorious return from Wales, being short of money, was seized with a sudden desire to see his mother's jewels, deposited in the Temple. Filial piety found its own reward. Being admitted, he was enabled to carry away ten thousand pounds to Windsor Castle, the Templars said, by breaking

open their coffers. Philip's policy took a subtler—more sweeping course. The Pope, Benedict XI., fortunately died just at that moment, and quickly did Philip obtain the induction of a tool of his own, ready for any work, into the vacant chair of St. Peter. This was Clement V. Rumours, traceable to no particular source, now began to spread abroad through the world that the Templars were not what they seemed, that the Holy Land would not have been lost but for their want of Christianity, and even blacker insinuations were heard. The way thus prepared, the next thing was to secure some base wretch to give these rumours shape by direct accusation. On the 14th of September, 1307, the necessary informations having been obtained from a condemned criminal, said by some writers to be an apostate Templar, Philip struck the first and most important blow. Throughout France the proper officers of the different provinces received at the same time a communication commencing in the following portentous language:—"A deplorable and most lamentable matter, full of bitterness and grief, a monstrous business," &c., had reached the King's ears; and then followed direct charges against the Templars of the vulgarest as well as the most abominable kind of blasphemy against the Saviour, and of the committal of the worst crimes among themselves; and lastly, an order to seize the Templars suddenly, and place them under the power of an inquisition empowered to try them, and employ torture if necessary during the examination. Human nature recoils at the very mention of the sufferings inflicted upon these brave, and we may safely say on the whole, innocent, but most unfortunate men. Of the one hundred and forty who were first put to the torture, no less than thirty-six actually perished in the hands of their tormentors. One of the Templars, who confessed what was desired, when subsequently brought before the commissary of police to be examined, revoked his confession, saying, "They held me so long before a fierce fire that the flesh was burnt off my heels; twe pieces of bone came away, *which I present to you.*" These revocations occurred so often, in spite of the remembrance of what had been suffered, and what might in consequence be yet expected, that Philip, like a wild beast who has tasted of blood, became half frenzied apparently at any opposition, and determined to take wholesale vengeance. In one decree *fifty-four* Templars, who had thus given the most decisive proofs of their innocence (for, be it observed, a continued acknowledgment of guilt would have saved them), were sentenced to be burnt; and this most atrocious act was performed at Paris, in the most barbarous manner. And by a continuance of these processes of the torture and the scaffold in different parts of the country on the one hand, and every kind of deceit, persuasion, and threat on the other, Philip, having ultimately succeeded in clearing the body of all the most high-principled and bravest members, managed to make the remainder somewhat more tractable, among which for the present may be included the Grand Master, whom he had inveigled into France, though of him we shall have again to speak. Let us now turn to the progress of affairs in England.

Edward II. was then king; and this monarch at first turned a deaf ear to Philip's letters and examples, and even wrote to some of the European princes, urging them to take care that due justice was done to the Templars in their dominions. But a papal bull soon ended the threatened opposition from this quarter; and Edward was convinced, or professed to be so, by the Pontiff's

proofs, which consisted essentially of the confessions obtained in the manner already shown. On the 8th of January, 1308, the English Templars, who had been probably lulled into a sense of security by the King's earlier conduct in the matter, were suddenly arrested in all parts of England, and their property seized. Two hundred and twenty-nine of their number in all were thrown into the different prisons of the country, on similar charges; amongst them was William de la More, the Master of the Temple, and most of the other chief officers of the body in this country. Many escaped to Wales, to Ireland, and to Scotland. What a glimpse of the time and the cruel bloodthirsty hunt that was set on foot for these so recently honoured and distinguished men is afforded by a little incident, the account of which has been preserved in our national records!

"The King, &c.—Our favourite valet, Peter Auger, the bearer of these presents, having lately made a vow that he would not shave his beard till he had made a journey to a certain place in parts beyond sea; and the said Peter, being afraid that some one, in consequence of his long beard, may suppose him to have been a Templar, and for that cause may hinder or injure him; we being desirous to bear testimony of the truth, by these presents inform you that the said Peter is our valet de chambre, and that he never was a Templar, but permits his beard to grow long for the cause above specified."*

With the weakness that characterised Edward's conduct throughout, he could not even abide by his first resolution that no torture should be used: the Pope once more induced in him a change. In 1310-11 the unfortunate Templars were here too given up for some months to the unrestricted management of inquisitors appointed by the Pontiff; and even then their enemies failed. On being brought before certain examiners sitting in the churches of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and in St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, every individual without exception declared the innocence of the Order with respect to the foul and monstrous accusations brought against it. It is probable the torture was not carried to the extreme lengths it had been in France. The inquisitors might not have the same confidence in these horrible outrages of human nature under the hesitating Edward, as under the reckless Philip. They accordingly changed their tactics, and were obliged to content themselves with what we should now think much better evidence, if trustworthy, than any torture could have given—the depositions of other parties. Our readers may judge how trustworthy was the information thus obtained from the mere statement of its character. One witness had been told the Templars annually worshipped *a calf;* another that a Templar had in his possession a brazen head which answered all questions; a third that a Templar had confessed to him that, on his admission into the Order, he had been obliged to deny God and Jesus Christ, and to spit on the cross. This last was the favourite charge of the inquisitors, although not a single case was supported by so much proof as would induce a magistrate of the present day to detain a prisoner for a second examination. It moreover failed to satisfy the holy inquisitors themselves; they yearned, no doubt, for their accustomed method, and so were once more indulged with the rack and its kindred influences. A splendid triumph at last was theirs. A chaplain and two poor servingmen were overcome,

* Translated from the original Latin passage, as given in the 'History of the Knights Templars,' with the following references:—*Pat.* 4. E. II., p. 2, m. 20. Dugdale, Hist. Warwickshire, vol. i. p. 962, ed. 1730.

who confessed, publicly, the guilt of the Order as to its contemptuous denial of the Saviour; and, for so doing, were reconciled to the Church. But the main body were as resolute as ever, and a kind of compromise was devised (it were worth knowing by whom) of an ingenious nature. The Templars, it appears, were guilty of believing that the Master had the power of absolution, and had always acted accordingly. It was now kindly pointed out to them that this was a grievous heresy; that the Master, as a layman, could have no such power: the Templars were too wise to quarrel about words, for as a thing it was evident it would never concern them again, so they observed they were ready to abjure that and all other heresies. The admission seems to have been made as much of as if it alone had been the object of all the torture and suffering inflicted. The Templars, in successive bodies, made a public acknowledgment in accordance with what they had said, *and no more;* and they too, like their apostate brethren, were reconciled to the Christian community and its ecclesiastical head. And in this almost ludicrous manner terminated the previously solemn and terrible proceedings against the Templars in England. We must add, however, that their property, in common with the property of the Order generally, was transferred, nominally, by the Pope to the rival Order of St. John, who, it is said, ultimately obtained about a *twentieth* part of their possessions, and the rest was swallowed up by Philip, the Pontiff, Edward II., and the other European Princes, &c. As to the rightful owners, the pettiest meanness was added to all the other atrocities committed upon them; many of the members were reduced almost to starvation, till some of the chief English ecclesiastics interfered and procured their admission into different monasteries. The Order was finally abolished by the Pope in 1312, and the site and buildings of the Temple, with the Church, soon after fell into the hands of the students of the law, recently, and for the first time in England, formed into a society.

All this time the Grand Master, James de Molay, with three others of the most illustrious men among the Knights Templars, were kept in close confinement in Paris; and in March, 1313, as a final close, we presume, to the affair, they were brought out on a scaffold in front of the great church of Notre Dame, to renew their confessions before the eyes of the world. Two of the four did whatever was required, but the Grand Master, to the astonishment of every one present, advancing to the edge of the scaffold, raised his chain-bound hands on high, and, addressing the mighty multitude assembled, said in a loud voice:—

"It is just that, in so terrible a day, and in the last moments of my life, I should discover all the iniquity of falsehood, and make the truth to triumph. I declare then, in the face of heaven and earth, and acknowledge, though to my eternal shame, that I have committed the greatest of crimes; but it has been the acknowledging of those which have been so foully charged on the Order. I attest, and truth obliges me to attest, that it is innocent. I made the contrary declaration only to suspend the excessive pains of torture, and to mollify those who made me endure them. I know the punishments which have been inflicted on all the knights who had the courage to revoke a similar confession; but the dreadful spectacle which is presented to me is not able to make me confirm one lie by another. The life offered me on such infamous terms I abandon without regret." The fourth Templar followed the grand example set him, when both

were hurried back to prison. And so maddened was Philip by this unexpected overthrow of all his precious schemes to leave the evidence of the head of the Order on record against it, that that very same evening he and his companion were burnt to death by small fires of charcoal, which protracted their agonies to the last possible moment. No traces of the former weakness or indecision were visible; the two died as greatly as they had determined to do; Molay, according to a widely-believed tradition, summoning, with his dying breath, the Pontiff to appear before the last awful tribunal within forty days, and the King within twelve months. If the people had half thought the Templars martyrs before, they must have made sure of it when the times mentioned elapsed, and both parties, by their deaths, appeared to have obeyed the dread summons.

{James de Molay, the last Grand Master.}

[Scotsman and Frenchman. From Hogarth's March to Finchley.]

LXXI.—SCOTSMEN IN LONDON.

BY JAMES M'TURK, ESQ.

Mr. Croker has, in more than one of his notes to Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' expressed a conviction that at some period of the Doctor's life, of which no record has been preserved, he must have experienced some unutterable affront or injury from Scotsmen. This seems an uncalled-for conjecture, for although the prejudice against them was real, the expression of it was exaggerated—in moments of controversy by the heat of debate—at other times by that half-sense of shame which prompts us all at times to caricature and burlesque the expression of feelings which we can neither defend nor get rid of. Dr. Johnson's dislike of Scotsmen was rather loud than intense: it was a dislike of his abstract idea of Scotsmen, prompting him to bristle up whenever one approached him for the first time, confirmed or dispelled afterwards by the real qualities of the individual. The impossibility of parting with a playful crotchety grudge was once happily expressed by Charles Lamb to a young Scotch admirer who had introduced himself to "Elia." "Are you a Jew?" asked Charles, when his new acquaintance declined a luncheon of pork-chops, which he hospitably pressed upon him. "No. I am, however, one of your 'imperfect sympathies'—a Scotsman." "Oh," cried Charles, colouring and stammering most desperately, "that's all nonsense, you know. I have a great respect for Scotsmen, if—if—if they did not think such a d——d deal of themselves."

If one were to attempt an analysis of the feelings which keep the Scotch, almost

as much as the Jews, a distinct and peculiar people in London, this notion that they "think such a d——d deal of themselves" will be found at the bottom of the English side of the shyness. A distinct people they undeniably remain: their waters no more mingle and are lost in the great tide of cockneyism than the black waters of the Nahe at Bingen are lost in the strong current of the Rhine. Bread Street may be thought an extreme case—but it will serve to illustrate our position. Bread Street is chiefly tenanted by a colony from Paisley, and the denizens of Paisley are proverbial for their local peculiarities even in Scotland. A sturdy ingenious tribe of small capitalists they are, in whose eyes Paisley is all the world. No more perfect picture of independence can be imagined—not even a chimney-sweep with his hands in his pockets whistling along the pavement of Bond Street—than a Paisley "Cork"—that is, one of those whose industry or good fortune has brought him to float as it were on the surface of their society—standing within his shop-door, or "where Corks most do congregate," the Causeway Side (one of the principal streets in Paisley) on the look-out for a mouthful of gossip. In Bread Street he is the same unsophisticated Cork—loitering about his door in a way unknown to other London tradesmen, his hands cased in his Paisley-gloves (*Anglice* thrust to the bottom of his breeches-pockets), gabbling at the highest pitch of his voice his own ineffable patois.

It is scarcely a paradox to say that you meet with more intense Scotch nationality in London than in Scotland. Every valley or strath of Scotland has a character of its own; and in Edinburgh, the capital where representatives of all these districts are brought into contact, the clannish spirit of the people prevents their mixing. This is the most disagreeable feature of Edinburgh society, or rather this is what prevents it having any society properly so called. Circles there are, or have been, as pleasant as heart can wish—that of which Lord Jeffrey used to be the centre of attraction, the re-unions of Professor Jameson, and some others, live pleasantly in the memory, but they were rather *in* Edinburgh than *of* it. Apart from them the population of Edinburgh consisted of Dumfriesshire people, Fife people, Aberdeenshire people, and so forth. A man must keep company with his own countrymen, or live alone; for access there was none to the intimacy of the different *coteries* except by right of birth. In London, on the contrary, Scotsmen recognise a common nationality, as they do in any other foreign country, and herd lovingly together. The English part of the community know them as merchants, or lawyers, and, above all, as bakers (for, strange though it may appear to those who have tasted bread in Scotland, almost every baker's shop you enter in London is a Scotsman's); but they know little of them as persons to live with: they are public mysteries, mid-day spectres, things to be seen, not touched, except by each other. "They herd together:" they have their Caledonian balls once a-year, at which some of the most imaginative appear in the Highland costume; they have their Presbyterian clergymen and places of worship—Scotch Presbyterianism is quite a different thing from English; and they have an annual dinner of the Caledonian Asylum, after which Highland chiefs win all their hearts by dancing the Highland fling.

This holds true of those who are transplanted to London full-grown and trained, for even Dr. Johnson admitted that a good deal may be made of a Scotsman—if he is caught young. Scotsmen educated at Westminster or Eton—and even some

who have only commenced their English education at Oxford and Cambridge—are scarcely to be known from Englishmen, except the latter, who are apt to be found out in the same manner as the Ionian who was detected at Athens by the extreme purity of his Attic dialect. Scotsmen are so early drilled by their Kirk Sessions into punctilious carefulness in word and deed, that they are always on their guard themselves, and always expecting that others should be so too, and this renders them uncomfortable companions. They can relish the greater freedom of England, but rarely emancipate themselves from their first fetters: like Gray's Eton truants, they taste a fearful joy. We remember a characteristic conversation between two Scotsmen—a retired Indian employé, and an eminent political writer, of whom Bentham used to say, with more candour than politeness, "That his leading articles were excellent, but that his conversation reminded him of a magpie chattering from the back of a jackass." They had—"more suo"—been for half an hour trying to trump each other's panegyrics of their dear native land, when a sudden fit of candour seizing one of them, he exclaimed, "After all, do you think that any one who has been accustomed to London life could exist comfortably in Scotland?" "No, by ——," was the reply. "It is thinking so much of themselves," in this more extended sense of the word —understanding thereby not merely a high estimate of their own merits and importance, but a pedantic, sleepless anxiety as to what people may say or think of them—that keeps Scotsmen in London from mingling kindly with others than themselves.

It is not, however, with the numerous Scotsmen who are in London, without any person being aware of their presence, that we have to do, but with those who have by any means emerged into such notoriety as to become for a time features in the public life of London. These introductory remarks are merely thrown out as tending to explain the dubious feeling with which this class of metropolitan lions have generally been viewed. The writer of these pages ought to know something of the matter, for, as his name indicates, he is descended by the father's side from a clan still tolerably numerous in the South of Scotland,* while by the mother's side he traces his lineage to the eminent scholar mentioned by Smollett, who came all the way from Scotland to teach Londoners the true niceties of English pronunciation. He is thus, to say the least, as well qualified to write about Scotch character as Mr. Logan is to write about Highland costume and antiquities—regarding both of which he has told the Gael a great deal of which they had previously not the slightest suspicion.

The sub-repulsion which undeniably exists between the Scotch and English temperament is more owing to difference of character than to what are properly called faults on either side. The Englishman is more a natural character—is more open to be swayed by impulse; the Scotsman has always before his eyes the ideal held up by the 'Shorter Catechism,' through which he was drilled in youth,—is continually asking himself whether and how far he (and still more others) falls

* Nor is it by any means the only heathenish name to be met with there. At the time of the Reformation the new clergy, in their zeal to put down superstitious customs, issued an edict prohibiting the practice of baptizing bells. It so happened that in the district of Middlebie the Bells were the preponderating clan, and the worthy minister of the parish, misapprehending the edict, refused to administer the sacred rite to any of the name. There are people still alive who remember a respectable family talked of in "the country-side" as the "unbaptized Bells of Middlebie."

short of its requirements, and is more stern and impertinent with this unceasing inquisition the more he feels conscious of not being up to the mark. At the period when English intellect asserted its right to be the normal form of English thoughts, feelings, and actions, and stamped upon the people their national, or, as some call it, Protestant character, the English were already a highly-civilised people—wealthy, animated by the humanized and refined tastes and emotions of a wealthy people, who have by their own energies conquered their wealth—influenced by the teaching and example of learned universities and a brilliant court. The Scotch at the same period of their history were still, in the mass, a barbarous people. Now, it is much more easy for moral and religious reformers to impress belief in a creed, and compliance with a formal external morality, upon a rude than upon a civilized people: individual character is developed in a less marked manner among the former, and their intellects are less inquiring, less difficult to satisfy—there are fewer obstacles in the way of their spiritual teachers acquiring a complete ascendency over them. Though true Protestantism—the exercise as well as the avowal of the right of private judgment—strikes deepest root among a civilised people, formal Protestantism, like formal Romanism, is most easily stamped upon an uncivilized people. And it is your narrow-minded formalist who is ever most apt to lay down the law. Hence, since the time that Scotsmen began to repair in considerable numbers to our capital, they have come lecturing and to lecture, and that John Bull cannot abide.

Non mea verba: the thing is proved by their own best writers; Smollett's Strap and Scott's Ritchie Monyplies are the true exemplars of all their tribe. King James I. of England and VI. of Scotland came not only to reign over but to play the schoolmaster over us, and the latter tyranny was the more insufferable of the two. Then came the Scotch delegates to the Westminster Assembly of divines, resolutely bent upon establishing the reign of terror of Kirk Session and "cutty stool" as rigidly here as in the north, and converting frank jolly Englishmen into the same solemn "prim, pert praters" they had made of great part of the northern race. The 'Edinburgh Review,' when it first started, was little more than an incarnation of the same spirit in a new form. Some young men, on the strength of having read the great English authors, or heard of them through the medium of Dr. Blair, and one or two of them having moreover spent a few months at Oxford, took upon them to lay down the law to the literary world of England. It was as if Strap, Lismahago, Ritchie Monyplies, and Andrew Fairservice had clubbed their forces to—teach their grandmother how to suck eggs.

Intimately and necessarily combined with this lecturing propensity is another Scotch characteristic, even more apt to make their neighbours regard them with a jealous eye, especially their London neighbours; for the genuine Cockney is weak precisely where the Scotsman is strong, and *vice versâ*. The same process of drilling in his tender years which makes the latter a walking sack of sententious maxims qualifies him at the same time for success in business. Narrow-mindedness, and even a spice of pedantry, are no obstacles there. Some foolish people are indignant that the Duke of Wellington, who is neither poet nor philosopher, should have been so uniformly successful, and in such colossal struggles, both as a warrior and a statesman. Why, if the Duke had been either, he might have been a Coleridge, thinking fine and high thoughts, inspiring with the conta-

gious power of thinking men who never could have accomplished it of their own accord, but he never could have *done* anything. To *do*, a man must concentrate his thoughts within the narrow range within which human power can make itself felt; that very discursiveness which charms in the thinker and the poet unfits them for action. And to descend from these altitudes, the very *abandon* which makes the Londoner a pleasing companion unfits him to rival the grim, self-concentrated Scotsman in the earnest business of life. All Englishmen have something more instinctive in their actions than is the case with their northern neighbours; but the high perfection to which the social mechanism has been brought in London renders those who have had in this city their "place of kindly engendure" the moral antipodes of Scotsmen. London habits of business no more cultivate the mind than the monotonous operations of factory spinners and weavers: the difference is that they allow (except in the cases of milliners and a few others) more time for eating, drinking, and sleeping, and that pleasing state of reverie which some men think is thinking. But even in the most perfect machinery cranks and wheels will at times be getting out of order, and the aid of persons is requisite who are shifty and can devise substitutes when routine is at a standstill. Here it is that the Scotsman comes into play; and hence Scotsmen are in demand not merely when accidents happen, but at all times, in order that they may be ready against emergencies. We are referring, it will at once be seen, to the commonplace of life: but it is especially in mediocrity that the Scotch are great. Scott was led by his national partiality into an uncharacteristic mistake when he made Quentin Durward aim so high and so successfully: he was nearer the mark when he set his Nigel to pluck small gamesters with uniform success, and return in triumph to his paternal "peel-house" with a rich city bride, for whom a kind of genealogy had been patched up. The Scotch are first-rate second-rate men; as in their own bagpipes the *drone* is more pleasing than the higher and more varied notes to which it is the monotonous accompaniment. They swarm in counting-houses and engineer-shops—in the subordinate departments of government-offices—in the India-house, and so forth: their triumphs are over the commonplace and narrow-minded of society—the class most alive to the dislike of successful rivals.

To these permanent sources of repulsion which keep the Scots a peculiar people in the great motley mass of London society, accidental circumstances, as above hinted, have from time to time contributed. They were regarded as a set of hungry adventurers, when all the beggarliness of their land flocked southward in the train of King Jamie, to pick up the crumbs that fell from the royal table. The Presbyterians—the *juste milieu* of their age—contrived under the Commonwealth, like all pragmatical holders of the extreme middle, to make themselves universally disliked or despised, and Scotsman and Presbyterian came to be regarded as synonymous terms. The Highlanders in the '15 and '45 frightened the Whigs and angered the English Tories, who had come to regard their political principles as sacred, but too good for common use, as Mrs. Slipslop thought it Atheism to mention the Bible out of church. And by bringing their parish politics into the great concerns of the empire about the beginning of the reign of George III., the Scots contrived to make themselves for a time the popular bugbear. Nor were minor offences wanting; as witness—

Henry, second Earl of Clarendon, writing to Mr. Pepys, in May 1701, says—"The story I told you the other day relating to what they call in Scotland the Second Sight is of so old a date, and so many of the circumstances out of my memory, that I must begin, as old women do their tales to children, 'Once upon a time.' The matter was thus:—One day, I know by some remarkable circumstances it was towards the middle of February 1661-2, the old Earl of Newborough came to dine with my father at Worcester House, and another Scotch gentleman with him, whose name I cannot call to mind. After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman (who was looking very steadfastly upon my wife), 'What is the matter that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my Lady Cornbury ever since she came into the room? Is she not a fine woman? Why dost thou not speak?' 'She is a handsome lady indeed' (said the gentleman) 'but I see her in blood.' Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him; and all the company going out of the room we parted: and I believe none of us thought more of the matter; I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the small-pox: she was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say, if ever she had it she should die of it. Upon the ninth day after the small-pox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose, which quickly stopped; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she died, almost weltering in her blood." Really if Scotland insisted upon sending us long-legged, grim-visaged "gentlemen" to stare ladies out of countenance, and then tell raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories by way of apology—even though they only fell true once in a hundred times—no wonder that the English became somewhat shy of their company.

During the time which elapsed from the accession of James I. till the beginning of the civil war, the Scots seem to have carried it in London with a high hand. This is scarcely in accordance with the caution which we have attributed to them as a national characteristic; but allowance must be made for their elation at that time: they seem to have been possessed with the idea that it was not so much the King as the whole nation that had come to the crown of England, and they were puffed-up accordingly. The freaks even of the higher classes among them in the neighbourhood of the Court at that time read marvellously like those of the Irish hodmen of our day in the courts and alleys where they most resort. Take for example one of their capers in May 1638. "One Carr, a servant of Marquis Hamilton's, was arrested before Wallingford House, which bred a mighty tumult. The serjeant carried him into a house near Charing Cross, whither flocked many of the Marquis's servants and others, broke open the house, setting ladders to it to unglaze and untile it, got in, beat the serjeants, so that one of them died since; threatened to blow the house up with gunpowder, took the prisoner, brought him forth, and with swords drawn conducted him to Whitehall, and there put him in. The King resented this very ill, and hath caused proclamation since to be published for apprehending the principals who were the murderers and chief causers and fomenters of this unlawful assembly, who in their madness neither regarded the justices' constables, nor any other whatsoever."

This anecdote is told by the Rev. Mr. Garrard, caterer-in-ordinary of town gossip for Lord Strafford, when Lord-Deputy in Ireland. In the same letter Mr. Garrard had sent his Lordship an account of a duel between Lord Elgin and Sir William Crofts; and not long before he informed him—"There fell out a quarrel betwixt my Lord Philip Herbert, son to the Chamberlain, and the Lord Carr, son to the Earl of Roxborough (who lately is made a councillor here), at Pall Mall—young youths both: upon some words my Lord Philip struck him, so they fell to cuffs. It passed no further; my Lord had notice of it, who made them friends." Sometimes the Scots came into collision with the natives on tenderer ground: women are fanciful; variety can lend a charm even to freckles and high cheek-bones; at least such seems to be the moral of the following story —also recorded by that right indefatigable tattle, Mr. Garrard:—"A grandchild of Vanlove's, rich Peter Vanlove, was to be married to a son of Sir Thomas Read's, he who lay seven years in the Fleet, and spent but 18*d.* a-week. He now lives at Brockett Hall, near Hatfield. Read hath estated upon this second son of his 1500*l.* a-year, and a match was intended with Mrs. Vanlove, who had a portion of 4000*l.*, and 400*l.* a-year after the death of her father, young Peter. Monday the 11th of this month they were to be married. The day before, in the afternoon, she sends to speak with Mr. Alexander, a third son of the Earl of Stirling, Secretary of Scotland here. He comes, finds her at cards, Mr. Read sitting by her. She whispered him in the ear, asking him if he had a coach—he was of her acquaintance before. He said yes; she desired Mr. Read to play her game, and went to her chamber, Mr. Alexander going along with her. Being there, she told him that to satisfy her friends she had given way to marry the gentleman he saw, but her affection was more to him; if his were so to her, she would instantly go away with him in his coach and be married. So he carried her to Greenwich, where they were married by six that evening." It is not to be wondered at that under such circumstances the Scotch should be anything but popular in and around London. A letter from Garrard to Lord Strafford, in May 1634, shows symptoms of this: "Our two elected Knights of the Garter, the Earls Darnley and Morton, rode in great state through London to Windsor. There was a secret vie who should go best attended; but my Lord Darnley carried it sheer, for he clothed fifty men in tissue doublets and scarlet hose, thick laced, twelve footmen, two coaches set out bravely, and all the ancient nobility of England that were not of the Garter rode with him, and many other Earls and Barons. With my Lord Morton rode the Earls of Warwick and Devonshire, the Earls Denbigh, Grandison, and Craven, Sir William Howard, Sir William Bruncher, young William Crofts, some of the equerries, all the rest Scottish lords and gentlemen. That which added much to his show, all the Scottish Colonels that came with Oxenstiern rode along too, and most of his company were furnished with the King's horses." The loan of the King's horses and the clannish friendship of the Colonels accidentally in London, both together, were unable to bear up against the good-will with which the "ancient nobility" turned out, to enable the English Lord to outshine the Scotch one. At an earlier period the feeling seems to have been still more deep and bitter. Mr. Garrard writes to the Lord-Deputy in 1635, that at the New Spring Garden behind the Mews "there was an order yielded to by consent that every man of what quality soever

should sit down or stand by the banks; and the best obeyed, only old Pinchbeck was refractory. The Lord Chamberlain came civilly enough to him; he mumbled and did not obey, which made the Chamberlain gently with his hand move him toward the bank, and there he sat down. Two days after he wrote him a strange letter, beginning it, 'Sir, you may remember what counsel I gave you at Croydon, for which I have suffered ever since; King James could never abide me, and I lost my fortune with Prince Henry to do you service.' His counsel was to strike Ramsay, and then they would break their fast on the Scotch there and sup upon them in London."

After the Restoration the Scotch colony in London was considerably less cock-a-hoop: Cromwell had cudgelled the conceit out of them to some tune; and neither royalists nor commonwealth-men were so satisfied with the part that nation had taken in the civil war as to feel inclined to patronise them. Charles II. had enough of Scotch society, during the short time he kinged it in Scotland before the battle of Worcester, to satisfy him for life. Besides, the whole people had enough of employment at home; Episcopalians and Presbyterians had gone together by the ears, and were less frequently to be met with abroad. The partisans of the dominant faction only came to London to procure appointments, and returned home again, where their harvest lay, as soon as they could; the Presbyterians came in search of concealment, and kept quiet. Nor did the Scotch emerge into notoriety for some time after the Revolution; for it was well on in the eighteenth century when Steele began to say sometimes a word or two in their favour, and Swift to compare their conversation to the drone of their own bagpipes. The Scotch were still foreigners in London down to the period of the Union, and as such could not aspire to the great prizes of public life. Bishop Burnett was the Scotsman of most note about London at the Revolution era, and he was decidedly a favourable specimen. The Bishop of Sarum has scarcely had justice done him. He writes a bad style, it must be confessed, but not so bad as Locke did: he is a good deal of a *gobemouche*, but his gullibility was sincere and good-natured, and that palliation can scarcely be urged in favour of the inaccuracies of Swift's 'Last Years of the Reign of Queen Anne.' But the poltering, blundering good-nature and earnestness of the Bishop render him a delight of a man, whatever he may have been as a writer. He loved praise, and he was too sincere himself, and sympathized too much with the enjoyments of others, to be able to conceive there could be any reason for concealing or disavowing the pleasure it gave him. He repeats all the flatteries said of or to him, and clearly believed that they were all said in good faith. Never meaning to hurt any person, he seems to have been incapable of understanding how words of his could offend. When first presented to King Charles, he, then a young man, lost no time in delivering the merry monarch a lecture on his misbehaviour. This propensity was unconsciously heightened by the Bishop's absence of mind: he was constantly saying what he ought not from sheer forgetfulness of whom he was speaking to. One day, in conversation with the old Duchess of Marlborough, he was extolling the merits of her deceased lord, and running an affecting parallel between him and Belisarius. This was the way to ingratiate himself with the old lady, but he soon spoiled all. "Oh," exclaimed she, "how could men ever abandon him?" "Oh, Madam," rejoined the Bishop, "only *think* what

a brimstone of a wife he had!" The Bishop of Sarum was a sort of moral antipodes to Talleyrand: the English *frondeur* said sharp things unintentionally,—the French with what Scotch lawyers call "malice prepense;" the Englishman never could conceal anything he knew or felt,—the Frenchman was a sealed book to the last. One can easily conceive how such an involuntary and incessant treader upon sore toes may have been avoided by his cotemporaries; but our toes are safe from him; disembodied spirits tread lightly, and we can afford to be just.

The union of the two kingdoms, by transferring the seat of executive government for Scotland and of its legislature from Edinburgh to London, brought about a state of affairs not much dissimilar in kind from that which had been produced by the elevation of James I. to the English throne. That monarch's bold figure of speech about "the kings in the House of Commons" had become in the eighteenth century almost a literal truth. Members of Parliament were courted by ministers and would-be ministers with as much supple flattery as ever kings had been, and to them was transferred much of that servile homage which had in earlier times found a market only at court. Forty-five members in the House of Commons, and sixteen in the House of Peers—and these, as feeling themselves alone in assemblies whose prejudices and objects of pursuit had little in common with their own, predisposed to act as one organized whole—were a phalanx worthy the courting of any minister or leader of opposition. The Scots found themselves persons of great importance in London. And the power had fallen into the hands, not of the gay and roystering braggadocios who had constituted the ruffling followers of a lawless court, but into the hands of the sedate and cautious burgessry of Scotland. The expenses of civil war, or their own extravagance, had clipped the wings of the old Scotch nobility, and raised to power the younger branches of old families who had betaken themselves to lucrative pursuits, and the *nouveaux riches* of the burghs in which industry and commercial enterprise were beginning to strike root. The class to which habits of reflecting industry had communicated a cautious disposition and habit of obeying the law, at the same time that its growing wealth had awakened in it aspirings of bolder ambition—the class fitted above all others to produce and be influenced by the earnest, narrow-minded, sturdy clergy of the kirk—was in the ascendant in Scotland; and at their head were one or two of the oldest families of the kingdom, who had been enabled to maintain their position by what their enemies insinuated was a timid, self-seeking character, duly transmitted from father to son. The decorum and caution of Scotland had the reins in their hands; the romantic, the imaginative dare-devils were thrown into the arms of the faction of the exiled family. Scotsmen became naturalized in England, London became their metropolitan city, at a period when those who flocked to the seat of government to make their fortunes were almost to a man stamped more or less with the characteristics of the tamed puritan, and were followed by a hard-featured, fantastic race—half French courtiers, half Highland clansmen—who alternately skulked in the lanes and blind alleys, or emerged for a moment into broad day, as the tortuous windings of Jacobite plots and intrigues required. It is difficult to say which portion of the nation gave most umbrage to John Bull,—the orderly, place-hunting gentlemen, who followed office with the stealthy, noiseless footfall

of the cat, the pertinacity of a blood-hound, and the tenacious snap of a bull-dog; or the particoloured gentry from the Highlands, who were implicated in every attempt at insurrectionary movements that disturbed his peace.

The position of the Scotch members of the legislature at this period, though capable of being rendered a lucrative, was necessarily a subordinate one. The secret of their strength was their own union and the equality of the great English parties. When the indigenous factions were nearly balanced, the adhesion or secession of the Scots could at any time turn the scale, but of themselves they could do nothing. This was a situation admirably suited to that mediocrity of genius which has already been noticed as one of the peculiarities of the Scotch character—a spirit of which the Earl of Islay, the great subordinate of Sir Robert Walpole, may be considered the incarnation. But their ambition for second-rate distinction was perhaps still more marked in domestic life; their very gallantry was tinged by it. There are examples of female adventurers, by fair faces, or the whimsical tide of fashion, attaining to an English coronet, but there is no case on record of such a one being deemed a worthy prize by the two principal noblemen of the country in succession, as one of the Miss Gunnings was, first by the premier Duke of Scotland (Hamilton), and afterwards by the almost feudal prince of the Highlands (Argyle). Let it be remembered, too, that at the time the former married her the first bloom of her beauty had been rubbed off by the wear and tear of fashionable life—that the hardness of the *habituée* was distinctly visible (*vide* Richardson's correspondence) in her whole appearance and deportment. Scotch pride could, in the wane of her beauty, put up with one of whom they could brag that she had once been the first toast in England. The Chudleigh was a fresher and more attractive flower, and equally willing to be gathered by a duke; but neither Hamilton nor Campbell had the courage to try, nor would they have attempted the Gunning four or five years earlier.

The London jeers and taunts—the caricatures written and engraved of Scotsmen in London at this period—are, in consequence, more of a domestic, or at least of a personal, than of a public nature. The gentleman, beneath whose coat a tartan waistcoat peeps out, in earnest conversation with the Frenchman, in Hogarth's 'March to Finchley,' shows the prevalent London notion of the Scotch Jacobite. Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, in Macklin's 'Man of the World,' is a highly-exaggerated picture of the Scotch supporter of, or conformist to, the Hanoverian government. Politics—meaning thereby the gabbling, and ranging under different banners, and spitting of spite, which pass muster for politics in general society—have at least this advantage, that, by directing malice against a body, they in some measure draw it off from individuals. Squire Western and his sister contrived to drag on a cat-and-dog life together, because the former could expectorate his spleen, not against the lady, but the "Hanoverian rats" in general, and because she could vent her venom, to which she in vain attempted to communicate the milder flavour of dignified contempt, against the whole body of booby Jacobite squires. The real feeling of rancour was much bitterer between the Scottish and English denizens of London at the time now under consideration than when the reckless invectives of Wilkes, Churchill, and Co., were at the loudest.

It is a relief to turn from these harsh topics, which have forced themselves on

our notice, to loiter before plunging into the bitternesses of the ensuing period, and dwell for a moment upon the character of Thomson. There was nothing of the harsh angularity about him which is found in so many of his countrymen that it has come to be regarded as a national characteristic. He was not, like the most of them, harsh and hard as the wooden Highlander, the prescriptive Lar, or domestic genius, of the tobacconist's shop. He was too easy and good-natured for the land of thistles, and slipped southwards by a natural instinct teaching him his appropriate place. His friends in early life sought to make a minister of him: he might (had fortune seen fit to allow him to be born south of the Tweed) have made a good rector, with a comfortable benefice and a couple of curates under him, but for the hard and stern work of the ultra-presbyterian Scotland of his time he was utterly unfit. He almost frightened the Divinity Professor into fits, by sending him poetry instead of verses which he had been ordered to compose as a college exercise. In London, quite as much by the guardian care of friends as by his own skill in advancing his fortune, he contrived, after a probationary period of starvation, to pick up a competency, and then set himself down to enjoy a true Castle of Indolence, sleeping till noon, because, as he said, he "had no motive to rise," and biting peaches off the trees to save himself the trouble of pulling them. His poems—that is, his only readable poem, his 'Seasons'—are the express image of his own character. The language is, as Johnson observed, extremely diffuse, because it would have given him trouble to condense it; the imagery is a simple outpouring of impressions which had lodged in his mind unawares, and been moulded by his imagination without any trouble—save effort of the will. There is nothing about the 'Seasons' of the conventional forms and cant words which now exclusively pass muster for Scotch. Thomson's shepherds and shepherdesses—sweet, insipid dears!—are the usual abstractions of Arcadia; he ascends "some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains;" and though the Obi rolls its tide in his lines, we cannot remember that even the half-Scotch Tweed is once mentioned. Yet the colouring of his landscape is essentially Scotch: the fishing scene in spring, the snow-storm in winter, all have that local colouring which a Scotchman recognises at once, and is aware of a home-feeling stealing over him. Of his sentiment, "least said is soonest mended"—he seems scarcely to have felt the more delicate beauty of the human figure. His Amanda—and ("partly because they count her in my line") I may be supposed to speak with partiality, not prejudice—must have been, if family tradition "may be in aught believed," as regular a red-haired, "rump-fed ronyon" as ever startled the passing traveller into wondering whether she were man or woman. But, whether refined or not, his attachments were sincere, and by their quiet fervour thawed even the hard soul of Quin.

The Marquis of Bute, to whom belongs the honour of raising for a time the Scotch name into an object of popular hatred, is as striking a specimen of the power of English imagination to dress up a bugbear to frighten itself as can well be conceived. Horace Walpole describes him as a gentleman, who, having spent his time studying mathematics in the seclusion of his own little island till his 35th year, and simples in the hedges about Twickenham, discovered about that sedate time of life that, like Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, he had a leg for a galliard, and took good care to show it in private theatricals and fancy balls. Nor does

he appear ever to have been anything more. But discomfited political leaders wished for some one to point out to the populace as giving the young King bad advice; and as the Marquis of Bute stood, or seemed to stand, near the throne, they denounced him as the terrible intriguer. To heighten the joke, Scots nationality fired in behalf of a Scots nobleman, and imagined him the first of statesmen. And while the clamour of controversy raged around him, the poor object of it, conscious that he was an object of dislike to, and kept at distance by, the King, must have felt, while reading the descriptions of himself by either party, much like the heroine of an old Scotch song—

"Hech! quo' the wee wifikie, this is no' me."

Among those who mingled in the wordy war of politics at that time was as arrant a Scotchman as ever crossed the Tweed—Tobias Smollett. You rarely

[Dr. Smollett.]

hear mention made either of Fielding or Smollett apart. They are the Castor and Pollux of British literature; and it would be difficult to decide whether the justice of this classification be more strikingly illustrated by the excellence of their novels or the execrable trashiness of their plays. They are so closely associated, that their very differences are brought out more strikingly by the conjunction. Both were writers for bread, and not very scrupulous, at least on the score of dignity, as to the literary tasks they undertook. Fielding, however, had higher notions of novel-writing than Smollett. The former regarded it as an art, and sought to give unity and finish to his performances; the latter was satisfied if he could fill up the number of volumes bargained for with matter that would "go off," and thus satisfy the bookseller. He eked out 'Humphrey Clinker' by incorporating a tour in Scotland with it; and he eked out 'Peregrine Pickle' by a still more questionable admixture. He had more of the "penny-a-liner" in his composition than Fielding, as the 'History of England' is alive at this day to testify. Between the minds of these two writers there was this essential difference—that Fielding took pleasure in delineating character, while Smollett rioted in caricature. Fielding with patient elaboration produces what, if not a transcript of nature, is so natural we could conceive it existing:

Smollett, taking the hint from something he sees in nature, overlays it by a combination of all the grotesque images it suggests to his fancy. Fielding's writings are expressive, Smollett's suggestive. There is a more quiet intense feeling of the ludicrous in the former, a more Bacchanalian revelling in it in the latter. When Fielding attempts the burlesque it is with an effort, but it is the natural language of Smollett. Smollett's Strap, Lismahago, the old Scotch schoolmaster in London, &c., are among the best delineated Scotch characters our literature can supply. They (and still more his ostensible heroes, Pickle and Random) have all a dash of their author in them—of his disregard of money, and his almost morbid pleasure in probing the eccentricities of human nature. Nor was he without that self-complacency which is the badge of all his race: Fielding had a good-natured friend to tell what company he sometimes kept, but Smollett has given a full-length picture of one of his ragged levees at Chelsea.

Next in the order of our Scotch worthies (how unlike the grim heroes of the peasant's manual so designated!) is an equally but more unconsciously eccentric personage—Jamie Boswell. Smollett and Boswell were perhaps equally

[Boswell.]

remarkable in their day for doing what no other person would have done, but the former played his pranks knowingly and wilfully, while the latter made an ass of himself in perfect innocence of heart. Boswell might have said of Smollett, had any one praised his "admirable fooling"—"Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural." Boswell wore a head-gear "pricked with the humour of forty fancies." He wooed and tended gruff Sam, as the Humorous Lieutenant, after quaffing the philtre, sighed for the sweet old King; he ran about seeking the acquaintance of every notoriety—from Paoli to the Keeper of Newgate; he was everybody's shadow, and yet when wine warmed him he sometimes tried to expand into an absolute substantial personality of his own—sneaking back like a rated hound into his echoship as soon as he sobered. Poor Goldie! when Bozzie joined in the laugh against him, his feelings must have been those which one could fancy laying hold of Malvolio, if he had overheard "the foolish knight" tittering in

triumph over his soliloquy. Yet was not Boswell an absolute fool, though he looks very like one—especially in his more grave and sententious moods, when he is consulting with Johnson about the best way of turning sentences in his law-papers, and receiving as a sincere compliment the sly hit of the old Scotch Judge, who, alluding to the magniloquent diction of his argument in some paltry case, advised him "not to cast his pearls before swine." His 'Life of Johnson' is not merely unique—it is full of characteristic portraiture and shrewd remark. It was almost worth while leading such a lacquey's life to be able to make such a book.

We have come as near to modern times and modern associations as can well be ventured, unless we would draw a storm of Highland indignation into the shop of our publisher. The poets, politicians, painters, and political economists whom Scotland has sent us in this our own day and generation are themes that crave wary handling, and had better be passed over, at least for the present. Trying back, many shadowy figures rise upon our recollection, who seem almost as worthy of being recorded as those who have rather forced themselves upon us than been selected. There is Hunter (the elder—the accoucheur), whose private memoirs would be a strange chapter in the history of British nobility, and whose own personality would almost require a Le Sage to do him justice. There is Macpherson, a penny-a-liner, and not only a liar himself, but the cause of lying in others. There is Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, for whom a tall showy figure, invincible good-nature, and a serviceable disposition, did more than genius or even dexterity in political intrigue could have done. And if we are to add to the list the mere birds of passage, what crowds rush upon our view, from old Balmerino stopping the coach to buy "honey-blobs," as he returned from receiving sentence of death, and Lovat sitting to Hogarth for his portrait, down to James Hogg, the last genuine Scotch lion sent to London, and, of all lions upon record, the one which played its part most *con amore*, roaring after a fashion unparalleled since the days of the immortal Bottom. Adam Smith, however, though only a casual visitor, must not be passed over in silence, were it only for the sake of mentioning how Dundas sent the 'Wealth of Nations' reeling in his saddle home to his lodgings from the Bacchanalian revels of Wimbledon.

[Adam Smith.]

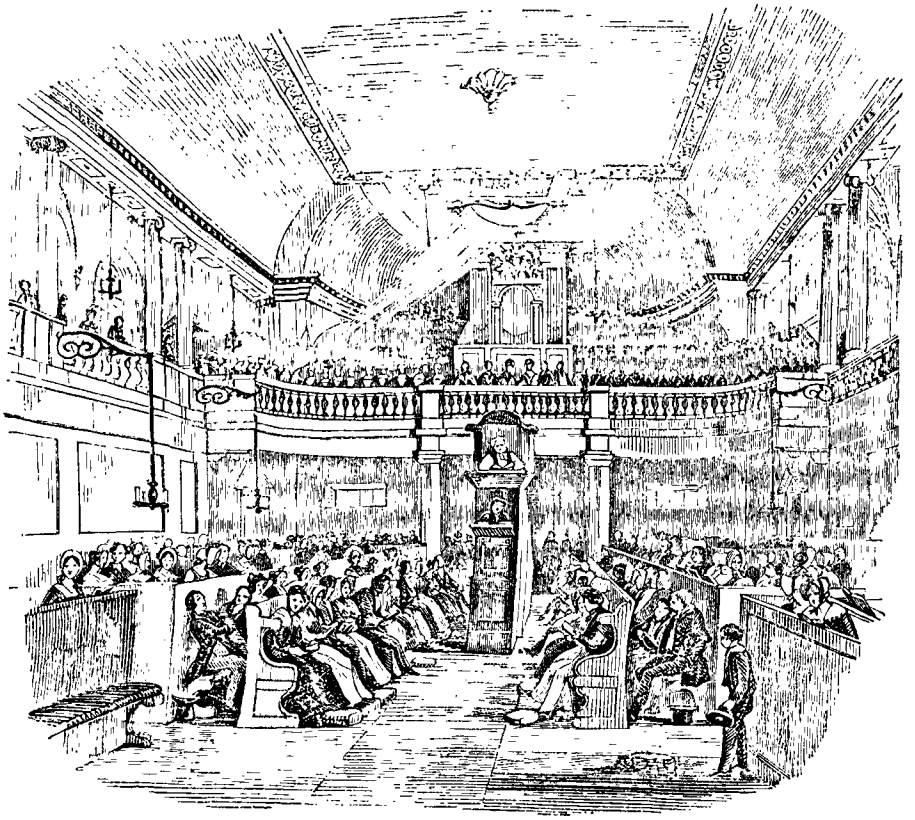
We have touched upon the overflowings of Scottish spirit in London—the occasional flashes and sparkles which show that there is life and high spirit in that hidden stream of Scotch domestic life which meanders through metropolitan society—flying the light almost as much as the over-arched "River of Wells" which once flashed and sparkled in the sun like other brooks. There is not, after all, such perfect uniformity in Scotch character as those who formed their notions of it from the caricatures of Macklin and Churchill used to believe. How different are the Scotsmen of Walter Scott from those of Smollett, though with enough of general resemblance to mark their relationship. Smollett's are like himself, more intent upon fun than gain; but the fun that can penetrate their rhinoceros hides and reach the seat of sense would be harsh and repulsive to more susceptible natures. Their jokes are like the sailors' shaving with tar and a rusty barrel-hoop on crossing the line. Andrew Fairservice has the same skinny withered hardness, and honest Cuddy Headrig compensates for superior plumpness by stolidity; but, unlike Smollett's, all Scott's heroes have an eye to the main chance. They are what their author would have been and could not be; for he was one of those who possessed the taste without the talent for accumulating and retaining a fortune.

Whoever would seek to penetrate into the "tiled lodge" of Scotch metropolitan society must take a roundabout road, and set out in the first place for Scotland. There in every town-hall and burgh church he will find portraits, statues, or mural inscriptions to eminent civic dignitaries of London, of whom the metropolis knows comparatively little, perhaps nothing. There matter may be collected for the history of obscure mayoralties and shrievalties—of merchants possessing great influence at the India House—things, the memory of which has utterly perished in the City. There will be found an explanation of the process by which our colonies and Indian dependencies have become so redundantly stocked with Scotsmen. The astonished Londoner will there discover what a busy world he has been living beside, unaware of its existence—an affiliated society of Scotch settlers in the metropolis forming a connecting link between the populations of North Britain and British India. If he play his cards right he may obtain the certainty, through the voluminous correspondence of parents and grandsires carefully treasured in family archives, that the same interchange of good offices between the London colony and the mother country which is now in active progress has been carrying on for upwards of a century. He may read in them how the prosperous London merchant received annual tribute of kebbocks, kipper, and whiskey, as punctually as ever the feudal laird received his kains and rents; and how he repaid these acts of vassalage by procuring appointments for younger sons as cadets in the Company's service, or pursers in the Company's navy, or book-keepers on West Indian estates, or as clerks in the Commissariat or other Government offices. The same authentic annals will explain by what means the Duchess of York's spring-garters first penetrated into Scotland; and many a stirring tale of flirtation is mingled with the grave business-like thread of the narrative. The young Scotch beauty on a visit to her London relations felt a strange charm in the mixture of something outlandish with the home tones of her native land in the young soldier or sailor whom chance brought from the far East during her stay; and the place of their meeting height-

ened the charm. She again was to him like the glens he had roamed through in boyhood, and dreams of her fair face mingled with and interrupted his earnest resolves to make a fortune. And if any young Englishman seemed inclined to admire her, the business was done at once. Many are the homely but stirring recollections which cement the union between the Scotchman in London, to the third and fourth generation, and his relatives in the far North. They have a common fund of family traditions; and a visit to London or a visit to Scotland is the day-dream of childhood in all their families. How the males do chirrup it over their tumblers of toddy within sound of Bow Bells or on the borders of the Moor of Rannoch! But such eternal blazon must not be for the present, though, gentle reader,

" .....There is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale."

[Snuff shop Highlander.]



[The Chapel.]

LXXII.—THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

THOUGH the local position of this institution is too well known to render it necessary for us to adopt the method of many worthy topographers, and describe it by its boundaries and parochial relations, one may easily imagine the difficulty those who should know it best—the founders of the hospital—would experience in finding it were they now alive. In that extensive wilderness of houses, how should they expect to discover the building they left almost surrounded by fields? Who would think of coming here to seek for a place enjoying at once the advantages of a country residence, and that of being near to all the metropolitan conveniences, as was the case with the Foundling Hospital much less than a century ago? And in looking on street after street of lofty and noble houses, which have for ever banished the daisies and buttercups and the sweet-smelling hay of the summer time from the place, still more astonished would they be to learn how great a number of them belonged to the Hospital itself; a striking evidence of the prosperity of their beloved charity.

The gates are flung wide open, and on foot and in luxuriant vehicles a quiet, but brilliant-looking stream of persons are passing through them into the very spacious area in front of the edifice. The hum of industry in the solitary shop

of the Hospital to the right, where some of the boys are instructed in the mysteries of the tailor, is mute; the play-grounds on either side, with their arcades and alcoves and gymnastic implements, are all deserted; nothing is to be seen or heard but the continued passage across the centre of the area of the visitors to the famous chapel, which occupies the central of the three sides of a square of large but plain brick buildings constituting the Hospital. In the corner to the right we find a small vestibule or hall, leading by a passage from its farther end into the chapel, and directly into the kitchen-garden of the establishment. At its entrance stands a governor, receiving the slight donation which is expected from visitors. This hall, to many, has a kind of melancholy interest. The walls are decorated with funereal memorials of different persons who have been buried in the chapel vaults. Among the rest we read the names of Sir Stephen Gaselee, and beneath a handsome marble bust placed between pillars, and over a sarcophagus, an inscription to the late Lord Tenterden. The privilege of burial here is now confined to governors of the Hospital and its officers, with their families, who generally pay a handsome fee. Children who die in the Hospital are buried in the churchyard of St. Pancras. Passing on into the chapel, we enter upon a noticeable scene. The building in itself is large, light, and generally elegant in its appearance; the stained glass here and there sheds its rich glories; the altar-piece, with its most touching and beautiful of subjects, Christ blessing children, and treated in the artist's (West) best manner, is at once appropriate and impressive; but it is not on these features the eye of the spectator rests, much less on the mingled crowd of the pious, the wealthy, and the fashionable, which occupies the gallery over the altar-piece at this end, as well as the two side galleries and the body of the chapel: it is that long slope of youthful and interesting faces descending from the ceiling to the front of the gallery at the other extremity of the building, the boys in their dark costume on the right, the girls in snowiest vesture on the left, with the noble organ rising between them; it is they who are the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes"—it is in that gallery centre the attractions which make the Foundling Hospital Chapel one of the most popular of London places of worship. As the service proceeds, and the hymns and choruses are sung by the children and the professional choir—as the anthem, one of Handel's most glorious works, is raised in solemn chorus or touching melody, we no longer wonder at the popularity to which we have alluded; such singing and such music would draw audiences—and not necessarily undevout ones—anywhere, much more to an institution which has so many other interesting features to attract curiosity. That organ, so magnificent in tone and power, was the gift of Handel, not in its form as we now see it, for the original instrument has been greatly enlarged and altered, but there are the actual materials possessing the peculiar quality which we attach to the humblest article that has been touched by a man of lofty genius; and so the present organ is essentially the very instrument before which the wonderful musician himself sat, and from which he drew forth the notes in which the sublime strains of the Messiah here found voice: year after year in this chapel did Handel fill the coffers of the Hospital by the gratuitous performance of that, his greatest work. All the other benefactors of the Hospital sink into comparative insignificance in regard to the amount of actual pecuniary benefit

they were the means of conferring: above ten thousand pounds were in all added by the 'Messiah' to the funds. A curious misunderstanding occurred between Handel and the governors. He "presented the charity with a fair copy of the original score of the 'Messiah.' This act of bounty was so ill understood by some of the governors, that, imagining this deed gave them an exclusive right to its performance, they formed the singular resolution of applying to Parliament to legalise their claim. But, first of all, it was deemed necessary to obtain Handel's concurrence; and accordingly a deputation of these gentlemen waited upon him with their strange, though well-meant, requisition. But the musician, bursting into a rage which the music he has put in the mouth of Polypheme would but faintly express, exclaimed, 'Te deivel! For vat sal de Foundling put mein oratorio in de Parlement? Te deivel! Mein music sal not go to de Parlement.'" * The advantages conferred on the Hospital by the musical performances thus commenced by Handel were, in a measure, made permanent through an accidental circumstance highly honourable to the thoughtful humanity of the governors. In the minutes of the institution we read that in a general committee, held on the 20th of March, 1758, it was "resolved that Tom Grenville, a boy of this Hospital, born blind, be taught music by the assistant to the organist of the chapel," and "at the price of two guineas per quarter." Two or three other blind children were similarly treated, who, it is pleasant to relate, lived to "contribute very abundantly" to the Hospital funds through that circumstance. Attention was now attracted to the subject of teaching music to the children generally, and the result was the admirable chorus, which, in conjunction with some half-dozen professional voices, has, down to the present day, contributed greatly to the prosperity of the institution. About a thousand a-year is now collected at the chapel-doors, and at the annual sermon, over and above the expense of the professional assistance alluded to.

As we leave the chapel on the conclusion of the service, we perceive that the musical performances, though the chief, are by no means the only attraction of the visitors to the Foundling. Mingling with the throng which at the outer extremity of the hall passes through a door on the left along a passage, we find ourselves in the girls' dining-room, an apartment of great length, hung round with pictures of no ordinary merit. Here is Hogarth's well-known and capital portrait of Captain Coram, the founder of the institution, of whom we shall presently have to speak. This is the picture to which Hogarth refers in the following passage of his autobiographical sketch, where he is alluding to his dispute with Ramsay, the eminent painter, as to the qualifications required for portrait-painting. He says, "The portrait which I painted with most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram, for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first and painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it." This may not sound very modest, but it is quite true; although at the same time among the other por-

* Burney's 'History of Music.'

traits in this very room, and which are among the works Hogarth refers to, are Dr. Mead's by Ramsay, the Earl of Dartmouth's by Sir Joshua Reynolds, besides others by Hudson (Reynolds's master) and Shackleton. Sir Joshua's picture, we may observe by the way, is a melancholy example of those experiments in colouring to which the great painter was addicted. The face is of a cadaverous hue, and the drapery sadly blistered. But the general attention is now withdrawn from the walls. The girls enter, and take their stand each in her proper place against the long row of tables that extends from end to end of the room, the crowd forming a lane on either side. A moment's pause, and a sweet voice is heard saying grace; the utterer is that modest-looking girl in the centre of the table, who from her superior height and appearance seems chosen as one of the oldest among her companions. Scarcely has she finished before another girl, at the end of the table, dispenses, with the ease and rapidity of habit, from the large dishes of baked meat and vegetables before her, the dinners of the expectant children, plate following plate with marvellous rapidity till all are satisfied. This room occupies a great portion of the easternmost wing or side of the edifice: the boys' dining-room is in a similar situation, though more contracted in its dimensions, in the opposite wing. Following in the wake of the busy gazers across the court-yard, towards the apartment in question, through the school-room, we are arrested in the latter by the sight of the performance of a kind of preliminary to the act of dining, which, though somewhat tantalizing, no doubt adds fresh zest to the sharp appetite when it does get to work. Arranged in a double row,

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less,"

till the little fellows at the end near which we are standing seem so young and short (though fat enough) that we could fancy them but just taken from the nurse's arms, and breeched, waistcoated, and coated for the occasion, are the whole of the male portion of the youthful community, going through their drill exercises at the word of command of their master. They change at once, and without blunder, or hesitation, or want of concert, from a two-deep to a three-deep line, they beat time, they march, turn and turn again, until the welcome word is given for the final march to dinner-table in the adjoining room, where the sound of the regular, even tramp of their footsteps soon ceases. We need not follow them, as there is nothing materially different in the economy of their table from that of the girls previously noticed. The public promenade through the Hospital is not yet exhausted. There are the long wards with their rows of clean and comfortable little beds, and baskets at the foot of each, and there is the pleasure-ground into which the windows of some of the chief apartments open.

The two most interesting apartments of the Hospital are those devoted respectively to the use of the secretary and to the meetings of the committee or executive of the institution, and which very properly are not shown on the sabbath. The object of the governors in throwing open the other portions of the edifice described is, we presume, to enable the public constantly to judge of the treatment and condition of the children; an excellent reason, but which, of course, does not apply to the apartments above mentioned. These are in the western wing. In the secretary's room are 'Elisha raising the Child,' an immense sea-piece by Brooking, painted within the walls, landscapes and por-

traits; but the gem of the place, and indeed of the entire collection, is Hogarth's 'March to Finchley.' The history of this work is curious. Among his other benefactions to the Hospital, Hogarth gave a number of unsold tickets connected with the disposal of the 'March to Finchley' by lottery; one of these tickets obtained the prize.

In a recent paper on the Royal Academy we had occasion to observe that the first idea of a public exhibition of works of art was borrowed from the Foundling Hospital. So many and such eminent artists contributed to adorn the home of the newly-founded charity, that the place became one of the most fashionable of morning lounges. The committee-room, into which we now enter, was of course a chief point of attraction; and its walls show very strikingly the generous strife which had prevailed in its decoration. The beautiful stucco ceiling, the marble chimney-piece, the verd antique table, with its magnificently carved support, and the glass above it, are respectively the gifts of different artists. Rysbrack gave the beautiful piece of sculpture over the mantel-piece; Hogarth, Hayman, Wills, and Highmore, contributed the four great pictures which occupy so large a portion of the walls; whilst Wilson, Gainsborough, and others of humbler name, filled the eight small round compartments scattered between the more pretending works, representing different metropolitan hospitals. Of the four large pictures, Highmore's represents the 'Angel of the Lord and Ishmael;' Wills's, 'Christ showing a Child as the emblem of Heaven;' Hayman's, the 'Finding of Moses;' and Hogarth's, the 'Adoption of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter.' Mr. Cunningham speaks of the "serene and simple dignity" of this fine work by Hogarth; and another critic (Ireland) justly observes, "There is not perhaps in Holy Writ another story so exactly suitable to the avowed purpose of the foundation." The scene, with its distant pyramids, is splendid, the composition harmonious, and the principal figure (Pharaoh's daughter) exquisitely beautiful. It seems to us that, on looking at such pictures as this and the portrait of Coram, Hogarth has done much, after all, to defend his claim to be a painter, in the painter's own lofty sense of the term. What he wanted was chiefly that which arduous study could have given him. Fortunately there is little room for regret: his admirable picture-morals are worth a thousand of the works of many of those who, whilst denying his right to call himself an artist, hid, under showy conventionalities and high-sounding names, the intrinsic hollowness of their own productions. It will be seen from what we have stated that the Hospital may pride itself upon the possession of some fine works of art. To these have been recently added a most valuable acquisition—a Cartoon by Raphael—which is now in the possession of the Royal Academy, having been lent to that institution, and which we have not therefore enjoyed the pleasure of seeing.

In the room thus decorated by the hand of genius the committee sits every Wednesday that determines all applications for admission—a most delicate and important duty, and one that is so bound up with the peculiar history of the institution that we can have no better opportunity of relating its rise and progress than the present.

Addison, in one of his periodical essays in the 'Guardian' (No. 105), says, "I will mention a piece of charity which has not yet been exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more because it is practised by most of the

nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children who, through want of such a provision, are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror; but what multitudes of infants have been made away with by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards ashamed or unable to provide for them! There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child; and how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence!" In consequence of this, and probably similar appeals, the matter at that time proceeded so far that various persons left by their wills sums for the support of the projected charity; but it was not until Captain Thomas Coram came upon the scene, about ten years later, that the scheme assumed a tangible shape. This gentleman, who had been bred to the sea, and was then the master of a vessel trading to the colonies, became, it is said, interested in the work to which he was about to devote the greater part of his life and energies, from the circumstance that, in passing to and fro between Rotherhithe and London in pursuance of his avocations, he frequently saw infants exposed in the streets, deserted by their parents, and left to perish through the inclemency of the seasons. Coram accordingly took the matter in hand; and, unappalled by seventeen years of difficulties, held it firmly to the last, and until he saw the complete establishment of his darling institution. Every kind of appeal had he to urge, many personal humiliations to undergo, before arriving at this result. The example of the chief countries of the continent, viewed in connexion with the child-murders and exposures which they had been said to remedy—evils which there was no denying existed also in England—furnished his strongest and most forcible argument, and which he pressed upon the attention of all persons of rank, power, or wealth, who he thought would assist him. Never was philanthropist more indefatigable than Coram; and, like other good men of his class, his perseverance did not always meet with the most courteous acknowledgment. A copy of Coram's memorial and petition to Her Royal Highness Princess Amelia is deposited among the records of the Hospital, at the bottom of which Coram has written the following note:—

"N.B.—On Innocents' Day, the 28th of December, 1737, I went to St. James's Palace to present this petition, having been advised first to address the lady of the bedchamber in waiting to introduce it; but the Lady Isabella Finch, who was the lady in waiting, gave me very rough words, and bade me begone with my petition, which I did, without opportunity of presenting it.

"THOMAS CORAM."

It was as well perhaps the Princess and her waiting-woman did not hear the Captain's opinion of their conduct at the moment he found himself thus dismissed. History recordeth not his words, but no doubt they were sufficiently *piquante;* for neither Coram's habits nor ambition were of the courtier's nature. He evidently thought the rough seaman no discredit to the honest man or the warm-hearted philanthropist, and there were others enlightened enough to think the same. When he presented at last his petition for a charter, he presented with it three memorials: the first signed by twenty-one "ladies of quality and distinction," duchesses, &c.; the second by the husbands of the said ladies,

and other noblemen and gentlemen; the third by justices of the peace residing near London, "and other persons of distinction." The answer was the grant of the charter by George II., on the 17th of October, 1739, which recited that "Thomas Coram, in behalf of great numbers of helpless infants daily exposed to destruction, had, by his petition, represented that many persons of quality and distinction, as well as others of both sexes, being sensible of the frequent murders committed on poor miserable infants by their parents to hide their shame, and the inhuman custom of exposing new-born children to perish in the streets, or training them up in idleness, beggary, and theft, had, by instruments in writing, declared their intentions to contribute liberally towards the erecting an Hospital, after the example of other Christian countries, and for supporting the same." The charter then appoints a body corporate of governors and guardians, including John Duke of Bedford, and three hundred and fifty other persons, among whom were several peers, the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Justices and Chief Baron, the Speaker, the Attorney and Solicitor General, and Coram—certainly a goodly assemblage to conduct the affairs of the infant charity. The preliminary measures having been taken, on the 26th of October, 1740, there appeared on the door of the house in Hatton Garden (distinguished by the shield above it, painted by Hogarth, and the first of his numerous gifts to the charity) the following notice:—"To-morrow, at eight o'clock in the evening, this house will be opened for the reception of twenty children, under the following regulations:—No child exceeding the age of two months will be taken in, nor such as have the evil, leprosy, or disease of the like nature, whereby the health of the other children may be endangered; for the discovery whereof every child is to be inspected as soon as it is brought, and the person who brings it is to come in at the outward door and ring a bell at the inward door, and not to go away until the child is returned or notice given of its reception; but no questions whatever will be asked of any person who brings a child, nor shall any servant of the house presume to endeavour to discover who such person is, on pain of being discharged. All persons who bring children are requested to affix on each child some particular writing, or other distinguishing mark or token, so that the children may be known if hereafter necessary." The twenty children accordingly were taken in, and a notice affixed over the door, "*The house is full.*" We may imagine the scene Hatton Garden presented at that moment, with probably five times as many mothers with their infants rejected as had been chosen, and gazing upon that notice with all the heartburnings and rage of the unsuccessful, in a competition where the choice seems necessarily to have lain among the strongest, or those who could best elbow their way through the clamorous and excited crowd. These melancholy and disgraceful scenes were subsequently got rid of by an ingenious balloting process; all the women being admitted into the court-room to draw balls from bags, those who drew black ones were summarily dismissed, those who drew white were entitled to an admission for their children if eligible, whilst those who drew red might remain to draw once more among themselves for any vacancies left open by the ineligibility of any of the former class.

In 1745 the western wing of the present Hospital was opened and the house at Hatton Garden given up; the other two portions of the edifice soon followed, and in 1747 the chapel was begun. And here, full of years and honours, was

buried Coram, in 1751, the first person interred in the place. His had been a busy as well as a benevolent nature. He did not confine his exertions to the foundation of this Hospital, but embarked in various other useful and patriotic objects chiefly in connexion with the colonies. His colonial experience and views indeed were so much esteemed by Horace Walpole—the first Lord Walpole and uncle to *the* Horace—that in writing, on some subject of the kind, to his brother Sir Robert from the Hague, where he was then ambassador, he says, "Lose no time in talking with Sir Charles Wager, Mr. Bladen, and one Coram, the honestest, the most disinterested, and the most knowing person about the plantation I ever talked with."* How "disinterested" he was we may judge from the fact that at the age of *eighty-two* he found himself destitute. This state of things was of course not long left unremedied. Arrangements were made to raise an annuity by subscription, but, in order to be sure that they were not offending Coram by the scheme, Dr. Brocklesby waited upon him, and put the question plainly to him. The old man's reply was truly dignified. "I have not wasted," said he, "the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess that in my old age I am poor." A deed, yet carefully preserved among the Hospital records, shows the result of the subscription: it is dated March 30, 1749, and binds the parties whose names are subscribed to it to pay the different sums annexed, amounting in all to a hundred and sixty-one guineas yearly. Coram lived only two years to enjoy this evidence of the respect of his fellow-men. He died on the 29th of March, and in the evening of the 1st of April following was buried in the chapel. The body was met at the gate by the Governors and the children, who then preceded it two and two together towards its last earthly home. Immediately before the coffin the charter was borne by a person on a crimson velvet cushion. The pall was supported by numerous distinguished persons. On entering the chapel, already filled to the uttermost corner by the assembled spectators, a part of the choir of St. Paul's raised the solemn and affecting strains of the burial-service composed by Dr. Boyce, who himself officiated at the organ. An anthem, by the same eminent musician, was also sung during the ceremony. The body was finally deposited under the communion-table.

During the period from the establishment of the Hospital to about five years after the death of Coram the applications for admission were so constantly beyond the number that the funds would admit, that the Governors ultimately determined to petition Parliament for assistance. The Hospital had evidently grown popular, and the general wish, concurring with that of the Governors, was, that it should be able to accommodate all the children offered who were eligible by its constitution. Among the modes proposed for the attainment of this object, prior to the request of regular grants from Parliament, were some of an amusing character: taxes on coals exported from Great Britain, an additional Sunday turnpike-tax, parish registers of all births, deaths, and marriages, with a fee for every registration, to be thus expended; and, above all, a poll-tax on bachelors, on the ground that so many of them would doubtless have a personal interest in the welfare of the Hospital;—these were some of the modes proposed for its support by kind friends or satirical enemies. Parliament received the

* Coxe's 'Life of Walpole.'

application of the Governors favourably, and on the 6th of April, 1756, granted the sum of 10,000*l.* on the condition that all children under a certain age (first two months, then six, and lastly, as at present, twelve) should be received. The Hospital was at the same time empowered to form provincial establishments: in consequence of which houses were erected at Ackworth, Shrewsbury, Westerham in Kent, Aylesbury, Barnet, and one in Cheshire; the chief of these, at Ackworth, cost above 20,000*l.* And now commenced the state of things that had well-nigh utterly destroyed the institution, and which for a time caused it to be looked on, and not unjustly, as the greatest curse in the shape of a blessing that well-meant charity had ever inflicted. The Governors set to work with renewed energy to meet the new demands made upon them, and to fulfil what they esteemed their high vocation. To make the act of application as agreeable as possible, a basket was hung at the gate, and all the trouble imposed on parents was the ringing of a bell, as they deposited their little burdens, to inform the officers of the act. Prostitution was never before, in England at least, made so easy. The new system began on the 2nd of June, 1756, on which day 117 children were received, and before the close of the year the vast number of 1783 were adopted by the institution. Far from being frightened at this army of infants so suddenly put under their care, the Governors appear to have been apprehensive of being neglectful of the uses and capacities of the institution; for in the following June appeared advertisements in the chief public papers, and notices at the end of every street, informing all who were concerned how very widely open were the Hospital gates. Such attention was not ill bestowed; 3727 children were admitted that year, and in all, during the three years and ten months this precious system lasted, nearly 15,000 infants were received into the Foundling Hospital! And now for some of the consequences. The first and greatest, the injury to the national morality, is so glaring, that one wonders how a public body of well-intentioned and respectable men, such as the Governors, could have ever overlooked it; but what then shall we think of the Parliament? It would have, however, taken some time to prove with tolerable precision the extent of this evil, and the system might not have been brought to such a summary conclusion as it was, but for others more directly palpable to the popular sense, and some of which outraged the very feelings on which the institution itself had been based. "There is set up in our corporation (writes a correspondent from a town three hundred miles distant, in one of the chronicles of the day) a new and uncommon trade, namely, the conveying children to the Foundling Hospital. The person employed in this trade is a woman of a notoriously bad character. She undertakes the carrying of these children at so much per head. She has, I am told, made one trip already, and is now set upon her journey with two of her daughters, each with a child on her back."* From another quarter we learn that the charge for bringing up children from Yorkshire, four in two panniers slung across a horse's back, was for some time eight guineas a trip, but competition had in that, as in other pursuits, lowered the price. It was perhaps to make up for the reduction in the profits that certain carriers, before leaving the children, actually stripped the little creatures naked

* Transcribed from 'Hans Sloane; a Tale illustrating the History of the Foundling Hospital *in London: by* John Brownlow:' a little work by one of the officers of the hospital, containing many interesting facts relative to the latter.

for the sake of the value of their clothing, and thus left them in the basket! The same authority gives us a glimpse of the effect of such modes of conveyance upon the poor little creatures subjected to them that is too painful to contemplate. He says, referring we presume to the House of Commons, "Has it not in the same great Assembly been moreover publicly averred that, of eight babes brought up out of the country for the Foundling Hospital at one time in a waggon, seven died before it reached London—the only one that lived owing its life to this circumstance, viz. that it had a mother so maternally loth to part with it, and commit it alone to the carrier, that she went up on foot along with him, purely that every now and then she might give it the breast, and watch and supply its other needs occasionally, &c.; keeping pace with the waggon all the way for that purpose?"*

As the liberality of the system became more and more apparent, various country overseers and other parochial authorities began to show how greatly they were charmed with it, by occasionally dropping into the basket a child or two that they feared would become chargeable to their parishes, and in some instances by frightening the unhappy mothers themselves into the act, when they had no desire to part with their children. Other parents, again, residing in or near London, whose children were dying and who had no means of decently burying them or thought the Hospital had much more, brought them hither at the last stage of illness, to die not unfrequently between the act of taking them out of the basket and their delivery to the nurses in the ward. We may here add that among the incidental consequences of the system was the charge frequently made against the parents who had deposited their infants in the famous basket of having improperly disposed of them, the suspicions sometimes extending even unto murder. Such cases came before the magistrates; and the parties accused were detained in custody till certificates of the safe receipt of the child at the Foundling were obtained from the governors. To obviate this inconvenience a billet was delivered, when required, on the arrival of a child at the Hospital. Such were some of the evils let loose upon society by the parliament of the nation and the governors of the Hospital, through the adoption of the principle of indiscriminate admission. And the fate of the children admitted seems to show that the principle was as carelessly carried out in practice as it was vicious in theory. As the infant inundation poured in, the governors began to ask what was the best mode of preserving the lives and health of the foundlings committed to their care. The advice of the College of Physicians was asked and given; but unfortunately measures had been so precipitated that the essentials were impracticable. Where, for instance, could wet-nurses be obtained for such multitudes? How could the extraordinary watchfulness required under the circumstances—the deprivation of the proper maternal care and the mingling of diseased and healthy children—be given when there were so many requiring care? Seeing these things, we may be prepared for the result. Of the whole 14,934 children received under the new system, only 4400 lived to be apprenticed! Of course parliament did not wait for this consummation before it interfered and stopped the ruinous course it had advised and supported. On the 8th of February, 1760, a resolution was passed declaring "That the indis-

* 'The Tendencies of the Foundling Hospital in its present extent considered: 1760.'

criminate admission of all children under a certain age into the Hospital had been attended with many evil consequences, and that it be discontinued." At this period there were above 6000 children in the establishment, and Parliament was bound to continue its grant for their support till nearly the whole of them were apprenticed out. From 1756 to 1771, the years of the Parliamentary connexion, the national funds contributed it appears no less a sum than 549,796*l.* 16*s.* to the expenses of this ill-judged experiment, which inflicted a shock on the Hospital that had, as we have before observed, well-nigh destroyed it. A striking evidence of the state of public feeling at the period is afforded by the fact that many of the Governors thought it actually necessary to give the Hospital a new name, and a resolution was passed, though afterwards rescinded, to denominate it "The Orphan Hospital." We conclude this part of our subject by observing that, till very lately, some of the children introduced under the basket system were, as aged and imbecile adults, still living in the Hospital, it being a noticeable peculiarity of the latter, that it supports through life any of the children who may be unfitted personally or mentally for apprenticeship.

The Governors of the charity, after the severe warning they had received, proceeded with more caution; they restricted their exertions to the scope of their own funds, sold their country hospitals (the Quakers bought Ackworth and established their famous school); and indeed from that time to the present their administration has grown more and more strict, or, in other words, they have endeavoured to reduce the original evils which must belong to all such institutions to a minimum, and to raise the good they can accomplish to a maximum. Yet it was not till 1801 that the most objectionable practice of taking children without inquiry, on a payment of 100*l.*, was formally abolished. We now proceed to explain the present system and management of the charity in its more essential and interesting points.

A notice on the wall by the Hospital gates informs all concerned that children can only be received into the Hospital upon the personal application of the mothers, and that the requisite printed forms of admission to be filled up may be obtained at the Secretary's Office. A copy of this form is before us, and attached to it we perceive "Instructions," which state among other matters that "no person need apply unless she shall have previously borne a good character for virtue, sobriety, and honesty." To prevent improper influence, "persons who present petitions to the Committee must not previously apply to any Governor, or to any officer or servant belonging to the Hospital, on the subject, on any pretence whatever." The form shows the age of the child, and states that it is wholly dependent on the petitioner, &c.; and this, properly filled up, is presented personally by the mother to the sitting members of the Committee, varying generally from eight or ten Governors to double that number. The preliminary inquiries—as, the poverty and good character of the applicant, the illegitimacy of her infant, the abandonment by the father, and the non-cognizance of the case by any parish authorities—being satisfactorily disposed of, the chief points to which the attention of the Chairman is directed in his questions are to learn what probability there may be of the petitioner's return to the paths of virtue, in the event of the acceptation of her child, and which includes the question of the number of persons to whom her shame may be known; a matter considered to affect greatly

the possibility of her maintaining herself honestly, and preserving her station in society. Mr. Wrottesley, in his account of the Foundling Hospital,* shows very happily, by an imaginary case, the views by which the Governors are actuated in their selection of cases, and the consequent character of the examinations before the Committee. "The most meritorious case, therefore, would be one in which a young woman, having no means of subsistence except those derived from her own labour, and having no opulent relations, previously to committing the offence bore an irreproachable character, but yielded to artful and long-continued seduction, and an express promise of marriage; whose delivery took place in secret, and whose shame was known only to one or two persons, as, for example, the medical attendant and a single relation; and, lastly, whose employers or other persons were able and desirous to take her into their service, if enabled again to earn her livelihood by the reception of her child. This is considered the most eligible case, and others are deemed by the Governors as more or less so in proportion as they approach nearer to or recede further from it." The Committee, being satisfied of the eligibility of any particular case, as stated by the mother, cause inquiries to be made into its truth. These inquiries are of an unpleasant character, for the Treasurer's Clerk, on whom the duty devolves, is expressly instructed to avoid, during its performance, divulging any of the facts with which he may be acquainted; and it is easy to perceive this must be a difficult and onerous task. And this very secrecy, though indispensable, leads sometimes to an act of great immorality—the marriage of the parties in question to persons who are kept in entire ignorance of the most important event of their previous history. The result of the inquiry being also satisfactory, the child is at once admitted if there be a vacancy, or is placed on the books till one is made. The day of admission is Saturday. On leaving her child the mother receives a certificate in return, to which is attached a private mark, by which the Hospital authorities may, if requisite, subsequently recognise the child, a corresponding mark being carefully attached to the child's clothing; but as for the unhappy mother, in all probability from that day forward never again will she be able to recognise it; the connexion between them is utterly severed, except in the event (one of rare occurrence) of her claiming the restoration of the child, and giving the Governors the most satisfactory proofs of her ability properly to maintain it. It is painfully interesting to read Mr. Wrottesley's description of the various modes adopted by many of the mothers to avoid this dreadful severance, which the Hospital is strict in enforcing. He says, "All kinds of devices are resorted to by the mothers to identify their children; and extraordinary instances of ingenuity exercised by them with that view are recorded: sometimes notes are found attached to the infant's clothing, beseeching the nurse to convey information to the mother of her name and residence, that the latter may identify her child during its stay in the country: sometimes mothers have been known to watch for and follow the van on foot, which conveys their children to the country stations (where they are nursed till five years old); sometimes to attend the baptism [in the chapel, on the first Sunday after admission], in the hope of hearing its name. If they succeed in identifying the child during its stay at nurse, they can

* Report of the Commissioners for inquiring concerning Charities, p. 781.

always preserve the identification during its subsequent abode in the Hospital, for the children appear at chapel twice on Sunday, and dine in public on the same day; and this gives them opportunities of seeing them from time to time, and preserving the recollection of their features. In these attempts at discovery mistakes are, however, sometimes committed, and attentions are lavished on the offspring of others; instances even have occurred of mothers coming in mourning attire to the Hospital to return thanks for the kindness bestowed on their deceased children, who were informed on their arrival that they were alive and well." When recognition does take place, the officers of the institution have found that the children generally were injured by the indulgences lavished upon them. It is proper to observe that mothers can always obtain intelligence of the health and welfare of their children. The number of children is 360, and it is stated that about eight mothers weekly avail themselves of the privilege in question: some come regularly once a fortnight. We may here say a word on the classes of society to which such parents generally belong. A large proportion are domestic servants; of twenty-five cases eighteen belonged to this class. The remainder are chiefly daughters of small tradesmen, mechanics, or farmers, or milliners in humble circumstances.

The children, as we have incidentally seen, are baptized the day after their admission, and named. Formerly it was the custom to name the children after the chief benefactors and Governors of the institution, but a ludicrous inconvenience was experienced from the custom: some of the children, it was found, as they grew up, got a notion into their heads that they had a greater right to the appellation they had received than the mere custom of the Hospital had bestowed: we need hardly add that no sooner was this discovered than the practice at once ceased. Names of a very general character are now chosen. Immediately after their reception and baptism the infants are sent to one of the two stations in the country, East Peckham in Kent and Chertsey in Surrey, with their respective neighbourhoods. The nurses who receive the Hospital children receive 3*s.* 6*d.* per week for each, and a gratuity of 10*s.* 6*d.* at the end of the first year if the child appears to have been successfully reared. The nurses in each district are under the supervision of paid inspectors. A curious and in many senses gratifying result attends this novel connexion. The nurses and their husbands, generally poor cottagers, not only are called father and mother by the poor orphans, who have practically no other parents, but they almost invariably fulfil their duties in a manner that not only leaves nothing to be desired, but that goes beyond all reasonable expectation. Nature, as if unwilling to have one of her holiest instincts lost under any circumstances, raises up in the breast of strangers the love for these poor castaways that they fail to receive from their parents. Accordingly the parting between the nurses and the children, when the age is attained at which they are removed to London, is generally of a distressing character. In many cases the nurses would evidently, if they could, be but too happy to be allowed to keep the children as their own, and at their own expense, rather than lose them. This is a feature of the management of the Hospital that it would be highly desirable to see altered, if alteration be practicable. The children are by the present mode *twice deprived of their parents*, and the last deprivation is by far the worst, for their affections have then grown strong, and piteous

must be the suffering when they are rudely torn away from the objects around which they have so long clung. There is even a more serious evil, we should fear: the human heart in children is a dangerous thing to tamper with; is it not likely that, in finding its love thus (cruelly to all appearance) thrown as it were back upon itself, the very instinct of self-preservation may keep it from any such dangerous advances for the future, and so allow it to remain safe at the expense of all those better feelings which are the most worthy of care? In short, if this part of the system does not exactly generate selfishness, it must at least, we should consider, blunt all the finer sensibilities, and lower the standard of humanity, among children so trained.

On the return of the children to the Hospital their education commences, which is scarcely of so high a character as we should expect from the generally excellent management of the institution. There are, for instance, now in the boys' school, 115 boys, who are taught by a single master; whose duties moreover are not even confined to school-hours, but extend to the care of the children at meal-times, their clothes, &c. Under these circumstances it would be absurd to expect that any high degree of efficiency can be obtained for the imparting a good education even of the plainest kind. It is probable (indeed we have heard something to that effect) that the Governors are deterred from working any effectual improvement by the fear that public opinion would not sanction them in making the condition of the children more eligible than it is: they fear perhaps that the feeling begot by the unfortunate Parliamentary experiment has not yet entirely vanished, and that the old charge of fostering vice by taking such care of its innocent consequences may be again aroused. If so, we think it is, in the words of the poet, "a lost fear." The children *are* innocent: that is enough to arouse and support the public sympathy in their favour; and if, as we hope, the excellence of the education here given shall one day attract as much attention as the order, the neatness, cleanliness, and general arrangements of the Hospital do now, we are sure there will be few murmurers. The general interest exhibited in the measures of Dr. Kay for the pauper population of the country, as partially exhibited in the Norwood Schools, may prove at once an example, and the safety of its imitation on the part of all charitable educational institutions. Some of the elder boys, as we have before had occasion to observe, are taught tailoring, now the only trade or occupation pursued in the Hospital; whilst the girls generally are taught to make their own clothes, and, as they grow old enough, to assist the ward-mistress in making up fine linen for the public at certain settled prices, and then to share in the duties of the Hospital household, and learn the mysteries of cleaning, cooking, washing, and ironing. Lastly comes the period of apprenticeship, when the Foundlings finally quit the Hospital that has so long and kindly supported them, and prepare for the arduous struggles of active life. The boys are apprenticed to persons of different trades, and, if required, premiums are given varying from 5*l.* to 10*l.*; but in that case the inquiry into the character of the party becomes doubly strict. The girls are never intrusted to the care of unmarried men, nor to married men except with the consent of their wives, nor to persons who keep only a single servant. Personal inspection and inquiry as to their conduct and treatment is kept up through the whole period of their apprenticeship, and more particularly with regard to the females. A pleasant cus-

tom has been instituted of late years of giving to the gradually dissolving connexion the right tone of feeling preparatory to its final dissolution. Once in every year takes place a meeting of the apprentices at the Hospital, to mingle once more among their youthful associates and elder friends and guardians; on which occasion a gratuity is given to all who can present a certificate of good conduct from their masters.

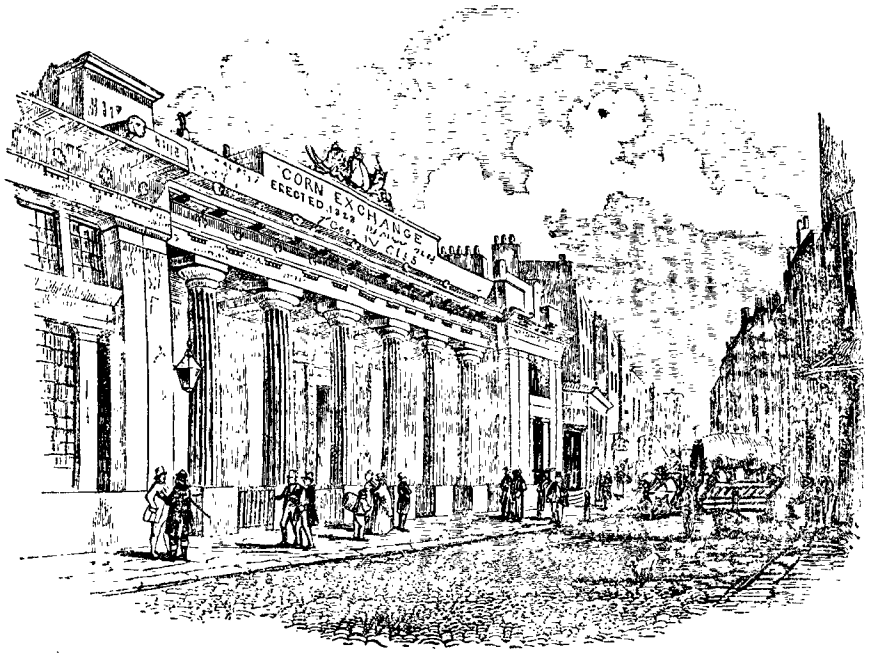
The principles that shall guide the future conduct of this important charity are of such moment that we shall make no apology for saying a few words on the subject, although our space forbids any elaborate or lengthened disquisition. From the cash account* of the Hospital for the year 1841 we perceive the annual receipts exceed 11,000*l.*; and as all those large and valuable houses belonging to the charity which surround it are held on leases, the actual income in the course of a few years will be at least 50,000*l.*! As a natural consequence, the number of the children may be very greatly increased.† As at present constituted, will the Hospital thus confer additional benefits on society? Mr. Wrottesley's opinion seems to be in the negative. He says, "Now it would seem that not only does general indiscriminate admission encourage licentiousness, but that, for a like reason, any facilities afforded for disposing of the offspring of illicit connexions without compromising the reputation of the parents have also a direct tendency to produce a similar result, and a tendency proportionable to the degree in which such facilities are afforded; and that the amount of mischief produced by any system under which illegitimate children are provided for on such terms can be always accurately estimated by observation of the number and class of the objects obtaining relief therefrom, and the circumstances under which relief is given." The "tendency" referred to cannot be denied; neither can the fact that the existing arrangements do most decidedly keep it down and render it comparatively innoxious. That this is a fact, and one that, although Mr. Wrottesley does not notice it, must answer all theories on the question, is evident from the following statements:—Sir Thomas Bernard, a former Treasurer, and the author of a carefully written and, to his credit be it said, impartial account of the Hospital, expressly says, "It is worthy of observation that *no instance* has come to the knowledge of the Committee of any woman so relieved who has not been thereby saved from what she would in all probability have been involved in—a course of vice and prostitution." Again, the gentleman we have before referred to, the treasurer's clerk, referring to an experience of many years, and extending up to the present time, informs us that he remembers but *a single case* where the reception of the child has been followed by subsequent misconduct on the part of the parent. We do not know how it is possible to desire a much stronger answer to the charge of encouraging "licentiousness." There are evils in the system unquestionably; the separation of the child from the mother, and the deceit practised in subsequent marriages, are serious ones, and, but for the rigid character of the regulations, licentiousness undoubtedly would be produced; but do those acknowledgments settle the question? Is it nothing to arrest error in its onward course, and, if you cannot change it into virtue, to keep it certainly from sinking into vice? Above

* Among the items is one of a gratifying kind—"Legacy of the late Edward Harris, a foundling, £25."

† The funds already, it appears, admit of an extension in the number from 360 to 400 children, and we understand a proposition to that effect will shortly be made.

all, is it nothing to take care of the children who would become the most pitiable victims of such vice? Let any one consider for a moment the probable fate of the great majority of the sinning but unhappy mothers who have here found relief, and then further consider what must have been the condition of their children; would the result have been anything like that shown in the following statement, where the history of one hundred and three girls after leaving the hospital is briefly but sufficiently shown? Of this number seventy-seven at the expiration of their apprenticeship received gratuities varying from two to five guineas for their good conduct, (gratuities only awarded on the presentation of a certificate by their employers,) four died, three became insane or imbecile or invalid, seven forfeited the gratuity for obstinacy without vice, three committed offences during their apprenticeship, but reformed afterwards and became respectable characters, four never applied for the gratuity, and of the whole number three only turned out bad characters. The remaining two were discovered by their mothers during their apprenticeship, and quietly taken away. It is true that in a literal sense the exact object of Coram has not been obtained or found practicable—the taking care of "exposed and deserted" infants; but it would be difficult to say the Hospital has not done what Coram must have much more desired, that is, prevented such infants from being so exposed or deserted; and certainly, in the present management and influences of the Hospital, there is nothing that would make him less proud of his title as its Founder.

[Captain Coram. From Hogarth's Picture.]



[Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.]

LXXIII.—THE CORN EXCHANGE.

SOME of the heartiest vituperations, perhaps, in the language, are to be found in the racy and entertaining 'Rural Rides' of the late William Cobbett; but they are hurled with more especial vigour against the all-devouring "Wen," as he was accustomed to call this great city, which, according to him, drew into its capacious stomach all the cattle, sheep, corn, and other good things raised by the labour of the country. Besides this, he entertained a pretty general contempt for that class of dealers who merely hand the produce of the land from one to another, and who do not by their industry change the state of the commodity which they buy and sell. No one would have been more active in putting in force the statutes of the sixteenth century against the "corn badgers" or dealers, who were described as persons "seeking only to live easily and to leave their honest labour," and their proceedings as "very hurtful to the commonwealth of this realm, as well by enhancing the price of corn and grain, as also by the diminishing of good and necessary husbandmen."* This useful class of men Cobbett would have sent to the plough. We believe we may state with perfect truth that

* Preamble of 5 Eliz. c. 12.

the prejudices against them have entirely passed away within the last twenty years; but so recently as 1795 Lord Kenyon thundered from the bench, and denounced the "full vengeance of the law" against the corn-dealers. Slow as may be the progress of political knowledge, no considerable number of persons would now applaud such anathemas as these, which, at the time, were loudly re-echoed amongst all classes.

When England was almost exclusively an agricultural country the process of obtaining a loaf of bread was a very simple one. The farmer threshed out as much corn as he wanted and carried it to the miller, and the townsman went into the pitched market and bought a sack of wheat, and he also had direct dealings with the miller. The great number of towns in which markets were once held, and which contained only a very scanty population, show how general were the means of maintaining direct dealings between the producer and consumer. In these days, at least in London, a man neither buys wheat, nor deals with the miller, nor bakes his own bread, so complete is the subdivision of employments. A comparison of the extent to which the principle is carried in the metropolis and in a large provincial town, so far as concerns the supply of bread, may be found in the Population Returns for 1831, which show that in Southwark and Sheffield, each with a population exceeding 91,000, and with a difference of less than 200 between them, there were 338 bakers in the former place and only 53 in the latter, from which it is plain that in the northern town a great majority of families dispense with the services of bakers. The relative price of fuel in the two places may in some slight degree partly account for this. But the simple as well as the complicated is equally natural in the different circumstances in which they occur. If the two millions of population now concentrated within a circle of eight miles round St. Paul's were dispersed over an extensive country, with a small number of towns of from two to ten thousand inhabitants scattered here and there, one or two containing more than that number, and the capital with perhaps fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants, the process of supplying the same amount of population with the staff of life would, under these circumstances, be totally changed. Producers and consumers would be brought generally into contact with each other, and few intermediate dealers would be necessary. But the immense supply of corn and grain which London requires for its own consumption, both for men and animals, is probably drawn from farms comprising between two and three million acres, or the total produce of six or seven thousand farms of large size; but, considering that other markets are to be supplied, and that something is required for local consumption, it may be said that many thousands of farms contribute some portion of their produce to the supply of London. Now, as it would be totally impossible for the producers in every case to bring their corn to London, it can only reach us through the services of innumerable agents, whose useful operations were denounced by the statutes of the sixteenth century. Some of the corn-merchants of London turn over in a year capital amounting to nearly a million and a half sterling, and it is obvious that they cannot themselves attend all the markets from which the supply is in the first instance collected, and yet, unless it chiefly reached London in great bulks, the process of supplying it would be very expensive. They purchase of the merchants at some shipping port, and these again deal with others whose transactions

are on a still smaller scale, and who buy directly of the grower. Each watches within his own district the opportunities of profit to be made from supplying the scarcity of one part of the country out of the abundance of another. Dr. Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, has clearly pointed out the value of such services:—"The apprehension, on the one hand, of not realizing all the profit he might, and, on the other hand, of having his goods left on his hands, either by his laying in too large a stock, or by his rivals underselling him—these, acting like antagonist muscles, regulate the extent of his dealings, and the prices at which he buys and sells. An abundant supply causes him to lower his prices, and thus enables the public to enjoy that abundance, while he is guided only by the apprehension of being undersold; and, on the other hand, an actual or apprehended scarcity causes him to demand a higher price, or to keep back his goods in expectation of a rise. For doing this, corn-dealers in particular are often exposed to odium, as if they were the cause of the scarcity; while in reality they are performing the important service of husbanding the supply in proportion to the deficiency, and thus warding off the calamity of famine; in the same manner as the commander of a garrison or a ship regulates the allowances according to the stock and the time it is to last. But the dealers deserve neither censure for the scarcity which they are ignorantly supposed to produce, nor credit for the important public service which they in reality perform. They are merely occupied in gaining a fair livelihood." The importation of foreign corn, which, in wheat alone, has amounted to about nine million quarters in the last four years, involves a more extended chain of operations, which reaches from the counting-house of the London merchant to the growers in the heart of central Europe, the cultivator in the Steppes of Southern Russia, the settler who has cleared a patch of land in the forests of Canada, and the American farmer on the Ohio. What ploughing, and sowing, and reaping—what threshing, winnowing, and measuring—before a single grain leaves the spot where it is produced, and how variously are all these processes conducted in the different countries which supply London. What chafferings in hundreds of markets before this supply gets out of the hands of the producer, in its first stage towards the all-devouring metropolis of England! How various are the modes of transport to the place of shipment, and how great are the contrasts they present: in one case the train of rude bullock-waggons crossing the Russian Steppes, in another the equally rude barge on the Vistula, with its cargo protected only by an exterior coating of sprouted corn impenetrable to the elements! Nearly all the maritime ports of England, Scotland, and Ireland, contribute some portion towards our supply. In the months of July and August, 1841, there arrived in London 787 vessels from foreign parts laden with foreign corn, 306 being British and 481 foreign.

Kent and Essex were at one period almost the only counties from which London drew its supply of corn and grain; but before even the sixteenth century this was no longer the case. Stow remarked that London "maintaineth in flourishing estate the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, and Sussex, which, as they lie in the face of our most puissant neighbour, so ought they, above others, to be considered as the greatest strength and riches; and these, it is well known, stand not so much on the benefit of their own soil as by the neighbourhood and nearness

they have to London." The total importation of corn, grain, and seeds into London averages at the present time about three and a half million quarters, or about 28,000,000 bushels, annually, besides about 50,000 tons of flour and meal, the weight altogether being at least 530,000 tons. What a vast amount and variety of industry is involved in the creation of this large quantity of agricultural produce and in the preparation of it for consumption! Next to coal, the trade in corn gives the most extensive employment to shipping in the port of London of any other commodity.

Without the stimulus of self-interest the task of supplying London would be beyond the reach of human effort; and the operations of the "speculator" conduce, in the end, solely to the public advantage. The slightest interference with him is not unattended with danger; but the jealous spirit of the sixteenth century, if it were now possible to give effect to it, would once more place London at the risk of those serious dearths in the first necessary of life which were of frequent occurrence, and for which, in part, corn-dealers were ignorantly blamed. We may notice here a few of the restrictions under which the corn-dealers were placed three centuries ago, and also one or two regulations which attempted to deal with the producers in the same spirit. In September, 1549, a proclamation was issued which prohibited corn-dealers from having more than ten quarters in their possession at one time; and it directed justices of the peace to look into the barns, and so much as to them seemed superfluous was to be sold at a reasonable price, persons being appointed to attend in every market to see that this was done.* Two years afterwards the substance of the above proclamation was embodied in a statute † which subjected persons buying corn to sell again to heavy penalties. Farmers buying corn for seed were required to sell an equal quantity of their corn in store. When wheat was under 6*s.* 8*d.* the quarter it might then be bought by dealers, but they were not to enhance the price or prevent the supply of the market. Corn "badgers," licensed by three justices of the peace, were permitted to buy in open fairs and markets for the supply of cities and towns. In 1562 there was another statute passed which affected them.‡ They were to be householders, not less than thirty years of age, and either married or widowers, and the licence was to be only an annual one, to be granted by the magistrates in quarter-sessions. The dealers were also to give securities not to be guilty of engrossing or forestalling, and not to buy out of open market, except under an express licence. These restrictions could not well be maintained without leading to other artificial arrangements, some of which, so far as they relate to the corn-market of London, we shall briefly notice.

For upwards of two centuries the authorities of the City and the principal Livery Companies were accustomed constantly to provide a store of corn against seasons of scarcity, and when prices rose the city granaries were opened for the purpose of keeping them moderate. This was doing nothing more than individuals would have done; but when large floating capitals ready for employment at a moment's notice were not quite so abundant as in these days, it was perhaps wise as well as benevolent in the City looking with a provident eye towards the means of mitigating the dearths which were so frequently occurring. The Lord

* Turner's Hist. Eng. vol. i. p. 172. † 5 and 6 Edw. VI. c. 14. ‡ 5 Eliz. c. 12.

Mayor, as the head of the City, could not but extend his care to those who on such occasions were ready to perish but for his assistance; and it is most probable that the practice of forming stores of corn commenced immediately after some severe dearth; and humanity forbade it to be hastily abandoned.

Sir Stephen Brown, in 1438, appears to have been one of the earliest, and most likely was the first, Mayor of London who established a public granary, for which he is eulogised both by Stow and Fuller. The latter says of him, that "during a great dearth in his mayoralty he charitably relieved the wants of the poor citizens, by sending ships at his own expense to Dantzic, which returned laden with rye, and which seasonable supply soon sunk grain to reasonable rates;" and he adds, "he is beheld as one of the first merchants who, during a want of corn, showed the Londoners the way to the barn-door, I mean Spurmland, prompted by charity, not covetousness, to this adventure." About the same period Sir Simon Eyre, another Lord Mayor, established a public granary at Leadenhall. Nearly a century afterwards (1521) a succeeding Mayor found the city granaries almost empty. "There were not," says Stow, "one hundred quarters of wheat in all the garners of the city, either within the liberties or near adjoining, through the which scarcity, when the carts of Stratford came laden with bread to the city (as they had been accustomed), there was such press about them, that one man was ready to destroy another, in striving to be served for their money: but this scarcity lasted not long; for the Mayor in short time made such provision of wheat, that the bakers both of London and Stratford were weary of taking it up, and were forced to take much more than they would, and for the rest the Mayor stowed it up in Leadenhall and other garners of the city. This Mayor also kept the market so well, that he would be at Leadenhall by four o'clock in the summer mornings, and from thence he went to other markets, to the great comfort of the citizens."

Occasional memoranda in the City records show the manner in which the City authorities applied their stores of corn to reduce prices in the markets. In 1546 two aldermen were appointed weekly in rotation to purvey and to see that the markets were well supplied. In 1559 there is an order for the City's store to be ground and sold to the citizens. In 1565 the bridgemaster is directed to put to sale in the markets every market-day four quarters of the City's wheat-meal at 3*s.* the bushel, and four bushels of maslin (a mixture of wheat and rye) at 2*s.* 6*d.* the bushel. A memorandum appears in the year 1573, instructing the Lord Mayor and Aldermen not to allow corn belonging to the City to be sold "better cheap" than the cost price, with all losses and charges added, nor lower than from 2*d.* to 4*d.* the bushel under the market-price, unless with the consent of the City companies, and taking an equal quantity of each company. The part which the companies took in this matter will be hereafter noticed. In 1579 the companies were required to send into the market of Southwark fifteen quarters of meal per week, till they had disposed of all their old corn at the market-price; and a fresh stock was then to be provided. In 1580, on account of the high prices, they were directed to take into the market at Queenhithe, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, eight quarters of wheat, well ground, and to retail it at 3*s.* the bushel, "and not more, at their peril." The companies were called upon at two different periods in 1590 to purchase 18,000 quarters of corn. This would

supply 216,000 persons for one calendar month. In 1617 they were ordered to supply the markets at 4*d.* the bushel under the market prices. Under such a system the operations of private traders would often be attended with great hazard, and this of itself would create the deficiency and the consequent high prices which the City authorities endeavoured to remedy.

The money to purchase corn and grain for the City granaries was raised by loans and contributions from the Mayor and Aldermen, from the City Companies, and sometimes from the citizens. In 1521 there is a resolution in the City records to the effect that "the Chamberlain should become bound to persons lending money for provision of corn for the City;" and in another entry of the same year the bridgemaster is ordered to make the necessary purchases of wheat. This officer appears to have been intrusted with the office of buying the City's corn, which was at one period entirely stored at the Bridge-house. Mr. Herbert, in his 'History of the Livery Companies,' says that the Companies were first required to assist in provisioning the City in 1521. The Common Council passed an act "for 1000*l.* to be borrowed on account of the great dearth and scarcity of wheat which had then lately been, and was more like to ensue, if good and politic provision were not shortly made and had;" and it was in consequence agreed that "in all goodly haste the said sum should be levied and paid by the Fellowships of sundry mysteries and crafts of this City, by way of a prest and loan." The Lord Mayor and Aldermen fixed the sums to be contributed by each Company; and the Wardens of the Companies were to assess the members of their respective Fellowships. In 1559 the Aldermen agreed to advance a sum of 10*l.* each towards raising a permanent corn-fund. About the same time the Companies were called upon to assist in purchasing "the wheat that is now come beyond sea." There being need of a further provision, a second application was made to certain of the twelve Companies, in consequence of an offer made to the Common Council, from an English grower probably, who was "minded to send" certain wheat, "if he might be ascertained of the price thereof." He was offered 14*s.* the quarter for as much "good and sound wheat" as he could supply. The following year the Wardens of the principal Companies offered, on the part of their respective Fellowships, to provide certain sums of money towards purchasing wheat from abroad. In March, 1552, the Wardens of the greater part of the Companies, in obedience to the precepts of the Common Council, "did lovingly grant, assent, and agree to disburse and lay out, by the way of loan, for the provision and buying of certain wheat in France to and for the City's use," the several sums respectively agreed upon. In June they were again called upon to buy "some of the rye then at the water-side."

The Companies were not, however, always in a complaisant humour, and often grumbled sorely when their money was not repaid. The Drapers' Company, in 1560, having shown some reluctance to comply with a corn-precept, were peremptorily ordered by the Lord Mayor to collect and pay over the sum of 300*l.*, being the amount of their assessment. Next year they asked for a return of their money, but were offered instead wheat out of the Bridge-house at 23*s.* the quarter; and if this offer were refused, the Wardens were "to move and persuade them gently to forbear their said money" until the corn in the Bridge-house could be conveniently sold. In 1573 the Common Council called upon the Companies for

a larger sum than usual for the purchase of wheat, urging the existence of present scarcity, and the necessity of preventing "extremities;" and, as the following extract from the precept shows, the Companies were threatened with the Queen's displeasure in case of refusal: "By the Mayor.—Forasmuch as all common policy requireth the prevention of extremities, and considering, as you know, the urgent and present necessity, and the lack of provision and other grain for furniture of this so great and populous city, of the want whereof the Queen's Majesty and her most honourable Council are not ignorant, but, having special care and regard to the same, are not a little offended and displeased, with some grief that there hath been no better provision heretofore made, and that presently the city should be no better stored, by reason whereof the prices of corn and grain are much dearer in this city than in any other part of this realm, have not only at sundry times and with gentle means, but also with some terror, as well in the Star Chamber as in other places afore the Council, given as admonition that the same her Majesty's city and chamber may not be unfurnished for lack of good provision." In reply to this the Companies complained that former loans were still unpaid; but the City pleaded that losses had been sustained from the bad quality of some of the wheat they had purchased, and offered to repay the Companies in two thousand quarters of good wheat from Sussex, and the same quantity from their last year's stores.

In 1577 it was debated whether the City should provide stores of corn on loans from the Companies, by orders from the Court of Aldermen, or whether the Companies should provide and keep their own stores; and the result of negotiations on the subject was that the Companies were to find their own stores, which were to be laid up at the Bridge-house, and to be subject to the control of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. Mr. Herbert, in the work already quoted, says that the garners at the Bridge-house were divided into twelve parts, which were appropriated by lots to each of the great Companies. They took possession on the 4th of November; and two days afterwards were required to purchase their annual stock, amounting to 5000 quarters, at 28*s.* the quarter. The City had ten ovens at this place; six of large size, and the remainder one-half less. One of the Sheriffs left 200*l.* in 1516 towards building these ovens. In 1596, the Companies built granaries at their own halls. Two years before there was a prospect of scarcity, and, as there had been large importations of wheat and rye from abroad, Sir John Spencer, the Lord Mayor, obtained an order from the Queen's Council to compel the Companies to purchase some of this foreign supply, but about the same time Sir John Hawkins applied for the use of the City granaries and ovens at the Bridge for the navy. The Lord Mayor urged that, if this request were granted, the Companies would cease to make provision of corn, on the ground that they had no place for storing it; and, for greater security in future, the Companies adopted the plan of keeping their stock at their respective halls.

Soon after the commencement of the seventeenth century, the difficulty of keeping up the ancient practice of providing a store of corn appears greatly to have increased. In 1630 the Companies were to forfeit 3*s.* to the poor for every bushel which they had neglected to provide according to their due proportion. In 1631, when ordered to buy wheat and rye from abroad, they refused.

In 1632 the Wardens of some of the Companies who had neglected to store their granaries were committed. With the Tudors had departed many of those restrictions which perhaps had some use in their day; but the greater freedom of trade no longer rendered it necessary for the authorities to supersede the transactions of private dealers. At length, when the system had become almost entirely exhausted and worn out, the Great Fire destroyed the granaries, mills, and ovens at the Bridge and in other parts of the City, and the custom of providing stores of corn was not again resumed.

In undertaking the task of regulating prices in the markets the City authorities were under the necessity of imposing restrictions and framing arbitrary regulations, which at once created the excuse for their interference, and increased the difficulty of doing so in a beneficial manner. The general internal commerce of the country was subject to a host of impediments. Thus at one time the Lord Mayor and Aldermen could not contract with a person at Harwich to purchase wheat for the City in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, without first obtaining a licence from the Lords of the Council. Licences were at the same time required to enable them to contract "with other discreet persons, who were to purchase corn in other parts of the realm where they thought best." In one year of scarcity (1586) the magistrates in the country round London attempted to keep the supply of corn for the consumption of their respective neighbourhoods, and hindered its being brought to London. Strype says that on this occasion the Lord Mayor applied for redress to Lord Burleigh, who was regarded as the City's patron. In 1554 the Lord Mayor wrote to the Lords of the Council to borrow a thousand quarters of wheat for victualling the City, and prayed that it might be exempted from the grasp of the purveyors. The Council agreed to lend the above quantity for three months. To carry out their plans fully, it was necessary for the City to pry narrowly into the operations of the bakers and others. In one year "straight commandment" was given to the bakers not to buy any meal but of the City's store at the Bridge-house, when the quantity which each of them was allowed to take, and the price, were fixed by the Lord Mayor. In 1546 there is an entry to the effect that Henry Hoke, brewer, is to have but 200 quarters of the wheat to be bought of the merchants of the Steel-yard, "albeit that they have sold him more, as they say." These merchants were at one period the sole importers of foreign corn, and in times of scarcity were not allowed to sell either to bakers or brewers without the City's licence. In 1600 no chandler or other person was to harbour in his house any corn but for his own spending, merchants importing corn excepted.

In 1622 the Court came into the City as borrowers of corn. The letter addressed on this occasion by the Duke of Lennox to the Wardens of the Grocers' Company is given in Mr. Herbert's 'History of the Companies;' and we here reprint it, as a curious illustration of the times:—"To our loving Friends the Wardens and Assistants of the Company of Grocers of the City of London. After our hearty commendations: Whereas, by the neglect of his Majesty's purveyors, his house is at this time altogether unfurnished with wheat, by means whereof there is a present want of one hundred quarters of wheat for the service of his household: we do therefore pray and desire you that out of your stock his Majesty may be supplied with thirty or forty quarters of your best and sweetest wheat

until his own provision may be brought in, the which we do faithfully promise shall be paid unto you again in November next at the furthest; and because it is intended that by the exchange thereof you shall have no loss, we have therefore committed the care thereof to Mr. Harvey, one of his Majesty's officers of the Green Cloth, who shall see the same duly answered and brought into your granary at the time appointed; and so, not doubting of your willing performance upon so present and needful an occasion, we bid you heartily farewell. Your loving friends, Lennox, T. Edmond, J. Sucklinge. Whitehall, 27th September, 1622." The Wardens had either no great quantity of wheat in their granary, or had very little faith in the promises of courtiers, for they debated on the subject a considerable time; and Mr. Harvey, who was in attendance, being called in, he promised "so to mediate that ten quarters should be taken in satisfaction of the whole demand." Whether the loan was repaid or not does not appear.

The following trick was very likely to occur in transactions amongst parties who had not the strong impulse of personal interest to open their eyes to imposition and fraudulent collusions. In 1631 some cunning speculators, who had imported a quantity of rye which did not sell very readily, obtained the ear of the Lords of the Council; and the Lord Mayor being applied to by them, he wrote to the Companies, urging them to buy the importer's stock. He stated that "divers merchants trading to the east countries had of late brought into the kingdom great quantities of corn, being rye, which for quality was as good or better than the growth of this kingdom, though they had no need for it;" but, on the suggestion of the Lords of the Privy Council, the importers were contented to sell it at 8*d.* per bushel less than it cost them; and, for the encouragement of future speculators, the said Lords recommended the Lord Mayor to press the City Companies to buy it at the prices offered, and blamed him for not having compelled them to do so. The Lord Mayor accordingly directed the Companies to buy some of this rye. The Grocers' Company, in reply, prayed to be excused, on the ground that the act of Common Council orders the provision of wheat only, and not rye; they had already furnished the markets at a loss of 400*l.*, and had still 400 quarters in store; and they stated that, even in times of dearth, the poor would not eat barley or rye, either alone or mixed with two-thirds wheat, so that 500 quarters of rye, the proportion they were now called upon to purchase, would require 1800 quarters of wheat to mix with it; and they added that the stores mixed in this way were still on hand; and, lastly, they remarked that both Dutch and English merchants were offering rye at a lower price than that which they were urged to buy.

The ancient ports for landing corn were Queenhithe and Billingsgate, where the customs duties were paid. According to an inquisition in 1302, bakers and others buying corn at Queenhithe paid 1*d.* for the metage, porterage, and carriage. There was a principal meter and eight master-porters, each of whom had three porters under him, who were bound to provide each a horse with seven sacks for carrying the corn away when purchased. The charge for metage and for porterage as far as Newgate, Fleet Bridge, Cripplegate, &c., was 1*d.*, and for places nearer a smaller sum.* A new warehouse was built at Queenhithe

* See No. L., 'The Custom House,' vol. ii. p. 404.

during the sixteenth century for stowing the corn craned out of the barges and lighters, to the building of which Sir John Lion, who had filled the office of Lord Mayor, left the sum of 100*l.* in 1554. In 1565 this warehouse was enlarged at the cost of the City. It appears, however, that quite at the close of the century the corn-market at Queenhithe was nearly deserted, and the meters and porters no longer "lived well of their labours," as they had formerly done. Stow says, writing at this time, that "the bakers of London and other citizens travel into the countries, and buy their corn of the farmers after the farmers' prices."

The corn-market on Cornhill, which gives its name to one of the City wards, and that of St. Michael-le-Quern were the ancient corn-markets of the City. Stow speaks of the one on Cornhill as having been "time out of mind there holden." The proper name of the other was St. Michael-ad-Bladum, or at the Corn, "because," says Stow, "in place thereof was sometime a corn-market." It was at the west-end of Cheapside; and the parish is now united to that of St. Vedast in Foster Lane.

Bread Street, which also gives its name to one of the wards of the City, was anciently the market for bread, though in Stow's time it was wholly inhabited by "rich merchants, and divers fair inns be there." Stow had read, but where he does not state, that in 1396 Basing Lane, a little to the eastward of Bread Street, was once called the Bakehouse, "whether meant for the king's bake-house, or of bakers dwelling there and baking bread to serve the market in Bread Street, where the bread was sold, I know not." To force traders of all kinds to vend their commodities as far as possible in the open market was the common policy of the middle ages, founded upon a considerate regard for the interests of the poorer classes of consumers; and the tolls were, no doubt, an object of some importance. In 1302, according to Stow, the bakers of London "were bounden to sell no bread in their shops or houses, but in the market." An ordinance of the year 1318 states that they were bound to take the bread in a basket into the King's market, so that, if it were not "competent according to the market of corn, the baker's body should answer for it." The Fellowship of Bakers held four hall-motes during the year to determine respecting "enormities" of which the members of their craft had been guilty. In 1370 a Stratford baker, for making bread less than the assize, was drawn on a hurdle through the streets of the City, with a fool's-cap on his head, and about his neck were suspended his loaves of deficient weight. In the Assize of Bread, given in Arnold's 'Chronicle,' the penny wheat-loaf of Stratford-le-Bow was to weigh six ounces more than the penny wheat-loaf of London, and the penny loaf of Stratford was to be equal in weight to the three-halfpenny wheat-loaf of London. The object of the assize of bread was to compel the bakers to increase the size of their loaves in proportion to the fall in the price of wheat. Thus, according to the assize fixed at the commencement of the last century, when wheat was 30*s.* the quarter the penny loaf was to weigh rather more than sixteen ounces; and when wheat rose to 66*s.*, the weight of the penny loaf was reduced to about seven ounces; a margin of 12*s.* the quarter being allowed for the cost of baking and other charges. The assize of bread for the City of London was regulated by statute in the reign of Queen Anne, and was finally abolished in 1815. It was an ancient

custom of the Bakers' Company to present a loaf of wastel and one of cocket out of the oven to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in which state it was to be weighed. The materials were purchased by four "sworn and discreet men" in the sack, upon the pavement, in each of the three markets of Gross-church, St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and Queenhithe,—a quarter of bread-corn or meal being purchased at each market. The bakers of London were forbidden by ancient ordinances to bake loaves of household bread to sell at more than twopence each, except at Christmas, under the penalty of forfeiting such larger loaves to the poor; and neither they nor others were to utter or sell by retail, except at funerals and at Easter and Christmas, either spice-cakes, buns, biscuits, or other spice-bread.

The bakers of Stratford, to whom allusion has been made, were for several centuries engaged in supplying the city with bread, but they had ceased to frequent it about thirty years before Stow wrote. They bought the corn which came by the river Lea. Stow gives the following account of them:—"Ye shall understand that of old time the bakers of bread at Stratford were allowed to bring daily (except the Sabbath and principal feasts) divers long carts laden with bread, the same being two ounces in the penny wheat-loaf heavier than the penny wheat-loaf baked in the city, the same to be sold in Cheap, three or four carts standing there, between Gutherans (Gutter) Lane and Foster Lane, and one cart on Cornhill, by the Conduit, and one other in Grass Street." The Cheap, or market (now Cheapside), presented scenes as varied and animated during the middle ages as the Toledo of Naples in the present day. The shops in the Cheap resembled sheds, and many of the dealers had simply stalls or standings, for which they paid a rent of from 11*s.* to 28*s.* a-year. Around the old cross of Cheap the mercers sold their spices, drugs, toys, and small wares generally. A number of other dealers had their shops or stalls in the street of Cheap, the appearance of which in the fourteenth century resembled a market or fair. In a time of scarcity the Stratford bread-carts would be surrounded by a clamorous throng, or there would be uproarious hilarity at the sight of the dishonest baker drawn on a hurdle through the busy thoroughfare.

Of the other class whose avocation brings them to the corn-market—the millers—we have not much information. The monks of Rochester had a mill at Southwark before the Conquest, and the Templars had mills on the River Fleet, which, on the complaint of the citizens, were removed in 1199, after inspection by the Mayor and the Constable of the Tower, in consequence of their diverting the stream. In 1255 there were floating mills for grinding corn on the Thames, which were set in motion by the tide. In 1588 the Lord Mayor permitted four corn-mills to be erected on the river at the Bridge-house.

The other ancient corn-markets, besides those of Cornhill and St. Michael-le-Quern, were those at Leadenhall, Newgate, Queenhithe, Graschurch, and Southwark. The situation of the City granaries has already been mentioned. First they were at Leadenhall and the Bridge-house; at the latter place in the first instance for the City only, and then for the twelve great companies, until they kept their stores of corn at their own halls. At one time the City had granaries at Bridewell and at Christchurch.

At the beginning of the last century the metropolitan corn-market was held

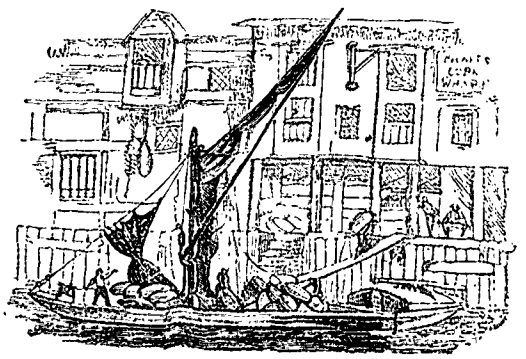
at Bear Quay, in Thames Street; Queenhithe was the great market for flour and meal; and the White Horse Inn meal-market, near Holborn Bridge, is mentioned, and is doubtless the one alluded to by Strype as appointed to be held near the river Fleet. The present system of factorage in the corn-trade is stated to have existed only about one hundred and fifty years. The traditional report of its origin ascribes it to the custom of a number of Essex farmers, who frequented an inn at Whitechapel, leaving with the landlord or waiter samples of the corn and grain, of which they had small parcels unsold, with a commission to sell for them, and thus they were not compelled to attend the next market. The predecessor of one of the oldest houses now in the trade, in beginning to sell by commission, had a stand on Tower Hill, and in the course of a few years the number who were profitably engaged in the same way had so much increased, that the old Corn Exchange in Mark Lane was projected and opened in 1747. Eighty years afterwards a second Corn Exchange was contemplated, and was opened in 1828. The two buildings adjoin each other, in Mark Lane.

The lower part of the Old Corn Exchange consists of an open colonnade, with modern Doric pillars very singularly placed. There are windows in the two stories forming the upper part of the building. The interior forms a court in which the factors have their stands. In a critical work on the 'Edifices of London,' by W. H. Leeds, Esq., it is remarked of this building that it might pass for the model of the *atrium*, or place of audience, in a Pompeian house, with its *impluvium* (the space in the centre in which the rain fell). The New Corn Exchange is in the Grecian Doric style. It is favourably situated for so narrow a locality, being placed at a bend of the street, so that the stranger comes upon it unawares, and it presents several features of originality in design and other points of interest to the architectural student, which are elaborately criticised in the work of Mr. Leeds just alluded to. The interior is lighted by a lantern with vertical lights in the centre space within the columns, and the compartments on each side have skylights in their ceilings. The stands of the corn-factors, to the number of eighty and upwards, are along the sides of the building. On them are placed small bags and wooden bowls with samples of different kinds of grain, and behind is a desk for the factor or his clerk, with something of the convenience of a counting-house. Lightermen and granary-keepers have stands as well as corn-merchants, factors, and millers. The seed market is held in another part of the building. In the north wing is a tavern and coffee-room, and the opening in the south side of the other wing communicates with the Old Corn Exchange.

The metropolitan market for corn, grain, and seeds is now entirely confined to Mark Lane. The market-days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the first being by far the busiest day of the three; and the hours of business are from ten to three. A bargain does not become valid until an hour after the commencement of business on the next market-day. The general commercial reader will perhaps be interested in knowing that wheat is paid for in bills at one month, and all other descriptions of corn and grain in bills at two months. But the Kentish "hoymen," who may be distinguished by their sailors' jackets, are privileged by the custom of the market to sell for ready money, though of course they sell only what they bring up themselves. They have stands free of expense, and pay less for metage and dues than others. The Essex dealers also enjoy some privileges.

Their origin, in both cases, is said to have been in consideration of the men of Kent and Essex having continued to supply the City at a time when it was ravaged by the plague.

On the arrival of a cargo of corn or grain in the river it is subject to a variety of regulations which are but little known out of the trade. Whether it be from our own ports or from a foreign country, a number of dues are collected by the City authorities, under the several heads of water-bailliage, groundage, Lord Mayor's and cocket dues. The city claims by prescription the right of measuring corn, as well as several other articles which enter the port of London, and the crew are not permitted to undertake this duty, but it is performed by the sworn corn-meters and the fellowship porters. In 1833 the total charge upon the public for metage of corn was 23,626*l.*, out of which the City derived a net profit of 5819*l.* The number of corn-meters is one hundred and fifty. They are appointed by a committee of the corporation of London, called the Coal and Corn Committee, and attend daily at their office in Tower Street and Brook's Wharf, to be at all times ready for whoever requires their services. The senior meters have the choice of work, and the junior is obliged to undertake whatever is offered, though he may sometimes be a loser by the job, as he may be required to measure a small quantity of corn in any part of the river between Staines and Yantlet Creek. The fellowship porters are three thousand in number, and are appointed by the Alderman of Billingsgate Ward, who is ex-officio Governor of the Fellowship. They have a prescriptive right to the porterage of all corn, fruit, salt, potatoes, &c., coming into the port of London; and the number always at work is about fifteen hundred. The seniors have the choice of work in the same manner as the coal-meters. These two bodies show what the ancient state of industry was in England when nearly each sort of employment was surrounded by certain privileges and monopolies. A provision is made for the corn-meters when they become old and infirm, and this is done out of the metage charges. All the corn and grain from Kent, most part of that from Essex, and part of that from Suffolk, is brought to London in sacks. Foreign and Irish corn, English oats and barley, and peas and beans, are brought in loose bulk. The quantity brought in each ship varies from 200 to as many as 2500 quarters, and even 3000 quarters. The vessels from Kent and Essex bring from 300 to 500 quarters at a time; those from Norfolk and Suffolk average 500 or 600 quarters; and from Ireland



[Thames Corn Barge.]

the quantity varies from 700 to 1100 or 1200 quarters. The largest cargoes are brought from the Baltic and Odessa. About 37½ bushels of wheat, or 4 quarters 5½ bushels, weigh a ton—about 45 bushels of barley, and 55 or 56 bushels of oats, while beans and peas are rather heavier than wheat. The cargo of a Kentish hoy sometimes belongs to as many as twenty different farmers.

When the ship is ready for delivery, the meter, and seven or sometimes eight of the fellowship porters, go on board. Two of the latter dip into the bulk with their concave wooden shovels, and the meter completes the filling up of the bushel, when one of the two porters passes the strike over the surface, and a third holds the sack into which the other two pour the contents of the bushel, which is hoisted up by the three porters on the deck, one of whom bears it over the ship's side. It is shot into the lighter in loose bulk, and, on arriving at the granary, it is again measured, and carried in sacks to the floor where it is intended to be stored, when it is again shot loose. When sold, the buyer sends sacks for it to the granary, and another measuring takes place. The meter and his attendants are able to measure 600 or 700 quarters of oats a-day, and even 800 quarters a-day are occasionally measured; but it is a good day's work to measure 450 quarters of barley or 400 quarters of wheat. When wheat arrives in sacks it is measured at the rate of 70 an hour, containing 35 quarters. To accomplish this the meter and his seven or eight men are required to be very active. Four men are employed in the hold, and three men and the meter are on deck. Two of the former raise the sack, and at the same instant the other two place the slings under it, and immediately those on deck hoist it up, the contents are poured into the bushel, and the meter passes the strike over the surface. Two of the three men hold the bushel, the third holds the sack, which, as soon as filled, is hoisted over the side of the vessel.

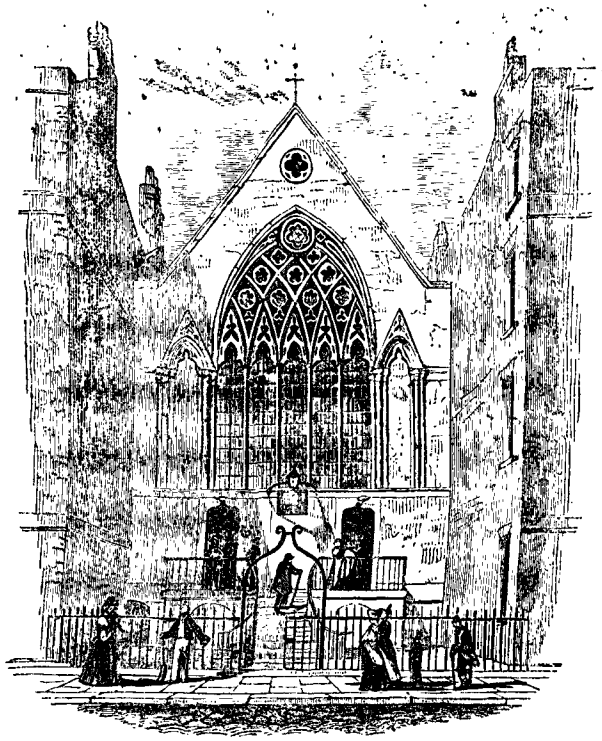
The granaries are lofty and spacious buildings of six or seven floors or stories, those of the largest kind being capable of holding from six to seven thousand quarters of corn on each floor; but the granaries, of course, vary in size, some only being able to contain two or three thousand quarters. They are numerous about Bermondsey and Shad Thames, where the largest are; but there are granaries on each side of the river from Greenwich to Vauxhall. Those in which foreign corn is bonded are places of greater security, and admit of the regulations of the Custom House being strictly followed. The granaries adjacent to the Commercial Docks are chiefly used for foreign corn, and some, though not any large quantity, is stored in the warehouses at each of the docks. The peculiar restrictions relating to the importation of foreign corn sometimes render it expedient to keep it in the granary for several years, the fluctuating duty ranging so high that, with all the charges upon it, it cannot be liberated at a profit. Four or five years ago above 2000 quarters of wheat were thrown into the river rather than the owners would submit to pay the high duty or keep it for a longer period subject to granary rent and other charges. In the last four years the duty has sunk to the lowest point during one week in each year, and this event being foreseen, or perhaps being designedly brought about by the merchants and importers withholding supplies in anticipation of the rise of prices and the fall of duty, an immense quantity of corn is suddenly taken out of bond the moment the duty sinks. Above two million quarters of wheat were

liberated in September and October, 1841, a large proportion of which would be bonded in the port of London. The week in which the duty falls to the lowest point is the harvest of the speculator, to which he has long looked anxiously forward. The arrival of ships from abroad is now an object of the utmost solicitude, as a few hours may make a difference of several thousand pounds to a large importer. The number of corn-vessels which do arrive is so great that warehouses, granaries, and the river itself in many places, is completely blocked up; but the large quantity suddenly brought into the market depresses prices, the duty mounts again, and a vessel which arrives on a Friday instead of a Thursday not only loses the advantage of the low duty and high prices, but the cargo may have to remain for months in the granary. The expense of granary-rent and fire-insurance is about 5*s.* per week on one hundred quarters of wheat. Corn and grain, the produce of our own soil, is kept in the granary as well to improve its condition as to wait the chance of favourable markets. By being frequently turned and screened it becomes hard and better adapted for grinding, and though it loses in measure it gains in weight. The expense of turning and screening a hundred quarters of wheat is about 2*s.* per week.

The number of establishments which are engaged in supplying the metropolis with corn and grain, seeds, malt, flour, meat, and bread is as follows, according to the Post-Office Directory for 1842:—Corn-merchants 75; corn and flour factors 138; corn-dealers 243; millers 26; bakers 1375; confectioners 285. The number of bakers in Paris is about 600, and, the population of London being twice as great, there is about the same proportion of bakers to the inhabitants in each capital; but the proportion of the latter is rather greater in Paris, and the baker there does not enjoy that profitable part of the business which his brethren in London do, namely, that of baking the dinners of thousands of families, but he confines himself to his loaves and "fancy" breads. The bakers of Paris are compelled to have a certain quantity of flour in store at the Grenier de Reserve ou d'Abondance, besides keeping up the stock in their shops to a fixed amount. This is the commercial policy of an age which has not yet learnt to rely upon the ever-active agency of self-interest. All such regulations are mischievous, since they are attempts to supersede a principle which operates more advantageously for society than any artificial rules devised by human wisdom. Dr. Whately remarks of this principle, that, "if the time should ever arrive when the structure of human society, and all the phenomena connected with it, shall be as well understood as astronomy and physiology, it will be regarded as exhibiting even more striking instances of Divine wisdom;" and he bids us mark the insuperable difficulties which ensue when an attempt is made to set it aside, and the admirable order which results from its being allowed perfect freedom of action in all commercial operations. "Let any one," he says, "propose to himself the problem of supplying with daily provisions of all kinds such a city as our metropolis. Any considerable failure in the supply, even for a single day, might produce the most frightful distress, since the spot on which they are cantoned produces absolutely nothing. Some, indeed, of the articles consumed admit of being reserved in public or private stores for a considerable time; but many, including most articles of animal food, and many of vegetable, are of the most perishable nature. As a deficient supply of these, even for a few days,

would occasion great inconvenience, so a redundancy of them would produce a corresponding waste. Moreover, it is essential that the supplies should be distributed among the different quarters, so as to be brought almost to the doors of the inhabitants; at least within such a distance that they may, without an inconvenient waste of time and labour, procure their daily shares. Moreover, whereas the supply of provisions for an army or garrison is comparatively uniform in kind, here the greatest possible *variety* is required, suitable to the wants of various classes of consumers. Again, this immense population is extremely fluctuating in numbers; and the increase or diminution depends on causes, of which, though some may, others cannot, be distinctly foreseen. Lastly, and above all, the daily supplies of each article must be as nicely adjusted to the stock from which it is drawn—to the scanty, or more or less abundant, harvest—importation—or other source of supply—to the interval which is to elapse before a fresh stock can be furnished, and to the probable abundance of the new supply, that as little distress as possible may be undergone; that, on the one hand, the population may not unnecessarily be put upon short allowance of any article, and that, on the other hand, they may be preserved from the more dreadful risk of famine, which would ensue from their continuing a free consumption when the store was insufficient to hold out."

[Interior of the Old Corn Exchange.]



[The Chapel.]

LXXIV.—ELY PLACE.

PAUSING the other day on Holborn Hill to mark the gallant efforts of a team of horses to draw some more than usually heavy load up the steep acclivity, and wondering if this dangerous nuisance would ever be removed, our eyes, as they turned away from the contemplation of the painful and apparently hopeless task, fell upon a printed notice, which stated that divine worship was duly performed at certain periods in *St. Etheldreda's* Chapel. The notice was attached to the iron gates enclosing the quiet and respectable-looking locality known as Ely Place, immediately opposite St. Andrew's Church and Churchyard, where rests in death poor Chatterton. And who was St. Etheldreda? A Saxon saint? And why had a modern Chapel been dedicated to such an antique personage? Or was the Chapel of St. Etheldreda a relic of the once famous Palace of the Bishops of Ely? We may here observe that it is a peculiarity of London, that whilst few cities are richer with the "spoils of time," there are none which, having such wealth, present to the cursory glance fewer evidences of it. The progress of street improvements, the rage for building wherever a vacant space could be pounced upon, and the little reverence felt for edifices having no claims of the strictly useful kind to put forward, have all conspired to destroy a thousand

interesting vestiges of the past, and to shut up the remainder in all sorts of corners and bye-ways. In passing from one extremity of London to another, say from Whitechapel to Hyde Park Corner, or from Kennington Common to Islington, one scarcely sees half a dozen edifices that directly remind us of events above a century or two old; but, at the same time, let us suddenly stop in almost any part of our wanderings, and inquire what memories of an older time do hang about the neighbourhood, and we are almost sure to find it rife with associations of the deepest interest; and if we step into the next solitary-looking street or alley, there is a very fair chance of our lighting upon some building which, however previously unfamiliar to the material eye, has often risen upon our imagination, crowded with the actors in a memorable story.

In looking on St. Etheldreda's Chapel, which stands a little back from the houses, near the centre on the left hand, we perceive very plainly in its age and the beauty of the single but very large window which forms the front before us, that its antique name is no pretence, and that it is doubtless the episcopal and palatial building. But how altered in every other respect is the entire aspect of the neighbourhood, even from what it was only seventy years ago! Let us imagine ourselves entering the precincts from Holborn at some such period. The original gate-house, where the Bishop's armed retainers were wont to keep watch and ward in the old style, was now gone, and we entered from Holborn at once upon a small paved court, having on the right various offices supported by a colonnade, and on the left a wall dividing the court from the garden. The garden of Ely Place! Does not that word recall to our readers the incident which, having found its way into the pages of our great poet, has made Ely Place a household word, and given to the locality a charm that will outlive all local changes, and make it still famous when not one stone shall remain upon another of anything that belonged to Ely Place? We allude of course to Richard III. (then Duke of Gloucester) and the strawberries. How closely Shakspere followed the historical truth, we see in the following passage from Holinshed, where he describes the scene in the Tower which ended in the sudden execution of Hastings:—"On the Friday (being the 13th of June) many lords assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honourable solemnity of the King's (the young Edward V.'s) coronation, of which the time appointed then so near approached, that the pageants and subtleties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much victuals killed therefore, that afterwards was cast away. These lords so sitting together communing of this matter, the Protector (Gloucester) came in amongst them, first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily, that he had been a sleeper that day. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely, 'My lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them.' 'Gladly,' my lord, quoth he; 'would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that!' And therewithal, in all haste, he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries:" a curious preliminary to the murderous act which the Protector was then meditating. The Bishop himself was that same morning arrested with Lord Stanley and others by the strawberry-loving Gloucester. This garden seems to have been altogether an object of care with the episcopal owners; for, at a later period, we

shall find the Bishop, when obliged to grant it on a lease to Sir Christopher Hatton, stipulating for the right of walking in it, and of gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly.

Passing from the court we reached the entrance to the great hall, which extended along in front and to our left. This fine edifice, measuring about 30 feet in height, 32 in breadth, and 72 in length, was originally built with stone, and the roof covered with lead. The interior, lighted by six fine Gothic windows, was very interesting. It had its ornamental timber roof, its tiled and probably originally chequered floor, its oaken screen at one end, and its dais at the other; and when filled with some of the brilliant and picturesque-looking crowds that have met under its roof, must have presented a magnificent spectacle. Here "old John of Gaunt," when driven from the Savoy by Wat Tyler and his associates, who burnt it, exercised no doubt the hospitality common to the great barons of the feudal ages, in all its prodigality: he died in the palace in 1399. And here have been held some of the most memorable of feasts: those formerly given by the newly-elected serjeants of law. The one of Michaelmas Term, 1464, is only noticeable from the circumstance, that when the Lord Mayor came to the banquet, and found a certain nobleman, Grey of Ruthin, then Lord Treasurer of England, advanced to the chief seat of state, instead of himself, as according to custom he conceived ought to have been done, he marched off with all his aldermen to his own house, where he compensated his faithful adherents by a splendid banquet. But some of the other serjeants' feasts at Ely Place were attended by features of greater interest. Thus at the one which took place in 1495, Henry VII. was present with his Queen. This was one of the occasions on which the victor of Bosworth strove to correct a little the effect of his sordid habits, his general seclusion, and his gloomy, inscrutable nature, which altogether prevented him from obtaining the popularity which is agreeable to most monarchs, even to those the least inclined to purchase it at any considerable cost. "The King," says his great historian Bacon, "to honour the feast, was present with his Queen at the dinner; being a prince that was ever ready to grace and countenance the professors of the law; having a little of that that as he governed his subjects by his laws, so he governed his laws by his lawyers." The last incident of this kind that we shall mention was also one of the most splendid; and the particulars preserved in connection with it afford some curious glimpses of the economy of a great dinner in those days. In 1531 eleven new serjeants were made at once, and it was determined that the feast should be proportionably splendid. As Stow remarks, it were "tedious" to set down the entire "preparation of fish, flesh, and other victuals spent in this feast, and would seem incredible" if we did: we therefore extract a few only of the items which composed this gigantic bill of fare, and which are interesting as showing how the relative value of money and provisions have altered. There were twenty-four "great beefs," or oxen, at 26*s.* 8*d.* each, and one at 24*s.*; one hundred "fat muttons," at 2*s.* 10*d.*; fifty-one "great veals," at 4*s.* 8*d.*; thirty-four "porks" (or boars), at 3*s.* 3*d.*; ninety-one pigs, at 6*d.*; ten dozen "capons of Greece of one poulter," 1*s.* 8*d.*; nine dozen and six capons of Kent, at 1*s.*; innumerable pullets, at 2*d.* and 2½*d.*, pigeons at 2*d.*, and larks 5*d.* the dozen; and, lastly, there were fourteen dozen swans at a price not mentioned. The entertainment lasted five days; and on Monday, the principal

day (13th November), the King, Henry VIII., and his Queen, Catherine, dined with the Serjeants, "*but in two chambers,*" parenthetically remarks Stow. At this very time the final measures were in progress for the divorce of the unhappy Queen, and the marriage with Anne Boleyn. Besides these distinguished personages, the foreign ambassadors honoured the Serjeants with their presence, who had also a chamber to themselves. In the hall sat, at the chief table, Nicholas Lambard, the Lord Mayor; the question of precedency having evidently been decided in favour of the civic dignitary. With him were the Judges, Barons of the Exchequer, and certain Aldermen. The Master of the Rolls and the Master of the Chancery were supported at the board on the south side by numerous worshipful citizens; whilst on the north side of the hall sat more aldermen, with merchants and others. And these filled the lower part of the hall. The remainder, comprising knights, esquires, and gentlemen, were placed in the gallery, in the cloisters, which extended round a large quadrangle behind the hall, and, still more room being demanded, in the chapel. At the same time all the different crafts of London banqueted in their halls; whilst, curious enough, the parties chiefly concerned, the Serjeants of Law and their wives, kept in their own chamber.

Animating and picturesque as must have been the hall of Ely Place at such times, there was yet one other period when it must have exhibited a scene almost without parallel. Here were arranged all the details of that famous masque, with its attendant anti-masque, which we have already briefly noticed in our account of Whitehall* (reserving the detailed description of its principal features —the arrangement and the procession—for the present paper), and from hence it departed. Not the least interesting circumstances attending this splendid pageant are the character and position of the men who, as we shall presently perceive, had the management of the affair, and of him who has made himself its historian. This is Whitelock, the learned and estimable lawyer, who, during the period preceding, comprising, and following the Commonwealth, enjoyed the respect of all parties, and has left us one of the most valuable records of the momentous events he witnessed and participated in. His heart was evidently in this masque and anti-masque, from the pains he takes to describe it, and the space he devotes to it in his great work. The year before the getting up of the masque Prynne had published his 'Histrio-Mastix,' just mentioned—a tremendous invective against plays and players, masques and masquers, and generally against sport and amusement of every kind. The Queen Henrietta Maria, about the same time, acted a part in a play or pastoral with her maids of honour, so that Prynne's remarks told personally against the court; and to this circumstance, as well as to his being in Laud's hands, may be attributed the infamous severity of Prynne's punishment. But before that punishment took place, the members of the four Inns of Court designing a masque "as an expression of their love and duty to their majesties," it was whispered to them from the court "that it would be well taken from them; and some held it the more seasonable, because this action would manifest the difference of their opinion from Mr. Prynne's new learning, and serve to confute his 'Histrio-Mastix' against interludes." So the benchers "agreed to have this solemnity performed in the noblest and most

* Vol. i. p. 354.

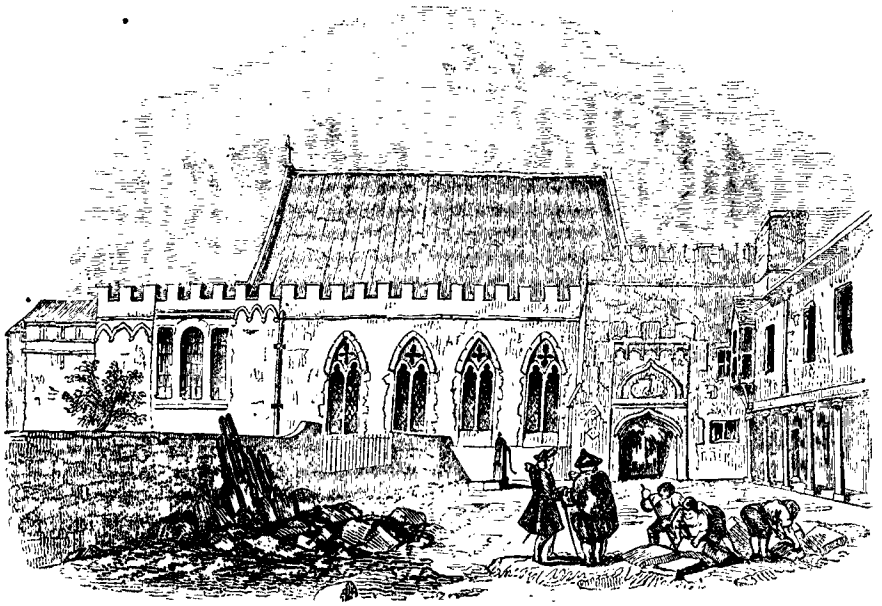
stately manner that could be invented." Two members from each house were accordingly chosen to form together a committee, among whom were Whitelock himself, Edward Hyde (afterwards Lord Clarendon), and Selden. These set to work; each member undertaking some particular portion of the important whole, Whitelock's share being the music, and very indefatigable in his vocation, as well as proud of it, he seems to have been. He thus shows us how he performed his task. "I made choice," he says, "of Mr. Simon Ivy, an honest and able musician, of excellent skill in his art, and of Mr. Lawes (a name familiar to every lover of Milton), to compose the airs, lessons, and songs for the masque, and to be master of all the music under me." He goes on to say what meetings he had of "English, French, Italians, Germans, and other masters of music; forty lutes at one time, beside other instruments in concert." At last, all being prepared, one Candlemas day in the afternoon, "the masquers, horsemen, musicians, dancers, and all that were actors in this business, according to order, met at Ely House in Holborn; there the grand committee sat all day to order all affairs; and when the evening was come, all things being in full readiness, they began to set forth in this order down Chancery Lane to Whitehall." In reading the following description, we must not forget to keep in view all through it the dark background of a winter evening, and the crowds of spectators lining the whole way from the gates of Ely House to those of Whitehall:—

"The first that marched were twenty footmen in scarlet liveries, with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in one hand, and a lighted torch in the other: these were the Marshal's men, who made way, and were about the Marshal, waiting his commands. After them, and sometimes in the midst of them, came the Marshal, then Mr. Darrel, afterwards knighted by the King: he was of Lincoln's Inn, an extraordinary handsome proper gentleman. He was mounted upon one of the King's best horses and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceeding rich and glorious; his horsemanship very gallant; and, besides his Marshal's men, he had two lackeys who carried torches by him, and a page in livery that went by him carrying his cloak. After him followed one hundred gentlemen of the inns of court, five-and-twenty chosen out of each house, of the most proper and handsome young gentlemen of the societies; every one of them was mounted on the best horses and with the best furniture that the King's stables and the stables of all the noblemen in town would afford, and they were forward on this occasion to lend them to the inns of court. Every one of these hundred gentlemen was in very rich clothes, scarce anything but gold and silver lace to be seen of them; and each gentleman had a page and two lackeys waiting on him in his livery by his horse's side: the lackeys carried torches, and the page his master's cloak. The richness of their apparel and furniture, glittering by the light of a multitude of torches attending on them, with the motion and stirring of their mettled horses, and the many and various gay liveries of their servants, but especially the personal beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid show that ever was beheld in England. After the horsemen came the anti-masquers, and, as the horsemen had their music—about a dozen of the best trumpeters proper for them, and in their livery, sounding before them,—so the first anti-masque, being of cripples and beggars on horseback, had their music of keys and tongs, and the

like, snapping, and yet playing in a concert before them. These beggars were also mounted, but on the poorest, leanest jades that could be gotten out of the dirt-carts or elsewhere: and the variety and change from such noble music and gallant horses as went before them, unto their proper music and pitiful horses, made both of them more pleasing. The habits and properties of these cripples and beggars were most ingeniously fitted (as of all the rest) by the committee's direction, wherein (as in the whole business) Mr. Attorney Noy, Sir John Finch, Sir Edward Herbert, Mr. Selden, those great and eminent persons, and all the rest of the committee, had often meetings, and took extraordinary care and pains in the ordering of this business, and it seemed a pleasure to them. After the beggars' anti-masque came men on horseback, playing upon pipes, whistles, and instruments sounding notes like those of birds of all sorts, and in excellent concert, and were followed by the anti-masque of birds. This was an owl in an ivy-bush, with many several sorts of other birds in a cluster about the owl, gazing as it were upon her: these were little boys put into covers of the shapes of those birds, rarely fitted, and sitting on small horses, with footmen going by them with torches in their hands, and there were some besides to look unto the children; and this was very pleasant to the beholders. After this anti-masque came other musicians on horseback, playing upon bagpipes, hornpipes, and such kind of northern music, speaking the following anti-masque of projectors to be of the Scotch and northern quarters; and these, as all the rest, had many footmen with torches waiting on them. First in this anti-masque rode a fellow upon a little horse with a great bit in his mouth, and upon the man's head was a bit, with headstall and reins fastened, and signified a projector, who begged a patent that none in the kingdom might ride their horses but with such bits as they should buy of him. Then came another fellow, with a bunch of carrots upon his head and a capon upon his fist, describing a projector, who begged a patent of monopoly as the first inventor of the art to feed capons fat with carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention and have the privilege for fourteen years, according to the statute. Several other projectors were in like manner personated in this anti-masque; and it pleased the spectators the more because by it an information was covertly given to the King of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the law; and the Attorney Noy, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this anti-masque of projectors." After this and the rest of the anti-masques were passed followed chariots with musicians, chariots with heathen gods and goddesses, then more chariots with musicians, "playing upon excellent and loud music," and going immediately next before the first grand masquer's chariot. This "was not so large as those that went before, but most curiously framed, carved, and painted with an exquisite art, and purposely for this service and occasion." Its colours were silver and crimson, "the chariot was all over painted richly with these colours, even the wheels of it, most artificially laid on, and the carved work of it was as curious for that art, and it made a stately show. It was drawn with four horses, all on breast, and they were covered to their heels all over with cloth of tissue of the colours of crimson and silver, huge plumes of red and white feathers on their heads and buttocks; the coachman's cap and feather, his long coat, and his very whip and cushion of the same stuff and

colour. In this chariot sat the four grand masquers of Gray's Inn, their habits, doublets, trunk-hose, and caps of most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed, large white silk-stockings up to their trunk-hose, and rich sprigs in their caps, themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen. On each side of the chariot were four footmen in liveries of the colour of the chariot, carrying huge flambeaux in their hands, which with the torches gave such a lustre to the paintings, the spangles, and habits, that hardly anything could be invented to appear more glorious." Similar chariots similarly occupied followed from each of the other three inns of court, the only difference being in the colours. And thus the procession reached Whitehall, where the king, from a window of the Banqueting House, (perhaps the very one through which he passed afterwards to the scaffold,) beheld, with his queen, the whole pageant pass before him; and so delighted were the royal spectators, that a message was sent to the marshal, requesting him to conduct the procession round the Tilt Yard opposite, that they might have a second view. This done they entered the palace, where the masque, to which all this was but as a preliminary, began; "and," says Whitelock, "was incomparably performed in the dancing, speeches, music, and scenes; the dances, figures, properties; the voices, instruments, songs, airs, and composures; the words and actions were all of them exact, and none failed in their parts." Henrietta Maria was so charmed with everything, that she determined to have the whole repeated shortly after. The night, or rather, we presume, morning, ended with dances, in which the queen and her ladies of honour were led out by the principal masquers. The expenses of this spectacle were not less than 21,000*l.*; "some of the musicians had 100*l.* a-piece, so that the whole charge of the music came to about 1000*l.*"

Continuing our view of the palatial remains as they were seventy years ago:—



[Remains of the Palace, 1772.]

beyond the hall, and touching it at the north-west corner, were the cloisters, enclosing a quadrangle nearly square, of great size, and having in the midst a small garden, made perhaps after the grant of the principal garden to Hatton. Over the cloisters were long, antique-looking galleries, with the doors and windows of various apartments appearing at the back: in the latter traces of painted glass, the remnants of former splendour, were still visible. Lastly, at the north-west corner of the cloisters, *in a field* planted with trees and surrounded with a wall, stood the chapel, now the only remain of all that we have described, and of the still more numerous buildings that at one time constituted the palace of the Bishops of Ely. From this description we perceive the changes that seventy years have wrought; and we may here observe, as a passing illustration of the general history of the neighbourhood, that in the maps of London, of the date of 1560, we see on this side of Holborn only a single row of houses with gardens at the back; we see Field Lane, as a lane, merely opening to the fields; whilst Saffron Hill stands in a fair meadow, with a footpath across it, and bounded by Turnmill Brook and the wall of the garden of Ely Place.

The subjects that have hitherto engaged our attention—the feasts and the masque—were incidental occurrences in the records of the Palace, having no connexion with any of the objects of its foundation. These we have accordingly dismissed first, and may now pursue, without interruption, the more direct history.

The earliest notice of Ely Place refers to the concluding part of the thirteenth century. John de Kirkeby, appointed Bishop of Ely in 1286, left by will a messuage and nine cottages to form the foundation of a residence for his successors, suitable to their rank. The next bishop, De Luda, who died in 1297, still further carried out the views of his predecessor, and most probably erected the chapel; as we find that a bequest, contained in his will, was accompanied with the condition that his immediate successor should give one thousand marks for the support of three chaplains: De Luda himself left houses for them. The chapel was dedicated to St. Etheldreda, the patron saint of the cathedral church of Ely, and a noticeable personage. She was the daughter of Anna, King of the West Angles, and was born about 630 in Suffolk. She had two husbands, her first being Tonbert, an East Anglian nobleman, her second Egfrid, King of Northumberland; but she persevered, "with both husbands, to live in a state of virginity." Having obtained Egfrid's consent to her retirement from court, she took the veil; and, when her husband again brought her to his home, she fled to the Isle of Ely, part of her dower with her first husband, Tonbert. Here she began the erection of the cathedral, assisted by her brother Adulphus, King of the East Angles. "Bede informs us that from Etheldreda's entering upon her office as abbess, she never wore any linen, but only woollen garments; that she usually ate only once a-day, except on the greater festivals, or in times of sickness; and, if her health permitted, she never returned to bed after matins, which were held at midnight, but continued her prayers in the church till break of day. Her sanctity, and the discipline observed in her monastery, recommended this austerity of life to the esteem of many, and gained abundance of converts. Persons of the noblest families, and matrons of the highest rank, devoted themselves to religion under her government; and some even of royal state thought

proper to quit their high station to become members of her society: as her eldest sister, Sexburga, Queen of Kent; Ermenilda, the daughter of Sexburga, Queen of Mercia; and Wurburga, the daughter of Ermenilda; all of whom are stated to have been members of the monastery in the lifetime of Etheldreda, and to have succeeded her in their order as abbesses of Ely."* She died, as good a saint as she had lived, of a contagious disorder, which she had foretold would carry away herself and a certain number of her household; and was buried, by her express orders, in a wooden coffin, in the common cemetery of the nuns.

Bishop Hotham was the next benefactor to the episcopal residence, and by him the whole appears to have been first brought into a state of completeness. Camden speaks of Ely Place as "well beseeming bishops to live in; for which they were beholden to John de Hotham, Bishop of Ely under King Edward III." Among the other and subsequent prelates who have contributed largely to its extension or improvement is the well-known Arundel, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who expended great sums here in repairing and adorning the whole, and who erected a handsome and large front towards Holborn, in the stone-work of which his arms remained in Stow's time. And thus by various individuals, and at different times, was Ely Place at last made one of the most splendid of metropolitan mansions. And now, following the usual course of most history, which, as soon as it has described the rise and complete prosperity of its subject, whether empires, institutions, or, as in the present case, an individual edifice, has immediately to trace the successive steps of the decline and fall, we pass on to narrate the proceedings which form the most interesting portions of the history of Ely Place.

At the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth an act was passed, empowering the Queen, on any episcopal or archiepiscopal vacancy, to take any lands belonging to the see, paying the value in tenths and impropriate rectories. This bill was opposed by various ecclesiastics, and among them one who was destined to be a victim to the exercise of the power. This was Dr. Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely. Whilst this prelate held the see, there came one day to court, in a masque, a gentleman who attracted Elizabeth's particular attention, it is said for his elegant person and graceful dancing, but also, probably, for the vivacity and entertainment of his conversation. This was a young Templar, who had already distinguished himself among his companions, as one of the authors of the tragedy of 'Tancred and Gismund,' performed by the society to which he belonged before the Queen in 1568. Elizabeth now made him one of her Pensioners, next a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, then Captain of the Guard, Vice-Chancellor, and Privy Counsel; and, lastly, to the astonishment of every body, Sir Christopher Hatton appeared as Lord Chancellor. The lawyers were unable to stifle their indignation. They thought, with Fuller, "he rather took a bait than made a meal at the inns of court, whilst he studied the laws therein;" and yet he was raised to the highest honours of the profession! Some of the serjeants at law refused to plead before him. But Hatton, though neither a deeply read nor an eminently practical lawyer, had sagacity and firmness enough to hold at

* 'Monasticon,' vol. i. p. 457.

once his place, and prove himself in effect qualified for it. In all doubtful cases he was accustomed to have the advice of one or two legal friends who possessed what he was deficient of; and the result was, after all, that Lord Chancellor Hatton's decisions held by no means a low reputation in the courts of law. It was whilst Sir Christopher was in the high road to prosperity, but some years before he attained the Chancellorship, that he took a fancy to a portion of Ely Place as a residence, and induced the Queen to be his negotiator. Bishop Cox was unwilling, but who can say "No" to a Queen, unless, indeed, in the last extremity? So, on the 20th of March, 1576, Sir Christopher's heart was gladdened with a grant of "the gatehouse of the palace (except two rooms used as prisons for those who were arrested or delivered in execution to the bishop's bailiff, and the lower rooms used for the porter's lodge); the first court-yard within the gate-house to the long gallery, dividing it from the second; the stables there; the long gallery, with the rooms above and below it, and some others; fourteen acres of land; and the keeping the gardens and orchards for twenty-one years, paying at Midsummer Day a red rose for the gate-house and gardens, and for the ground ten loads of hay and ten pounds per annum; the bishop reserving to himself and his successors free access through the gate-house, walking in the gardens, and to gather twenty bushels of roses yearly." Sir Christopher immediately entered upon possession, bought some little tenements near it, and laid out nearly two thousand pounds in the improvement of the estate. This done, Sir Christopher thought he should very much like to have the property in perpetuity, instead of by the tenure of a few years' lease, so he once more goes to the Queen, and desires her good offices. The mode in which "good Queen Bess" set to work is very striking: she simply wrote to the bishop, modestly desiring him to demise the premises to her, till he or his successors should pay 1995*l.* to Sir Christopher (the sum he had expended), as well as whatever he might afterwards expend on the property. The bishop's answer was straightforward, and befitting the dignity of his position. He said "that they should want an orchard and ground, and that they should be too much straitened; but that in his conscience he could not do it, being a piece of sacrilege. That when he became Bishop of Ely, he had received certain farms, houses, and other things, which former pious princes had judged necessary for that place and calling. These he received by the Queen's favour from his predecessors; and that of these he was to be a steward, not a scatterer. That he could not bring his mind to be so ill a trustee for his successors, nor to violate the pious wills of kings and princes, and, in effect, rescind their last testaments. He put the Queen in mind of that rule of nature and of God, not to do that to another which one would not have done to one's self; and that the profit of one is not to be increased by the damage of another—nay, he told her that he could scarcely justify those princes which transferred things appointed for pious uses unto uses less pious."* He was, however, obliged to submit to a conveyance of the property to the Queen, who was to re-convey it to Hatton, but on the condition that the whole should be redeemable on the payment of the sum laid out by Hatton. And this was all the bishop would do: no amount of persecution (and he was subjected to so

* Maitland, vol. ii. p. 978.

much that he more than once besought leave to resign) could bend him into a final alienation of the property. Sir Christopher, however, had succeeded to a certain extent in obtaining his wishes, and during the remainder of his life continued, when convenient, to reside here. Gray's picture of Hatton in his manor-house at Stoke Pogis would, no doubt, be equally applicable to many a scene in Ely House before the royal favour began to change.

"Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls,
The seal and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

But Elizabeth, among a few other unamiable qualities, possessed more than a touch of avarice; and the Lord Chancellor being injudicious enough to put her love for him in the one scale, and a debt of some forty thousand pounds in the other, was at once cured of any conceit that her numerous favours might have generated. There is a touch of homely pathos in the passage in which Fuller alludes to the close of the Chancellor's fortunes and life, which makes one forget the apparently inherent weakness of character then exhibited. The quaint but excellent biographer of the 'Worthies,' says,—"It broke his heart that the Queen (which seldom gave loans, and never forgave due debts) rigorously demanded the present payment of some arrears which Sir Christopher did not hope to have remitted, but did only desire to be forborne; failing herein in his expectation, it went to his heart, and cast him into a mortal disease. The Queen afterwards did endeavour what she could to recover him, bringing, as some say, cordial-broths unto him with her own hands, but all would not do. Thus no pulleys can draw up a heart once cast down, though a Queen herself should set her hand thereunto." His death took place in Ely House in 1591.

The Queen had had much trouble in inducing Cox to consent to the arrangement we have mentioned, and his successor in the see, Dr. Martin Heton, seemed equally disinclined to fulfil it when it was made; so in a fit of fury the Virgin Queen sat down and penned one of the most characteristic of epistles. It was short, but it is difficult to see how more could have been expressed in the longest epistle.

"Proud Prelate!

"You know what you was before I made you what you are now; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by G—d I will unfrock you.

"ELIZABETH."

The exact nature of the request here referred to, or of the answer, does not seem to be recorded; but we find, during the term of the good Bishop Andrews, who was translated from Ely to Winchester, some attempt was made to pay off the mortgage; and finally Bishop Wren, the uncle of the illustrious architect, tendered the money and obtained a sentence in the Court of Requests against the

then possessor of the property, Lady Elizabeth Hatton, the widow of the Chancellor's nephew, who had inherited his estates and title. But this was in the time of the Long Parliament, before which Wren was impeached; and this arrangement (for Lady Hatton agreed to deliver up the property on payment of the sums laid out), coming to its knowledge, was stopped, and a resolution passed that "the estate of the Lady Hatton, being good in law, is not redeemable in equity, nor subject to the said pretended trust." Wren was imprisoned for nearly twenty years, during which time almost the whole of the palatial buildings, with the exception of those described in the early part of this paper as standing in the last century, were pulled down, and the famous garden built into the present *Hatton Garden*. In the same period certain parts of the edifice had been used by the parliament both as a prison and a hospital; so that when Bishop Wren, at the Restoration, was freed from prison and returned to his home here, we may imagine the desolate appearance of everything. He had begun his residence at Ely Place with the hope of restoring entire to the see the half-alienated Hatton property; he ended it with the conviction that it was not only for ever lost, but that the remainder of the property was so injured as to be really unfit any longer for its purposes. He commenced a lawsuit, which, after dragging its slow length along through the remainder of his life and the term of the next three bishops, was only settled in that of the fourth bishop, Patrick, by the latter consenting to accept a fee farm rent of the value of 100*l.* a-year.

We have incidentally referred to Lady Elizabeth Hatton, but that lady must not be dismissed so summarily. Ely Place, or rather the portion of it which she occupied, and which was called Hatton House, possesses some memorable recollections in connexion with her history. At the death of her first husband, Sir William Newport, who on the death of his uncle took the name of Hatton, she was young, very beautiful, of eccentric manner, and a most vixenish temper. She was rich withal, and wooers were numerous. Among them came two remarkable men, already rivals in their profession, and now to be rivals in a tenderer pursuit: these were Coke and Bacon. And some noticeable scenes must have no doubt taken place in Hatton House during the progress of this remarkable courtship. How Lady Hatton's two distinguished lovers hated each other we know, before this new fuel was added to the flame. Both were powerfully supported. Coke had been already appointed Attorney-General by the Queen, in spite of the most powerful efforts of the ill-fated Earl of Essex to obtain the appointment for Bacon, so that he was already on the high road to fortune; on the other hand, Bacon's ever-faithful friend—alas! that it should have to be remembered how ungratefully he was rewarded!—Essex, pleaded personally his cause with the beautiful widow and with her mother. To the latter he says in one of his letters, "If she were my sister or my daughter, I protest I would as confidently resolve to further it as I now persuade you;" and again in another, "If my faith be anything, I protest, if I had one as near me as she is to you, I had rather match her with him than with men of far greater titles." Essex, in these last words, had hit the right mark; it was the "greater titles," most probably, that at last decided Lady Hatton to accept Coke, and, like many other clever people, lived no doubt to repent of a choice formed on

such considerations, when she found she had rejected a Chancellor. And what a marriage it was! After many years of continued quarrel and recrimination, a circumstance occurred which made them at once bitter enemies. In 1616 Coke, by his unbending judicial integrity, lost the favour of James, and with it the Chief Justiceship which he then held: his mode of obtaining a restoration of the first, and an equivalent for the second, stands in strange contrast. This was the marriage of his daughter to Sir John Villiers, afterwards Viscount Purbeck, brother to the haughty favourite, then supreme at Court. It is to Lady Hatton's credit that she determinedly refused, as long as she could with any prospect of utility, to consent to this bargain and sale of her child, then only in her sixteenth year, and who had a great aversion to the match. At first the mother and daughter ran away, and secreted themselves at Oatlands, where Coke, having discovered their retreat, came armed with a warrant, and broke open door after door till he found the fugitives. The Privy Council were now inundated with appeals and counter-appeals, and disturbed with brawls when the parties were before them. Mr. Chamberlain, writing to Carleton (May 24, 1616), says, "The Lord Coke and his lady have had great wars at the Council-table. The first time she came accompanied with the Lord Burghley and his lady, the Lord Danvers, the Lord Denny, Sir Thomas Howard and his lady, with I know not how many more, and declaimed so bitterly against him, and so carried herself, that divers said Burbage could not have acted better." We have also a glimpse of the domestic history of Hatton House at this period, in one of her appeals to the Council, where she speaks of her husband entering upon all her goods, breaking into Hatton House, seizing her coach and coach-horses, nay, her apparel, which he detained; thrusting her servants out of the doors without wages or any consideration, &c. However, she at last consented to the match, which was the principal cause of these unseemly proceedings, although she continued to live at Hatton House, separated from her husband; and, this unpleasant business settled, she returned, with as great a zest as ever, to the amusements she chiefly delighted in. Some years before she had played a conspicuous figure in the performance of Ben Jonson's 'Masque of Beauty,' when fifteen of the choicest Court beauties had been selected as actors for the solace of royalty; and now again, in 1621, we find her at the same vocation, in the representation of the 'Metamorphosed Gipsies,' at Burley-on-the-Hill—James again being the chief spectator. In this piece the fifth gipsy is made thus to address her:—

"Mistress of a fairer table
Hath no history, no fable;
Others' fortunes may be shown—
You are builder of your own;
And whatever Heaven hath given you,
You preserve the state still in you.
That which time would have depart,
Youth, without the help of art,
You do keep still, and the glory
Of your sex is but your story."

* Prynne, in his famous work, notices Gondomar's residence at Ely House; and his witnessing, with thousands of other persons, the performance of 'Christ's Passion' in the hall, probably the last of the dramatic mysteries exhibited in England.

As a specimen of the vixenish temper of this lady, we may observe that Lady Hatton, for a considerable period, had Gondomar,* the Spanish ambassador, for her next-door neighbour—he occupying, we presume, the palatial portion of the building. Howel, in a letter to Sir James Crofts, March 24, 1622, says, "Gondomar has ingratiated himself with divers persons of quality, ladies especially, yet he could do no good upon the Lady Hatton, whom he desired so lately that, in regard he was her next-door neighbour (at Ely House), he might have the benefit of the back gate to go abroad into the fields, but she put him off with a compliment; whereupon in a private audience lately with the king, among other passages of merriment, he told him my Lady Hatton was a strange lady, for she would not suffer her husband, Sir Edward Coke, to come in at her fore-door, nor him to go out at her back-door; and so related the whole business."

We need not pursue her career any farther, as we have already noticed that she was still flourishing at the period of the sitting of the Long Parliament, when Hatton House was decided to be her own. Her daughter's marriage turned out as might have been expected: Viscount Purbeck went abroad only three years after, and she led a life of profligacy that had once narrowly brought her to the chapel of the Savoy to do penance in a white sheet.

The condition of the episcopal portion of Ely Place, after the final loss of that originally granted to Hatton, became more and more deplorable. In the Harleian MSS.* is the record of a statement which appears to have been made by one of the bishops about the period to which we allude. It declares that now, instead of the "spacious dwellings, house and manor, with gardens, closes, outhouses, and all conveniences, pleasantly situated," which originally belonged to them, "the greatest part of the dwelling-house is pulled down," and the bishops are "confined to less than half. Several cellars are possessed by others, even under those rooms of the house which the bishop hath now left to dwell in, and they are intermixed with the cellars he uses, having lights and passages into the cloisters; and the most private parts of the house, even half of the vault or burying place under the chapel, is made use of as a public cellar, or was so very lately, to sell drink in, there having frequently been revellings heard during divine service." Under these circumstances any attempts at reparation seem to have been thought useless, and the buildings gradually fell into decay. In 1772, during the time of Dr. Edmund Keene, Bishop of Ely, an act of parliament was obtained, enabling the see to transfer the property to the crown for 6,500*l.*, which, with 3,600*l.* due for dilapidations from the family of the preceding bishop, was to be expended in providing a new town residence. And thus was founded the present episcopal mansion in Dover Street. An annuity of 200*l.* was also settled by the crown on the Bishops of Ely as a part of the arrangement. The property was resold by the crown, when the hall, cloisters, &c. were pulled down, and the present Ely Place built. The chapel alone was reserved, the lease of which, after passing through various hands, was purchased in the present century, and presented to the National Society, by Mr. Joshua Watson, its treasurer, for the use of the children of its central school in Bald-

* No. 3789.

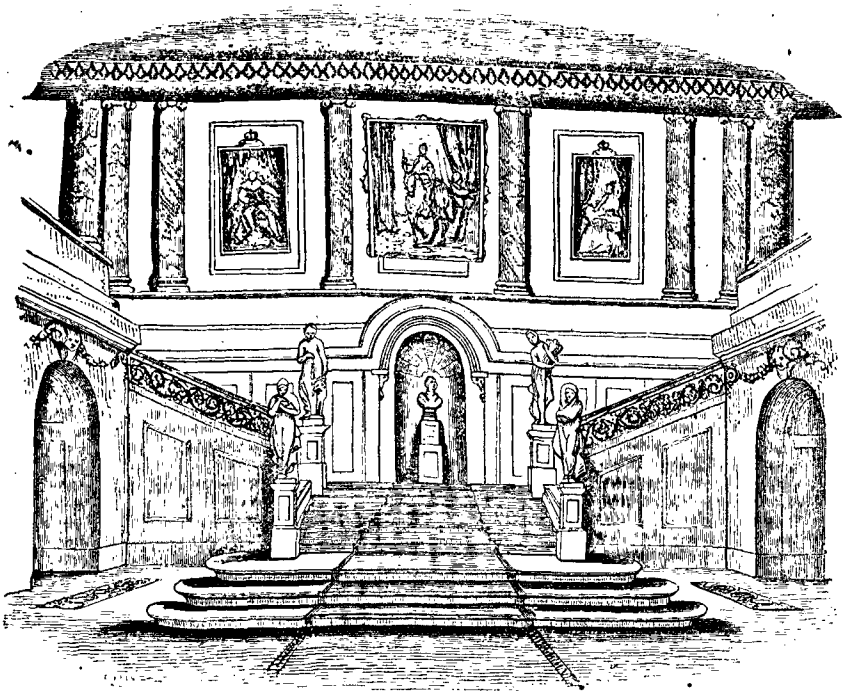
win's Gardens. This arrangement being given up, the chapel was for some time closed, but of late years it has again been re-opened, and is now regularly used.

In spite of patchings and modernisings, St. Etheldreda's Chapel retains much of its original aspect. On looking at the exterior (as shown in the engraving on our first page), if we shut our eyes to the lower portion, where a part of the window has been cut away and an entrance made where evidently none was ever intended to exist, we perceive the true stamp of the days when men built the cathedrals; works which no modern art has rivalled, and which yet seemed so easy to them, that the names of the architects have failed to be preserved. And in the interior the effect of the two windows, alike in general appearance, yet differing in every respect in detail, is magnificent, although the storied panes which we may be sure once filled them are gone. The bold arch of the ceiling, plain and whitewashed though now be its surface, retains so much of the old effect, that, though we miss the fine oak carvings, we do not forget them. The noble row of windows on each side are in a somewhat similar condition; all their exquisite tracery has disappeared, but their number, height, and size tell us what they must have been in the palmy days of Ely Place; and, if we are still at a loss, there is fortunately ample evidence remaining in the ornaments which surround the upper portions of the windows in the interior, and divide them from each other. We scarcely remember anything more exquisite in architecture than the fairy-like workmanship of the delicate pinnacle-like ornaments which rise between and overtop these windows. Of the original entrances into the chapel one only remains, which is quite unused, and is situated at the south-west corner of the edifice. Stepping through the doorway into a small court that encloses it, we perceive that it has been a very beautiful, deeply-receding, pointed arch, but now so greatly decayed that even the character of its ornaments is but partially discoverable. Here too is a piece of the wall of one of the original buildings of the palace—a stupendous piece of brickwork and masonry; and, on looking up, one of the octagonal buttresses, with its conical top, which ornamented the angles of the building, is seen. Descending a flight of steps, we find a low window looking into the crypt, the place which was so desecrated, according to the bishop's complaint. It is now filled with casks; and we can but just catch a glimpse of the enormous chestnut posts and girders with which the floor of the chapel is supported.

The chapel, like all the other parts of Ely Place, has its memories, though none of those recorded are of a very extraordinary character. Evelyn has two notices worthy of extraction on the subject. The first runs thus:—"Nov. 14, 1668. In London. Invited to the consecration of that excellent person the Dean of Ripon, Dr. Wilkins, now made Bishop of Chester. It was at Ely House: the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosin (Bishop of Durham), the Bishops of Ely, Salisbury, Rochester, and others officiating. Dr. Tillotson preached. Then we went to a sumptuous dinner in the hall, where were the Duke of Buckingham, Judges, Secretaries of State, Lord Keeper, Council, noblemen, and innumerable other company, who were honourers of this incomparable man, invariably beloved by all who knew him." The other notice refers to a more personal matter, and

is interesting for that very reason, as connected with an estimable man:—"27th April, 1693. My daughter Susanna was married to William Draper, Esq., in the chapel of Ely House, by Dr. Tenison, Bishop of Lincoln, since Archbishop. I gave her in portion 4000*l.* Her jointure is 500*l.* per annum. I pray Almighty God to give his blessing to this marriage." Lastly, we may notice an amusing circumstance that occurred at the time of the defeat of the young Pretender by the Duke of Cumberland, in 1746, and which Cowper thought worthy of notice in his 'Task:'—

"So in the chapel of old Ely House
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the Third,
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce
And eke did rear right merrily two staves
Sung to the praise and glory of *King George.*"



[Staircase, Goldsmiths' Hall.]

LXXV.—GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

We will not say,—in imitation of the well-known phrase, He who has not seen Paris has seen nothing,—he who has not seen the Goldsmiths' Hall has not seen London; but it may be safely asserted that, without a glance into the interior of this noble building, no one can form a just conception of the wealth, luxury, and, we must add, taste, of some of our great civic companies; which, however they may now have ceased to be identified with any very large portion of the commercial greatness of London, were undoubtedly the originators of that greatness, and the guardians through all sorts of troublous times of the comparatively free and enlightened principles on which alone commercial prosperity can be based. But those times are now past; and the Companies generally, like the victors in a good fight, seem to have little else to do but to sit down, eat, drink, and make merry, and discourse of all the alternations of good and evil fortune by which the previous contest was marked.* Grasping monarchs can no longer haunt their visions with fines and rumours of fines, as the price of the maintenance of their rights; needy ones can no longer hold out the expectation of fresh privileges to be obtained by the all-persuasive mediation of citizen gold. But with the conflict and the danger, the glory and the influence have passed away. Trade, so much indebted to them whilst yet but a young weakling, has grown

strong and robust, and can take excellent care of himself. The leading-strings of one day have become shackles at another; and so the giant throws them off, or bursts through them. Let him not, however, forget what he was; or be ungrateful to those who have aided so greatly to make him what he is.

The Goldsmiths' Company, more fortunate than most of its early brethren, is still essentially a business Company. It has so happened that the peculiar privilege intrusted to them from a very early period, of assaying and stamping articles made of the precious metals, has not been found to be attended with any important disadvantages; so in their hands the privilege still remains,* notwithstanding the enormous increase of business that must have taken place. This circumstance to a certain extent favourably distinguishes the Goldsmiths' Company† from the other great civic Companies, and promises to it a longer lease of power and consideration.

He who has once seen the present Hall of the Company will not forget its position at the back of the Post Office; for the very circumstance that such a magnificent building should be so curiously and badly situated strikes every one with surprise. There it is, however, not yet eight years old; and, consequently, there for the next two or three centuries we may be sure it will remain. Of course, this is a matter over which the architect, Mr. Hardwick, could have no control. Perhaps the best, or at least the most convenient way, to enjoy the view of its exterior, is to pass from St. Martin's-le-Grand through the Post Office, and there, standing on the top step, and leaning your back against the wall, the eye at once takes in two fronts of the building, the superb west or principal façade, one hundred and fifty feet broad, with its attached Corinthian columns and beautiful Italian windows; and the south, one hundred feet broad, with its decorating pilasters. In some respects the enforced proximity of the spectator to the building is advantageous; as, for instance, in following the details of the beautiful Corinthian entablature, which is supported by the entire front of the western façade, and continued quite round the edifice. The solidity of the Hall is as noticeable as its splendour. The plinth, six feet in height, is formed of large granite blocks from the Haytor quarries, Devonshire; whilst the walls are built of Portland stone. Some of the single blocks used in the shafts of the columns, and in the entablature, weigh as much as twelve tons. The roof is covered with lead.

Within, we enter first into a low square vestibule, where sits the porter in his old-fashioned high circular chair; a place which, though handsome, is unpretending, and enhances by contrast the lofty staircase partially seen through the glazed screen opposite. As we pass through the screen we find ourselves in a scene of true architectural splendour. The broad staircase ascends direct before us, then branches to the right and left to the landing or gallery at the top, which extends along the walls on either side and behind us. Above, at a great height, we look on the richly carved ceiling of the dome, where around a concealed opening in the centre play beams of green and golden light. Pendant from the

* This business is carried on in apartments at the back of the Hall, having a separate entrance.

† And, we may add, the Apothecaries': these two are the only Companies that retain the old right of control over their respective businesses.

dome hangs a massive lamp, revealing, when lighted on festive occasions, new beauties in this most beautiful of staircases. Among the other features of the place are the double screens of Corinthian columns with their classic ornaments, Diana and the Hart, and Apollo; the lofty pictures occupying the upper part of the wall before us, comprising portraits of George IV. by Northcote, and George III. and his Queen presented by William IV. from the Palace at Kensington; the bust of William IV. by Chantrey in the niche below; and lastly the sculpture on the four square pedestals which ornament the balustrade of the first flight of stairs. These are four youthful Cupid-like figures typical of the seasons, by Mr. Nixon, two only being yet completed in the marble. The first figure is intently examining a bird's nest, a circumstance suggestive of one of the most interesting of *spring* associations; the second has a wreath of *summer* flowers hanging gracefully round it, and leads a full-grown lamb; the third has its arms filled with goodly sheaves of corn, whilst *autumnal* fruits are wreathed about its body; and the fourth, a charming figure, is confronting the rude *winter* winds, and with difficulty holding close its drapery. Ascending to the gallery, pausing now on the stairs, leaning now over the balcony to admire the beautiful combinations of form which every fresh position commands, we find several doors; one at the top of the staircase on each side opening to the Livery Hall, situated beyond the staircase, and others through rich corridors or passages to a suite of apartments extending along the western front of the building, and over the outer vestibule through which we have passed. And first comes the Court-room on the right of the northernmost corridor. This is an apartment for the meetings of the Court of Assistants, and is handsomely decorated. The stucco ceiling in particular is of very elaborate workmanship; from it hangs a large glass chandelier, now covered up, but the nature of which is made known by the delicate tinkle produced by every passing vehicle. On a sideboard, carefully preserved beneath glass, is one of the most interesting remains we possess of the Romans in London, the little altar-piece engraved in the account of Roman London,* which was dug up during the late rebuilding of the Hall. It has evidently been a fine piece of workmanship, for, although the surface of the stone is greatly corroded, the beauty of the outlines of the figures still arrests the attention at the first glance: the position of the dog may be mentioned as exceedingly expressive and graceful. On the walls hang some interesting pictures. Here is Janssen's rich and beautiful portrait of Sir Hugh Middleton, with a shell in his left hand, typical of the great work of his life, the bringing the springs of Hertfordshire to London. The share that the unfortunate Sir Hugh presented to the Goldsmiths' Company, of which he was a member, is now worth, we believe, between 200*l.* and 300*l.* annually. Another portrait we may mention is that of Sir Thomas Vyner, Knight and Baronet, 1666, the gentleman referred to in the following title of one of the printed accounts of the annual Lord Mayor's pageants. We must premise that the Goldsmiths still make it a matter of etiquette to keep up some of the old state and ceremony on these occasions, which, but for them, would lose half the splendour that yet remains to them. They have, indeed, a very ancient reputation in matters of the kind. When Henry VI.

* Vol. i. p. 281.

expected the coming of the Queen Margaret of Anjou from France, he wrote to the Goldsmiths, as a craft which had at all such times "notably acquitted them," to prepare themselves to do her honour. And the splendour of their appearance at the appointed time showed how they appreciated the application. The title in question runs thus: 'The Goldsmiths' Jubilee; or, London's Triumphs, containing a description of the several pageants; on which are represented emblematical figures, artful pieces of architecture, and rural drawings, with the speeches spoken in each pageant. Performed October 29, 1674, for the entertainment of the right honourable and truly noble pattern of prudence and loyalty, Sir Robert Vyner, Knt. and Bart., Lord Mayor of the City of London, at the proper costs and charges of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. The King's most sacred Majesty and his Royal Consort, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, several foreign ambassadors, chief nobility, and Secretaries of State, honouring the City with their presence. Composed by Thomas Jordan.' The procession and pageant together seem certainly to have been a handsome affair. We can only notice the last, which consisted of two parts, the one illustrating, in an ingenious manner, the Company's arms, the other its trade and history. The first pageant consisted of "a large triumphant chariot of gold, richly set with divers inestimable and various-coloured jewels, of dazzling splendour, adorned with sundry curious figures, fictitious stories, and delightful landscapes." In this is "an ascent of seats up to a throne, whereon a person of majestic aspect sitteth, the representer of justice, hieroglyphically attired in a long red robe, and on it a golden mantle fringed with silver; on her head long dishevelled hair of flaxen colour, curiously curled, on which is a coronet of silver; in her left hand she advanceth a touchstone (the tryer of truth and discoverer of falsehood); in her right hand she holdeth up a golden balance, with silver scales equi-ponderent, to weigh justly and impartially; her arms dependent on the heads of two leopards, which emblematically intimate courage and constancy: this chariot is drawn by two golden unicorns, in excellent carving work, with equal magnitude to the life, on whose backs are mounted two beautiful raven-black negroes, attired according to the dress of India; on their heads wreaths of diverse-coloured feathers; in their right hands they hold golden cups; in their left hands two displayed banners, the one of the King's, the other of the Company's, arms. All which represent the crest and the supporters of the ancient, famous, and worshipful Company of Goldsmiths." Of the Trade Pageant Thomas Jordan writes—"On a very large pageant is a rich seat of state, containing the representer of the patron to the Goldsmiths' Company, St. Dunstan, attired in a dress properly expressing his prelatical dignity, in a robe of fine white lawn, over which he weareth a cope or vest of costly bright cloth of gold down to the ground; on his reverend grey head a golden mitre, set with topaz, ruby, emerald, amethyst, and sapphire; in his left hand he holdeth a golden crozier, and in his right hand he useth a pair of goldsmith's tongs. Beneath these steps of ascension to his chair, in opposition to St. Dunstan, is properly painted a goldsmith's forge and furnace, with fire and gold in it, a workman blowing with the bellows. On his right and left hand there is a large press of gold and silver plate, representing a shop of trade; and further in front are several artificers at work on anvils with

hammers, beating out plate fit for the forgery and formation of several vessels in gold and silver. There are likewise in the shop divers wedges or ingots of gold and silver. And a step below St. Dunstan sitteth an assay-master, with his class frame and balance, for trial of gold and silver according to the standard. In another place there is also disgrossing, drawing, and flatting of gold and silver wire. There are also finers melting, smelting, fining, and parting gold and silver both by fire and water. And in a march before this orfery * are divers miners, in canvas breeches and waistcoats, and red caps, bearing spades, pickaxes, twibills, and crows, for to sink shafts and make adits.† The devil also appearing to St. Dunstan is catched by the nose at a proper Qu (cue), which is given in his speech. When the speech is spoken the great anvil is set forth, with a silversmith holding on it a plate of massive silver, and three other workmen at work, keeping excellent time in their orderly strokes upon the anvil." Pageants of this character had meaning in them, and must have had at least one beneficial effect, that of making the handicraft arts interesting and their pursuit honourable: we wish we could say as much of the civic pageants of the present day. The connection of St. Dunstan with the Goldsmiths' Company is a curious subject, and one that meets you at every step in their history, as well as in still more palpable shapes in their Hall. Here, for instance, in the Court Room is a large painting, said to be by Julio Romano, but we should think incorrectly, devoted to the Saint's glory. In the foreground appears St. Dunstan, a large figure in a rich robe, and crozier in hand; in the background, by an amusing licence, we see him again, performing his memorable deed of taking the devil by the nose; and above appears the heavenly host, no doubt applauding the deed, and apparently signifying as much to the St. Dunstan in the front of the picture. Then, in the records of the Hall we read of St. Dunstan's almsmen; of St. Dunstan's feast on St. Dunstan's day; of St. Dunstan's eve; of splendid tapestry made at a great expense in Flanders in illustration of St. Dunstan's exploits, and used for the decoration of the Hall;‡ of St. Dunstan's statue, in silver gilt, set with gems, which formerly surmounted the screen of the Livery Hall, and which was broken up at the period of the war against images during the Reformation, and turned to the "most profit of the house;" of St. Dunstan's cup, in which the goldsmiths frequently drank to his memory; of "St. Dunstan's light" in St. John's Zachary Church; and of the chapel of St. Dunstan, with another image, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The origin of this connection is no doubt to be found in the circumstance that, when Dunstan left the court of Athelstan in disgust and retired to Glastonbury, he employed himself occasionally in the formation of articles useful to the church, as crosses and censers. Ecclesiastics were then among the most skilful of artificers, for Edgar had directed

* From the French, "Orfèvrerie," we presume, expressive of the goldsmith's art and ware.

† Modes of communication.

‡ The account of "Money delivered to Mr. Gerard Hughes for the rich arras for the hanging of the Hall," the tapestry in question, contains some interesting items: we extract the following. It appears there was "Paid for the devising of the story, for the exchange making of the money, and for costs and charges of Mr. Hughes's servant lying there (in Flanders), and for the canvas, &c., 29*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*" Then in the "charges for making of the stories in white and black," there was paid to "four masters, every of them for sixteen days," at a shilling a-day, 3*l.* 4*s.* A boy was paid to "sharp their colours," that is, point the chalk or charcoal with which they sketched, 2*d.* a-day; "the translating of the story out of English into Dutch," to enable the foreign workmen to understand it, cost 10*s.* The entire expense of the work was about 550*l.*

that priests, in order "to increase knowledge, should diligently learn some handicraft." And it was whilst Dunstan was thus employed that the devil, having, unfortunately for himself, tempted him once too often, was seized in the unpleasant manner already described. The holy man immediately became famous. The goldsmiths in particular, who seem to have looked on him as one of their craft, now, or soon after, adopted him as their founder and patron saint. We may here add that, in the list of jewellery belonging to Edward I., mention is made of a gold ring, with a sapphire, "of the workmanship of St. Dunstan." The business transacted in the Court Room is, of course, the ordinary business of the Company, as the management of estates, charities,* &c., and presenting, therefore, no interesting features. But it was not so once, when rebellious apprentices had to be whipped or otherwise punished, when offending members had to be reprimanded, sometimes kneeling before the assembled officers; or when the table was covered with goodly collections of gold and silver articles, and sometimes even "pieces of napery" and "cloths of gold," brought as *pledges* to the Company, who seem to have occasionally dabbled in the pawnbroking trade from a very early period. One of the entries on this subject, given in Mr. Herbert's valuable work on the Livery Companies of London, refers to the year 1386. Besides their ordinary duties, the Wardens were occasionally called in to decide matters of a less official nature between the different members of the Company, but where their knowledge or position were found useful. A great deal of jealousy existed at all times between the foreign and English goldsmiths, which sometimes led to serious disputes. A difference of a more friendly nature was that brought before the Wardens in the reign of Edward IV., when two workmen, Oliver Davy, citizen and goldsmith of London, and "White Johnson, Alicant stranger, goldsmith," of the same city, contended for the palm of superiority in the "cunning workmanship" of their craft. The honour of the respective countries was concerned in the struggle, and a high tribunal alone was thought worthy of giving a decision. So at a meeting at the Pope's Head in Lombard Street, in the presence of several distinguished members of the Goldsmiths' Company, the following arrangement, after due consideration, was made. First, that Oliver Davy should "make, work, and grave inward, by the hands of an Englishman, or 'prentice English, in four puncheons of steel, in the breadth of a penny sterling, a cat's face outward embossed in one of the said puncheons, and the same cat's face to be graven inward in another of the same puncheons, and a naked man outward embossed in the third puncheon, and a naked man inward to be graven on the fourth puncheon." White Johnson was to do exactly the same thing by the hands of an Alicant stranger, or Alicant's child, taking his liberty of what nation he would within the city of London, town of Westminster, or borough of Southwark. It was further agreed that the Wardens of Goldsmiths' Hall should decide between them, taking with them, to ensure impartiality, three English and three Alicant goldsmiths. The loser in the struggle was to pay the winner a crown, his costs for making his puncheons, and provide a dinner at the Hall for the

* The property of the Company and the estates it holds in trust for charitable purposes are matters not allowed to come before the public. The Company itself, we may here observe, consists of a master (the office is now held by the Sovereign), a prime and three other wardens, 21 assistants, and 150 liverymen. The chief officer is the clerk, whose position is generally considered to be highly lucrative and influential.

Wardens and for all parties concerned. "And whereas Oliver Davy brought into the Goldsmiths' Hall at his day, as is before limited by the said wager, four puncheons, in breadth of a penny sterling, ... made by the hands of Thomas Cotterell, the apprentice of the said Oliver, and the said White Johnson brought, by the space of six weeks after that, contrary to his wager, but two puncheons, one of a cat's face graven inward, and another with a naked man graven inward, of a more breadth than his wager, made by the hands of little Court Dutchman, dwelling in the borough of Southwark," the wager is adjudged to be won by Oliver Davy. We do not see how, to use Mr. Herbert's phrase, the "honour of England" was advanced by the decision, as no opinion whatever seems to have been expressed as to the real merits of the respective works. Very proud, however, do the English goldsmiths appear to have been of the result, for when, after having kept the whole six puncheons five years, Oliver Davy brought them into the Goldsmiths' Hall, at the instance of the Wardens, and gave them to the Company, the former, with great solemnity, ordered them "to be laid in the chest with six keys, to that intent that they be ready, if any such controversy hereafter fall, to be showed that such traverse hath been determined aforetimes; and that no Wardens hereafter bear them out of the said Hall, but to remain perpetually in the said place for the cause aforesaid. And that this present writing be laid with the said puncheons in the said chest, that men may understand hereafter the cause of the making of the said puncheons." We may here add that the foreign goldsmiths had at an early period a quarter to themselves, and were regulated by members of their own nation, under the control, however, of the English company, to whose funds they contributed in the shape of fees for apprentices, for admission into the craft, and for licences, also for fines, just the same as the other goldsmiths of London. We have an interesting glimpse of the customs among the artificers in the fifteenth century in one of two documents presented by the German and Dutch goldsmiths to the Wardens of the Company in 1444 and 1452. The last consists of the "Information given to the Wardens by the Dutchmen Goldsmiths enfranchised in the City of London," and states that "the rule in their quarter of goldsmiths is such that there shall no man come to no good city nor town, but he shall be known from whence he cometh, for to occupy the craft of goldsmiths, and that he be true born, and not defective proved. And at his coming in he must put him in service with a master of the said craft. And if he will continue and dwell there a certain time for to set up a house or a shop of the said craft, he must present himself, or else the master that he dwelleth with must present him, to the masters of the craft to set the rule upon him how long space and time it shall be ere he take house or shop of the said craft, at the discretion of the masters, some more, some less, as they find him able, and well named, and of good bearing."

Before quitting the Court Room we must not forget to mention the white marble chimney-piece which was brought from Cannons, the former seat of the Duke of Somerset. The lateral supports consist of two very large and boldly sculptured terminal busts, attributed, we are told, to Roubiliac by a late eminent sculptor.

Leaving the Court Room, and crossing the corridor or passage, we enter the Drawing-room, a scene of almost unsurpassable luxury and splendour. Immense

mirrors cover a considerable portion of the walls, and the remainder, in panels, is hung with crimson satin bordered by white and gold mouldings; the white stucco ceiling is exquisitely wrought with an interminable profusion of flowers, fruits, birds, beasts, and scroll-work ornaments, relieved at the corners of the room by the gay colours of the coats of arms; the soft thick carpet, of a rich maroon ground, presents in the centre the Goldsmiths' arms in all the splendid and proper colours of their heraldic emblazonry, and is as splendidly bordered; the curtains are of crimson damask, gold-embroidered; the chairs and ottomans are covered with crimson satin and gold, the tables are of gold and the most beautiful marbles, and the chimney-piece and grate of an exceedingly sumptuous kind. Add to these features the chandelier hanging from the roof, with its thousand glittering pendants; imagine it lighted, and colours more varied and brilliant than rainbow ever presented shifting and glancing to and fro; behold the room itself thronged with fair and magnificently dressed ladies, their costume only the more impressive from the contrast with the sober dresses of the gentlemen;—and you have altogether as superb a scene of the kind as, with few exceptions, the social life of England could afford.

The chief object of interest in the Court Dining-room, the next of the suite, is the chimney-piece, where in the centre two boys hold a wreath enclosing a head, whose melancholy history is told in the thin, almost attenuated-looking features and sad expression. It is Richard II., the monarch from whom the Goldsmiths' Company may be said to have received their principal charter of incorporation; we say principal, for in all the Goldsmiths received from the time of Edward III. to Elizabeth no fewer than fifteen charters—some of confirmation only, which the Companies of an early day were accustomed to get from time to time, in order to refresh the memory of any monarch who might otherwise be suddenly requiring a very heavy fine,—and others granting new privileges. And we may here fitly pause awhile to notice the early history of this Company. The goldsmith's is perhaps, above all other manual arts requiring any considerable taste and skill, the one in which the English have excelled from a very early period. About 628 Bishop Wilfred built a church at Ripon, in Yorkshire, the columns and porticoes of which were enriched with gold, silver, and purple; and a sumptuous copy of the Gospels, in a case of pure gold set with gems, was among the donations then made. In the Ashmolean Museum a piece of ornamental workmanship in gold that was made for Alfred the Great is still preserved, and the workmanship is of a high order, though the design is rude enough. Again, among the plunder of the Conquest taken over to Normandy by William, on his first visit to his native country after the great event which has made his name so memorable, were a variety of articles, such as golden vases, chased cups of gold and silver, Saxon drinking-cups made of large buffalo-horns, and ornamented at the extremity, which filled the people of that country with astonishment, and shows how far before their conquerors were the Saxons of that day in the goldsmith's craft. William of Poictevin, whose whole account shows what a strong impression the wealth of England had made upon him, speaks expressly of the men excelling in every species of elegant workmanship. A still stronger proof perhaps is to be found in the admiration elicited from Pope Adrian (our countryman) when Robert, Abbot of St. Alban's, sent to him two golden candlesticks:

the Pontiff declared he had never seen more beautiful workmanship. Matthew Paris also describes a large cup of gold made by Baldwin, a goldsmith, for the same Abbot Robert, "which was adorned with flowers and foliages of the most delicate workmanship, and set round with precious stones in the most elegant manner." The service of the churches must have contributed greatly to call forth and to encourage talent of this kind; for, besides the numerous utensils required, there were the gorgeous shrines to decorate and enrich, labours on which immense quantities of the precious metals were lavished during the middle ages.

With the firm consolidation of the kingdom that took place on the cessation of those civil wars, which, owing their origin to the state of things produced by the Conquest, were only ended in 1265 by the fall of De Montfort, and the consequent increase of the general prosperity, the monarchs no doubt became more luxurious and expensive. The wardrobe account of Edward I.'s plate and jewels is exceedingly curious, and illustrates in various points the manners and customs of the age, as well as the state of the goldsmith's art. Ade was the King's artificer, no doubt the chief goldsmith of his day. The list comprises thirty-four pitchers of gold and silver, ten gold cups, ten cups of silver (gilt and plain, some having stands, and enamelled), and above one hundred other cups of silver; also a pair of knives with silver sheaths, enamelled, with a *fork* of crystal; a pair of knives with ebony and ivory handles and studs, a large ewer set all over with pearls, a comb and looking-glass of silver gilt, enamelled, and a silver bodkin in a leathern case; gold, silver, and crystal crosses, some set with sapphires, and enclosing relics, and one with emeralds and other precious stones, enclosing a great piece of the real cross of Christ; pikes of gold and silver, shrines, silver trumpets, gold clasps, rings, a large silver girdle ornamented with precious stones; a large image of the King in silver, habited in a surcoat, and with a hood over his head and a silver plate under his feet; and five serpent tongues in a standard of silver. Lastly, there are four royal crowns, one set with rubies, emeralds, and great pearls; another with rubies and emeralds; another with Indian pearls; and a fourth, a great crown of gold, with emeralds, sapphires of the east, rubies, and large eastern pearls—this was the coronation crown. Among this splendid collection was the "gold ring with a sapphire" before mentioned, which, we are told, was of the workmanship of St. Dunstan. A body of men, comprising among their members skill to accomplish works of the kind here indicated, and who, from the very value of the materials on which they worked, must have been persons of character and consideration, were not likely to be the last to seek the protection of the Guild, or general association of those engaged in their pursuit; indeed, if we had the means of knowing the early history of these associations, we should probably find the goldsmiths were among the first, if not the very first, to defend themselves, their properties, and their personal freedom in this manner. Not that we are to look upon the artificers of that period as so many peaceful citizens, who were nothing except when banded together. Not a man of them but knew how to defend himself, if he were attacked, by the skilful use of his own trusty weapon: a circumstance that made the members of the chief trades, when in union, truly formidable bodies. This is illustrated in an incident that has been preserved of a quarrel between the goldsmiths and the merchant tai-

lors about the middle of the thirteenth century, when their animosity proceeded so far that they, and their respective friends, met by mutual consent one night, to the number each of five hundred men completely armed, and commenced a regular battle, which was so fiercely maintained that, before the Sheriffs could succeed in bringing a great body of the citizens to put a stop to the proceedings, several were killed and many wounded on both sides. The combatants suffered severely, in the whole, for their display of martial valour—thirteen of the ringleaders perishing on the scaffold. The earliest mention of the goldsmiths as a guild occurs in the beginning of the century marked by this combat, when Henry II. fined the adulterine or unlicensed guilds; and among those who were the most heavily mulcted were the goldsmiths. From this time to the reign of Edward III. we find nothing particularly deserving notice in the history of the Guild, but in that reign they began to bestir themselves to acquire a new and more commanding position. The petition presented to Edward and his Council in Parliament, in the first year of his reign, gives us an interesting glimpse of the state of the trade at that time in London. In this petition they show "that no private merchant nor stranger heretofore were wont to bring into this land any money coined, but plate of silver to exchange for our coin. And that it had been also ordained, that all who were of the goldsmith's trade were to sit in their shops in the high street of Cheap; and that no silver in plate, nor vessel of gold or silver, ought to be sold in the city of London, except at or in the Exchange, or in Cheapside among the goldsmiths, and that publicly, to the end that the people of the said trade might inform themselves whether the seller came lawfully by such vessel or not. But that now of late the said merchants, as well private as strangers, brought from foreign countries into this nation counterfeit sterling, whereof the pound was not worth above sixteen sols of the right sterling; and of this money none could know the true value but by melting it down. And also that many of the said trade of goldsmiths kept shops in obscure turnings and bye-lanes and streets, and did buy vessels of gold and silver secretly, without inquiring whether such vessel were stolen or lawfully come by; and, immediately melting it down, did make it into plate, and sell it to merchants trading beyond sea, that it might be exported. And so they made false work of gold and silver, as bracelets, lockets, rings, and other jewels; in which they set glass of divers colours, counterfeiting right stones, and put more alloy in the silver than they ought, which they sold to such as had no skill in such things." They add, also, that "the cutlers, in their work-houses, covered tin with silver so subtilly, and with such sleight, that the same could not be discerned and severed from the tin; and by that means they sold the tin so covered for fine silver, to the great damage and deceit of the King and his people." The answer to this petition was very satisfactory, granting to the goldsmiths, apparently, everything they desired. Merchants were no longer to bring any sort of money from abroad, but only plate of fine silver; goldsmiths were prohibited from selling gold or silver wrought, or plate of silver, to any such merchants to be carried out of the kingdom; "none that pretended to be of the same trade should keep any shops but in Cheapside, that it might be seen that their works were good and right;" and lastly,—and this was the most important concession of the whole,—those of the same trade might elect honest, lawful, and sufficient men, best skilled in the said trade, to inquire of the mat-

ters aforesaid, to reform defects, and inflict due punishment upon offenders. In this, the first charter, the Company are addressed as the King's "beloved, the Goldsmiths of London:" nor was the charter in question all the evidences of his love; he subsequently empowered them to purchase estates to the value of 20*l.* yearly for the support of decayed members: a gift of ten marks, it must be observed, had something to do with all this beneficence. In the reign of Richard II. the Company became, as before stated, essentially, though still not nominally, incorporated, as "a perpetual community," with "liberty to elect yearly for ever four wardens, to oversee, rule, and govern the said craft and community." Subsequent monarchs from time to time confirmed and enlarged their privileges, till Edward IV. in express words ordained them a "corporation, or body incorporate, by the name of Wardens of the Mystery of Goldsmiths of the City of London," and gave them the power of inspecting, trying, or regulating all gold and silver works throughout the kingdom. Lastly, we may observe that, being opposed in their trade search and assay, during the reign of Henry VII., that monarch gave them additional power to imprison or fine defaulters, to seize and break unlawful work, to compel the trade within three miles of the City to bring their work to the Company's common-hall to be assayed and stamped, and in case it was not standard to utterly condemn the same. The searches referred to must have led to some curious scenes. The trade was divided among foreigners and natives, whose chief places of resort at first were Cheapside and the immediate neighbourhood of the Goldsmiths' Hall, but who by the time of Henry VIII. had extended their shops to different parts of London and Westminster. The Sanctuaries were very naturally the resort of numbers of the dishonest portion of the trade; and in the Goldsmiths' books, under the date of 20 Henry VI., we find a not unamusing instance in point:—"Also it is to remember that the 20th day of April, the year of King Henry above written, the said Wardens went to Saint Bartholomew's, and there they spake with the Prior of the same place, of such untrue workers that were inhabiting in the same place, the which the Prior knew not. And while the Wardens and the Prior stood together came one John Tomkins, that was sometime a good workman of goldsmiths' craft. And there the Prior commanded him to go with him and with the Wardens, for to bring him to his chamber. And when they came there, he would not let them in. And the Prior made him to deliver his key to him. And then they went in; and there they found divers bandis of latten, the which to let in goblets forthwith. And also there was found a piece in the bed straw, the which was copper, and silver above; the which was likely for to have been sold for good silver. And while it was a-doing the said false varlet stole away out of the place, or else he had been set in the stocks." Besides general quarterly searches, we find the Wardens were always on the watch on the occasion of any unusual assemblage of persons likely to buy trinkets, and more particularly during fairs. Like some of the similar searchers of the present day with regard to weights, due warning was given to delinquents to hide whatever they chose. In reading the account of the array of the search, one sees very plainly that the worst rogues must have escaped amidst so much ceremony. First came the beadle with his insignia of office, and in full costume; then the wardens in their hoods and livery, the Company's clerk, two renter wardens, two brokers,

with porters and other attendants properly habited. These on "St. Bartholomew's Eve went all along Cheap, for to see what plate is in every man's desk and girdle;" then into Lombard Street. And on the following day they went through the fair "to see every hardware-man's show, for deceitful things, beads, gauds of beads, and other stuff; and then," adds the 'Manner and Order of Proceeding' from which we quote, "they are to drink, when they have done, where they please." The legislature had at different periods endeavoured to assist the searchers in the attainment of the common object, honest trade, by various regulations. In 1403 an act was passed, stating that, "whereas many fraudulent artificers, imagining to deceive the common people, do daily make lockets, rings, beads, candlesticks, harness for girdles, hilts, chalices, and sword-pommels, powder-boxes, and covers for cups, of copper and latten, like to gold and silver, and the same sell and put in gage to many men not having full knowledge thereof for whole gold and silver," in future no such articles shall be gilt or silvered, whether with or without intention to deceive, under a penalty of 100*l*. The only exceptions were articles for the use of the Church, most of which might be made of silvered copper or latten, "so that always in the foot, or some other part, of every such ornament so to be made, the copper and the latten shall be plain, to the intent that a man may see whereof the thing is made, for to eschew the deceit aforesaid." A curious and at the same time frightful incident of an earlier time is mentioned in Arnold's 'Chronicle,' where "all the goldsmiths of London" themselves are stated to have been the delinquents. In 1278 these, with "all those that kept the Change, and many other men of the City, were arrested and taken for buying of plates of silver, and for change of great money for small money [we presume, by recoining and giving their own coin for the King's], which were indicted by the wards of the City; and on the Monday next after the Epiphany, the Justices sitting at the Guildhall to make deliverance, that is to say, Sir Stephen of Pencestre, Sir John of Cobham, and other which that these lust (pleased) to associate to them, and there were prejudged and drawn and hanged three English Christian men, and two hundred four score and twelve English Jews!" Such was the wholesale butchery dignified by the name of justice in the thirteenth century.

From the Court Dining-room pass we now through the passage and across the top of the staircase to the Livery Hall, the fitting conclusion of the whole we have beheld. This is a room of great size and noble proportions, measuring about eighty feet in length, forty in width, and thirty-five in height. Noble ranges of scagliola Corinthian columns insulated from the wall, and raised on lofty pedestals, support the roof, which is one dark but most rich mass of ornamental decoration, and from which hang numerous chandeliers. Five lofty windows in the side that faces you as you enter shed a rich light through the place, being more than half filled with armorial bearings; and the remainder of the unoccupied space is marked off into small square compartments of ground glass, which alone give a fine effect to the windows whilst excluding a bad view. A screen, and gallery above, ornament the one extremity, and a niche for the display of the Company's plate the other. This niche is an elegant contrivance. The back is lined with plain scarlet drapery, and in the centre is a wooden framework similarly covered, which, with the assistance of the light admitted from

above, displays the treasures of the Company in a pyramidal form with the happiest effect. Many of the separate articles of that pyramid have a history of themselves; we can only mention one of them:—the cup. This is by no less an artist than Cellini, and was presented by Queen Elizabeth (who Pennant observes was "particularly kind to the citizens, and borrowed money of them on all occasions") to Sir Martin Bowes, whilst he was Lord Mayor, by whom it was presented to his brethren the Goldsmiths, with a charge to drink his health at certain periods in it, and to have a good dinner afterwards: we believe we are not hazarding too much to say that neither of these debts of gratitude are neglected. On each side of the niche is a mirror of unusual size, with busts in front, at their base, of George III. and George IV. Between the scagliola pillars, adorning the side opposite to the window, are lofty portraits, kingly or queenly subjects as usual (the loyalty and church-and-state pride of the Goldsmiths' Company are well known); comprising portraits of Queen Adelaide by Sir Martin Archer Shee, William IV. in the appropriate costume of a "Sailor King," and her present Majesty, by Sir George Hayter. In looking again at the richly stained arms which Mr. Willement has placed in the windows, consisting of the arms of the twenty-five Members of the Court of Assistants, at the period of the opening of the Hall in 1835, and of other assistants who have since died, a suggestion occurs which we think deserves consideration. In the annals of the Company, many are the worthies whose life and character must have an interest for the members; surely their arms should be here. There is Gregory de Rokesley, for instance, goldsmith, who was eight times Lord Mayor of London, keeper of the King's Exchange, and chief Assay Master of all the English Mints. And if these recommendations are not sufficient, there is one better still. This is the man whom honest Stow praises for having refused to compromise the dignity of his office, by answering as mayor a mandate to attend the King's Justices in the Tower, but who showed his individual respect for it by throwing off his civic robes at the Church of Allhallows, Barking, and then obeying the mandate as a private individual. The act led not only to his arrest, but to the arrest of the liberties of the City for a time. Then again there is Sir Nicholas Farindon, who gives name to the Ward of Farringdon, and the various benefactors of the Company, among whom Thomas Wood, sheriff in 1491, should not be forgotten. This gentleman built "the most beautiful frame of fair houses and shops" in Cheapside, which Stow describes as containing in number "ten fair dwelling-houses and fourteen shops, all in one frame, uniformly builded four stories high, beautified towards the street with the Goldsmiths' arms, and the likeness of *wood-men* in memory of his (the builder's) name, riding on monstrous beasts; all which is cast in lead, richly painted over, and gilt: these he gave to the goldsmiths, with stocks of money to be lent to young men having those shops," &c. These, we presume, were the goldsmiths' stalls which Hall so oddly describes in connexion with the pageants on the occasion of the marriage of Henry VIII. with his first wife, as "being replenished with virgins in white with branches of white wax." Numerous other members of still greater general reputation will readily occur: it will suffice to mention the admirable Sir Hugh Middleton, and Sir Francis Child, goldsmith, Lord Mayor, and founder of the first regular banking-house in England, the well-known and highly respectable establishment in Fleet

Street. The chief difficulty that might have been experienced in carrying into effect the plan proposed has been anticipated by the careful Stow; the arms of the oldest member we have here mentioned, Rokesley's, for instance, will be found among the engravings of the 'Survey.'

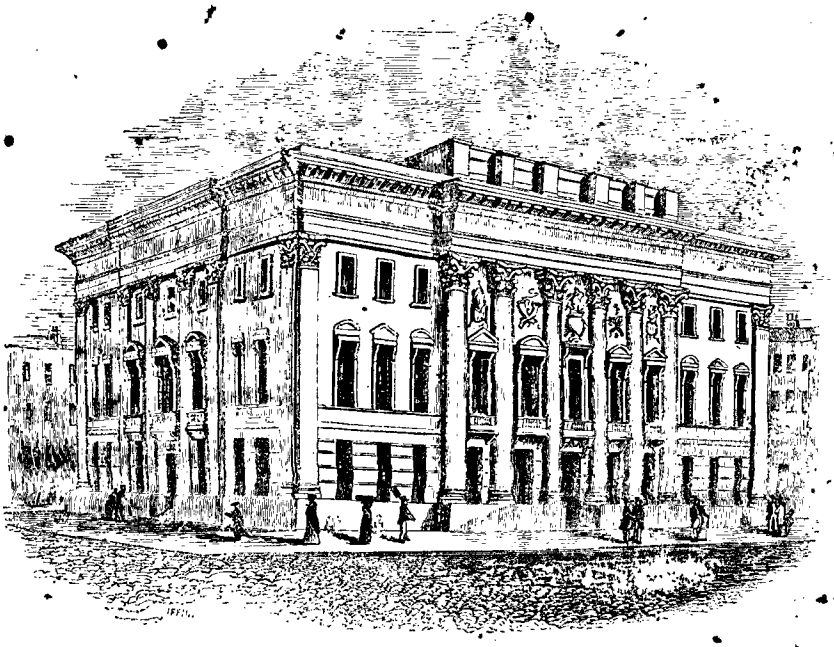
The mention of Sir Francis Child recalls one of the most important circumstances in the history of the Company,—its connection with the origin of the mighty system of modern banking. Our earliest bankers were, as is well known, the Jews; though, as their system seems to have been to receive deposits of goods, or title-deeds, &c., as security, they were perhaps more correctly called pawnbrokers. In the thirteenth century a more respectable class of men, the Lombards, or Italian merchants, then recently settled in England, began to obtain much of this trade. The goldsmiths, we have already seen, were occasionally bankers, in the only sense in which banking as yet existed, so early as 1386, in imitation, probably, of the Lombards. And till the seventeenth century matters remained in this state. At that time a concurrence of peculiar circumstances led them to embark largely in the business. In Anderson's 'History of Commerce' is given a curious account of these circumstances, on the authority of a rare pamphlet of the date of 1676; entitled, 'The Mystery of the new-fashioned Goldsmiths, or Bankers, discovered.' From this publication it appears that the London merchants had been generally accustomed to deposit their money in the Tower, in the care of the Mint Master. A little time before the meeting of the Long Parliament, Charles I. seized there 200,000*l.*, professedly as a loan, of course not only without the consent, but to the extreme indignation, of the unfortunate owners. No more money after that time found its way into the Mint for the sake of security. And then, according to the pamphlet, it became customary with merchants and traders to intrust their cash to their clerks and apprentices: a striking evidence, by the way, of the terrible state of insecurity of men's property before the breaking out of the civil war. When the latter burst like a storm over the whole country, many of these clerks and apprentices took the opportunity of relieving themselves of the dulness of the shop and desk, and their masters at the same time of the superfluous cash they had placed in their hands; and thus a new and better mode of disposing of such money became indispensable. At last, about the year 1645, the merchants began to place their funds in the hands of the Goldsmiths, who now first added this the essential feature of a bank to their ordinary occupations of buying and selling plate and foreign coins of gold and silver, of melting and culling these articles, some to be coined at the Mint, and the rest to be used in supplying the general dealers in the precious metals, jewellers, &c. The wealth and reputation of the Company would at once give confidence in the new mode, and consequently the business transacted increased so greatly in amount as to become a matter of very high importance and consideration. "It happened," says the writer of the pamphlet, "in those times of civil commotion, that the Parliament, out of the plate and from the old coin brought into the Mint, coined seven millions into half-crowns; and there being no mills then in use at the Mint, this new money was of very unequal weight, sometimes twopence and threepence difference in an ounce; and most of it was, it seems, heavier than it ought to have been in proportion to the value in foreign parts." What follows is a sad charge against the respectable Company which has a St.

Dunstan for its founder. "Of this the goldsmiths made, naturally, the advantages usual in such cases, by picking out or culling the heaviest, and melting them down, and exporting them. It happened also that our gold coins were too weighty, and of these also they took the like advantage. Moreover, such merchants' servants as still kept their masters' running cash had fallen into the way of clandestinely lending the same to the goldsmiths at fourpence per cent. per diem (about six per cent. per annum), who by these and such-like means were enabled to lend out great quantities of cash to necessitous merchants and others, weekly or monthly, at high interest; and also began to discount the merchants' bills at the like or an higher rate of interest." It would have been worth while to see the puzzled looks of the merchants when they first found the ingenious use their clerks had made of their money; and the whole affair must have occasionally led to some amusing scenes,—clerks perhaps sometimes discounting themselves instead of through the goldsmiths, and, possibly, their own masters' bills as they circulated in due course of trade, not for their masters, but with their masters' own money; but their impudence may not have ventured quite so far as that. Respecting the goldsmiths as bankers, the pamphlet continues,—"Much about the same time they began to receive the rents of gentlemen's estates remitted to town, and to allow them and others who put cash into their hands some interest for it (the clerks had taught them this, we suppose) if it remained but for a single month in their hands, or even a lesser time. This was a great allurement for people to put their money into their hands, which would bear interest till the day they wanted it. And they could also draw it out by one hundred pounds, or fifty pounds, &c., at a time, as they wanted it, with infinitely less trouble than if they had lent it out on either real or personal security. The consequence was, that it quickly brought a great quantity of cash into their hands, so that the chief or greatest of them were now enabled to supply Cromwell with money in advance on the revenues, as his occasions required, upon great advantages to themselves." This system continued on the Restoration, the goldsmiths principally confining the lending part of the new business to Government, but borrowing, we presume, from whoever chose to lend. They gave receipts for the sums deposited, which, passing from hand to hand, became a virtual kind of bank-notes. In this brief detail we see in operation nearly all the parts of a modern banker's business. But concerns of such magnitude, and involving principles which, according as they are right or wrong, materially influence to prosperity or distress the entire nation, require all the thought and skill and capital of those concerned in its management. Some of the more intelligent goldsmiths soon perceived this, and also that magnificent fortunes would no doubt be realized by those who, possessing the requisite qualifications, should first devote their exertions solely to it. Francis Child was the first of these persons, and may, therefore, be very properly called the "father of the profession."* He was originally an apprentice to William Wheeler, goldsmith and banker, whose shop was on the site of the present banking-house. Child married his master's daughter, and thus succeeded to the estate and business. The latter, we presume, from the very circumstance of his being generally acknowledged to be the first regular banker,

* Pennant.

thenceforth, or at least subsequently, confined his business entirely to the banking department. He died in 1713 as *Sir* Francis Child, and after having served the offices of sheriff, lord mayor, and member of parliament for the City.

Having been so recently erected, of course the Hall has, properly speaking, no history, unless the splendid banquet which marked its opening on the 15th of July, 1835, be esteemed such, when the Duke of Wellington, and many other distinguished personages connected with the same political party, were among the guests. There was certainly one feature of that meeting worthy of notice—the declaration of the Prime Warden, who, in stating that the creation of a building-fund had long been in contemplation for the re-erection of their mansion, added, "by means of that fund they had been enabled to complete this great structure without trenching on the charitable funds of the Company: not one pension had been abridged—no charity was diminished—not one single petition for the relief of their poorer brethren was rejected."



[Goldsmiths' Hall. Exterior View.]

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Erratum.—At p. 396, for "*Scudoni's* romances," read *Scudéri's* romances.

[From Hogarth's 'Progress of Cruelty']

LXXVI.—BEER.

Hogarth blundered when he introduced the brewer's drayman as a type of the "progress of cruelty." The man is asleep: he would not willingly hurt a fly, to say nothing of a child, but, "much bemused with beer," he knows not the mischief his wheels are doing. He can scarcely even be accused of carelessness, for how could he expect a child to be there unguarded? It is the nurse or mother that is to blame. Nobody who has to do with beer is inhumane. Beer cannot make a rogue an honest man—even the ale of Lichfield could not work that miracle upon Boniface—but it mollifies his temper.

"I have much to say in behalf of that Falstaff," and, though scarcely so near akin, we have much to say in behalf of that brewer's drayman. Look at his smock-frock, his hat, his gracefully-curving, ponderous whip: beside the sceptre of an Ulysses or Agamemnon it would show like the pendent birch beside a bare hop-pole, and yet would crush a Thersites more effectually. When cracked in the horses' ears it knells like a piece of artillery. And so accoutred as the brewer's drayman was in the days of Hogarth, so may he still be seen in the streets of London, perched upon or striding beside his stately dray. He is one of the unchanged, unchangeable monuments which live on through all transmutations, telling a story of forgotten generations to a race which remembers them not—like the circle of grey stones which beneath a grove of embowering oaks witnessed the inhuman rites of the Druid, and now obstruct the reaper's sickle amid the golden grain—like the little drummer-boys, all so like each other that the man in his grand climacteric could fancy them the same he gazed after in his childhood, and take the elf, at this moment loitering before the guardhouse in Hyde Park, for the identical one to whom the "friend of humanity" gave sixpence, and "nice clever books by Tom Paine the philanthropist."

The brewer's dray is worthy of such an ancient pillar of the constitution. Benjamin the Waggoner and his poet are both right eloquent in praise of their "lordly wain." Nor need it be denied that it had a stately and imposing presence of its own, alike amid the thunder-storm in the mountain gap, or

"With a milder grace adorning
The landscape of a summer morning,
While Grassmere smoothed its liquid plain
The moving image to detain;
And merry Fairfield, with a chime
Of echoes, to its march kept time,
When little other sound was heard,
And little other bus'ness stirr'd,
In that delightful hour of balm,
Stillness, solitude, and calm."

But every one must feel that one half of the beauty of the Westmoreland waggon is owing to the associations that cluster around it; whereas the brewer's dray suffices in itself. When the head of the foremost of its colossal horses is seen emerging from one of those steep, narrow lanes ascending from the river side to the Strand, (sometimes is it there seen, though the coal-waggon has pre-eminence in that locality of dark arches looking like the entrance to the Pit of Acheron,) there is a general pause in the full tide of human life that flows along the thoroughfare. Heavily, as though they would plant themselves into the earth, the huge hoofs, with the redundant locks dependent from the fetlocks circumfused, are set down, clattering and scraping as they slip on the steep ascent; the huge bodies of the steeds, thrown forward, drag upward the load attached to them by their weight alone; in a long chain they form a curve quite across the street, till at last the dray, high-piled with barrels, emerges from the narrow way like a reel issuing from a bottle, and, the strain over, the long line of steeds and the massive structure, beside which the car of Juggernaut might dwindle into insignificance, pass smoothly onwards.

It is no unimportant element of London life that is launched with all this pomp and circumstance into its great thoroughfares. There is a system organised, by which the contents of these huge emissaries from the reservoirs of the breweries are diverted into a multiplicity of minor pipes and strainers which penetrate and moisten the clay of the whole population. From "morn till dewy eve" the huge, high-piled dray may be seen issuing from the brewery gates to convey barrels to the tap-houses, and nine-gallon casks, the weekly or fortnightly allowance of private families. At noon and night the pot-boys of the innumerable beer-shops may be seen carrying out the quarts and pints duly received at those hours by families who do not choose to lay in a stock of their own; or the mothers and children of families, to whom the saving of a halfpenny is a matter of some consequence, may be seen repairing with their own jugs to these beer-conduits. You may know when it is noon in any street in London by the circulation of beer-jugs, as surely as you may know when it is 11 A.M. by seeing housekeepers with their everlasting straw reticules and umbrellas. And in addition to these periodical flowings of the fountains must be taken into the account the "bye-drinkings" of carmen, coal-whippers, paviours, &c. at all hours of the day—of artisans at their "dry skittle-grounds," and of medical students and other "swells" at taverns.

It is not easy to form an estimate of the quantity of beer annually strained through these alembics, but we may venture upon what Sir Thomas Browne would have called "a wide guess." In 1836 the twelve principal brewers in London brewed no less than 2,119,447 barrels of beer. The quantity of malt

wetted by all the brewers in London in that year was 754,313 quarters; the quantity wetted by the illustrious twelve, 526,092 quarters. According to this proportion, the number of barrels of beer brewed in London, in 1836, could not fall far short of 3,000,000. The beer manufactured for exportation and country consumption may be assumed, in the mean time, to have been balanced by the importation of Edinburgh and country ales, and Guinness's stout. In 1836 the population of the metropolis was estimated at 1,500,000. This would give, hand over head, an allowance of two barrels (or 76 gallons) of beer per annum for every inhabitant of the metropolis—man, woman, and child. This is of course beyond the mark, but perhaps not so much so as one would at first imagine. At all events, these numbers show that beer is an important article of London consumption: thus corroborating the inference naturally drawn from the high state of perfection to which we find the arrangements for injecting it into all the veins and arteries of the body corporate have been brought.

There is a passage in Franklin's 'Memoirs' which illustrates the minuter details of the injecting process in his day:—"I drank only water: the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great drinkers of beer. . . . . We had an alehouse boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast, with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done with his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer that he might be *strong* himself. . . . . He had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every week for that vile liquor." The pressman whose bibbing feats are here recorded, it must be admitted, rather verged towards excess in his potations: he did not administer the malt in homœopathic doses; but his lack of moderation conferred no right upon "the water-drinking American" (as the "chapel" christened Franklin) to vilify "the good creature Beer" by the epithet "vile liquor."

Beer is to the London citizen what the water in the reservoirs of the plain of Lombardy, or the kahvreez of Persia (which is permitted to flow into the runnels of the landowners so many hours per diem), is to the village peasantry of those countries. It is one of those commonplaces of life—those daily-expected and daily-enjoyed simple pleasures which give man's life its local colouring. The penning of the sheep in a pastoral country—"the ewe-bughts, Marion" of Scottish song—is poetical, because the bare mention of it calls up all the old accustomed faces, and sayings and doings, that make home delightful. In London it is our beer that stands foremost in the ranks of these suggestions of pleasant thoughts. Therefore it is that a halo dwells around the silver-bright pewter pots of the potboy, and plays, like the lightning of St. John, about the curved and tapering rod of office of the brewer's drayman. Therefore is it that the cry of "Beer!" falls like music on the ear; and therefore it is that in the song of the jolly companion, in the gibe of the theatrical droll, in the slang of him who lives "on the step" (of the 'bus), in the scratching of the caricaturist, the bare mention of beer is at any time a sufficient substitute for wit. It needs but to name it, and we are all on the broad grin.

Beer overflows in almost every volume of Fielding and Smollett. There never

was hero who had a more healthy relish for a cool tankard than Tom Jones. There is an incident which all our readers must recollect in the story of Booth's Amelia, that positively elevates brown stout into the region of the pathetic. As for Smollett, the score which Roderick Random and Strap run up with the plausible old schoolmaster, fancying all the while he is teaching them, is perhaps too rural an incident for our present purpose; but the pot of beer with which Strap made up the quarrel with the soldier, after the misadventure which attended his first attempt to dive for a dinner, was of genuine London brewing.

Goldsmith appreciated the capabilities of beer in an artistical point of view: how could the author of Tony Lumpkin fail? He has immortalised it both in prose and verse. The story of the Merry-Andrew out of employment, whom he picked up in the Green Park, would have lost great part of its zest had it not been told over "a frothing tankard and a smoking steak." Who does not feel that the conversation of the imprisoned debtor, porter, and soldier, about an apprehended French invasion, is rendered more pointed by the good malt liquor that takes a part in it?—"'For my part,' cries the prisoner, 'the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom. If the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us. It is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom, should they happen to conquer.' 'Ay, slaves,' cries the porter, 'they are all slaves, fit only to carry burthens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison,' and he held the goblet in his hand, 'may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier.' The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe, fervently cried out, 'It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer from such a change: ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames,' such was the solemnity of his adjuration, 'if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.' So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of most persevering devotion." And, without the allusion to beer, how dry would have been his description of the region where authors most abound!—

"Where the 'Red Lion,' staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;
There, in a lonely room from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug."

To a poet of a later day than poor Goldy it was given to sing a royal visitation to a London brewhouse; and as our readers may expect us, while upon this subject, to introduce them to the interior of one of these great establishments, they may prefer visiting it while a king is there. The hurry of preparation to receive the illustrious guest was spiritedly sung by the modern Pindar:—

"Muse, sing the stir that Mister Whitbread made,
Poor gentleman, most terribly afraid
He should not charm enough his guests *divine*,
He gave his Maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks;
And, lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks
To make the Apprentices and Draymen fine.

Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and stools and chairs, were tumbled over,
Amid the Whitbread rout of preparation
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation."

The irreverend manner in which the poet describes the rapidity with which the royal questions were huddled on each other may be passed over. Suffice it to say, that, by the clack of interrogatories,—

"Thus was the Brewhouse fill'd with gabbling noise,
While Draymen and the Brewer's Boys
Devour'd the questions that the King did ask:
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wondering to think they saw a King and Queen;
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some Draymen forced themselves (a pretty luncheon!)
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;
And through the bung-hole wink'd, with cunning eye,
To view, and be assured what sort of things
Were Princesses, and Queens, and Kings,
For whose most lofty stations thousands sigh.
And, lo! of all the gaping Puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man."

The picture of Majesty examining "a pump so deep" with an opera-glass of Dollond is good, but we hasten to the "useful knowledge" elicited on the occasion;—

"Now Mister Whitbread serious did declare,
To make the Majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side to reach along to Kew.
On which the King with wonder swiftly cried,
'What, if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?'
To whom with knitted, calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow
Almost to Windsor that they would extend.
On which the King, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering Queen.

On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
The Brewer's horse, with face astonish'd, neigh'd:
The Brewer's dog, too, pour'd a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.

Now did the King for *other* Beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And, after talking of their different Beers,
Ask'd Whitbread if *his* Porter *equall'd theirs*."

The Muse of Painting, at least the Muse of Engraving, was equally assiduous with the Muse of rhythmic words in its attention to the staple liquor of London. Hogarth has immortalised its domestic, and Gilray its political history. In his engraving of 'Beer Street' Hogarth has been rapt beyond himself. There is a genuine "tipsy jollity" breathed over all the groups. The key-note is struck by the refreshing draughts of the tailors in the garret; it rises to a higher pitch in the chairmen, one of whom wipes his bald head while the other drinks; it becomes exuberant in the lusty blacksmith brandishing the astonished French

[From Hogarth's 'Beer Street.']

porter in one hand and his pewter-pot in the other; and it soars to genuine poetic inspiration in the ingenious artist who is painting with such unutterable gusto, "Health to the Barley Mow." Gilray, under the inspiration of good ale, became classical and allegorical. The Castor and Pollux of his 'Whig Mythology' are two lusty brewers of his day—incarnations of strong beer. His 'Meditations on a Pot of Porter' are bold and grotesque in conception, yet executed in conformity to the severest rules of sculptural grouping. His 'Triumph of Quassia' is worthy of Poussin.

This union between beer on the one hand and art and literature on the other was not a mere playful fiction of the imagination. The fine spirits of London loved good ale as Burns loved his "bonny Jean," whom he not only be-rhymed but took unto his wife. It was no mere Platonic flirtation that they kept up with the beer-barrel. The brows of Whitbread were bound with the triple wreath of brewery, the drama, and senatorial oratory; his own brewhouse, St. Stephen's, and Drury Lane Theatre were rivals in his affections. The names of Thrale and Johnson must go down to posterity together. We have often had occasion to sigh over the poverty of London in the article of genuine popular legends—one brewhouse is among the exceptions. The workmen at Barclay and Perkins's will show you a little apartment in which, according to the tradition of the place, Johnson wrote his dictionary. Now this story has one feature of a genuine legend—it sets chronology at defiance. It is no invention of a bookman, but the unsophisticated belief of those who know books less from personal inspection than by report, as something the knowledge of which makes a learned man.

Before Johnson made his acquaintance with the Thrales, two men eminent in their way in literature, the one belonging to the generation of authors who preceded the Doctor, the other destined to earn his full harvest of praise after the lexicographer had retired upon his pension, shook hands over a cup of good ale. Mandeville and Franklin had a meeting when the former visited London in

early life, which is thus noticed by the latter in his Autobiography:—"My pamphlet by some means falling into the hands of one Lyons, a surgeon, author of a book entitled 'The Infallibility of Human Judgment,' it occasioned an acquaintance between us: he took great notice of me, called on me often to converse on these subjects, carried me to the Horns, a pale-ale house in —— Lane, Cheapside, and introduced me to Doctor Mandeville, author of the 'Fable of the Bees,' who had a club there, of which he was the soul, being a most facetious, entertaining companion." It is worthy of remark that Franklin has not a word to say against the "vile liquor" when it was imbibed by one he felt flattered by being introduced to; and it may also be observed in passing, that we are here introduced to the out-spoken sceptics of London, with whom Franklin sympathised as completely in his youth as he did with those of Paris in his advanced years. The former he found in pot-houses. Mandeville was a gentleman, but Chubb and the others always look like the arguers of some cobblers' debating society. The French wits, on the contrary, were men of fashion; and yet it may be doubted whether there were not more nerve and shrewdness in their homely English predecessors. The difference is illustrative of the varied characters of the two cities as well as of the individuals.

This "exaltation of ale" scarcely belongs to the very oldest period of our literature. Chaucer gets eloquent at times upon the subject of "a draught of moist and corny ale," and Skelton has sung its praises; but the dramatists of the Elizabethan age made little account of it. "Our ancestors drank sack, Mrs. Quickly." Shakspere speaks rather compassionately of that "poor creature small beer." Nor was it altogether an affectation of being more *recherché* in their drink: the ale of the olden time must have been at best but a sorry tipple. Hops only came into cultivation in England about 1524; before that time brewers made a shift with broom, bay-berries, and ivy-berries—sorry enough substitutes. Ale was almost certain to get "eager" before it was ripe. Nor was this all: in the minute and specific directions for brewing which are to be found in Holinshed it may be seen that it was the custom to eke out the malt with a liberal admixture of unmalted oats. From the trial of Beau Fielding, quoted in a former paper, it would appear that an inferior sort of liquor called oat ale was in use in families.

The truth is, that they were only learning to brew drinkable beer in London about the time of Shakspere. It appears from the information collected by Stow that in the year 1585 there were about twenty-six brewers in the City, suburbs, and Westminster, "whereof the one-half of them strangers, the other English." Hops appear to have been grown in great quantities in the vicinity of the Pomeranian Hanse Towns as early as the thirteenth century, and beer to have been one of the staple articles of export from these great trading communities. The circumstance of so many of the London brewers in the sixteenth century being foreigners seems to point to the conclusion that hops, and persons capable of teaching the right way to use them, had been imported about the same time.

The London Company of Brewers was incorporated, it is true, in February, 1427, and bore for a time their coat of arms impaled with that of Thomas à Becket. The Company, however, and its trade, do not appear to have emerged

into consequence until the confirmation of their charter in July, 1559, the second of Elizabeth. That there had been songs in praise of ale before this time argues nothing for its goodness. The decoction of malt and oats, bittered by ivy berries, must have been much such a mess as the "boosa" of the Upper Nile and the Niger: it made men tipsy, and when tipsy they bestowed exaggerated praises on the cause of their exhilaration. This is the utmost that Chaucer finds to say for "the ale of Southwark" in his time. The symptoms of his Miller, by which the host saw that he "was dronken of ale," are those of a man who drinks to get drunk, not because the liquor is palatable. His very gestures show it:—

"The Miller that for-dronken was all pale,
So that unethes upon his hors he sat,
He n' old avalen neither hood ne hat,
Ne abiden no man for his curtesie,
But in Pilate's vois he gan to crie,
And swore by armes and by blood and bones."

The delicious rapidity and incongruity with which his images crowd upon each other in the prefatory speech he delivers show the state he was in, and, what is more to the purpose, his boasts show that he is proud of his condition:—

"Now herkeneth, quoth the Miller, all and some;
But first I make a protestatioun
That I am dronke, I know it my soune."

This is the full amount of the spirited eulogy:—

"Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both feet and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old."

In Elizabeth's day beer was rising in estimation: alarmed by the increase of alehouses, the Lord Mayor, aided by the magistrates of Lambeth and Southwark, suppressed above two hundred of them within their jurisdictions in 1574, and the example was followed in Westminster and other places round London. It was about this time, or perhaps later, that the saying, "Blessed be her heart, for she brewed good ale," first came up. Launce, in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' speaks of it as quite of recent origin. But as yet beer (the name is said to have come in with hops, to distinguish the improved liquor from the old-fashioned ale) seems to have been chiefly in request with those who could not afford wine. Prince Hal apologises for longing for it; Falstaff never tasted it; it was the most raffish of all his followers, Bardolph, whose meteor nose glared through the alehouse window, undistinguishable from its red lattice blinds.

The years 1585 and 1591 are the earliest for which we have found any statistics of the beer trade of London. The twenty-six brewers in 1585 brewed among them 648,960 barrels of beer. This they sent to their customers in open barrels before the process of fermentation was completed; at least it is to the loss occasioned by its being transmitted in that state that, in their answer to a complaint against them made to the Chancellor, they attribute the enormous deficiency of one gallon in nine. In 1591 the "twenty great brewhouses, situate on the Thames side from Milford Stairs in Fleet Street till below St. Cathe-

rine's," brewed yearly the quantity of seven or eight brewings of sweet beer or strong beer for exportation to Embden, the Low Countries, Dieppe, &c. The produce of all these brewings might amount, one year with another, to 26,400 barrels. This trade was often interrupted; for as soon as corn began to rise in price, the exporting brewers were complained of as the cause, and a proclamation issued to "restrain from brewing any sweet or strong beer to be transported by casks as merchandise," or what was called *portage beer*. The apprehensions were probably unfounded, for the foreign beer trade seems to have been little more than a cloak for the smuggling of very different commodities. A complaint was made to the treasurer of England in 1586, that "There was deceit in the vessels of beer that were transported; that under the name of these passed many barrels stuffed with prohibited goods, as pike-heads, halberd-heads, pistols and match, candles, and soles of shoes of new leather, cut out in pairs of all sizes, and the like, the bungs of the barrels being besmeared with a little yeast, to the hindrance of the Commonwealth and the profit of enemies." Falstaff made bitter complaints, and swore there was no faith in villanous man, because he found a little lime in his sack: had he been a beer-drinker, how he would have grumbled at such a dainty mixture as is here described! The return barrels were employed in the conveyance of more delicate wares:—"Another deceit that the strangers, foreigners, and others practised with the brewers and their servants was packing up cases and pieces of silk, and delivering them as empty barrels on the brewer's wharf. The brewers straight besmeared them with yeast, and so sent them to the merchants' houses, as barrels of beer for the household, to the hindrance of the Queen's customs."

Some notice was taken, in the paper on St. Giles's, ancient and modern, of the persecution of the alehouse-keepers under the Long Parliament. Enough was said then to show that ale, as a drink, had become a popular favourite. That the excise imposed upon beer, in 1643, was found worth the continuing, may be taken as a proof that the liquor was improving. "Muddy ale" would have been driven out of the market by such an increase of price. Down to the time of the Revolution, however, although good ale might be met with in wealthy families who could afford the expense of making it—or in corn districts, which, in that age of bad or no roads, enjoyed no facilities for conveying their surplus grain into more sterile districts (which may account for the high terms in which Boniface speaks of his ale in the 'Beaux Stratagem')—English beer seems to have been rather an indifferent liquor. The ecstacies in which lamb's-wool, and other ways of disguising it, are spoken of, show that it was taken merely for its intoxicating effects, and that its taste required to be disguised. Who would think of spoiling the XXX of Barclay or Goding with foreign admixtures?

An anonymous writer in the 'Annual Register for 1760' enables us to trace the progress of the London beer-trade from the Revolution down to the accession of George III. In the beginning of King William's reign, the brewer sold his brown ale for 16*s.* per barrel; and the small beer, which was made from the same grains, at 6*s.* per barrel. The customers paid for their beer in ready money, and fetched it from the brewhouse themselves. The strong beer was a heavy sweet beer: the small, with reverence be it spoken, was little better than the washings of the tubs, and had about as much of the extract of malt in it as the

last cup of tea which an economical housewife pours out to her guests has of the China herb.

A change came over the character of London beer in the reign of Queen Anne, owing to two very different causes: the duty imposed upon malt and hops, and taxes, on account of the war with France, on the one hand, and the more frequent residence of the gentry in London on the other. The duty on malt exceeding that on hops, the brewers endeavoured at a liquor in which more of the latter should be used. The people, not easily weaned from the sweet clammy drink to which they had been accustomed, drank ale, mixed with the new-fashioned bitter beer, which they got from the victualler. This is the earliest trace our antiquarian researches have enabled us to detect of the very palatable beverage "half-and-half." The gentry introduced the pale ale, and the pale small beer, which prevailed in the country; and either engaged some of their friends, or some of the London trade, to brew their liquors for them. The pale beers being originally intended for a more affluent and luxurious class, the brewers who engaged in this new branch of the business paid more attention to the condition in which it was delivered, increased their store of casks, and kept them in better order. The pale ale was more expensive than the old London beers: its price was 30*s.* a barrel, while the brown ale was selling at 19*s.* or 20*s.*, and the bitter beer at 22*s.* But the spreading of a taste for the new drink, and the establishment of "pale-ale houses," such as that in which Franklin met Mandeville, stimulated the brown beer trade to produce a better article than they had hitherto made. "They began," says the writer before alluded to, "to hop their mild beer more; and the publican started three, four, sometimes six butts at a time; but so little idea had the brewer or his customer of being at the charge of large stocks of beer, that it gave room to a set of moneyed people to make a trade, by buying these beers from brewers, keeping them some time, and selling them, when stale, to publicans for 25*s.* or 26*s.* Our tastes but slowly alter or reform: some drank mild beer and stale; others what was then called 'three-threads,' at 3*d.* a quart, but many used all stale, at 4*d.* a pot." This we may imagine to have been the state of the beer-trade when Sir Harry Quickset, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, Knt., and company, accompanied Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., to Dick's Coffeehouse:—"Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and 'Dyer's Letter.' The boy brought the ale in an instant, but said they did not take in the 'Letter.' 'No!' says Sir Harry. 'Then take back your mug: we are like, indeed, to have good liquor at this house.' . . . . I observed, after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second and a third: after which Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me, in a low voice, that the place was too public for business; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him."

About the year 1722 a bright thought, we are told, occurred to the brewers—that they might improve their trade by improving their liquor; at least such is the only meaning we can attach to this oracular passage:—"The brewers conceived there was a mean to be found preferable to any of those extremes, which was, that beer well brewed, from being kept its proper time, becoming mellow,

that is, neither new nor stale, would recommend itself to the public." The author proceeds:—"This they ventured to sell at 23*s.* a barrel, that the victualler might retail at 3*d.* a quart. Though it was slow at first in making its way, yet, as it certainly was right, in the end the experiment succeeded beyond expectation. The labouring people, porters, &c., found its utility; from whence came its appellation of porter or entire butt. As yet, however, it was far from the perfection in which we have since had it. For many years it was an established maxim in the trade that porter could not be made fine or bright, and four or five months was deemed the age for it to be drunk at. The improvement of brightness has since been added, by means of more age, better malt, better hops, and the use of isinglass."

Thus auspiciously commenced the high and palmy age of London's beer, which has ever since gone on improving in quality and estimation. Thus commenced the age in which it was to become the favourite beverage of a succession of racy thinkers and learned men, from Mandeville to Dr. Parr and Charles Lamb. Thus commenced the age in which it was to prove a Helicon to a peculiar and unrivalled race of artists and poets in prose and verse—of Hogarth and Fielding, of Smollett, of Goldsmith, of Gilray. Thus commenced an age in which it was to become a word of household love throughout the busy and hearty land of Cockaigne—itself a familiar and cherished friend, known in the playful moods of affection as "porter," "stout," "brown stout," "double stout," "entire," "heavy wet," "lush," "beer," and all the varieties of X's.

It was beer that kept the race of Brunswick on the throne in the days while "pretenders" were still alive. The "mug-houses" were seminaries of true Protestant and revolution principles. There were the adult adherents of the new dynasty to be found—"their custom ever of an afternoon,"—when their leaders wanted to get up an anti-popery panic and row; and there did the apprentices bold of London imbibe the principles of their seniors, not diluted, but rendered palatable, by the liquid in which they were administered. More anxious and watchful for the interests of the established government than that government itself, they nosed out Jacobite plots before they were concocted, and not unfrequently drubbed the civil and military servants of the powers that were, because their efforts came short of the exorbitant demands of their own beer-blown zeal. Often were the authorities obliged to repel the furious love of these idolaters, lest they should be killed with kindness; and hard knocks seem to have had no effect in rendering them less loving. They were as ardent Hanoverians after a score of them had been knocked on the head for a row as before. They were the mob of the corporations, for the unincorporated mob of London—a much more numerous but less disciplined body—owned a divided allegiance to the prize-fighters and pickpockets on the one hand, and to the Jacobites on the other—both parties in general uniting against the heroes of the "mug-houses," yet unable, with all their superiority of numbers, to make head against them. Gin was the liquor of this less reputable rabble; but gin only gave courage, not thewes and sinews; beer gave both, and therefore the mug-houses triumphed. These are tales of the times of old, for both mug-houses and their frequenters have been long extinct. Their last warlike display was in setting on foot Lord George Gordon's anti-popery riots. Gilray drew upon his antiquarian lore when

he portrayed Charles James Fox conciliating the pot-boys of Westminster, and his enraptured auditors bellowing "A mug! a mug!"

The wonderful magnitude of the great London breweries is a familiar source of wonderment. The stacks of casks that might reach, placed side by side, from London to Eton—the vats in which parties could dine and have dined—the colossal machinery which performs the functions discharged by men and women in the puny brewages of domestic and antique beer-making—the floods of brown stout accumulated in the huge receptacles, large enough to be the reservoirs of the water companies of moderate towns—the coopers, smiths, sign-board painters, and other artisans, who lend to the interiors of the great breweries the appearance of small towns—all these matters are familiar to the flying visitors of London and their home-keeping cousins, who listen with wonderment to their tales of the metropolis. Is any man ignorant of these things?—he may find them written in the 'Penny Magazine' thus:—

"Sunk in the floor of the tun-room, beneath the 'rounds,' is an oblong tank lined throughout with white Dutch tiles, and intended for the occasional reception of beer. This tank would float a barge of no mean size, being about a hundred feet in length, and twenty in breadth.

"On proceeding westward through the brewery from the main entrance, all the buildings which we have yet described are situated at the right hand; but we have now to cross to the southern range, separated from the other by an avenue, over which a large pipe crosses to convey the beer from the 'rounds' to the store-vats. These vats are contained in a series of store-rooms, apparently almost interminable: indeed, all that we have hitherto said as to vastness is much exceeded by the array which here meets the eye. On entering the store-buildings, we were struck with the silence which reigned throughout, so different from the bustle of the manufacturing departments. Ranges of buildings, branching out north, south, east, and west, are crammed as full of vats as the circular form of the vessels will permit: some larger than others, but all of such dimensions as to baffle one's common notions of 'great' and 'small.' Sometimes, walking on the earthen floor, we pass immediately under the ranges of vats (for none of them rest on the ground), and might then be said to have a stratum of beer twenty or thirty feet in thickness over our heads; at another, we walk on a platform level with the bottom of the vats; or, by ascending steep ladders, we mount to the top, and obtain a kind of bird's-eye view of these mighty monsters. Without a guide, it would be impossible to tell which way we are trending, through the labyrinth of buildings and lofts, surrounded on all sides by vats. At one small window we caught a glimpse of a churchyard, close without the wall of the store-house; and, on further examination, we found that the buildings belonging to the brewery, principally the store-rooms, have gradually but completely enclosed a small antique-looking churchyard, or rather burial-ground (for it does not belong to any parochial church). In this spot many of the old hands belonging to the establishment have found their last resting-place, literally surrounded by the buildings in which they were employed when living.

"The space occupied as store-rooms may in some measure be judged, when we state that there are one hundred and fifty vats, the average capacity of each of which, large and small together, is upwards of thirty thousand gallons. The

town of Heidelberg, in Germany, has gained a sort of celebrity for possessing a tun of vast dimensions, capable of holding seven hundred hogsheads of wine; but there are several vats among those here mentioned, in each of which the Heidelberg tun would have 'ample verge and space' to swim about. Subjoined is a sketch of one of these large vats, each of which contains about three thousand barrels, of thirty-six gallons each, and weighs, when full of porter, about five hundred tons."

With other matters to a similar purport.

In Murray's edition of 'Boswell's Johnson' the curious reader will find an estimate of the immense profits which have been made by brewers; and from the records of the Bankruptcy Court he will learn with what ease and in how short a time large fortunes have been sunk in that branch of business. Generally speaking, however, brewers appear, like their horses and draymen, to be a substantial race. They belong, many of them, to the old city families: the names of the leading brewers at the beginning of the reign of George III. are, in not a few instances, the names of the leading brewers of our own day; and in some cases the "company" is, properly speaking, the same, though the names have been changed. The increase of brewers has kept pace with London's increase in other respects. The 26 brewhouses of the reign of Elizabeth had become about 55 in 1759-60, and upwards of 148 in 1841. The number of barrels of beer brewed by the twelve principal brewers in London was—284,145 in 1782; 1,097,231 in 1808; and 2,119,447 in 1836.

The genuine London beer (although we learn from the 'Brewers' Annual' that there are only three brewers in London—Reid, Meux, and Courage—who do not brew pale ale, and that there are a few who brew nothing else) is the brown stout. It is the perfection—the ideal of the "berry-brown ale" and the "nut-brown ale" of the old songs. It is what the poet of these antediluvian days fancied, or a

lucky accident enabled their brewers at times to approach. No disparagement to the pale and amber ales, infinite in name as in variety; to the delicious Winchester; to the Burton, which, like Sancho's sleep, "wraps one all round like a blanket;" to Hodgson's pale India ale, so grateful at tiffin when the thermometer is upwards of 100, and the monotonousness-creating punkah pours only a stream of heated air on the guests; to the Edinburgh (we mean the Edinburgh as it is *not* to be had in London *); "London particular" is the perfection of malt liquor. As Horace says of Jupiter, there is nothing "similar or second to it"—not even among liquors of its own complexion. Guinness is a respectable enough drink, but we must say that the ascendancy it has gained in many coffee-houses and taverns of London is anything but creditable to the taste of their frequenters. Its sub-acidity and soda-water briskness, when compared with the balmy character of London bottled stout from a crack brewery, are like the strained and shallow efforts of a professed joker compared with the unctuous, full-bodied wit of Shakspere. As for the mum of Brunswick, which enjoys a traditional reputation on this side of the water, because it has had the good luck to be shut out by high duties, and has thus escaped detection, it is a villanous compound, somewhat of the colour and consistence of tar—a thing to be eaten with a knife and fork. We will be judged by any man who knows what good liquor is—by a jury selected from the musical amateurs of the 'Coal-hole,' the penny-a-liners who frequent the 'Cock' near Temple Bar, and the more sedate but not less judicious tasters who dine or lunch daily at 'Campbell's' in Pope's Head Alley. Should it be objected that such a tribunal, composed exclusively of Londoners, might be suspected of partiality, let it be a jury half composed of foreigners—Lübeck, Goslar in Saxony, and any town in Bavaria can furnish competent persons to decide such a question. The German students are in general (at least in the north) devout beer-drinkers, but they are of the class who love "not wisely but too well"—they drink without discrimination. It is among the *Philister* of Germany that you must look for connoisseurs in beer.

But the favour in which London beer stands in so many and various regions of the earth may be received as the verdict of a grand jury of nations in its favour. Byron sings—

> "Sublime tobacco, that from East to West
> Cheers the tar's labours and the Turkman's rest;"

and he might have added that wherever tobacco is known and appreciated, there too have the merits of London porter been acknowledged. The learned Meibomius,† who, in a Latin quarto, has dilated upon the subject of "beer, tipple, and all other intoxicating liquors except wine," with the completeness and minuteness of a true German naturalist, and with that placid seriousness which might make what he says pass for a joke if there were only wit in it, or for

* Good Edinburgh ale must be allowed time to ripen into excellence. When bottled, it ought to be cloyingly sweet, and so glutinous that when some is poured upon the palm, and the hand held closed for five minutes, immersion in warm water is required before it can be opened again. After bottling, the ale ought to stand five years in a cool dry cellar, and four months near a Dutch oven in frequent use. It is then at its best; but even then it is more like a liqueur to be sipped than a liquor to be drunk.

† Joan. Henrici Meibomii de Cervisiis Potibusque et Ebriaminibus extra Vinum aliis *Commentarius*: Helmestadii, 1668, 4to.

learning if it contained anything worth knowing, has judiciously remarked that smoke-drinking and beer-drinking are natural and necessary complements of each other. The mucilaginous properties of the beer are required to neutralise the narcotic adustness of the Nicotian weed; and London beer, being the perfection of its kind, naturally takes the lead of all other kinds of beer. Accordingly we find it not only on the shores of the Baltic, where the habit of swilling their own indigenous malt liquors might be understood to have predisposed the natives to its use, but under trŏpical skies, and among the disciples of the first great teetotaller, Mahomet.

On the Nile and Niger, as has above been hinted, this is not so astonishing. There the natives had already a kind of beer of their own; and where once a taste for malt has taken root, it would take a cleverer fellow than Mahomet to eradicate it. Burckhardt, in his Nubian travels, gives us a tolerable notion of how vainly the Faquirs and Santons preach against indulgence in boosa; and the last letter from poor Anderson, the only one of Park's European companions who survived to perish with his leader, boasts of having got drunk upon boosa with a Moor, and licked his boon companion in his cups. That people accustomed to put up with bad liquor should take kindly to good when it came within their reach is quite natural.

It is among the Osmanli, and the Arabs, and the multiform sects of Hindustan, that we are to look for the real triumph of London beer. In the country last mentioned it is true the high-hopped pale ale of Hodgson, Bass, and others famous in that line, appears to be in greater demand; yet the genuine brown stout will be found in a respectable minority. Probably, too, a minute examination would show that it is only at the tiffins of the Europeans that Hodgson's beer is most run upon, and that the dusky natives do more affect the generous liquor that comes nearer to their own complexion. In the tropical climates of the West, among the fiery aristocracy of Barbadoes, the shrewd hard-headed book-keepers of Jamaica, the alternate votaries of the gaming-table and the languishing Quadroons of New Orleans, bottled porter reigns supreme.

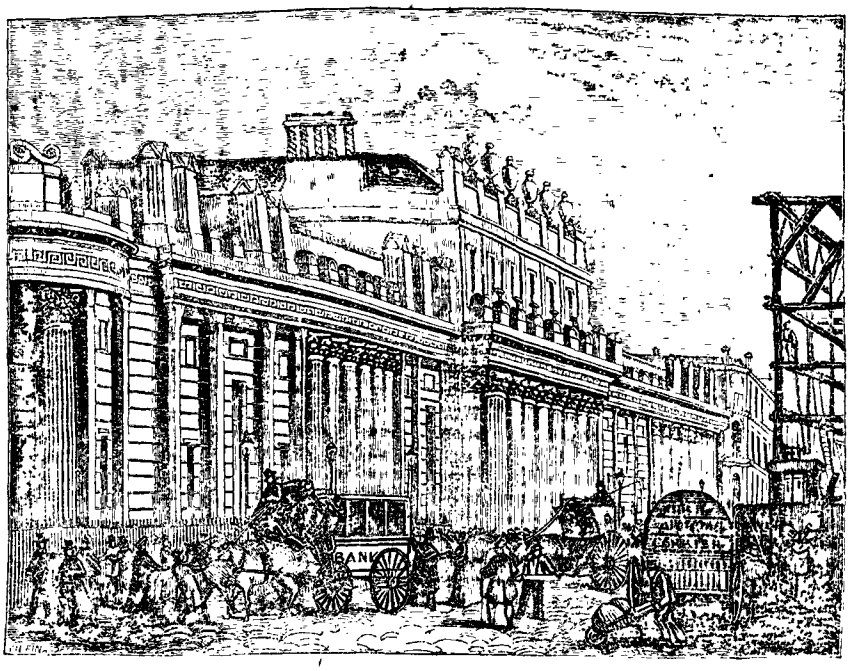
Pale ale is a favourite of long-standing in India. It and the darker kinds of beer crept into Arabia, through the English merchants trading to the Red Sea, at least as early as the time of Niebuhr. That traveller saw a serious elderly Mussulman tipple down repeated glasses of Mr. Scott's beer; gravely remarking "that Mahomet had only forbidden drinking to intoxication, but that as the vulgar did not know when to hold their hands, it was necessary to make them take the total abstinence pledge; that he, it might appear to his respected entertainers, although a learned man, and an aged man to boot, drained no moderate draughts of their beer, but that he did so solely because he knew that it did not intoxicate." The Scheich must either have been a notorious old humbug, or profoundly simple, to say of good London beer that it did not intoxicate.

The Turks, of whom Dr. Clarke tells us in his voyages about the Dardanelles and Egypt, were scarcely more candid, but considerably more ingenious. After the French had been driven out of Egypt, a British trading vessel, which had been fitted out to Alexandria by a speculative dealer in beer counting upon the thirst of a British army in a hot climate, arrived just too late for the market it had counted upon. This was a black look-out for the poor fellow who united in

his person the responsibilities of skipper and supercargo; but by good luck there were then, as now (though not to the same extent), some of those questionable characters called antiquaries and the like prowling about Egypt, who were on a convivial footing with some of the laxer sort of Turks. The Osmanli tasted the porter at the houses of their Frank friends, and, rather liking it, were not slow to discover that Mahomet could not possibly have prohibited a liquor of which he had never heard, and, without affecting, like Niebuhr's friend, to believe that it did not intoxicate, drank copiously. The skipper found the Turks better customers than the Franks; and we believe the sale of the article has continued to increase both at Alexandria and Constantinople.

Porter-drinking needs but a beginning; wherever the habit has once been acquired it is sure to be kept up. London is a name pretty widely known in the world: some nations know it for one thing, and some for another. In the regions of the East India Company, where missionary exertions are not much favoured, it is known as the residence of "Company Sahib;" in the islands of ocean it is known as the place whence the missionaries come; the natives of New Holland naturally regard it as a great manufactory of thieves; the inhabitants of Spanish America once looked upon it as the mother of pirates. But all nations know that London is the place where porter was invented; and Jews, Turks, Germans, Negroes, Persians, Chinese, New Zealanders, Esquimaux, Copper Indians, Yankees, and Spanish Americans, are united in one feeling of respect for the native city of the most universally favourite liquor the world has ever known.

[London Drayman.]



[Bank of England.]

LXXVII.—BANKS.

THE President of the United States, in his message to Congress in 1839, pointed to London as "the centre of the credit system;" and, speaking of the increase of banks in the States, he said that "the introduction of a new bank into the most distant of our villages places the business of that village within the influence of the money-power in England." The power here alluded to, that of great accumulated wealth, is one of the most remarkable characteristics of England. It is the offspring of the unrivalled skill, sober and masculine intellect, and untiring industry of the people, aided by free institutions and the rich natural resources of a country placed in an admirable position for intercourse with her neighbours and with the world at large. There is not any circumstance which so much distinguishes a young country like the United States, wonderful as may be its latent resources for future opulence, as the absence of masses of capital, ready at any moment to be moved hither and thither wherever a profit is likely to be realized. The railroads, canals, roads, and most of the great improvements of the States could not have been completed without English capital. There is, indeed, scarcely an important enterprise in any quarter of the globe which is not in some degree sustained by the "money-power" of England. The daily operations connected with her monetary system apply to a debt of 837,000,000*l.*, an annual revenue of 51,000,000*l.*, an annual circulation of bills of exchange amounting to between 500,000,000*l.* and 600,000,000*l.*, an issue of

35,000,000*l.* of bank-notes constantly afloat, besides Exchequer bills and Government securities, and a metallic currency amounting to many millions sterling in gold and in silver. The immense amount of floating capital is put into motion by the operations connected with our vast foreign and domestic trade and internal industry, by the large expenditure of the Government, of the landed aristocracy, and of other persons in the enjoyment of private wealth. Here is ample employment both for the Bank of England and for private banks.

The Jews and the Lombards were the earliest money-dealers in England. The former were settled here in the Saxon times, and as early as A.D. 750. In the reigns of the first three Norman kings they appear to have lived undisturbed, but from the commencement of Stephen's reign they began to be cruelly persecuted, and about 1290, in the reign of Edward I., they were banished the kingdom. Hume remarks that the Jews, being then held infamous on account of their religion, and their industry and frugality having put them into possession of the ready money of the country, the lending of this money at interest, which passed by the invidious name of usury, fell into their hands. It was not until 1546 that the taking of interest was rendered legal—the rate was fixed at 10 per cent. In 1552 the statute was repealed, but was re-enacted in 1571. In 1624 the legal rate of interest was reduced to 8 per cent.; in 1651 to 6 per cent.; in 1714 to 5 per cent. In 1834 the Bank of England paid 2 per cent. on 1,500,000*l.* sterling in its hands belonging to the East India Company.

The Lombards are understood as comprising the merchants from the Italian republics of Genoa, Lucca, Florence, and Venice. Stow, describing the streets in the vicinity of the Bank, says, "Then have ye Lombard Street, so called of the Longobards and other merchants, strangers of divers nations, assembling there twice every day." He shows that the street had its present name before the reign of Edward II., that is, in the thirteenth century, and probably much earlier. The Lombards and other foreigners engrossed the most profitable branches of English trade; and it was natural, from their greater wealth, that they should supersede native merchants. They assisted the King with loans of money, and enabled him to anticipate his ordinary revenue.

It is probable that the greatest amount of money-dealing during the middle ages was carried on by the Royal Exchangers. There were laws against exporting English coin; and as the exchanging of the coin of the realm for foreign coin or bullion was held to be an especial royal prerogative, a "flower of the crown," the King's Exchanger, was alone entitled to pass the current coins of the realm to merchant-strangers for those of their respective countries, and to supply foreign money to those who were going abroad, whether aliens or Englishmen. The house in which this business was transacted was commonly called the Exchange. In the reign of King John, the place where the Exchange was made in London was in the street now called the Old 'Change, near St. Paul's. In the reign of Henry VII. the office of Royal Exchanger fell into disuse, but was re-established in 1627 by Charles I., who asserted in a proclamation on the subject that no person of whatever quality or trade had a right to meddle with the exchange of monies without his special licence. He appointed the Earl of Holland to the sole office of "changer, exchanger, and outchanger;" and this measure having excited a good deal of dissatisfaction, a pamphlet was published the next year

by the King's authority,* defending the King's prerogative, which, it was asserted, had been exercised without dispute from the time of Henry I. until the reign of Henry VIII., when, as it was stated, the coin became so debased that no exchange could be made. This first afforded the London goldsmiths an opportunity of leaving off their trade of "goldsmitherie;" that is, the working and selling of new gold and silver plate, and to turn exchangers of plate and foreign coin for English coin. The proclamation concluded by stating that "for above thirty years past it has been the usual practice of those exchanging goldsmiths to make their servants run every morning from shop to shop to buy up all weighty coins for the mints of Holland and the East countries, whereby the King's mint has stood still." The manner in which the goldsmiths gradually came to act as bankers has already been fully described.† Their business rapidly increased, and their numbers also. In 1667 they were in the most flourishing state, when a *run* occurred, the first in the history of English banking, to awaken them to one of the dangers of their avocation. This was occasioned by the alarm into which London was thrown by the spirited attack of the Dutch on Sheerness and Chatham. A few years afterwards a much more serious crisis occurred. On the 2nd of January, 1672, the King suddenly shut up the Exchequer by the advice of the Cabal Ministry. This monstrous proceeding, equivalent to an act of national bankruptcy, spread ruin far and wide. Charles had borrowed of the goldsmiths the sum of 1,328,526*l.*, and neither interest nor principal could be obtained. Thus, previously to the establishment of the Bank of England, the goldsmiths were the bankers of London, and laid the foundation of the present metropolitan banking system. Of the oldest private banks in London it is said that Child's, next to Temple Bar, can prove its existence from 1663, and the business has been carried on from that date to the present time on the same premises; the origin of Hoare's bank, in Fleet Street, is traced to 1680; and that of Snow's, of the Strand, to 1685. The firm of Stone, Martins, and Stones, of Lombard Street, claim to be the immediate successors to Sir Thomas Gresham.

Soon after the Revolution several schemes were suggested by different individuals for the establishment of a national bank. The plan adopted was that of Mr. William Paterson, a Scotch gentleman, who, according to his own account, commenced his exertions for the establishment of a national bank in 1691. He had in view, from the first, the support of public credit, and the relief of the Government from the ruinous terms upon which the raising of the supplies and other financial operations were then conducted. The lowest rate, he tells us, at which advances used to be obtained from capitalists, even upon the land-tax, was 8 per cent., although repayment was made within the year, and premiums were generally granted to subscribers. On anticipations of other taxes, counting premiums, discount, and interest, the public had sometimes to pay 20, 30, and even 40 per cent.; nor was the money easily obtained when wanted, even on such terms. It was no uncommon thing for Ministers to be obliged to solicit the Common Council of the city of London for so small a sum as 100,000*l.* or 200,000*l.*, to be repaid from the first returns of the land-tax; and

* 'Cambium Regius, or the Office of His Majesty's Exchanger Royal.'

† No. LXXV., 'Goldsmiths' Hall,' p. 398.

then, if the application was granted, particular Common Councilmen had in like manner to make humble suit to the inhabitants of their respective wards, going from house to house for contributions to the loan.* Paterson, however, experienced considerable difficulty in prevailing upon the Ministry to investigate his scheme. King William was abroad when the proposal was brought before the Cabinet in 1693, and it was debated there at great length in the presence of the Queen. The project was ultimately laid before Parliament, where it was made a thorough party question. Notwithstanding the opposition, an Act was passed, which, in imposing certain duties, "towards carrying on the war with France," authorized their Majesties to grant a commission to take subscriptions for 1,200,000*l.* out of the whole 1,500,000*l.* which the new taxes were expected to raise, and to incorporate the subscribers into a company under the name of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Interest at 8 per cent. was to be allowed upon the money advanced, and also 4000*l.* a-year for management, making the whole annual payment to the Company 100,000*l.* The Company were to be enabled to purchase lands, and to deal in bills of exchange, and gold and silver bullion, but were not to buy merchandise, though they might sell unredeemed goods on which they had made advances. This Act received the royal assent on the 25th of April, 1694. The subscription for the 1,200,000*l.* was completed in ten days, 25 per cent. being paid down; and the Company received their royal charter of incorporation on the 27th of July. The new establishment soon proved its usefulness. Bishop Burnet, in his 'History,' says, "The advantages that the King and all concerned in tallies had from the Bank were soon so sensibly felt that all people saw into the secret reasons that made the enemies of the constitution set themselves with so much earnestness against it." Paterson, the projector of the Bank, remarked that it "gave life and currency to double or treble the value of its capital;" and he ascribes to it no less an effect than the successful termination of the war. The Bank has ever since continued to make advances to the Government according to the necessities of the public service, and in 1833 the Government were indebted to it in the large sum of 14,686,804*l.* According to its original charter, the Bank was not to lend money to the Government without the consent of Parliament, under a penalty of three times the sum lent, one-fifth part of which was to go to the informer; but in 1792 an Act was passed abrogating this clause, with the understanding that the amount of sums lent should be annually laid before Parliament.

In 1718 the subscription for a loan to Government was made at the Bank instead of at the Treasury, and it has long had the entire management of the public debt. Since 1833 the allowance for that service has been reduced to 130,000*l.* a-year, having previously been 250,000*l.*; but before 1786 it was at a still higher rate, a reduction having then taken place from 562*l.* 10*s.* to 450*l.* per million: the original allowance, however, was not less than 3333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per million. In 1697 the Bank charter was renewed until 1711; in 1708 it was further continued to 1733; in 1712 to 1743; in 1742 to 1765; in 1763 to 1786; in 1781 to 1812; in 1800 to 1833; and in 1833 it was renewed until 1855, with a proviso that if, in 1845, Parliament thought fit, and the money owing by the

* Paterson's 'Account of his Transactions in Relation to the Bank of England,' folio, 1695; quoted in 'Pict. Hist. of England,' vol. iv. p. 692.

Government to the Bank were paid up, the charter might be withdrawn. On the renewal of the charter in 1708, the Bank received a most important addition to its privileges by the prohibition of partnerships exceeding six persons carrying on the business of bankers. The period of renewing the charter has, however, usually been made use of for the purpose of securing more advantageous terms with the Bank.

Almost as soon as it had been established the Bank was called upon to assist the government and the country in the entire recoinage of the silver money. The notes of the new bank and Montague's Exchequer bills were destined to fill up the vacuum occasioned by the calling in of the old coin; but as these notes were payable on demand, they were returned faster than coin could be obtained from the Mint, and during 1697 the Bank was forced to resort to a plan tantamount to a suspension of payment—giving coin for its notes, first by instalments of 10 per cent. once a fortnight, and afterwards only at the rate of 3 per cent. once in three months. The Directors also advertised that, while the silver was recoining, "Such as think it fit, for their convenience, to keep an account in a book with the Bank, may transfer any sum under 5*l.* from his own to another man's account." During the crisis the notes of the Bank fell to a discount of 20 per cent., and the Directors made two successive calls of 20 per cent. each on the proprietors of the Bank, which were but feebly responded to. The Bank at length got through its difficulties, and started afresh in its course. Fortunately it escaped being drawn into the vortex of ruin occasioned by the South Sea bubble, though, being called upon by the Government at this crisis to act with a view of supporting public credit, it had at least a narrow escape.

We pass on to 1745, the year of the rebellion, when the march of the Pretender's army into England threw London into consternation, and a run on the Bank for gold was the consequence. Its affairs were highly prosperous, and its capital exceeded 10,000,000*l.*, but, unfortunately, it was not abundantly provided with specie, and the Directors, in order to gain time, resorted to the expedient of paying in silver, and even did not disdain the advantage of using sixpences to accomplish this object. During the riots of 1780 a danger of another kind was experienced, and the Bank was certainly in some risk of being plundered. Since this affair a party of the foot-guards is stationed within the walls of the Bank every evening, and the Directors keep a table for the officer in command.

By far the most important epoch in the history of the Bank occurred in 1797. The precious metals may be transmitted to any of the great commercial capitals of the continent at an expense of 5*s.* or ¼ per cent.; and whenever the balance of payments to those capitals is adverse to this country to such an extent as to render it more economical to send gold than to remit bills, the Bank is drained of its treasure. In this way there was a great efflux of bullion in 1795 and 1796, which was increased by the necessity of importing foreign corn and by the enormous prices to which competition with the French had raised the price of naval stores in the Baltic. The domestic circumstances of the country aggravated the effect of this drain of the precious metals. The transition from peace to war had suddenly interrupted the labours of many great branches of industry; and a number of country banks had failed, spreading consternation and

alarm in every direction, and creating an internal demand for specie as well as the one from abroad. Coincident with these circumstances was the alarm of invasion, which induced many to hoard the sums drawn from the banks. These causes were in full operation up to Saturday, the 26th of February, 1797, when the Bank treasure was reduced to 1,086,170*l.* On that very day a Gazette Extraordinary was published announcing the landing of some troops in Wales from a French frigate. The alarm on the subject of invasion was deep and universal. At this critical juncture it was determined by an order in council to restrain the Bank from paying its notes in cash; and a messenger was sent to George III. at Windsor, requesting him to come to town on the following day to be present at the council. The newspapers of the day state that it was the first time during his reign that the King had come to town or transacted business on a Sunday. The order suspending cash payments was drawn up at this council. In this document the unusual demand for specie was attributed to "ill-founded and exaggerated alarms in different parts of the country;" but as there was reason to apprehend an insufficient supply of cash to meet this demand, it was determined that the Bank "should forbear any cash in payment until the sense of Parliament can be taken on that subject, and the proper measures thereupon adopted for maintaining the means of circulation, and supporting the public and commercial credit of the kingdom at this important juncture."

The next morning the crowds assembled at the Bank with a view of demanding gold, received a hand-bill containing an official notice, in which the Directors stated that, in pursuance of the order in council communicated to them on the previous evening, they would "continue their usual discounts for the accommodation of the commercial interest, paying the amount in *bank-notes;* and the dividend warrants will be paid in the same manner." The Directors assured the public that "the general concerns of the Bank were in a most affluent and prosperous situation, and such as to preclude any doubt as to the security of its notes." On the same day a meeting was held of merchants, bankers, and others, at which a declaration was agreed to, which received above four thousand signatures, binding the parties to use bank-notes to any amount both in paying and receiving money. As Parliament was sitting, a Committee of Secrecy was appointed, which reported that the Bank had a surplus beyond its debts of 3,825,890*l.*, exclusive of the debt of 11,684,800*l.* due from the Government.

The consequences of the Bank suspension are memorable, and a number of important monetary operations immediately became necessary. On the 6th of March the Bank announced that they were ready to issue dollars valued at 4*s.* 6*d.* each. They were Spanish dollars, with the impress of the London Mint. Before they were issued it was ascertained that their value was about twopence more than stated, and on the 9th of March another notice appeared, stating that they would be issued at 4*s.* 9*d.* each. In 1804 the Bank issued five-shilling dollars, and subsequently "tokens" for 3*s.* and for 1*s.* 6*d.* Ten days after the Bank suspended cash payments, namely, on the 10th of March, an Act was passed authorizing the Bank to issue, for the first time, notes for 1*l.* and 2*l.*

The first Bank Restriction Act was passed on the 3rd of May following the suspension of cash payments. It indemnified the Bank Directors against the consequences of complying with the order in council, and prohibited them

paying cash except for sums under twenty shillings. The Act was to be in force until the 24th of June, only fifty-two days; but two days before it expired a second Act was passed, continuing the restriction until a month after the commencement of the succeeding session; and accordingly, on the 30th of the ensuing November, a third Act was passed to continue the restriction until six months after the termination of the war. On the Peace of Amiens the restriction was renewed until the 1st of March, 1803; and hostilities having re-commenced, it was continued until a definitive treaty of peace should be concluded. During the existence of the Bank restriction, Acts were passed declaring it illegal to take bank-notes at less, or gold for more, than the nominal value. In 1810 the famous Bullion Committee declared that gold and Bank paper were of equivalent value.

At length the great struggle was brought to a close; but 1816 being a period of great commercial distress and embarrassment, the Bank restriction was continued until July, 1818. In April, 1817, the Bank gave notice that after the 2nd of May ensuing all notes of 1*l.* and 2*l.*, dated prior to the 1st of January, 1816, would be paid in cash; and in September of the same year the Directors stated that they would be prepared to pay cash for notes of every description dated prior to 1st of January, 1817. While the Bank was fulfilling these engagements a Bill was carried through both Houses of Parliament, in 1819, in two days, restraining it from paying away more of its gold in pursuance of the notices of April and September, 1817. Above five millions sterling in gold had already been paid, the greater part of which had been re-exported and coined in foreign money. The bill commonly known as Peel's Act was passed in the same year. It provided for the absolute resumption of cash payments by the 1st of May, 1823, continuing the restriction as to payments in paper until February 1, 1820; and in the intervening period from the latter date to May, 1823, the Bank was required to pay its notes in bullion of standard fineness, but was not to be liable to a demand for a less quantity than sixty ounces at one time. The Bank Directors had now to raise 20,000,000*l.* sterling of gold from foreign countries in the course of four years, to pay off first their own 1*l.* notes, amounting to 7,500,000*l.*, and then the small notes of the country bankers, about 8,000,000*l.* more, besides providing for the convertibility of all their own liabilities. After the 1st of May, 1821, they commenced paying off their notes under 5*l.* in a new gold coinage, consisting of sovereigns and half-sovereigns, of which above 9,500,000*l.* sterling had been received from the Mint. In 1822 the Bank was prepared to pay off the country small notes, when, "without any communication with the Bank, the Government thought proper to authorize a continuation of the country small notes until 1833."* The bullion which the Bank had thus fruitlessly provided to facilitate this operation amounted to 14,200,000*l.*

In December, 1825, occurred the "Great Panic." One of the great predisposing causes of this event was the reduction in 1822 and 1823 of the interest on two descriptions of public stock comprising a capital of 215,000,000*l.* The Bank agreed to advance the money to pay off the dissentients, of whom, amongst so large a body, there would no doubt be a considerable number. Many of these persons, annoyed at finding their incomes diminished, were disposed to invest their capital in speculations of very doubtful if not hazardous character.

* Memorandum by the Bank Directors delivered to the Parliamentary Committee in 1832.

The years 1823 and 1824 were remarkable for the feverish excitement with which all sorts of projects for the profitable employment of money were regarded. England had not been in such a whirligig of speculation since the unfortunate South Sea scheme above a century before. Besides many millions of foreign loans which were contracted for, the total number of joint-stock projects amounted to 626, and to have carried them all into execution would have required a capital of 372,000,000*l.* sterling.* There were not fewer than 74 mining companies, with an aggregate capital of 78,000,000*l.* sterling. The imagination revelled in visions of unbounded wealth to be realized from the mines of Mexico, of Brazil, of Peru, of Chili, of the Rio de la Plata, or from one or other of the six hundred schemes which dazzled the eyes of the public. "In all these speculations only a small instalment, seldom exceeding 5 per cent., was paid at first; so that a very moderate rise on the price of the shares produced a large profit on the sum actually invested. If, for instance, shares of 100*l.*, on which 5*l.* had been paid, rose to a premium of 40*l.*, this yielded on every share a profit equal to eight times the money which had been paid. This possibility of enormous profit by risking a small sum was a bait too tempting to be resisted; all the gambling propensities of human nature were consequently solicited into action; and crowds of individuals of every description hastened to venture some portion of their property in schemes of which scarcely anything was known except the name."† The wildness of speculation was not, however, confined to joint-stock projects, but reached at length to commercial produce generally. Money was abundant and circulated with rapidity; prices and profits rose higher and higher; and, in short, all went merry as a marriage bell.

At length the tide turned, and there was a fearful transition from unbounded credit and confidence to general discredit and distrust. In February, 1825, the bullion in the Bank had been reduced by some 3,000,000*l.* sterling since the commencement of the previous October, but it still amounted to 8,750,000*l.* In consequence, however, of the previous heavy demand for the produce of other countries the exchanges were unfavourable, and the drain of bullion still continued. In August the Bank treasure was diminished to 3,634,320*l.*; and thus, when the period of discredit arrived, and such a reaction was the necessary consequence of the previous madness of speculation, the Bank was ill able to sustain the violent pressure. The real panic began on the 5th of December, when a London bank failed at which the agency of above forty country banks was transacted. The effect of this single event was tremendous. Lombard Street was filled with persons hastening to the different banks to withdraw their investments or to ascertain if they had succumbed to the general shock. On the 6th several other banks failed. The Bank had ceased to issue its own notes for sums under 5*l.*; but the country bankers, whose small notes were still in circulation, were subject to a run in every part of the country, and the demands for gold through so many channels of course finally affected the Bank; but it boldly kept its course, paying away gold as soon as called for in bags of twenty-five sovereigns each.‡ Instead of contracting their issues, as the Directors

* English's 'Complete View of the Joint-Stock Companies formed during the years 1824 and 1825.'

† 'Annual Register' for 1824.

‡ The largest amount of gold coin that could be paid during banking hours (from nine to five) in one day, by twenty-five clerks, if counted by hand to the persons demanding it, is about 50,000*l.* On the 14th of May, 1832,

of 1797 had done under a similar crisis, they resolutely extended them. On one day they discounted 4200 bills. On the 8th of December the discounts at the Bank amounted to 7,500,000*l.*; on the 15th they were 11,500,000*l.*; and on the 29th 15,000,000*l.* All mercantile paper that had any pretensions to security was freely discounted. On the 3rd the circulation of the Bank was 17,500,000*l.*, and on the 24th it was 25,500,000*l.* Mr. Jarman, one of the Directors at this period, stated to the Parliamentary Committee of 1832 the steps which the Bank took during this crisis:—"We took in stock as security; we purchased Exchequer bills; we not only discounted outright, but we made advances on deposits of bills of exchange to an immense amount; and we were not upon some occasions over nice, seeing the dreadful state in which the public were." The severest pressure was experienced during the week ending 17th December, when fortunately a pause occurred. Mr. Richards, who was Deputy-Governor of the Bank at this time, in his evidence before the same Committee, said: "Upon that Saturday night (17th December) we were actually expecting gold on the Monday; but what was much more important, whether from fatigue or whether from being satisfied, the public mind had yielded to circumstances, and the tide turned at the moment on that Saturday night." And being asked if the supplies expected on Monday would have been sufficient to have saved the Bank from being drained, he said: "During the week ending on the 24th there was a demand; but the supply that came in fully equalised it, if it did not do more; and the confidence had become as nearly as possible perfect by the evening of the 24th." In this latter week a box containing between 600,000 and 700,000 one-pound notes, which had been placed on one side as unused, was discovered, it is said by accident, and these were immediately issued. Mr. Jarman, alluding to this circumstance, said: "As far as my judgment goes, it saved the credit of the country." This, however, is probably attributing too much weight to the matter, seeing that the great pressure was over in the previous week. To use the words of another Bank Director: "Bullion came in and the mint coined; they worked double tides; in short, they were at work night and day, and we were perpetually receiving gold from abroad and coin from the mint." On the 24th of December the Bank treasure was reduced to 426,000*l.* in coin, and 601,000*l.* in bullion; together, 1,027,000*l.* On the 28th of February, 1797, when the Bank suspended cash payments; its stock of coin and bullion was rather greater, being 1,086,170*l.* The Bank, however, was only just saved from a second suspension; but the Government absolutely declined to entertain such a proposition when the Directors intimated the probability of their being run dry. The panic of 1825 hastened several changes in the constitution of banks.

On the 13th January, 1826, the Government made a communication to the Bank Directors, proposing the establishment of branch banks in some of the principal towns, and that the corporation should surrender its exclusive privilege restricting the number of partners in a bank, except within a certain distance of London, thus paving the way for the introduction of Joint-Stock Banks. In pursuance of those suggestions the Bank established branches at Gloucester, Manchester,

when 307,000*l.* in gold was paid, the tellers counted 25 sovereigns into one scale and 25 into the other, and if they balanced continued the operation until there were 200 in each scale. In this way 1000*l.* can be paid in a few minutes. The weight of 1000 sovereigns is 21 lbs.; 512 bank-notes weigh 1 lb.

and Swansea, and at several other places in the following year, much to the dissatisfaction of the country bankers: the number of branches is now twelve. In 1826, also, an act was passed permitting banks to be established beyond sixty-five miles of London with any number of partners. In 1833, on the renewal of its charter, the Bank surrendered other of its privileges, in consequence of which Joint-Stock Banks issuing their notes might be established at a distance of sixty-five miles from London, and within that distance—that is, in the metropolis—provided they issued only the notes of the Bank of England. There are now above a hundred Joint-Stock Banks in England, several of which are established in London; and many private banks in the country have been thrown open to joint-stock associations. In 1835 the Directors of the Bank of England came to the resolution of refusing to discount all bills drawn or indorsed by joint-stock banks of issue.

A slight run on the Bank occurred in 1832, when the Reform Bill received a check. The largest sum paid in one day in exchange for notes was 307,000*l.*

Little or no alteration has been made in the constitution of the Bank since it was first incorporated. The Government of the Bank rests entirely with the Governor and Deputy-Governor and twenty-four Directors, eight of whom go out every year, and eight others are elected by proprietors holding 500*l.* of Bank Stock; but, practically, the eight who come in are nominated by the whole court, —that is, a "house list" containing their names being submitted at a general meeting, no opposition is made to their appointment. There are four general meetings in the course of the year; but beyond these, and the regular communications which take place between the court and the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, there is no control over their proceedings; and the Ministers of the Crown have no legal authority to enforce any alteration in the policy of the Directors, though their views are of course always considered with attention. The Governor and a select committee of three Directors who have passed the chair sit daily at the Bank. On the Wednesday a court of ten Directors sit to consider all London bills sent in for discount. On another day there is a full meeting of the Directors, when all London notes of more than 2000*l.* come under review, and a statement is read of the exact position of the Bank. The "Bank parlour" is an expression commonly used in reference to the decisions of the Bank Directors. The total allowance of the Directors is about 8000*l.* a-year. They are not usually large holders of Bank Stock. The qualification for Governor is 4000*l.*; Deputy-Governor, 3000*l.*; and Director, 2000*l.* In 1837 the Governor of the Bank appeared in the 'Gazette' as a bankrupt.

Independent of their capital lent to Government, now amounting to about 11,000,000*l.*, on which the Bank receives interest at 3 per cent., and a sum generally amounting to about 2,000,000*l.*, called the "rest," being undivided profits, the floating capital of the Bank on the 13th of August last consisted of 19,000,000*l.* raised by the circulation of notes, and 9,000,000*l.* of deposits, making together above 28,000,000*l.* One-third of this capital is kept in coin and bullion, according to a principle which the Directors have acted upon for several years, and the other two-thirds in Exchequer Bills, Government securities, and bills of exchange. If this proportion is disturbed by the number of bills offered for discount, the

Bank sells Government securities and adds to its stock of bullion. The profits of the Bank are derived from the interest on Exchequer bills and other Government securities, from mercantile bills discounted, the management of the public debt, from its permanent capital, its notes in circulation, and from the use of the deposits, on which it does not allow interest. During the war the "rest" reached the large sum of 6,000,000*l.* The principal heads of receipt in 1832 were as follows:—Interest on commercial bills 130,695*l.*; on Exchequer bills 204,109*l.*; the dead-weight annuity 451,515*l.*; interest on capital received from Government 446,502*l.*; allowance for management of the public debt 251,896*l.*; interest on private loans 56,941*l.*; on mortgages 60,684*l.*; making, with some other items, a total of 1,689,176*l.* In the same year the expenses, including losses by forgery and sundry items, were 428,674*l.*; the composition for stamp duty was 70,875*l.*; and 1,164,235*l.* was divided amongst the proprietors. In the first of the above heads is included the expense for conducting the business of the funded debt, 164,143*l.*; the expense attending the circulation of promissory notes and post bills 106,092*l.*; and the expense of the banking department, of which the proportion for the public accounts may be estimated at 10,000*l.*; making a total of 339,400*l.*

Of course a very large staff of clerks and heads of departments is required to manage this enormous establishment. In 1832 there were employed 820 clerks and porters, and 38 printers and engravers, and there were also 193 pensioners, chiefly superannuated clerks, who received in pensions 31,243*l.*, averaging 193*l.* each. In the same year the salaries to 940 persons, including 82 at the branches in the country, amounted to 211,903*l.*, averaging 225*l.* each. The house expenses amounted to 39,187*l.*, exclusive of the allowance of 8000*l.* to the Directors. During the existence of the Bank Restriction Act a still larger number of clerks was required, and their number is said at one time to have been 1100. A very strong corps of volunteers was formed entirely of officers and clerks of the Bank. In 1822, when the abolition of small notes took place, the Bank gave liberal pensions or an equivalent payment in ready money to those clerks whose services were no longer required. The name of Abraham Newland will here probably occur to many readers. He was appointed a clerk in the Bank in 1748, was made chief cashier in 1782, and resigned his office in 1807, having accumulated a fortune of 130,000*l.* as a servant of the Bank during nearly 60 years. For 25 years he never slept beyond its walls. The Bank clerks are admitted between the ages of 17 and 25, on the nomination of a Director. At the age of 17 the salary is 50*l.*, increasing 10*l.* every year until the clerk is 21, and after that age the increase is 5*l.* yearly till he is 25, and then is extended to 8*l.* annually until it attains the maximum of 260*l.* The promotion is by seniority, except as respects some of the principal situations.* The number of clerks in private banks varies from forty or fifty to about a hundred.

Before 1759 the Bank issued notes for no lower sum than 20*l.*, but in that year it commenced issuing notes for 15*l.* and 10*l.*; in 1794 notes for 5*l.*; and in 1797 its whole economy was changed by the restriction of cash payments, and the issue of 1*l.* and 2*l.* notes. In 1815 it had 27,500,000*l.* in circulation in notes. In August,

* 'The Clerk;' forming a number of the Guides to Service and Trade.

1842, the total amount of its circulation was 19,000,000*l.* Its notes are a legal tender, except at the Bank and its branches, where they are convertible to gold on demand. The Bank never re-issues the same notes, even if they are returned on its hands the day they are sent out. The machinery for printing and numbering notes is very ingenious:—"The apparatus consists of a series of brass discs, of which the rim is divided by channels into projecting compartments, each containing a figure. The numbers 1 to 9 having been printed in the course of the revolution of the first disc, and this disc having returned to figure 1, the second disc comes into play, and presents a 0, and the two together therefore print 10. The first disc now remains stationary, until, in the course of the revolution of the second disc, the numbers 1 to 19 have been printed, when it presents the figure 2, and does not again move until another revolution of the second disc completes the numbers 20 to 29. Thus the two discs proceed until 99 notes have been numbered, when the third disc comes into operation, and with the two first produces 100, consequently the first disc performs one hundred revolutions to ten of the second, and one of the third."* In 1820 an Act was passed authorizing the Directors to impress by machinery the signatures to the notes, instead of being subscribed by hand.

The first forgery of a bank-note occurred in 1758, when the person who forged it was convicted and executed. In 1781 it was decided that the Bank was not liable for the payment of forged notes. A more easily fabricated instrument was never issued, and detection only ensued when the note reached a certain department of the Bank, where its spuriousness was detected from certain *private* marks. The consequence was that forgery, which was a comparatively rare crime before 1797, became a very common offence; and every year public feeling was outraged by the execution of numerous victims to the facility with which the wretchedly-engraved notes of the Bank were imitated. In 1820 there were 101 persons convicted of forgery, and 272 for having forged notes in their possession. In 1818 the number of persons executed for forgery was 24. Two remarkable cases of forgery by which the Bank was a loser to a large amount occurred in 1803 and 1824. In the former year Mr. Astlett, one of the chief cashiers, by re-issuing Exchequer bills, defrauded the Bank to the amount of 320,000*l.* The other case was that of Mr. Fauntleroy, the acting partner of a bank in Berners Street, who, in order to keep up the credit of the house, forged powers of attorney, by which he sold out of the funds large sums of money belonging to different persons, continuing to pay the dividends upon them until his detection. A statement was found at the banking-house, in Fauntleroy's hand-writing, acknowledging his crime. It was dated May, 1816, and a postscript was added to the following effect:—"The Bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and to destroy the credit of our house: the Bank shall smart for it." The total loss to the Bank from Fauntleroy's forgeries amounted to 360,000*l.*

We cannot afford much space for an account of the extensive pile of buildings in which the business of the Bank is carried on. Sir John Soane, the late architect to the Bank, fixed the fair amount of rent which he thought should be paid for the Bank at 35,000*l.*, and 5000*l.* for fixtures, &c., making a total rental

* 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

of 40,000*l*. The business was conducted for many years at Grocers' Hall, in the Poultry. On the 3rd of August, 1732, the Governors and Directors laid the first stone of their new building in Threadneedle Street, on the site of the house and garden formerly belonging to Sir John Houblon, the first Governor of the Bank: it was from the design of Mr. George Sampson, and was opened for business on the 5th of June, 1734. At first the Bank buildings comprised only the centre of the principal or south front, the Hall, Bullion Court, and the court-yard. The east and west wings were added by Sir Robert Taylor, between the years 1766 and 1786; and the remainder of the structure was completed by Sir John Soane, who was appointed the Bank architect in 1788. He rebuilt many of those parts constructed by Sampson and Taylor, and the whole of the edifice as it now stands may be said to be from his designs. It now covers an irregular space of four acres, comprising the greater part of the parish of St. Christopher. The exterior walls of the south side measure 365 feet; the length of the west side is 440 feet; of the north side 410 feet; and of the east side 245 feet. This area comprises nine open courts—the Rotunda, committee-rooms, apartments for officers and servants, and the rooms appropriated to business. The principal suite of rooms is on the ground-floor, and, having no apartments over them, the light is admitted from above by lantern lights and domes. The number of rooms beneath this floor and below the surface of the ground is greater than of those above ground. Here are the vaults in which the Bank treasure is deposited. The material used throughout the greater part of the edifice is stone, and every means have been taken to render it indestructible by fire. Any person may walk into the Rotunda and most of the principal apartments. Speaking of the Pay Hall, where bank-notes are issued and exchanged for cash, Baron Dupin, in his 'Commercial Power of Great Britain,' says, "The administration of a French bureau, with all its *inaccessibilities*, would be startled at the view of this hall." It is 79 feet long by 40 wide, and forms a part of the original building by Sampson. A statue of King William, who is called "the founder of the Bank," was placed here when the business was transferred from Grocers' Hall. Amongst the principal apartments of the Bank is the Three per Cent. Consol Office, 90 feet long by 50 wide, designed from models of the Roman baths, and constructed without timber. The Dividend and Bank Stock Offices are designed in a similar style. The Chief Cashier's Office, simply decorated and lighted by large and lofty windows, is 45 feet by 30. The Court Room is a handsome apartment of the Composite order from Sir Robert Taylor's design. It is lighted on the south side by Venetian windows, looking out upon a pleasant area planted with trees and shrubs, which was formerly the churchyard of St. Christopher's.

The private bankers of London are the successors of the "new-fashioned bankers," who, about the middle of the seventeenth century, added the trade of money-lending to that of goldsmiths. An alteration in the state of the law relating to promissory notes, in 1705, was very favourable to the increase of private banks; but it was not until after the middle of the century that they became distinguished for their great wealth and immense business. The number of private banks in London fifty years ago was 56, of which only 24 are now in existence. The number is at present 74, including 7 colonial and 8 joint-

stock banks. Lombard Street still maintains its ancient fame as the great centre of the dealers in money. Although 8 private banks have been discontinued in this street within the last thirty years, there are 13 still remaining, besides notaries and stock-brokers. Of the remaining 46 banks there are 13 west of Temple Bar, 4 in Smithfield, 1 in Shoreditch, and the rest are chiefly within a stone's throw of the Royal Exchange. The late Duchess of St. Alban's was, and the present Countess of Jersey is, a partner in a banking-house. A recent publication,* which contains some lively remarks on the subject of banking, as well as discussions on its scientific principles, gives the following sketch of a banker of the old school:—"He bore little resemblance to his modern successor: he was a man of serious manners, plain apparel, the steadiest conduct, and a rigid observer of formalities. As you looked in his face you could read, in intelligible characters, that the ruling maxim of his life, the one to which he turned all his thoughts, and by which he shaped all his actions, was, that he who would be trusted with the money of other men, should look as if he deserved the trust, and be an ostensible pattern to society of probity, exactness, frugality, and decorum. He lived—if not the whole of the year, at least the greater part of the year—at his banking-house; was punctual to the hours of business, and always to be found at his desk. The fashionable society at the west end of the town, and the amusements of high life, he never dreamed of enjoying."

There are few persons of wealth or who are engaged in trade who do not find the advantage and convenience of having an account at a banker's. Ordinarily one-tenth, or even so little as one-twentieth, of the capital belonging to the firm or to its customers is sufficient for current demands. The remainder is invested in securities which are readily convertible, and in discounting mercantile bills. The London bankers are also the agents of the country banks. The annual profits of the two most prosperous private banks in London are estimated at 90,000*l.* each. Coutts's bank and Glyn's, the former in the Strand, the latter in Lombard Street, are very fair representations of a class—the bank of the wealthy aristocracy and that of the commercial world. "Coutts's," says the author of 'Banks and Banking,' "resembles not a few of the greatest establishments this country has produced, in having sprung from a small beginning, and owed its fortune to the sagacity and perseverance of an humble individual, who was remarkable at the outset of his career for strict economy. It is principally a bank of deposit, and can hardly be said to have a commercial character. The number of its discount accounts is small, and perhaps there is not a house in London in which fewer bills are cashed during the year. The only branch of general banking business in which it at all enters into competition with the principal firms in the City, is the agency to country banks. Coutts's have always done the town business of some of the best Scotch banks. Everywhere in England, and particularly in London, all great things go in tides. Coutts's has for years been the bank of the monied portion of the nobility—of persons who are seldom without having sums of 10,000*l.*, and even 100,000*l.*, lying to their credit. Early in the reign of George III. different members of the royal family, and many of the landed aristocracy of England and Scotland, began to bank at Coutts's, and they have since increased to a multitude. Enormous balances are thus accumulated,

* 'Banks and Banking.'

and the safest and most profitable description of business in which a banker can be engaged is steadily transacted by the firm." On the other hand, "Glyn's is a complete contrast to Coutts's: here, in addition to a large portion of the accounts of the nobility and landed gentry, is the greatest number of commercial accounts in London; and here scenes of bustle and animation take place daily of which it is not easy to convey an adequate idea. About three o'clock all is life, activity, and vigour; the place is a fair, and more like a great change than the Royal Exchange itself used to be. Though the bank is spacious, and the counters are packed with clerks as close as they can stand together, you may sometimes have to wait twenty minutes before your turn to be served arrives. Two mighty streams of money are constantly ebbing and flowing across the counters; and half a million is said to be no uncommon sum for the firm to settle at the Clearing-house of an afternoon."

We shall conclude this paper with a short notice of the Clearing establishment above alluded to, which was set on foot by the private bankers in 1770. The present Clearing-house is situated in the corner of a court at the back of the Guardian Insurance Office, in Lombard Street. The business was previously conducted in an apartment in the banking-house of Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths, and still earlier at the banking-house of Messrs. Barnetts and Co., all in Lombard Street. The object of the Clearing-house is to save time and money. The cheques and bills of exchange, on the authority of which a great part of the money paid and received by bankers is made, are taken from each of the clearing-bankers to the Clearing-house several times in the day, and the cheques and bills drawn on one banker are cancelled by those which he holds on others. The joint-stock banks are excluded from this association of private bankers. Some of the private bankers, from the nature of their business, do not require the aid which these clearances afford, and others are too distant to maintain the necessary rapidity of communication with the Clearing-house. Perhaps there are not more than half-a-dozen persons in London, unconnected with banking, who have entered the precincts of this celebrated establishment; but an authentic detail of its arrangements has recently been published by Mr. Tate, author of the 'Modern Cambist,' to which we must refer those who desire something more than a general idea of the system.* The Clearing-house is fitted up with desks for each of the present twenty-seven clearing-bankers, whose names, taking the first of each firm, are arranged in alphabetical order as follows, over each desk:—

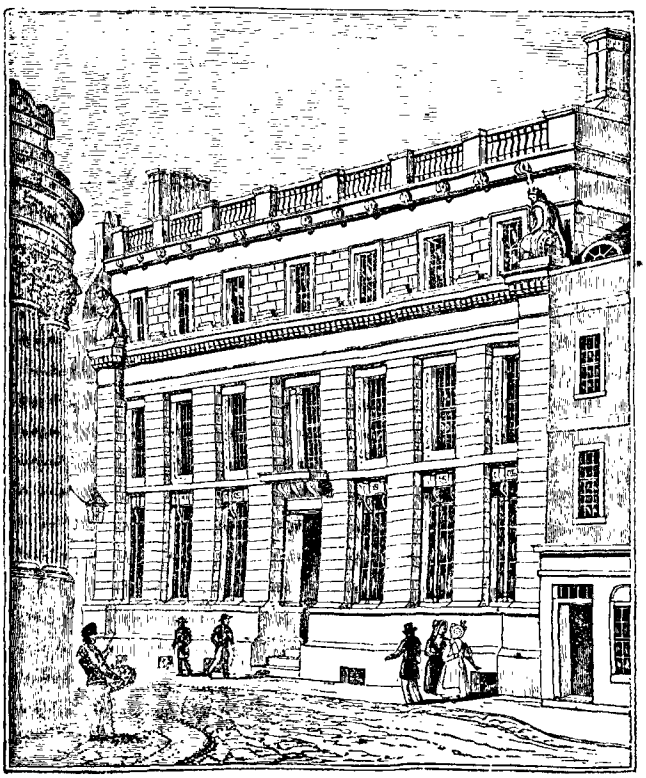
Barclay	Dorrien	Masterman	Stevenson
Barnard	Fuller	Prescott	Stone
Barnetts	Glyn	Price	Veres
Bosanquet	Hanbury	Robarts	Weston
Brown	Hankey	Rogers	Williams
Curries	Jones	Smith	Willis.
Denison	Lubbock	Spooner	

Mr. Tate says, "The rapidity with which the last charges are required to be entered, and the bustle which is created by their swift distribution through the room, are difficult to be conceived. It is, then, on the point of striking four, and on days of heavy business, that the beauty of the alphabetical arrangement of the

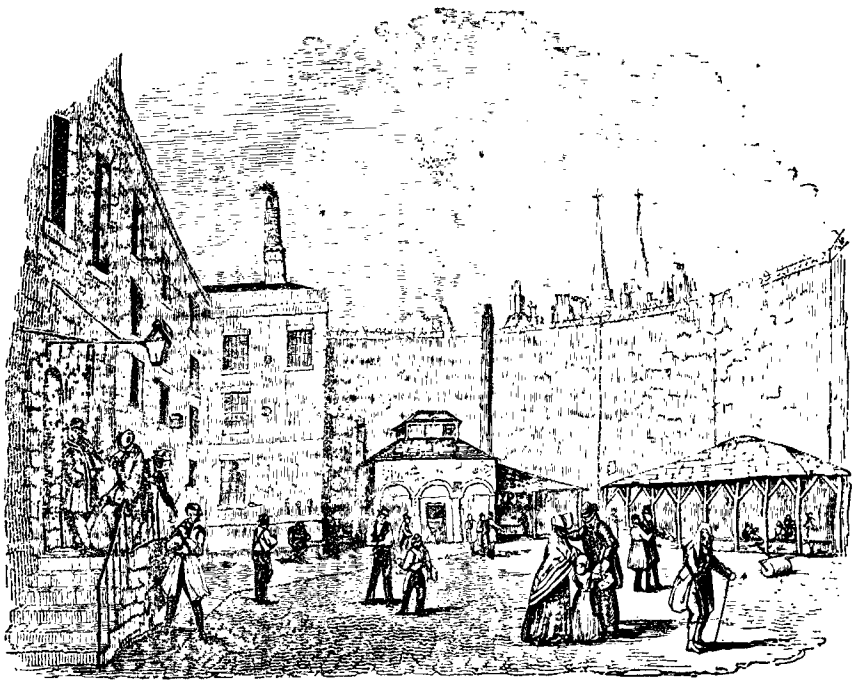
* 'The System of the London Bankers' Clearances Explained and Exemplified.'

clearers' desk is to be seen. All the distributors are moving the same way round the room, with no further interference than may arise from the more active pressing upon or outstripping the slower of their fellow-assistants. With equal celerity are their last credits entered by the clearers. A minute or two having passed, all the noise has ceased. The deputy-clearers have left with the last charges on their houses; the clearers are silently occupied in casting up the amounts of the accounts in their books, balancing them, and entering the differences in their balance-sheets, until at length announcements begin to be heard of the probable amounts to be received or paid, as a preparation for the final settlement. The four o'clock balances having been entered in the balance-sheet, each clearer goes round to check and mark off his accounts with the rest, with 'I charge you,' or 'I credit you,' according as each balance is in his favour or against him."

In 1810, when forty-six banks settled with each other at the Clearing-house, the accounts cancelled in one day have sometimes, it is said, amounted to 15,000*l.* In the Appendix to the Second Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Banks, there is a return of the payments made through the Clearing-house for the year 1839, and, omitting all sums under 100*l.*, the total was 954,401,600*l.* The average for each day would consequently be rather more than 3,000,000*l.* sterling (the actual payments range from 1,500,000*l.* to 6,250,000*l.*), while that of the sums actually paid was about 213,000*l.* It has, however, sometimes happened that a single house has had to pay above half a million of money. The payments through the Clearing-house of three bankers, in 1839, ranged from 100,000,000*l.* to 107,000,000*l.* each.



[London and Westminster Bank, Throgmorton Street.]



[Interior of the Prison.]

LXXVIII.—THE FLEET PRISON.

THE earliest mention of this place carries us back to times as different in spirit as they are remote from those of the present day. In the first year of the reign of Richard of the Lion Heart, we find that monarch confirming to Osbert, brother to Longchamp, Chancellor of England, and to his heirs for ever, the custody of his palace at Westminster and the keeping of his gaol of the Fleet in London: so that next to their own homes the kings of England in the twelfth century thought it a matter of the highest importance to take care of the homes of their enemies. In the third year of John's reign we find a similar instance, when the Archdeacon of Wells received the custody of the palace and the prison, together with the wardship of the daughter and heir of Robert Leveland. And no doubt if the history of its narrow cells and subterranean dungeons could be opened unto us, we should perceive, in the ample use they made of it, sufficient reason for their anxiety as to its safe custody. But up to the sixteenth century that history is little better than a sealed book. The burning of the prison by the followers of Wat Tyler seems to have been the only very noticeable event prior to the period mentioned. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the records of the Fleet become suddenly filled with matters of the deepest interest, in connexion with the religious martyrs of the reigns of Elizabeth and Mary, and those who might almost be called the political martyrs of the Star Chamber in the reign of Charles I.

A manuscript referred to in the account of the Fleet Prison in the 'Beauties

of England and Wales,' which is stated to be in the British Museum, but which we have not been able to find, gives the "Names of all bishops, doctors, &c., that were prisoners in the Fleet for religion, since the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, A.D. 1558;" and in the list are comprised the names of three bishops, six doctors, and eight priests. The same manuscript also gives the names of all such "temporal men" as were in confinement for the same crime of worshipping God according to their conscience, and among these are some persons of rank and title. In the following reign we arrive at the history of one of the most venerated of British martyrs, Bishop Hooper, whose connexion with the Fleet was altogether of an unusually curious as well as interesting kind. On the accession of Edward VI., or at least as soon as the struggles between the ambitious nobles of his court for place and power were decided, and the extensive insurrection which marked the early part of the reign had been put down, the Protestant party, now reinforced by the incalculable amount of influence belonging to a king sympathising with their opinions, became bolder in their attacks on the old religion; and, among other measures, Bonner, Gardiner, Heath, and Day, and other distinguished Catholic bishops, were deprived of their sees, and their places filled by the most eminent of their religious opponents. One of the nominations made on the vacancy of the see of Gloucester was that of Hooper, in the year 1550. But, to the surprise of every one, Hooper, whose views may be characterised as resembling those of the Puritans of a later time, refused to wear a canonical habit during the ceremony of consecration. His friends—Cranmer and Ridley, Bucer and Peter Martyr—strenuously advised him to yield, but he would not; and hence his first commitment to the Fleet Prison, we might almost say by his own friends. For several months he persisted in his determination, but eventually a kind of compromise was made; he was to wear the obnoxious vestments during his ordination, and when he preached before the king, or in his cathedral, or any public place, but not upon less important occasions. He was then set free, ordained Bishop of Gloucester, and subsequently Bishop of Worcester: but it was not long before he returned to the Fleet, though under very different circumstances. In 1553 Mary became Queen, and before some three months had elapsed, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Coverdale, and a host of other distinguished Protestants were in prison on various charges, and also Hooper, whose commitment was for having a wife, and other demerits. This was his second and final commitment to the Fleet, which he was only to quit for the stake and the fire, in the chief town of his first diocese, Gloucester. His relation of his sufferings at this period is a most pathetic record, and illustrates in a forcible manner the misery which these struggles to decide the truth of opinions by force have inflicted on our country, as well as the utter incompetency of such influences to achieve the object desired. He says, on "the first of September, 1553, I was committed unto the Fleet from Richmond, to have the liberty of the prison; and within five days after I paid for my liberty five pounds sterling to the warden for fees, who immediately upon the payment thereof complained unto Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and so I was committed to close prison one quarter of a year, in the lower chamber of the Fleet, and used very extremely. Then by the means of a good gentlewoman I had liberty to come down to dinner and supper; not suffered to speak

with any of my friends, but as soon as dinner and supper was done to repair to my chamber again. Notwithstanding while I came down thus to dinner and supper the warden and his wife picked quarrels with me, and complained untruly of me to their great friend the Bishop of Winchester. After one quarter of a year and somewhat more, Babington, the warden, and his wife, fell out with me for the wicked mass; and thereupon the warden resorted to the Bishop of Winchester, and obtained to put me into the ward, where I have continued a long time, having nothing appointed to me for my bed but a little pad of straw and a rotten covering, with a tick and a few feathers therein, the chamber being vile and stinking, until by God's means good people sent me bedding to lie in. Of the one side of which prison is the sink and filth of the house, and on the other side the town ditch, so that the stench of the house hath infected me with sundry diseases. During which time I have been sick, and the doors, bars, hasps, and chains being all closed and made fast upon me, I have mourned, called, and cried for help; but the warden, when he hath known me many times ready to die, and when the poor men of the wards have called to help me, hath commanded the doors to be kept fast, and charged that none of his men should come at me, saying, 'Let him alone; it were a good riddance of him.' And amongst many other times he did thus the 18th of October, 1533, as many are witness. I paid always like [the same sum as] a baron to the said warden, as well in fees as for my board, which was 20*s.* a-week, besides my man's table, until I was wrongfully deprived of my bishoprick, and since that time I have paid him as the best gentleman doth in his house: yet hath he used me worse and more vilely than the veriest slave that ever came to the hall commons. The said warden hath also imprisoned my man, William Downton, and stripped him out of his clothes to search for letters, and could find none, but only a little remembrance of good people's names that gave me their alms to relieve me in prison: and to undo them also the warden delivered the same bill unto the said Stephen Gardiner, God's enemy and mine. I have suffered imprisonment almost eighteen months; my goods, living, friends, and comfort taken from me; the Queen owing me by just account 80 pounds or more,—she hath put me in prison and giveth nothing to find me; neither is there any suffered to come at me, whereby I might have relief. I am with a wicked man and woman, so that I see no remedy (saving God's help), but I shall be cast away in prison before I come to judgment. But I commit my just cause to God, whose will be done, whether it be life or death."* But it was not to be as the desponding prisoner feared; a death he esteemed a thousand times more glorious was to be his. After some months' confinement he was examined several times and required to recant, and on his refusal condemned, on the very night after John Rogers had so bravely suffered in Smithfield, to tread the same fiery path to another world. He was told that *he* was to be burnt among his own people at Gloucester, where accordingly he was brought to the stake on the 9th of February, 1555, and burnt by a *slow fire*. In reading of such transactions one can scarcely avoid pausing to ask if it is really the acts of men that we are recording. But dreadful as were the torments, the courage to endure them was fully equal: and in this, as in numerous other cases, we have reason to be thankful that whilst

* From 'Fox's Martyrs,' folio ed. in three vols., vol. iii., p. 1369.

crimes of the deepest dye against humanity have been committed in the sacred name of religion, it is religion that has given to humanity a power to endure all extremes, to triumph in the endurance, to become, in a word, something more than human.

Turn we now from the victims of religious bigotry, to the sufferers from political oppression, as exercised through the medium of the memorable Star Chamber. The Fleet, as the King's prison, was no doubt from the earliest times the place to which this half secret and wholly irresponsible tribunal was accustomed to send the persons who fell under its displeasure; and this view is further confirmed by the circumstance that whilst during the reign of Charles I. we find it frequently used in this way, we do not perceive any intimation of the practice being then a new one. The two most interesting cases that belong to this part of the history of the Fleet, are those of Prynne and Lilburne. In a late number* we have referred to the effect of Prynne's publication, the 'Histrio-Mastix,' on the court, and the desire of the latter that the lawyers of the different inns might by the splendour of their Masque confute Mr. Prynne's "new learning." Pity that the King was not satisfied with that and similarly legitimate modes of confuting. In the year following that of the Masque, Laud being then Archbishop of Canterbury, Prynne was brought into the Star Chamber for the publication of his notorious book, which, be it observed, had been written four years before, and printed two years. So little dignity was there in the prosecution, that the personal offence he had given was allowed to be made conspicuous. The accusation having stated he had compiled and put in print a libellous volume, added, "although he knew well that his Majesty's royal Queen [who was rehearsing a part herself at the time the contents of Prynne's book became first known at court], the Lords of the Council, &c., were in their public festivals oftentimes present spectators of some masques and dances, and many recreations that were tolerable and in themselves sinless, and so declared to be by a book printed in the time of his Majesty's royal father," &c. He was also charged with aspersing the Queen, and with writing of the King in "terms unfit for so sacred a person." Now there was no doubt that Prynne would have made the world and all living in it a gloomy piece of business, if his views could have been carried into practice, with all their legitimate deductions, and that Lord Cottington's remark upon his trial had as much truth as satire in it,—"If Mr. Prynne should be demanded what he would have, he liketh nothing: no state or sex; music, dancing, &c., unlawful even in kings: no kind of recreation, no kind of entertainment, no, not so much as hawking; all are damned." But what then? Such were the man's conscientious opinions; and those who thought them deserving of anything better than ridicule, whose weapons—wit and humour—have a kind of natural vocation to destroy all such ascetic philosophy, were perfectly at liberty to confute them by as big a book as that in which they had been expounded. But as Charles's ancestors had been convinced, beyond the power of anything to unsettle their conviction, that what was their religion they could also make the people's, so now did he and his counsellors act apparently on the firmest belief that they could, and therefore ought to destroy every opinion that did not harmonise with theirs on all other matters, from the greatest to the most trivial subjects, from the government of the country

* 'Ely Place,' vol. iii., p. 372.

down to the management of a holiday. This time the mistake was to be attended with fatal consequences. The trial of Prynne in the Star Chamber should be for ever memorable, as an example of the reckless disregard of law, justice, common sense, and humanity, which can be perpetrated by irresponsible judges, even though they have among them men distinguished in their ordinary public career or in private life for qualities of an opposite nature. The following extracts will give a sufficient idea of the course of the trial, and the mode of determining the sentence:—"For the book," said Richardson, the Lord Chief Justice, "I do hold it a most scandalous, infamous libel to the King's Majesty, a most pious and religious King; to the Queen's Majesty, a most excellent and gracious Queen, such a one as this kingdom never enjoyed the like, and I think the earth never had a better," &c. Then followed quotations from the book, full of outrageous opinions on plays and players and dancing, and then the first part of the sentence: "Mr. Prynne, I must now come to my sentence; although I am very sorry, for I have known you long; but now I must utterly forsake you, for I find that you have forsaken God," [the whole tenor of Prynne's book was to lead men, *in his way*, to draw nearer to God,] "his religion, and your whole allegiance, obedience, and honour, which you owe to both their excellent Majesties, the rule of charity to all noble ladies and persons in the kingdom, and forsaken all goodness. Therefore, Mr. Prynne, I shall proceed to my censure, wherein I agree with my Lord Cottington: First, for the burning of your book in as disgraceful a manner as may be, whether in Cheapside or Paul's Churchyard. . . . . And because Mr. Prynne is of Lincoln's Inn, and that his profession may not sustain disgrace by his punishment, I do think it fit, with my Lord Cottington, that he be put from the bar, and degraded in the University, and I leave it to my Lords the Lords Bishops to see that done; and for the pillory, I hold it just and equal, *though there were no statute for it*. In the case of a high crime it may be done by the discretion of the court, so I do agree to that too. I fine him 5000*l*., and I know he is as well able to pay 5000*l*. as one-half of 1000*l*.; and perpetual imprisonment I do think fit for him, and to be restrained from writing—neither to have pen, ink, nor paper—yet let him have some pretty Prayer-Book, to pray to God to forgive him his sins; but to write, in good faith I would never have him: for, Mr. Prynne, I do judge you by your book an insolent spirit, and one that did think by this book to have got the name of a Reformer, to set up the Puritan or Separatist faction."

So much for the Lord Chief Justice of England. Coke followed; and, with that exquisite inconsistency which characterizes all the arguments on which these monstrous perversions of the powers of government were founded, spoke of the necessity of mildness and toleration to the vices of society, whilst the intolerance of himself and his colleagues was determining on a sentence almost without parallel in their country for its cruelty and injustice. If one could forget the object and occasion of Coke's speech, and of the Earl of Dorset's, who followed, there is something in them to admire: they here and there met Prynne's book with mingled ridicule and argument, which, uttered in a different place, might have convinced many minds wavering between the old and "new learning." Here, such passages were worse than thrown away. Indeed, if there was one mode more certain than another to make wit, and humour, and eloquence fail

to cause truth to be perceived as truth, and therefore to make its cause still more hopeless for the time, it was the employment of such influences in the uncongenial atmosphere of the Star Chamber. Among other passages of the Earl's speech was one capital hit:—"My Lords, when God had made all his works, he looked upon them, and saw that they were good: this gentleman, the devil having put spectacles on his nose, says that all is bad." But, immediately after this vein, comes a volley of vulgar abuse; and, lastly, from the lips of the gallant and accomplished courtier, an addition to the sentence which it would be scarcely right to attribute to the Earl on the authority of any less satisfactory voucher than his own words:—"Mr. Prynne, I do declare you to be a schism-maker in the Church, a sedition-sower in the Commonwealth, a wolf in sheep's clothing—in a word, *omnium malorum nequissimus*. I shall fine him 10,000*l*., [the Lord Chief Justice had been too *lenient* it seems,] *which is more than he is worth*, yet less than he deserveth. I will not set him at liberty, no more than a plagued man or a mad dog, who, though he cannot bite, he will foam. He is so far from being a sociable soul, that he is not a rational soul; he is fit to live in dens with such beasts of prey as wolves and tigers like himself: therefore do I condemn him to perpetual imprisonment, as those monsters that are no longer fit to live among men, nor see light. Now, for corporal punishment, my Lords: I shall burn him in the forehead, and slit him in the nose; for I find that it is confessed of all that Dr. Leighton's offence* was less than Mr. Prynne's—then why should Mr. Prynne have a less punishment? He that was guilty of murder was marked in a place where he might be seen, as Cain was." Still not satisfied, the Earl added,—"I should be loth he should escape with his ears; for he may get a periwig, which he now so much inveighs against, and so hide them, or force his conscience to make use of his unlovely love-locks on both sides. Therefore I would have him branded on the forehead, slit in the nose, and his ears cropped too."

The whole of these almost incredible barbarities were inflicted: pillory, branding, mutilation of nose, and loss of ears; and then the unfortunate but firm unyielding man was remanded to his prison—the Fleet. Sir Simond d'Ewes, who may well say that most men were affrighted at this "censure," visited him in prison shortly after, to comfort him. He "found in him," he says, "the rare effects of an upright heart and a good conscience, by his serenity of spirit and cheerful patience." It should be observed that, through the whole of the "trial," Archbishop Laud was present. Indeed, it is said that Charles himself would not have taken that step against Prynne, but for the advice of Laud. He therefore was looked upon by the Puritans as the real author of the proceeding; and the circumstance should be borne in mind, in reading the particulars of the prelate's own fate, as having contributed, with Laud's subsequent conduct to Prynne, probably more than any other single fact, to make his judges so inexorable. Laud's second attack on Prynne, when the remainder of his ears were hacked off, and he was sent to Carnarvon (but, unfortunately for the prelate's comfort, found his journey almost a triumphal procession), took place after the removal of Prynne into the Tower, so we pass on to another Star Chamber case.

* Writing against the Queen and the Bishops in a book entitled 'An Appeal to the Parliament, or Sion's Plea against Prelacy.'

Scarcely six months had elapsed after the last-mentioned barbarities, when the Star Chamber, utterly reckless of the signs of the times, called before it John Lilburne (with his printer, Wharton), for the publication of libellous and seditious books, called 'News from Ipswich.' The prisoners both refused to be sworn to answer the interrogatories of the court; and the principal, Lilburne, said no free-born Englishman ought to take it, not being bound by the laws of his country to accuse himself: he became subsequently well known under a phrase borrowed from this reply, as Free-born John. They were both remanded to the Fleet for the present, but on the 13th of February (1638) were again brought up and pressed to re-consider their determination. Still inflexible, they were sent back to the Fleet under a fine of 500*l.* each, and with an addition in Lilburne's case of a remarkable punishment. Foiled in their attempt to break men's spirits by fines, imprisonments, brandings, slitting of noses, &c., another degrading punishment was now borrowed from the felon-code,—whipping. "To the end," runs the sentence, "that others may be the more deterred from daring to offend in the like manner hereafter, the court hath further ordered and decreed that the said John Lilburne shall be whipt through the street from the prison of the Fleet unto the pillory, to be erected at such time and in such place as this court shall hold fit; and that both he and Wharton shall be set in the said pillory, and from thence returned to the Fleet." The pillory was placed between Westminster Hall gate and the Star Chamber, and Lilburne was whipped from the prison thither "smartly." And how did he bear this mingled torture of the body and mind? Rushworth says, "Whilst he was whipt at the cart and stood in the pillory, he uttered many bold speeches against tyranny of bishops, &c., and when his head was in the hole of the pillory he scattered sundry copies of pamphlets (said to be seditious), and tossed them among the people, taking them out of his pocket." The Star Chamber Council was sitting at the time, and informed of this last-mentioned incident; when, consistent in their acts, they ordered him to be gagged immediately, which was done. Lilburne then stamped with his feet, and the people understood his meaning well enough, that he would speak if he were able. This was not all. At the same sitting of the Council an order was made directing that Lilburne should be "laid alone with irons on his hands and legs in the wards of the Fleet, where the basest and meanest sort of prisoners" were used to be, with other regulations in a similar spirit. This punishment also was carried into effect for a time, but ultimately brought to a summary conclusion through an accident in the prison. "Lilburne," says Rushworth, "having for some time endured close imprisonment, lying with double irons on his feet and hands, and laid in the inner wards of the prison, there happened a fire in the prison of the Fleet, near to the place where he was prisoner, which gave a jealousy that Lilburne, in his fury and anguish, was desperate, and had set the Fleet Prison on fire, not regarding himself to be burnt with it; whereupon the inhabitants without the Fleet (the street then not being five or six yards over from the prison door) and the prisoners all cried, "Release Lilburne, or we shall all be burnt!" and thereupon they ran headlong and made the Warden remove him out of his hold, and the fire was quenched, and he remained a prisoner in a place where he had some more air." He continued in prison till November the 3rd, 1640, when the Long Parliament began, and then he was released, and

immediately applied to the House of Lords for redress, who granted it in the most satisfactory manner: not merely declaring his sentence and punishment most unjust and illegal, but ordering the erasure of the proceedings from the files of all courts of justice, "as unfit to continue on record." On the breaking out of the Civil War, Lilburne fought bravely, we need not say on which side. He had a narrow escape in the war. He was taken prisoner, and would have been proceeded against as a traitor by Charles and hanged, but the Parliament arrested the act, that growing into a system would have made the war a thousand times more terrible than it was, by immediately declaring they would retaliate. But Free-born John was one of the most impracticable as well as courageous of enthusiasts; (Marten said of him, if there were none living but himself, John would be against Lilburne, and Lilburne against John;) and the Parliament pleased him little better than the King; so he wrote against them too, and was banished, upon pain of death if he returned. But Free-born John would and did return, and was immediately arraigned at the Old Bailey, where he was publicly acquitted, "which, for joy, occasioned a great acclamation of the people present." He died a Quaker, and was buried in Moorfields, four thousand citizens and other persons honouring his remains by following them to the grave. In con-

[Lilburne, the Puritan.]

cluding our notice of the cases of Prynne and Lilburne, those important links in the history of the reign of Charles, we may observe that they embody in the most striking shape the principles of arbitrary power, which the King, with Laud and his other counsellors, strove to enforce upon the people of England, and to which they received for answer—the Civil War and the scaffold.

Gloomy as our theme must continue the course of our narration. Hitherto the sufferings and horrors we have described have had no further connexion with the Fleet Prison than that that edifice was the place of confinement of the prisoners in question during the execution of their respective sentences; now we have to deal with the horrors of the prison-house itself. And if in the process of that gradual extinction of all such places, for debt at least, which the spirit of the times promises to effect, we could be reconciled to the preservation of any one, as a kind of visible record and warning of the atrocities that were once perpetrated in them, the Fleet should be that place: it in every way deserves such a bad pre-eminence. It appears that this prison was used for the confinement of debtors from the thirteenth century at least, probably from the earliest period of its existence: a petition from John Fraunceys, a debtor in the Fleet, A.D. 1290, is still preserved.* The first document in point of time that gives us any accurate idea of the state of the prison is a complaint of the prisoners, in 1586, to the Lords of the Council. They state therein that the warden had let the victualling and lodging of the prisoners to two "very poor men," who, having "neither land nor any trade to live by, nor any certain wages of the said warden," and "being also greedy of gain, lived by bribery and extortion." The essential evils were pointed out as clearly in these few words in 1586, as they could be in the appalling facts which were discovered by the famous committee of 1727: and what a fearful amount of human suffering might not have been spared by the simplest of remedies at that earlier time—that of making the warden and all his servants perfectly independent, as to the amount of their emoluments, of those under their care. Almost every atrocity (we do not know, indeed, that an exception can be found) perpetrated in the Fleet Prison in the beginning of the eighteenth century may be traced directly to the operation of the one passion—thirst for gain. This will appear clearer as we proceed. Numerous abuses and oppressions had of course been set on foot at the period to which we have referred by these "very poor men," and which are pointed out by the prisoners in their petition; but as we shall meet with every one of them in a much darker shape at a later period, we need not here dwell upon them. Some temporary kind of relief seems to have been granted in answer to this complaint; in the same year a commission or order having been granted, which the Recorder, Fleetwood, at the desire of the Archbishop of Canterbury, abbreviated and explained. In 1593 the prisoners again endeavoured to obtain effectual redress by a bill in parliament; and it was high time, if we may believe their allegations, for now they attribute *murders* and other misdemeanors to the deputy warden, Joachim Newton. Nothing of importance seems to have followed this application, and another century of suffering passed over the unhappy tenants, shut out from the world, and subjected, without the possibility of redress, to extortions, indignities, and privations of every kind, chequered only by bru-

* 'Rot. Parl.,' vol. i., p. 47.

talities of a deeper and occasionally fatal nature. Still there was moving among society a kind of uneasy consciousness that all was not as it should be behind those grim and lofty walls; the tender-hearted sighed as they passed, and dropped some piece of money into the grate, which most probably would never reach, or but partially, those for whom it was intended; the philanthropist again and again made some new effort to stimulate inquiry, which the legislature or minister perhaps promised, but forgot to instigate; but still years rolled on, generation after generation of prisoners mourned, and despaired, and died, and nothing was done. In 1696 new hopes were excited; a committee of the House of Commons was appointed, and for the first time positive evidence was acquired and made public. From the Report of that committee it appeared the custom with regard to the warden's underletting the Fleet was continued; that a Mr. Geary, who appeared before the committee, had agreed to pay 1500*l.* per annum to the warden for it, on the understanding that there were then 2000 prisoners, whose payments would bring in twice the amount of the rent. We learn from the same Report that there were then about 300 prisoners enjoying the privileges of the Rules, that is, a permission to live outside the prison, but within certain precincts adjoining.* Three years after appeared another Report, we presume from the same committee, in which it is stated that "by the Fleet books it appeareth that 1651 prisoners had been charged from the 28th of April, 1696, to the 1st of December last," whereof but 285 were discharged by regular procedure, the rest having been allowed to escape for bribes. A resolution at the same time was unanimously agreed to, that the management had been very prejudicial to personal credit, and a great grievance to the whole kingdom. Even yet the poor prisoners seem to have had little of the parliamentary attention or sympathy; and it is not improbable that the cruelties and outrageous extortions of which we have now to speak as occurring during the period between the sitting of this committee and that of the next in 1727, were in a measure brought on by the resolution of 1699: the officers of the prison might fear from its tenor that the duration of their power was limited, and so, in their way, determine to make the best use of it while they could.

The year 1727 was a memorable one in the history of prisons; then it was that the enormity of the system of their management came first fully before the public: and indescribable was the excitement and horror it caused. The poet Thomson has given permanent record to the feelings of the time in a passage of his 'Winter,' which appears to have been written immediately on the publication of the First Report of the Parliamentary Committee:—

> "And here can I forget the gen'rous band,
> Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
> Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol,
> Unpitied and unheard, where Misery moans,
> Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,
> And poor Misfortune feels the lash of vice.
> * * * * * * *

* The "Rules" extend from the prison entrance to Ludgate Hill, both sides of Ludgate Hill up to the Old Bailey, both sides of the Old Bailey as far as Fleet Lane, both sides of Fleet Lane, and so back along Farringdon Street to the entrance.

Oh! great design! if executed well,
With partial care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of Mercy, yet resume the search:
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pangs they give."

The "Sons of Mercy" did execute their task well; the legal monsters were dragged forth into light; nor was retribution wanting, though it came in a different shape from what might have been justly expected.

The committee, in the commencement of their Report, observe, that at the passing of the act which abolished the Star Chamber, in the sixteenth year of Charles I.'s reign, the prison became a place of confinement for debtors, and for persons committed for contempt from the Courts of Chancery, Exchequer, and Common Pleas; and that at the same time the fees previously payable by archbishops, bishops, temporal peers, baronets, and others of lower degree, or the power of putting in irons, or of exacting fees not to do so, ought to have ceased. Instead of which, however, the Warden "hath exercised an unwarrantable and arbitrary power, not only in extorting exorbitant fees, but in oppressing prisoners for debt, by loading them with irons, worse than if the Star Chamber was still existing." The melancholy details which follow more than bear out this assertion. We shall now endeavour to show, in as clear and succinct a manner as possible, from the materials provided by the Committee, the general workings of the system. Its grand leading principle was extortion—the agents, force and cruelty; and one can scarcely avoid a species of admiration at the ingenuity, perseverance, and unfailing energy with which—unappalled by the sight of any suffering, however great, insensible to any sense of shame, however infamous the circumstances—the object and the means were steadily developed to the utmost. Let us suppose Mr. Bambridge (the warden) and his myrmidons to have just received a prisoner, not of the poorest class, and observe his treatment of him. The prisoner, to his surprise, first discovers that, instead of being introduced into the prison, he is carried to a spunging-house attached to it on the exterior, one of three such places, all belonging to the Warden, and kept, in the present instance, by one of his tipstaffs. His first day's bill explains their proceedings, and the alarmed prisoner, who sees that a few days of such expenses will beggar him, asks to be permitted to go into the Fleet, where, at least, there are legal regulations as to moderation of price. The tipstaff has no objection, on receiving the customary fee—a heavy one—for the simple permission. Indignant at the demand, the prisoner probably refuses, and a few days more pass on, his bills growing daily in magnitude, till, in despair, he acquiesces, and is removed into the Fleet; or, on the other hand, if his determination be very great indeed, why, he is shifted into a garret, put with a couple of other prisoners in the same bed, and perhaps ironed till the same result is obtained. Well, he is in the Fleet, or at least he will be, on payment of the prison fees: the best idea we can give of these is to transcribe his bill; supposing that four actions or detainers are lying against him, every action being paid for separately:—

	£	s.	d.
For four surrenders at the judge's chambers, to his clerks	9	11	6
To the tipstaff, four fees	2	2	0
To the warden, ditto	16	12	0
	28	5	6
To which add the previous fee for turning into the house;	10	10	0
Including, perhaps, some occasional "liberty" to leave the spunging-house, if he has behaved well, or, in other words, "bled freely;" but in that case he must have taken up his security-bond for the enjoyment of the Rules	6	6	0
Making a total of . . .	£45	1	6*

By this time Bambridge has become quite satisfied of the prisoner's ability to bear all that, in his moderation, he wishes to enforce upon him; so, after the enjoyment of the Rules for some time, it is intimated to the prisoner that a present will greatly help the memory of the officers as to his really having obtained the right of enjoying them: the present is given. Shortly comes a similar application; again, again, and again, the demand is submitted to; but at last, weary with the attempt at impossibilities—to satisfy the insatiable,—or moved by remorse at the conviction that all this money belongs to his creditors, the threat of Corbett's spunging-house ceases to avail; he steadily and determinedly refuses. That very day he is again at Corbett's, and the entire system of extortion is once more before him, and must be passed through. But a virulent disease, enhanced by the disgraceful state of the worst apartments of the spunging-house, is raging there: the small-pox is in the house. The unhappy man, half frantic at the danger, implores the Warden to remove him into another spunging-house, or into the Fleet, for he has not had that (under such circumstances) most fatal malady, and the very dread of it will assuredly kill him. The tipstaffs, for once, forget their vocation, and second his petition; but Bambridge, great man! is firm: the prisoner dies, his affairs in extricable confusion, and a wife and numerous family of young children in the deepest distress. Such, with one or two slight exceptions drawn from other cases, is the history of Mr. Robert Castell, a gentleman, a scholar, and an artist,† whose misfortunes brought him into the hands of the Fleet Prison officers! and such is a fair illustration of the principal branch of the system. We must add to it another highly profitable source of emolument. This was, keeping prisoners on the books, as being in the enjoyment of the Rules, who were actually entitled to a legal discharge. The previous Warden, Mr. Huggins, after the appointment of the committee, suddenly discharged 119 of such cases, and acknowledged to 52 more that ought to have been discharged, some of them so far back as 1718, 1719, and so on. Our readers may not, perhaps, see at once the effect of the manœuvre; it was simply this:—Whenever the Warden, or his deputy, felt any very strong desire for money, an escape war-

* Fees actually paid by a prisoner, as proved before the Committee.

† His profession was architecture, and he had just finished a translation of Vitruvius.

rant was issued, that is, they declared the man—who, having been in effect legally discharged, was quietly pursuing his avocations—had escaped, or run away from the Rules; accordingly he was arrested, lodged safely at Corbett's, and kept there till he had purchased another temporary freedom. We may have some notion of the profits obtained in this way from the list of 382 persons enjoying the Rules, which was obtained by the committee, who had paid in one year 2828*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*, and whilst it appeared to the committee that the prisoners for the greatest debts had not signed the book. It was also shown that the gratuity to the Warden for the Liberty of the Rules was exacted in proportion to the greatness of the debt; and if all paid, the account would be three times the before-mentioned sum.

But this was nothing to the magnificent soul of a Huggins or of a Bambridge; so they exerted themselves to make the sum total of profit a much more respectable affair; and the different irregular modes adopted show their inventive powers in a flattering light. First, there were a great many prisoners who had no chance whatever of paying their debts, from the magnitude of the amount, or who, having the means, had still an invincible disinclination to do so: and both classes agreed in a common desire to get out of the prison, and in being able and willing to pay well for their keepers' assistance. Escapes, accordingly, occurred with marvellous frequency. Huggins confessed to the Committee, that so many had occurred during his wardenship, "that it was impossible to enumerate them." There was no difficulty attending such escapes generally, as the officers would take care previously to make them pay well for Rules and everything else. But in one case, that of Boyce, a smuggler, charged at the King's suit with a demand of upwards of 30,000*l.*, it appears Bambridge, then Huggins's deputy, actually made a door through the prison-wall, dismissed the prisoner through it, and *repeated the act several times.* Large emoluments evidently must have been derived from this source. Next comes the mode illustrated in the case of Thomas Dumay. This man, a prisoner in the Fleet, was allowed to make several voyages to France, where he bought wines, some of which were delivered to Huggins, and for which he paid by drawing bills on Richard Bishop, one of the tipstaffs of the prison: these bills, on presentation, were accepted, and when due properly paid. Credit was thus established, and precaution relaxed. Dumay then drew for a further, and no doubt much larger sum (we do not find the amount stated), and obtained the goods; but, on presentation, Mr. Bishop declined accepting any more bills for Dumay. The merchants in alarm sought for Dumay—there he was, back in the Fleet, snugly ensconced as prisoner, laughing with Bishop and Huggins at the success of the trick, and settling no doubt their respective shares. Lastly, to show their condescension we presume, for no very great sums could have been thus derived, the officers laid their hands on the miserable pittances which charity had bequeathed to the poorer prisoners, or dropped into the "box" they were accustomed to send round. Whether the box at the grate, behind which prisoners were accustomed to stand till within the last few years, was similarly laid under contribution does not appear; from a curious incident mentioned in the Report, we should think it was not:—"Thomas Hogg, who had been about three years a prisoner in the Fleet Prison, and was then discharged by order of court, about eight months after such discharge, passing by the door of that prison, stopped to give charity to the prisoners at the grate,

and being seen by James Barnes, one of the said Bambridge's accomplices, the said Barnes seized and forced him into Corbett's spunging-house, where he hath been detained ever since, now upwards of nine months, without any cause or legal authority whatsoever." The only explanation we can venture to offer as to the cause of the somewhat incomprehensible rage of Barnes and his master, is, that as the poor prisoners, who were in technical phrase "on the grate," were enabled by its means better to submit to the discomforts of the Common side (that is, where the prisoners are placed who cannot pay for their lodging), and so escape the extortions of the officers, the latter felt indignant accordingly at all who aided and abetted; or else it may be that they hated the very sight of poor prisoners, and of all, and everything belonging to, assisting and comforting them. Alas! for those poor prisoners: their case was indeed deplorable. If they had a little money, they were suspected of having more, and they were tortured to make them produce it; if they had none, why even hope was denied. The subject makes one heart-sick, and our readers will no doubt feel it a relief to escape from the contemplation; but the best security against such things happening in the future will be the making indelible the memory of the past. It is that consideration makes us conclude our notice of the matters disclosed in the Report with a passage from the statement of the case of Jacob Mendez Solas, a Portuguese, and one of the poorer prisoners, who was confined for months in a filthy dungeon, manacled and schackled.

"This committee themselves saw an instance of the deep impression his sufferings had made upon him; for on his surmising, from something said, that Bambridge was to return again as Warden of the Fleet, he fainted, and the blood started out of his mouth and nose."

The result of the committee's labours was the committal of Bambridge, Huggins, and some of their servants to Newgate, an address to the crown praying for their prosecution, and the introduction of a bill to remove Bambridge and newly regulate the gaol. The prosecution was a strange affair. On reading the evidence adduced on the trial of these wretches for different murders, it seems amply sufficient in a legal sense to have insured conviction, and in a moral sense there cannot be a doubt of the guilt of the parties; yet all escaped by a verdict of Not guilty! Retribution, however, as we have before intimated, was not to be escaped. The painters, like the poets, made them immortal in their infamy. Hogarth, in the picture of which the engraving in the last page is a transcript,* has shown us Bambridge (who is under examination, whilst a prisoner is explaining how he has been tortured) so vividly, that, whether we pass from it to his known conduct, or from the conduct to this portrait, we are equally struck by the fitness of the two to each other—there is no questioning that this is the man. Twenty years after, it is said, Bambridge cut his throat.

An act of parliament, passed in the course of the present year, has directed the abolition of both the Fleet and the Marshalsea as prisons, and for the last three months no new prisoners have been admitted into the former. These are now sent to the Queen's Bench, or, as it is henceforth to be called, the Queen's. The prisoners at present in the Fleet, about ninety in number, are also to be removed thither. As closely pertaining to our subject, we may add that the Act

* The faces are all portraits, and the entire scene, no doubt, an exact representation of the reality.

also abolishes all kinds of fees or gratuities, and the privilege of the Rules, which was an unjust privilege, as being only allowed to those who could pay for it. From the circumstance here stated it is most probable that the building itself is doomed, and that before any very great length of time passes the Fleet will be a thing of memory only. The present building was erected after the burning of the older one in the Gordon riots of 1780, when the mob were polite enough to send notice to the prisoners of the period of their coming, and, on being informed it would be inconvenient on account of the lateness of the hour, to postpone their visit to the following day. That former building also dated its erection from the period of a fire; its predecessor having been destroyed in the great conflagration of 1666. As we now enter the prison, and passing through the porch, and its small ante-room on the left, where sits the keeper, and reach the area, we are struck by the desolate aspect of everything: a deeper melancholy than its own seems to have fallen upon the place. Few prisoners are to be seen, and these are huddled listlessly together in a corner, ruminating perhaps on the classification which is to take place in the Queen's—a feature by no means palatable, we find, to those concerned. Skittles and rackets are alike without worshippers. The coffee-room is altogether disused, and sole guest at the tables sits the tipstaff, its owner, and we can see that the promised compensation is but a poor medicine for all his ills. The romance of his life has departed; no more for him will there be

"Golden exhalations of the *Chum!*"

Fortunate they to whom that word *chum* is unknown; who have never in themselves, or through their relations and friends, had cause to investigate the mysteries involved in the words chum, chums, chummed, and chummage. For their information we explain them. The prison chiefly consists of one long brick pile, parallel with Farringdon Street, and standing in an irregularly shaped area, so as to leave open spaces before and behind, connected by passages round each end. This pile is called the Master's Side. The interior arrangements are very simple:—On each of five stories, a long passage from one extremity to the other, with countless doors opening into single rooms on each side. If a prisoner did not wish to go to the Common Side (a building apart, and to the right of the Master's Side, where he was put with several other prisoners into a common room, divided within only by a kind of cabins, for which he paid nothing), he had the choice of going down into Bartholomew Fair, the lowest and sunken story, where he paid 1*s.* 3*d.* per week for the undisturbed use of a room, or up to some of the better apartments, where he paid the same rent, but was subject to the operation of the system known as chummage. Supposing him to have obtained an empty room at first, whenever all the rooms became occupied, he had, in common with his fellow-prisoners, to submit in rotation to a new prisoner being put into his room, or chummed upon him; and such new-comer could only be got rid of by a payment of 4*s.* 6*d.* per week, to enable him partially to provide for himself. The latter would immediately go to some of the prisoners, who made a business of letting lodgings (fitting up sometimes five or six beds in the room), and make the best bargain he could. There are prisoners who are said to have accumulated hundreds of pounds by such use of their room, in the course of a few years. We need not add, that their occupation, too, is now gone;

and, for the first time, they are probably beginning to think it would be as well to try to get out of prison.

A volume as interesting as a romance might be written on the characters and lives of some of the chief prisoners for debt in the Fleet, at almost any period of its history; and now, in its decline, the place is not destitute of such interest. In the group we have just passed, for instance, are a well-known northern anti-poor-law agitator, who is here for a debt to his former master; a lord; a barrister, who seems to have been thoroughly convinced of the truth of the old proverb—"Faint heart never won fair (nor rich) lady"—and has made himself notorious accordingly; the son of one who was at a certain period one of the great leviathans of the Money-Market; and, lastly, a gentleman whose misfortunes, in connection with the Opera House, have engaged so deservedly the public sympathy. In conclusion, it is perhaps hardly necessary to add that none of the horrors of the last century survived the disclosures then made, though it has been reserved for the present to get rid of a few still remaining abuses by the Act referred to. We have now, it is to be presumed, made our prisons for debt tolerably perfect; and, as in the story of the medicine prepared with so much care, to be——thrown out of the window when done, there remains but to get rid of them altogether,—a task which the tenor of recent legislation promises to effect very speedily.

[From Hogarth's Picture.]

[A Fleet Marriage Party. From a print of the time.]

LXXIX.—FLEET MARRIAGES.

If, by any inversion of the Rip Van Winkle adventures, a quiet, respectable London citizen of the present day could be suddenly abstracted from his home and the year 1842, and, without losing any of his notions derived from that period of the world's history, be again set down, as it were, in the very heart of his native city a century or so earlier, he would meet with stranger things than in his philosophy he had ever before dreamt of as belonging to a time so little removed from his own. The costume, the comparatively miserable and dingy looking shops, the streets, the houses, the public buildings, would no doubt all more or less bewilder him; but it is not to such general matters we now refer, but to one particular subject of universal interest, which would come before him with a thousand perplexing and monstrous features. Suppose him set down at St. Paul's, and wandering down Ludgate Hill towards his home by Holborn Bridge, wondering what makes the people wear such comical hats, long square coats, and endless waistcoats; and what can have become of all the cabs and omnibuses; and why the City Surveyor allows so many obstructions to exist in the street, as narrow pavements, projecting shop-windows, and overhanging great signs. But his whole attention is speedily engrossed by the novel words, "Would you like to be married, Sir?" He turns hastily, and sees that the question was put by a man in a black coat, but of very uncanonical appearance, who, like Chaucer's Sumpnour, has "a fire-red cherubinnes face," to a genteel young couple passing—raising the deep blush in the face of the one, and something very like it in that of the other, who, however, with a smile, answers in the

negative, and they pass on: their time has not yet come. "What in the world can this shabby-looking profligate mean?" thinks our worthy citizen; and begins to remember him of sundry street jokes, familiar in his era, among the populace, and to wonder whether this is one of the same class. But the man in the black coat pursues his vocation, and presently is seen to be not alone in it: others are busy tormenting every pair they meet with the same kind of question, varying only the words and manner. He steps aside to try if he can penetrate the mystery. A bookseller's shop is by his elbow, and in the window he sees the newspaper of the day, as unlike the double 'Times,' over the pages of which he has been accustomed to luxuriate at his breakfast of a morning, as two things of the same name and object well may be; and on its front page the first announcement that he reads runs thus:—

"Marriages with a licence, certificate, and a crown stamp, *at a guinea*, at the new chapel, next door to the china-shop, near Fleet Bridge, London, by a regular-bred clergyman, and not by a Fleet parson, as is insinuated in the public papers; and, that the town may be freed [from] mistakes, no clergyman, being a prisoner in the Rules of the Fleet, dare marry; and, to obviate all doubts, this chapel is not in the verge of the Fleet, but kept by a gentleman who was lately chaplain on board one of his Majesty's men-of-war, and likewise has gloriously distinguished himself in defence of his king and country, and is above committing those little mean actions that some men impose on people, being determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decency and regularity, such as shall all be supported in law and equity."*

This makes our worthy citizen's confusion only more confounded; but through the mist he begins to have glimpses of a world where the only occupation is that of getting married, and where, consequently, every kind of device has been necessarily put in practice for the public convenience. Turning, with an inquiring eye, to look for the "plyer" in the black coat, that worthy notices his glance, and thinking he may have occupation for him in view, steps up to him with a hand-bill, of which the following is a fac-simile:—

G. R.

At the true Chapel,

At the Old Red Hand and Mitre, three doors from Fleet Lane, and next door to the White Swan,

Marriages are performed by authority by the Reverend Mr. Symson, educated at the University of Cambridge, and late Chaplain to the Earl of Rothes.

N.B. Without Imposition.

"And would you really marry me, if I had a partner ready, or get me married, just now?" inquires the more and more surprised member of the respect-

* 'Daily Advertiser,' 1749.

able ward of Farringdon Without. "Of course we would, Sir," is the answer; "and if you are at a loss for a partner, we can find you one directly: a widow with a handsome jointure, or a blooming virgin of nineteen; and" (here he comes closer, and whispers) "if you don't like her there 's no harm done—tear out the entry—you understand."

Before he can express his feelings, as a husband and a father, at such an offer, or investigate whether it is really and sincerely made as one that can be fulfilled, a coach happens to pass slowly along, and instantly the plyer starts forward. It contains a single lady, but that is far from an objectionable circumstance. "Madam, you want a parson: I am the clerk and registrar of the Fleet." By this time a second has got to the other window. "Madam, come with me: that fellow will carry you to a pedling alehouse." "Go with me," bawls a third, half out of breath: "he will carry you to a brandy-shop." And thus the lady is teased and insulted till the coach has passed so far as to show that the tenant does not intend to be married—to-day at least. Beckoning to the disappointed but indefatigable plyer, our friend, slipping a piece of money into his hand, remarks, "I am somewhat a stranger to these customs. Could you have got that lady a husband too?" "Plenty, Sir; but I see you are a gentleman, and I 'll explain. Ladies will be sometimes expensive, and get into debt; and that generally ends in some unpleasantness. Well, they come here: we have a set of men who make a business of being hired as husbands for the ceremony merely: we provide them with one of these, they are married, she gets her certificate, and they part. From that time she can plead coverture, as the lawyers say, to any action for debt. We like to meet with such persons, for they pay well. There 's another coach; excuse me; perhaps that 's one." And therewith he runs off.

Our citizen has no thoughts to waste on the strange aspect of the place at the bottom of Ludgate Hill—the ditch running along towards the Thames, and the bridge stretching across towards Fleet Street—for the symbols of the influences to which the whole neighbourhood seems devoted increase at every step. As he turns the corner, a board, placed within a window, stares him in the face,—

"Weddings Performed Cheap Here."

Another has,—

"The Old and True Register."

And every few yards along the Ditch and up the adjoining Fleet Lane he meets with similar notices. If anything could now add to our citizen's astonishment, it would be to see the kind of houses where these Hymeneal invitations are put forth so prominently. The 'Rainbow Coffee-House,' at the corner of the Ditch; the 'Hand and Pen,' by the prison; the 'Bull and Garter,' a little alehouse, kept, it appears, by a turnkey of the Fleet; the 'King's Head,' kept by another turnkey; the 'Swan;' the 'Lamb;' 'Horse-Shoe and Magpie;' the 'Bishop Blaize' and the 'Two Sawyers,' in Fleet Lane; the 'Fighting Cocks,' in the same place; the 'Naked Boy,' &c. &c.,—most, if not all, of them low inns and brandy-shops. Some of these are merely a kind of house of call for the parson and his customers, but sharing in the fee of the former as the price of their favour in sending for him; whilst the owners of others, of a more ambitious character,

reply to the questions of the citizen in words something very like those used by the distinguished lady of the great razor-strop maker—

"*We* keeps a *parson*, Sir:"

and they tell him truly; the salary being generally about twenty shillings a week.

By this time our citizen's curiosity has become so much stimulated by the evidences of such novel, and, to him, unnatural practices, that he greatly desires to see a wedding performed; and his curiosity is soon gratified. Two coaches have just stopped opposite the door of the prison itself, containing five females in each, whilst on the top and behind are several sailors; others, who could find no room, are running with shouts and laughter by the side. In the fulness of their hearts their story is soon told to the bystanders. It appears they were all assembled that morning at a public-house at Ratcliff for the purpose of enjoying themselves with the good things of the house, fiddling, piping, jigging, eating, and drinking, and without any thought of matrimony, till one of the sailors started up, saying, "D—— me, Jack, I'll be married just now; I will have my partner," &c. The joke took, and in less than two hours the ten couple before us had started for the Fleet. But they are going *into* the Fleet! heedless of the vociferations and anxiety of the neighbouring plyers. The citizen follows them. They stop at the door of a room where stands a coalheaver, who says, "This is the famous Lord Mayor's Chapel; you will get married cheaper here than in any other part of the Fleet." The party enter. The room is, on the whole, decently furnished with chairs, cushions, &c., but no parson is visible. Aware of the custom, and at the same time giving it their full approval, the sailors call for wines and brandy, which the parson deals in as a profitable appendix to his marriage-business; and search is set on foot for the reverend gentleman. Great is the joviality, and the party for some time overlook the unaccountable length of time the parson is absent. At last the discomfited messenger returns, and in the extremity of his despair at the loss, tells the truth without any circumlocution—his master is dead drunk! Consoling themselves with the reflection there are plenty more parsons in the Fleet, the party hurry out, but at the very door are met by a most respectable and venerable looking personage, "exceeding well dressed in a flowered morning-gown, a band, hat, and wig," who, in a tone of the greatest suavity, informs them he is ready to perform the office, and, before they have had time to consider of the application, opens another door, which, from the apology he makes to its tenant in a whisper, and a half-heard hint about *sharing*, is evidently not his, and proceeds to work. If the worthy citizen has been surprised by all the preliminaries, the performance of the act itself is not of a character to moderate his emotions. As it goes on the drink is passed to and fro; winks, nods, whispers, and roars of laughter form a running accompaniment to the ceremony; practical jokes are played on the reverend functionary, whilst one knowing fellow, a philosopher, who looks "before" as well as "after," gives as his name some facetious epithet, which so tickles the fancy of his brethren, that for some time the service, such as it is, cannot proceed; and at last the party growing tired, or perhaps other reflections beginning to work even at this late period, declare they are "married enough,"

and are about to make a summary departure. The parson's suavity now disappears; with a volley of oaths, which the sailors return with interest, he demands his fees; and, after much squabbling, is paid at the rate of from two or three to five or six shillings per couple for himself and clerk, according to the generosity or wealth of the parties; the parson finishing the whole affair by entering the particulars of the case in a dirty memorandum-book, with the addition "went away in haste, but married." Such is a brief sketch of the practices prevailing in the Fleet, as they were witnessed daily, in effect, by our ancestors a century ago.*

Up to 1753, when the Bill passed which annihilated Fleet marriages, and substantially settled the law as it now is, marriage in England was regulated by the common law, which enjoined a religious and public form for the solemnization, but tolerated more private modes; in one sense, indeed, it recognised any mode, for the marriage once performed, no matter in what manner, was held sacred and indissoluble, although the parties aiding and abetting might be punished by the ecclesiastical authorities. One of the earliest clergymen who commenced marrying on a large scale, without licence or the publication of banns, appears to have been Adam Elliott, Rector of St. James, Duke's Place, who acted upon the claim for exemption from ecclesiastical jurisdiction put forth by the City with regard to the two churches of St. James, Duke's Place, and Trinity, Minories. In the parish register of the former, we find 40,000 entries of marriages between the years 1664 and 1691! On some days between thirty and forty couple have been married. This mine of wealth, which the ingenious rector had discovered, was not permitted to be worked freely; he was suspended by the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes, but allowed, on his petition, to return to his vocation after some delay. During his suspension, there appears every reason to suppose the Fleet marriages began, for about that period commence the Fleet Registers. These are the original books in which many of the Fleet parsons entered the marriages they performed, and which, after passing through various hands, among others of those who made a business of advertising them as open to the search of parties interested, and which were considered so valuable as to be frequently a special subject of bequest, were purchased by the Government in 1821. The immediate origin of the Fleet marriages appears to have been as follows: A set of imprudent, extravagant, or vicious clergymen, confined in the Fleet for debt, and therefore in no condition to be deterred by the penalty of 100*l.* inflicted by the law on clergymen convicted of solemnizing clandestine marriages, tempted also by the opening made through Elliott's suspension, conceived the brilliant idea of making a kind of marriage-shops, open at all times, of their rooms in the prison, and most probably under still more *liberal* arrangements than Elliott had permitted: there was but one difficulty—the suspension from ecclesiastical functions, which was pretty sure to follow—but they knew well the state of the law; their marriages would be legal even after suspension: so, casting aside every other consideration but the gain that would accrue, they commenced marrying on the easiest terms, and, as they made a point of proclaiming, without hindrance of business or the knowledge of friends. Their marriages soon became highly popular among certain classes of the com-

* See Burn's 'Fleet Registers;' a work to the author of which we must express our great obligations.

munity, and a fearful nuisance to others. By the beginning of the eighteenth century we find the parsons here carrying on an immense trade. In 1705, on the petition of a Mr. Ashton, complaining of divers ill practices in the Fleet, a committee examined into the subject of the famous marriages, and reported the existence of many gross abuses in the Fleet, under the sanction of the Warden. From this time some little check appears to have been placed on the latter, but, on the whole, the evils went on steadily increasing up to the period of their sudden abolition. And the nature and extent of these evils would not now be believed, but for the decisive and manifold evidence furnished by those most interesting documents the registers before referred to. Two or three hundred of the registers are large books, but the remainder, a thousand or more in number, are mere pocket-books, which the parsons or their clerks were accustomed to carry about with them to their places of business: in these they entered the particulars of the marriages immediately after the ceremony, and subsequently transcribed them, if paid to do so, into the larger registers; an arrangement that by no means prevented them from taking handsome sums for not making such additional entry when parties expressed a desire to have their marriage as secret as possible. If anything unusual occurred at a wedding, a note seems to have been commonly appended; and these notes form the most valuable and complete illustration we could desire of the system. We begin with a few extracts of a somewhat irregular nature, which may be as well dismissed first:—

"1740. Geo. Grant and Ann Gordon, bachelor and spinster: stole my clothes-brush." In the account of another marriage we find recorded, "Stole a silver spoon."

A wedding at which "the woman ran across Ludgate Hill in her shift," in pursuance of a vulgar error that a man was not liable to the debts of his wife, if he married her in this dress.

"1 Oct. 1747. John Ferren, gent., sen., of St. Andrew's, Holborn, br., and Deborah Nolan, ditto, spr. The supposed John Ferren was discovered after the ceremony were over to be in person a woman." This trick was frequently played, sometimes we presume as a joke, sometimes perhaps to endeavour to obtain the advantages before pointed out, of being supposed married in case of debt, without the danger or extreme degradation of a connexion with the low fellows who "married in common."

"Married at a barber's shop next Wilson's, viz.: one Kerrils, for half a guinea, after which it was extorted out of my pocket, and for fear of my life delivered."

"Thomas Monk Sawyer and Margaret Lawson pawned to Mr. Lilley a handkerchief and silver buttons for 2*s.*;" to help to pay the fee, no doubt. Another couple leave a "ring."

"Nov. 21, 1742. Akerman, Richard, turner, of Christ Church, batr., to Lydia Collet, (brought by) Mrs. Crooks. N.B. They behaved very vilely, and attempted to run away with Mrs. Crooks' gold ring;" lent probably for the ceremony.

"1744. Aug. 20. John Newsam, labourer, of St. James, Westr., and Ann Laycock, do., widr. and widw. They run away with the Scertifycate, and left a point of wine to pay for; they are a vile sort of people, and I will remember them of their vile usage for a achample for the same."

At a certain marriage "had a noise for four hours about the money;" another was, it appears, a "Mar^e. upon Tick;" whilst at a third "A coachman came and was half married, and would give but 3*s.* 6*d.*, and went off."

We have before referred to the frauds continually practised with regard to certificates; the following extracts will place this matter in the clearest light:—"Nov. 5, 1742. Jno. Ellis and Jane Davis, she being dead, left a house in the Market Place, Aylesbury, Two Flower Pots at the door. Wanted by ye Soror and wax work* *a sham C.* of ye nuptials, Oct. 7, 1739." And no doubt what was wanted was given; for whenever parties, from being unable to pay for indulgences, or from the parson being in a fit of repentance, are refused, it is beautiful to see the indignation which overflows in the comment on the circumstance. Here no result is stated, and therefore we may give a shrewd guess as to its nature. Another kind of application, which is of continual occurrence, is illustrated in the following: the cause of the application will be sufficiently clear; indeed, generally the matter is set down in terms too plain for our pages:—"November 5, 1742, was married Benjamin Richards, of the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, b^t., and Judith Lance, do., spin., at the Bull and Garter, and gave g & ŧ for an *ante-date* to March the 11th in the same year, which Lilley complied with and put 'em in his book accordingly, *there being a vacancy in the book suitable to the time.*" These last few significant words show even more strikingly than the numerous entries of similar cases, to what an extent the ante-dating of certificates was carried in Fleet weddings. As a fitting appendix to this part of the subject, it may be observed that even the Fleet parsons had their gradations of assurance and rascality; in the lowest deep there was still a lower. On the trial of John Miller for bigamy, it was sworn by one of the witnesses that anybody might have a certificate at a certain house for half-a-crown, without any ceremony of marriage whatever, and have their names entered in the book for as long time past as they pleased.

Another species of accommodation was that of secrecy, obtained in various ways, but chiefly by allowing parties to be married merely by their Christian names, or by names evidently fictitious:—"Sep. ye 11th, 1745. Edwd. ——— and Elizabeth ——— were married, and would not let me know their names; the man said he was a weaver, and lived in Bandyleg Walk, in the Borough." Again: "March ye 4th, 1740. William ——— and Sarah ———, he dressed in a gold waistcoat like an officer, she a beautiful young lady, with 2 fine diamond rings, and a black high crown hat, and very well dressed—at Boyce's." But there was a right and a wrong way, according to Fleet morality, of obtaining secrecy: the right being to acknowledge the desire for it, and pay accordingly; the wrong, to omit these important conditions. This consideration is evidently the moving influence in the following case, although coloured over by some virtuous indignation and pretence of injured innocence:—"June 26, 1744. Nathaniel Gilbert, gent., of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and Mary Lupton—at Oddy's. N.B. There was 5 or 6 in company; one amongst seem'd to me by his dress and behaviour to be an Irishman. He pretended to be some grand officer in the

* What "Soror and wax work" may mean we confess we are quite unable to divine. Probably the first word may be a contraction of survivor; but the general sense of the passage is evident enough.

† Private marks for the sum.

army. He ye said Irish gent. told me, before I saw the woman that was to be married, y^t^ it was a poor girl a going to be married to a common soldier; but when I came to marry them I found myself imposed upon; and having a mistrust of some Irish roguery, I took upon me to ask what ye gentleman's name was, his age, &c., and likewise the lady's name and age. Answer was made me—What was that to me? D—n me! if I did not immediately marry them he would use me ill. In short, apprehending it to be a conspiracy, I found myself obliged to marry them in terrorem." But the malicious rascal has his revenge: the notice concludes with the words, "*N.B. Some material part was omitted.*"

In other particulars respecting the performance of the ceremony, the Fleet gentry seem to have made it equally their rule, when paid for it, to suit the tastes and wishes of their customers. In one case the parties are married abroad, but registered here; in another, the lady being sick in bed, the marriage is performed in her chamber; in a third, the parties are married twice, the first time by "proxy," for which they paid "ten and sixpence per total;" and in a fourth, a curious case, a Mrs. Hussey, a Quakeress, who "could not comply with the ceremonies of our church," was "personated by Beck Mitchell;" whilst at the marriage of John Figg and Rebecca Woodward, in 1743, these men, to satisfy perhaps some religious scruple of the lady, dared, with their hands steeped in infamy, to administer the *sacrament*.

A class of marriages frequently performed here were the parish weddings, as they are called in the Register. "On Saturday last," says the 'Daily Post' of July 4, 1741, "the Churchwardens for a certain parish in the City, in order to remove a load from their own shoulders, gave 40*s*., and paid the expense of a Fleet marriage, to a miserable blind youth, known by the name of Ambrose Tully, who plays on the violin in Moorfields, in order to make a settlement on the wife and future family in Shoreditch parish. To secure their point they sent a parish officer to see the ceremony performed. One cannot but admire the ungenerous proceedings of this City parish, as well as their unjustifiable abetting and encouraging an irregularity so much and so justly complained of as these Fleet matches. Invited and uninvited were a great number of poor wretches, in order to spend the bride's future fortune." But the Overseers only followed the example set them by greater men, the Justices, who were accustomed, when certain cases came before them, to send the parties to be married off hand at the Fleet: the unwilling swain consenting rather than go to prison.

Perhaps the most painfully interesting cases are those of which the Registers furnish the fewest examples; not certainly for their unfrequency, but that they were attended by more than ordinary danger of the cognizance of the law, and were therefore, no doubt, generally omitted or stated in a way that could tell nothing to the uninitiated reader. We allude to the cases of abduction of heiresses and other young ladies of rank or respectability by sharpers, who found the Fleet a wonderful auxiliary to their operations: a moment of hesitation, and the thing was done. We have extracted in a former page the entry of the marriage of a gentleman "in a gold waistcoat like an officer" with "a beautiful young lady," who were married without declaring their surnames: added to that notice are a few words, which, in all probability, indicate a world of misery: "N.B.—There was 4 or 5 young Irish fellows *seemed to me, after the marriage* was over, to have deluded the young wo-

man." The reader will admire the parson's cautious phraseology as regards himself. In other cases there could not even be a pretence of acquiescence alleged on the part of the lady: sheer brute force was resorted to. Such a case is that mentioned in a newspaper of 1719: "One Mrs. Ann Leigh, an heiress of 200*l.* per annum, and 6000*l.* ready cash, having been decoyed away from her friends in Buckinghamshire, and married at the Fleet Chapel against her consent, we hear that the Lord-Chief-Justice Pratt hath issued out his warrant for apprehending the authors of this contrivance, who have used the young lady so barbarously that she now lies speechless."* But the worthies of the Fleet did not always content themselves with being merely the agents of the villainy of others; occasionally they got up some profitable affairs of their own. The merit of the following scheme seems to have belonged solely to one of that indefatigable body the plyers:—"On Tuesday, one Oates, a plyer for and clerk to the weddings at the 'Bull and Garter,' by the Fleet gate, was bound over to appear at the next sessions for hiring one John Fennell, a poor boy (for half-a-guinea) that sells fruit on Fleet Bridge, to personate one John Todd, and to marry a woman in his name, which he accordingly did; and, the better to accomplish this piece of villainy, the said Oates provided a blind parson for that purpose."† Whether John Todd or the lady was to be the victim of this ingenious arrangement does not appear very clear; but we may be sure the plyer knew what he was about when he laid out half-a-guinea in the affair. A more dashing and brilliant exploit is described in an interesting letter in the same newspaper of a later year, written by a lady, who having observed that a relation of hers had already fallen a victim to some of the villainous practices of the Fleet, proceeds to point out the adventure of a lady of her acquaintance. She "had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the old Playhouse in Drury Lane; but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the City. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it and jumps in after her. 'Madam,' says he, 'this coach was called for me, but since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company: I am going into the City, and will set you down wherever you please.' The lady begged to be excused; but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company, the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and black wig appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time, the Doctor was just a going.' 'The Doctor!' says she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a madhouse, 'what has the Doctor to do with me?' To marry you to that gentleman: the Doctor has waited for you three hours, *and will be payed by you* or that gentleman before you go.' 'That gentleman,' says she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged hard to be gone. But Doctor Wryneck swore she should be married, or, if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage for that night. The lady, finding she could not

* Original Weekly Journal, Sept. 26, 1719. † Grub-Street Journal, Sept. 1732.

escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, 'which,' says she, 'was my mother's gift on her death-bed, enjoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring.' By which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black Doctor and his tawny crew." The cunning, however, might have been spared; the knaves had obtained, no doubt, the kind of success they alone anticipated. Inferior spirits must have looked upon these exploits with envy, and have half grown ashamed of their own little trick of putting back the clocks after the regular hour when a passing sailor and his companion looked more than usually hymeneally inclined, and other manœuvres of the like kind.

From the preceding statement the general character and habits of the clergy of the Fleet will appear in tolerably vivid colours; an immense amount of additional evidence might be adduced to the same effect, showing them before the magistrates, convicted of swearing, of selling liquors, or for some of the drunken practices already described; here we find one marrying in his night-gown, there another hiccupping out the words of the service, while a third eks out a scanty living by mendicancy: but sufficient has been given to show the operation of the general system, and we, therefore, close our view of the worst evils existing up to the middle of the last century, with a brief notice of some of the individuals who stood out most conspicuously among the actors. Dr. Gaynam, or Gainham, who is said to have been the gentleman emphatically denominated the Bishop of Hell, married here from about 1709 to 1740. He seems to have been proud of his learning, and not at all uneasy as to his vocation; for when, on a trial for bigamy, he was asked if he was not ashamed to come and own a clandestine marriage in the face of a court of justice, he answered, with a polite bow, "*Video meliora, deteriora sequor.*" The extent of his business is vaguely shown in a remark he made on another and similar trial, when it was observed that it was strange he could not remember the prisoners, whom he professed to have married. "Can I remember persons?" was the reply—"I have married 2000 since that time." Next in reputation to him, but after the Doctor's death, was Edward Ashwell, who died within the Rules of the Fleet in 1746, a "notorious rogue and impostor," and an audacious villain, who was really not in orders, but who preached when he could get a pulpit: such at least is the character given him in a letter in the Lansdowne MSS. William Wyatt appears to have practised here from 1713 to 1750. His is a curious case. In one of his pocket-book Registers, under the date 1736, we have the following memoranda of a kind of conversational argument between Mr. Wyatt's conscience and interests:—"Give to every man his due, and learn the way of Truth," says Conscience. Reply: "This advice cannot be taken by those that are concerned in the Fleet Marriages; not so much as ye priest can do ye thing y^t^ is just and right there, unless he designs to starve. For, by lying, bullying, and swearing, to extort money from the silly and unwary people, you advance your business and gets ye pelf, which always wastes like snow in sun-shiny day." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," continues Conscience; "the marrying in the Fleet is the beginning of eternal woe." There is no denying the truth of the remark; on the contrary, Conscience's antagonist, giving up the contest, despondingly acknowledges—"If a clerk or plyer tells a lie, you must vouch it

to be as true as the Gospel; and, if disputed, you must affirm, with an oath, to ye truth of a downright d—— falsehood." Then, after a scrap of Latin, the whole ends with the prayer—"May God forgive me what is past, and give me grace to forsake such a wicked place, where truth and virtue can't take place unless you are resolved to starve." The commentary on this is the fact that business went on so prosperously that, in 1748, we find poor conscience-stricken Wyatt receiving his 57*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* for a single month's marriages, merely, no doubt, to keep him from "starving;" and that, in the same year, he set up an opposition chapel in May Fair, in the very teeth of the great man of the place, Keith. Among other parsons of the Fleet who may be summarily passed over are, William Dare, who married from 150 to 200 couple per month, and kept a curate to assist him; John Floud, who married not only at the Fleet, but also at the King's Bench, and the Mint, in Southwark; James Lando, whose advertisement we transcribed verbatim in the commencement of our paper; Shadwell, a blind parson; and a host of others. But the greatest is yet behind; this was the far-famed Alexander Keith, the man who, in a published pamphlet against the Act of 1753, could say with some truth, "If the present Act, in the form it now stands, should (which I deem impossible) be of service to my country, I shall then have the satisfaction of having been *the occasion of it*, because the compilers thereof have done it with a pure design of suppressing my chapel, which makes me the most celebrated man in this kingdom, though," he adds, with delightful modesty, "not the greatest." His principal place was in May Fair, where a chapel had been built about 1730, and himself chosen to officiate; and where he added a new feature to the old system of Fleet Marriages, that of making clandestine marriages fashionable.* He was excommunicated in 1742, and committed to the Fleet in the following year, where, like other great men, he made his very misfortunes, as he, of course, deemed them, redound to his wealth and fame. He opened a little chapel in the Fleet, and commenced a thriving trade there, in addition to his May Fair business, which he kept going on without interruption through the agency of curates. Not the less, however, did he esteem himself a martyr to the cause. His wife died whilst he was in the Fleet, and he had her embalmed, and placed in a kind of funereal state, at an apothecary's in South Audley-street, in order, as he informed the public, to keep her till he could attend the funeral. Previously, also, one of his sons died here, and the corpse was carried on a bier by two men from the prison to Covent-garden, the procession stopping continually on the way, to enable the public to read the inscription on the coffin, "which referred to the father's persecution." We may add, that Keith himself died in the Fleet in 1758.

Of course, the state of things indicated in the foregoing pages did not escape all notice of the Legislature, or of the ecclesiastical authorities. The latter occasionally suspended a parson or two, and the former passed Acts equally inefficient in practice. Among these may be mentioned the Act of 1712, which ordered offenders to be removed to the County Gaol; and which, if energetically carried out, must, one would suppose, have been effectual. But no substantial remedy was made or thought of, apparently, till the growth of that feature of the system already alluded to, its becoming fashionable, alarmed the heads of the

* See 'Strawberry Hill,' vol. iii., p. 110.

aristocracy for the safety of their own sons and daughters. And in 1744 the marriage of the Hon. Henry Fox with the daughter of the Duke of Richmond* excited a great deal of comment, and a sweeping alteration of the law was talked of. But the immediate cause of the famous Marriage Bill is said, by Horace Walpole, to have been a case which came before Lord Bath, in a Scotch cause, where a man, after a marriage of thirty years, was claimed by another woman, on the ground of a (clandestine) pre-contract. But however that may be, the bill, as it was sent down to Parliament, became a complete battle-ground for party, and gave rise to some of the most curious and interesting of parliamentary debates.

In a letter from Walpole to the Honourable Henry Seymour Conway, dated Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1753, that most delightful of gossipers writes:—"It is well you are married. How would my Lady Aylesbury† have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn the weeds for ever, rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony. What do *you* think? But you will want to know the interpretation of this new preamble. Why, there is a new bill, which, under the notion of Clandestine Marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every dowager and H——, will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this bill, but had drawn it so ill that the Chancellor (Hardwicke) was forced to draw a new one; and then grew so fond of his own creature, that he has crammed it down the throats of both Houses, though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it." In his 'Memoirs of the Reign of George II.,' Walpole has given a complete history of the progress of this bill, including his own views upon it. It may be interesting at the present day to see what could make such a man so determined an opponent of a bill which in its chief features, as regards the prevention of clandestine marriages, is not only still in force, but so completely acquiesced in as to be unquestioned.

"It was amazing," he says, "in a country where liberty gives choice, where trade and money confer equality, and where facility of marriage had always produced populousness—it was amazing to see a law promulgated that cramped inclination, that discountenanced matrimony, and that seemed to annex as sacred privileges to birth as could be devised in the proudest, poorest little Italian principality; and as if the artificer had been a Teutonic Margrave, not a little lawyer who had raised himself by his industry from the very lees of the people, and who had matched his own blood with the great house of Kent.‡ The abuse of pre-contracts had occasioned the demand of a remedy; the physician immediately prescribes medicines for every ailment to which the ceremony of marriage was or could be supposed liable. Publication of banns was already an established ordinance, but totally in disuse except amongst the inferior people, who did not blush to obey the law. Persons of quality, who proclaimed every other

* The eminent statesman Charles James Fox was the offspring of this marriage.

† Conway had married the widow of the Earl of Aylesbury.

‡ It seems Walpole could be as slanderous as anybody when he pleased. Lord Hardwicke's father was an attorney; yet it is certainly the Chancellor to whom he refers, whose son married the daughter of the Earl of Breadalbane, the last representative of the "great house of Kent."

step of their conjugation by the most public parade, were ashamed to have the intention of it notified, and were constantly married by special licence. Unsuitable matches, in a country where the passions are not impetuous, and where it is neither easy nor customary to tyrannize over the inclinations of children, were by no means frequent: the most disproportioned alliances, those contracted by age, by dowagers, were without the scope of this Bill. Yet the new Act set out with a falsehood, declaiming against clandestine marriages as if they had been a frequent evil. The greatest abuse were the temporary weddings clapped up in the Fleet, [we began to think the historian had altogether forgotten these,] and by one Keith, who had constructed a very bishopric for revenue in May Fair, by performing that charitable function for a trifling sum, which the poor successors of the Apostles are seldom humble enough to perform out of duty. The new Bill enjoined indispensable publication of banns, yet took away their validity, if parents, nay, if even guardians, signified their dissent where the parties should be under age—a very novel power; but guardians are a limb of Chancery! The Archbishop's (of Canterbury) licence was indeed reserved to him. A more arbitrary spirit was still behind: persons solemnizing marriages without these previous steps were sentenced to transportation, and the marriage was to be effectually null, so close did congenial law clip the wings of the prostrate priesthood. And as if such rigour did not sufficiently describe its fountain and its destination, it was expressly specified, that where a mother or a guardian should be *non compos*, resort might be had to the Chancellor himself for licence. Contracts and pre-contracts, other flowers of ecclesiastical prerogative, were to be totally invalid, and their obligations abolished: and the gentle institution was wound up with the penalty of death for all forgeries in breach of this statute of modern Draco." No consideration of the character and abilities of the writer can prevent one now from smiling at the absurdity of all these invectives against a Bill evidently admirably adapted for curing the evils we have endeavoured to point out, or from feeling something akin to indignation at the gross injustice shown to its author, the great Chancellor Hardwicke, whose very merit, that of probing the mischief to the bottom, and providing a suitable remedy, is here made his crime. But in the House of Commons some of the most distinguished members did not hesitate to give utterance to even wilder opinions upon the necessity or consequence of the measure. "I must look upon this Bill," said Mr. Charles Townshend, "as one of the most cruel enterprises against the fair sex that ever entered into the heart of man; and if I were concerned in promoting it, I should expect to have my eyes torn out by the young women of the first country town I passed through: for against such an enemy I could not surely hope for the protection of the gentlemen of our army." A Captain Saunders gave as his reason for voting against the Bill the case of sailors; which he illustrated by remarking that he had once given forty of his crew leave to go on shore, and the whole returned married! And not sailors only, it was carefully pointed out, would be hindered in their endeavours to obtain the comforts of wedlock, but the whole tribe of sailors, soldiers, waggoners, stage-coachmen, pedlars, &c. &c. Mr. Robert Nugent, who spoke with great energy, humour, and some little indecency, observed, "It is certain that proclamation of banns and a public marriage is against the genius and nature

of our people;" and that "it shocks the modesty of a young girl to have it proclaimed through the parish that she is going to be married; and a young fellow does not like to be exposed so long beforehand to the jeers of all his companions." Now there is so much force in this complaint, that the proposed Bill, by admitting of marriage by licence, to be obtained only at a considerable expense, did expose the poor, *and the poor only*, to whatever unpleasantness might be attached to banns: and we need not add that this inequality remains to the present day. One of the objections that the promoters of the Bill seem to have most dreaded was the prevalent belief in the sanctity of the marriage vow, no matter under what circumstances, legal or otherwise, it had been taken, and this plea was made some use of. Another objection was, that the Bill would increase the facilities for seduction, by giving the seducer an ever-ready excuse of the danger that might accrue to him from an immediate marriage; and certainly there is something in the objection. But the grand mischief that was pointed out was the aristocratic tendency of the whole measure. It was looked on by the opposition generally as initiated by and brought in for the especial benefit of the titled classes, enabling them to close their order, almost hermetically, against the approaches of any less privileged persons as wooers of their children—a kind of new game-law to prevent poaching on their preserves. "I may prophesy," says Mr. Nugent, "that if the Bill passes into a law, no commoner will ever marry a rich heiress unless his father be a minister of state, nor will a peer's eldest son marry the daughter of a commoner unless she be a rich heiress." And what was all this about? Simply because the law obliged both the rich heiress and the peer's son to wait till they were of age, when they might, as before, marry whomsoever they pleased! Upon the whole, the discussions on the Marriage Bill seem to us one of the most striking cases on record of the blinding and mischievous effects of party spirit.

Among the opponents in the House of Commons we must not forget to mention the Right Hon. Henry Fox, a member of the Government, and the same gentleman we have before mentioned as availing himself of the Fleet accommodations. His conduct on the present occasion made him so popular, that the mob took the horses from his carriage as he passed to and from the House, and drew it themselves. In the common sense of the term, it could hardly be said to have been party spirit that made him so inveterate; but his speeches furnish the explanation. In the debates he attacked the Chancellor personally, under a thin veil, with the greatest virulence. Some kind of intimation, it is probable, was given him from a very high quarter, that his remarks had given offence; a circumstance that will explain his half apology on the third reading, and the otherwise mysterious allusions in the Chancellor's terrible retaliation. Walpole thus describes the third reading:—"June 4th. The Marriage Bill was read for the last time. Mr. Charles Townshend again opposed it with as much argument as before with wit. Mr. Fox, with still more wit, ridiculed it for an hour and a half. Notwithstanding the Chancellor's obstinacy in maintaining it, and the care he had bestowed upon it, it was still so incorrect and so rigorous that its very body-guards (the Solicitor and Attorney Generals) had been forced to make or to submit to many amendments: these were inserted in Mr. Fox's copy in red ink: the Solicitor-General, who sat near him as he was speaking, said, 'How

bloody it looks!' Fox took this with spirit, and said, 'Yes, but you cannot say I did it: *look what a rent the learned Casca made* (this alluded to the Attorney); '*through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed*'—Mr. Pelham. However, he finished with earnest declarations 'of not having designed to abuse the Chancellor,' and affirming that it was scandalous to pass the bill; but it was passed by 125 votes to 56. On the 6th the bill returned to the Lords, where, after some ineffectual opposition, the Chancellor rose, and after referring to the proper character of the opposition in that House, said, what 'he had to complain of had passed without those walls, and in another place. That as to the young man (Charles Townshend), youth and parts require beauty and riches, flesh and blood inspire such thoughts, and therefore he excused him; but men of riper years and graver, had opposed; that the first (the Speaker) was a good, well-meaning man, but had been abused by words; that another (Fox), dark, gloomy, insidious genius, who was an engine of personality and faction, had been making connexions, and trying to form a party, but his designs had been seen through and defeated. That in this country you must govern by force or law; it was easy to know that person's principles, which were, to govern by arbitrary force. That the King speaks through the Seals, and is represented by the Chancellor and the Judges in the courts, where the majesty of the King resides; that such attacks on the Chancellor and the law were flying in the face of the King; that this behaviour was not liked; that it had been taken up with dignity, and that the incendiary had been properly reproved; that this was not the way to popularity or favour, and that he could take upon him to say that person knows so by this time; a beam of light had broken in upon him; [in allusion to Fox's late disclaimer;] but, concluded he, I despise his servility as much as his adulation and retraction.' This philippic over, the bill passed."* Fox was in Vauxhall Gardens when the particulars of the attack, and the half-hinted threat that he would be turned out of the ministry, reached him; he regretted to those around him that, on account of the close of the Session on the morrow, he could not answer it in a fitting manner.

Out of doors the merits or demerits of the bill had been no less hotly debated. It is tolerably evident the great majority were decidedly opposed to the measure; they had, we presume, become so accustomed to the conveniences of the Fleet, as to have tacitly agreed to overlook its numerous evils. Hand-bills were distributed about the streets both for and against it, and among the pamphleteers who took up the cudgels was Keith himself, who published 'Observations on the Act for preventing Clandestine Marriages,' with a portrait of "the Rev. Mr. Keith, D.D.," prefixed. The whole of his philosophy on the subject of Marriage is in admirable harmony with his life, and may be thus summed up in his own words—"Happy is the wooing *that is not long a-doing*, is an old proverb and a very true one, but we shall have no occasion for it after the 25th day of March, when we are commanded to read it backwards; and from that period (fatal indeed to Old England!) we must date the declension of the numbers of the inhabitants of England." As we have seen, however, not even Keith's eloquence prevailed; and he was obliged to content himself with the consolations of his wit, and the independency which he was accumulating during the interval. "I shall

* Walpole.

only tell you a *bon-mot* of Keith's, the marriage-broker," says Walpole in a letter to George Montague, Esq., "and conclude. D—— the Bishops! said he (I beg Miss Montague's pardon), so they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I 'll be revenged: I 'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by G—— I 'll underbury them all." With regard to the other matter, his independency, we find in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1753, the following paragraph:—"By letters from divers parts we have advice that the reading of the Marriage Act in churches has produced a wonderful effect in the minds of the fair sex. We have been furnished with a catalogue of marriages, of an almost incredible length, and it may not be improper to inform the public that Mr. Keith (against whom the bill was levelled for illegal marriages) is at length so far reconciled to this new law as to confess it a most happy event for supplying him with an independency in a few months; having, in one day, from eight in the morning till eight at night, married 173 couple." The last day of this pleasant state of things was the 24th of March, when nearly 100 couple were married by Keith; and in one of the Fleet registers we find, under the same date, no less than 217 marriages: a fitting conclusion of the Fleet Weddings.

[Right Hon. Henry Fox.]

[Exterior View of the Abbey.]

LXXX.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No. I.—General History.

Perhaps the highest development of art is that which, in its effect on the mind, approaches the nearest to the sublimities of nature. The emotions, for instance, raised on seeing for the first time the sea, that broad expanse of waters which the skies alone seem large enough to encompass, or in gazing once in a lifetime on the hills of the Alps, towering upwards till they are lost in the clouds, and connecting, to the eye of imagination, earth with heaven, are evidently kindred in their nature to the impressions produced on walking under similar novelty of circumstance through the long-drawn aisles of a great cathedral: we have the same sense of wonder, admiration, and awe; the same elevation of spirit above the ordinary level; and the same consciousness how still inadequate are our powers to measure the spiritual heights and depths of the mysterious grandeur before us. And in whatever shape art delights to manifest itself, whether in the poem, the picture, or the oratorio, its loftiest creations may be always tested by the presence and intensity of this power; but to architecture alone is it given to exercise it with almost universal sway. In poetry, painting, and not unfrequently in music, the perception of true sublimity is perhaps, to all but highly instructed minds, the last mental operation of the reader, spectator, or listener; in architecture it is the first. It were absurd to place Prometheus or Lear—the Cartoons or the paintings of the Sistine Chapel—before an uneducated rustic, or, except in peculiar cases, to endeavour to make him appreciate suddenly the music of the Messiah; but take the same man, with no other idea of an abbey than as a something vastly bigger than his own parish church, and place him in the edifice before us, dark indeed must be his soul if, as he looks around, a divine ray does not enter into it; if he feels not, in however imperfect and transitory a manner, the influence of the sublime.

The early history of all these structures bears a strangely harmonious relation to their aspect. What we now look upon almost as miracles of human genius were in the days of their foundation really esteemed as works in or connected with which a higher than human agency was visible; and it is for that very reason perhaps that so little of their glory was attributed to the architects, and that the names of the latter have been allowed—"willingly" for aught that appears—"to die." Their antiquity, again, is so great as to take us back into the period when the boundaries of history and fable were but as yet very imperfectly understood by our historians; although the admitted facts of the former might well have been sufficient to save them from any such additions. The cathedrals of England are the great landmarks of the progress in this country of the grandest scheme of regeneration ever revealed to man; almost every step of which they illustrate. In Canterbury Cathedral you tread upon the foundations of what is maintained by some to be the first Christian church ever erected in this country, whilst the Cathedral itself dates from the time of Augustine, who may be said to have really established Christianity among us; in Worcester you behold the memorial of the extension of the new religion into another of the great kingdoms of the Heptarchy, Mercia, and its reception by the Kings; whilst in Westminster you are reminded of the activity of Dunstan and the period when the different and contentious kingdoms had all been consolidated into one, acknowledging generally the Christian faith.

From the tangled web of fact and fiction which our records of the foundation of Westminster Abbey present, it is hopeless to attempt to learn the simple truth. Sporley, a monk of the Abbey, who lived about 1450, describes it as erected at the period when King Lucius is said to have embraced Christianity, about the year 184. He adds that, in the persecution of the Christians in Britain during the reign of the Roman Emperor Diocletian (about the beginning of the fourth century), the Church was converted into a Temple of Apollo. But John Flete, the monk of the same Abbey of a much earlier date, from whom Sporley is understood to have derived his materials, seems, in the following passage, to refer the erection of the Temple of Apollo to a later era, to the fifth or, perhaps, the sixth century, when the Saxons poured in their hordes upon the devoted islanders. He says, "The British religion and justice decaying sensibly, there landed in all parts of Britain a prodigious number of Pagan Saxons and Angles, who at length overspreading the whole island, and becoming masters of it, they, according to the custom of their country, erected to their idols fanes and altars in several parts of the land, and, overthrowing the Christian churches, drove them from their worship and spread their Pagan rites all around the country. Thus was restored the old abomination wherever the Britons were expelled their place; London worships Diana, and the suburbs of Thorney offer incense to Apollo." Wren, during the rebuilding of St. Paul's, took great pains to investigate the truth of the story as respects that edifice, and ended in being very incredulous concerning both. And as to St. Paul's, his argument, no doubt, is sufficiently forcible, having "changed all the foundations" of the old church, and found no traces of any such temple, whilst satisfied that "the least fragment of cornice or capital would demonstrate their handiwork." But he had not the same opportunity of examining the foundations of Westminster Abbey, and most devoutly it is to be

hoped that no one ever will have, arising, as the opportunity must, from the destruction of the existing edifice. Under these circumstances Wren is hardly justified in taking it for granted that the story of Apollo and the Abbey was merely made up by the monks in rivalry to the traditions of Diana and St. Paul's. The matter is buried in obscurity, and, for any proof that appears, to this hour the foundations of the Pagan shrine may lie below those of the Christian. Flete adds to the statement given, that the temple was overthrown and the purer worship restored by Sebert, with whose name the more undoubted history may be said to commence. Yet even Sebert is so much a matter of question, that, whilst some old writers call him a citizen of London, others say—apparently with truth, from the care taken of his tomb through all the rebuildings—it was Sebert, King of the East Saxons in the beginning of the seventh century, and nephew of Ethelbert. Mellitus was then Bishop of London, and encouraged, if he did not instigate, Sebert to the pious work; which, indeed, has been attributed wholly to him. The place—a "terrible" one, as an old writer calls it—was overrun with thorns, and surrounded by a small branch of the Thames; hence the name Thorney Island. Malcolm, having one day mounted to the top of the northernmost of the two western towers, professes to have been able to trace clearly the old boundaries of the island. Here the Church, or *Minster*, was built, *West* of London, from which circumstance the Abbey and the district now derive their appellation. It was to be dedicated to St. Peter, and the preparations were already made for that august ceremony, when, according to the relation of several writers, whose fidelity we leave our readers to judge of, the Apostle himself appeared on the opposite bank of the Thames, and requested a fisherman to take him over. There he was desired to wait while St. Peter, accompanied with an innumerable host from heaven singing choral hymns, performed the ceremony of dedication to himself; the Church, meanwhile, being lighted up by a supernatural radiance. On the return of St. Peter to the astonished fisherman he quieted the latter's alarm, and announced himself in his proper character; bidding him, at the same time, go to Mellitus at daybreak to inform him of what had passed, and to state that, in corroboration of his story, the Bishop would find marks of the consecration on the walls of the edifice. To satisfy the fisherman he ordered him to cast his nets into the river, and present one of the fish he should take to Mellitus; he also told him that neither he nor his brethren should want fish so long as they presented a tenth to the Church just dedicated; and then suddenly disappeared. The fisherman threw his nets, and, as might have been expected, found a miraculous draught, consisting of the finest salmon. When Mellitus, in pursuance of the Apostle's mandate, went to examine the Church he found marks of the extinguished tapers and of the chrism. Mellitus in consequence contented himself with the celebration of Mass. We may smile now at such a story; but there is no doubt whatever that for ages it obtained general credibility. Six centuries after a dispute took place between the convent and the parson of Rotherhithe, the former claiming a tenth of all the salmon caught in the latter's parish, on the express ground that St. Peter had given it to them; eventually a compromise was agreed to for a twentieth. Still later, or towards the close of the fourteenth century, it appears fishermen were accustomed to bring salmon to be offered on the high altar, the donor on such occasion having

the privilege of sitting at the convent table to dinner, and demanding ale and bread from the cellarer.

From the time of Sebert to that of the Confessor the history of the Abbey continues still uncertain. There are in existence certain charters which, could they be depended upon, would give us all the information we could reasonably desire. And, although the best authorities seem to think they are not to be so depended upon, yet their arguments apply rather to the property concerned than to any mere historical facts. For when these ingenious monks took the bold step of forging such important documents, supposing them to have done so, they would assuredly take care to be as precise as it was possible to the known incidents connected with the history of their house, and of course they were in possession of the best information. The first of the charters is one granted by King Edgar, 951, directing the reformation of the monastery by Dunstan, which had been previously destroyed or greatly injured by the Danes, and confirming privileges said to have been granted by King Offa, who, after the decay of the church consequent on the death of Sebert, and the partial relapse of the people into heathenism under the rule of his sons, had, says Sulcardus, restored and enlarged the church, collected a parcel of monks, and, having a great reverence for St. Peter, honoured it by depositing there the coronation robes and regalia. Another charter by Edgar, one of the most splendid of supposed Saxon MSS., among a variety of other particulars agreeing with the account we have given, ascribes Sebert's foundation to the year 604. This, and a charter by Dunstan, are preserved among the archives of the Abbey. Dunstan's charter names Alfred among the benefactors to Westminster. According to William of Malmsbury and another writer, the church having at this period been restored, Dunstan brought hither twelve (Benedictine) monks, and made one of his favourites, Wulsinus, a man whom he is said to have shorn a monk with his own hands, Abbot.

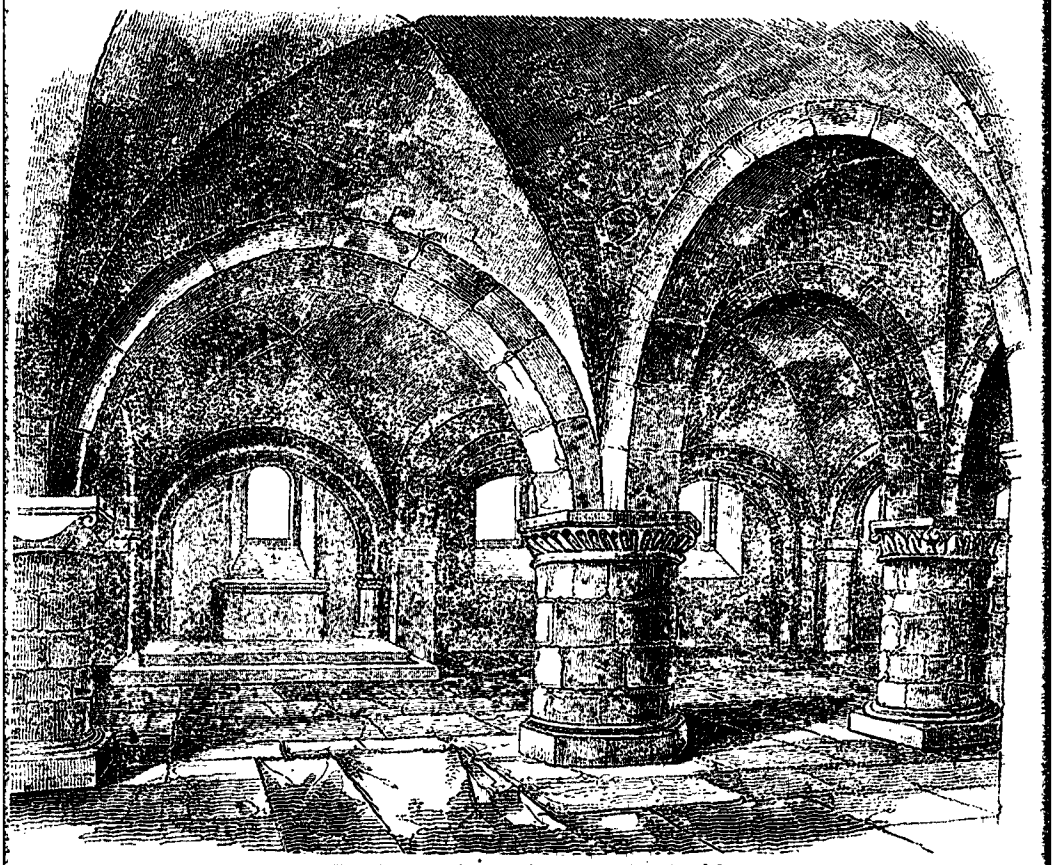
Still the Abbey-church and buildings were but small, and comparatively unworthy of the distinguished honour which St. Peter had so condescendingly conferred; and the monks no doubt pondered over the means by which a more magnificent structure might be obtained. An opportunity at last offered in the reign of the Confessor. Whilst Edward was in exile during the Danish usurpation, he vowed a pilgrimage to Rome, if God should please to restore him to his crown. He was restored; and then, mindful of his vow, assembled his principal nobility soon after his coronation, and declared his purpose. By them he was persuaded, however, to send an embassy to Rome to procure absolution from the vow. The embassy was successful; and the Pope merely enjoined that the King should spend the sums intended for his journey in the foundation or reparation of some religious house dedicated to St. Peter. It was precisely at the time these particulars got abroad that a monk of Westminster Abbey, named Wulsine, a man of great simplicity of manners and sanctity, had a remarkable dream. Whilst asleep one day, St. Peter appeared to him, to bid him acquaint the King that he should restore his (Wulsine's) church: and, with that noticeable minuteness which characterises unfortunately only those stories of our early times which we are most disposed to doubt, we have the very words of the Apostle recorded:—"There is," said he, "a place of mine in the west part of

London, which I chose, and love, and which I formerly consecrated with my own hands, honoured with my presence, and made illustrious by my miracles. The name of the place is Thorney; which, having, for the sins of the people, been given to the power of the barbarians, from rich is become poor, from stately low, and from honourable is made despicable. This let the King, by my command, restore and make a dwelling of monks, stately build, and amply endow: it shall be no less than the house of God and the gates of Heaven."* The dream was no doubt just the thing for the credulous monarch, who might have been otherwise puzzled where to bestow his benefactions, and he immediately commenced his task in an earnest and magnificent spirit. Instead of confining himself to the expenditure enjoined, he ordered a tenth part of his property of every kind to be set apart for the new abbey; he enlarged the number of monks; a new and no doubt grander style of architecture was adopted—Matthew Paris says it was built *novo compositionis genere;* and, when the whole was finished, bestowed on it a set of relics which were alone sufficient in the eleventh century to make the fortune of any monastery, and which must have rendered Westminster the envy of most of the other religious houses of Britain. They comprised, says Dart, in his history of the Abbey, "part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and also of the frankincense offered to him by the Eastern Magi; of the table of our Lord; of the bread which he blessed; of the seat where he was presented in the Temple; of the wilderness where he fasted; of the gaol where he was imprisoned; of his undivided garment; of the sponge, lance, and scourge with which he was tortured; of the sepulchre, and cloth that bound his head;"†—and so on, through not only Christ's own history, but, in a lesser degree, through that of his mother, his apostles, and the most famous abbots and saints. Of the Confessor's building we have fortunately an interesting and perfect remain in the Pix Office and the adjoining parts against the east cloister and the south transept. As we may here perceive, the architecture is grand in its chief features, but strikingly plain in details, with the exception of the capitals, which are handsomely sculptured. The original edifice was built in the form of a cross, with a high central tower. When the work was finished, Edward designed its consecration under circumstances of unusual splendour. He summoned all his chief nobility and clergy to be present: but, before the time appointed, he fell ill on the evening of Christmas-day. By this time his heart was greatly set upon putting the seal to his goodly work in the manner he had designed; so he hastened his preparations; but on the day appointed, the Festival of the Innocents, he was unable to leave his chamber, consequently Queen Editha presided at the ceremony. He died almost immediately after, and was buried in the church.

From the death of the Confessor to the reign of Henry III. the history of the Abbey is chiefly confined to the lives and characters of its Abbots, of whom our space will allow us to mention only the most noticeable, and those briefly. Gervase de Blois, a natural son of King Stephen, who had well-nigh ruined the Monastery by his mal-administration, was Abbot from 1140 to 1160, and was succeeded by Laurentius, who, to a great extent, repaired the mischiefs of De

* Translation from Ailred of Riveaulx, in Neale's 'Westminster Abbey.'

† Dart's 'Westmonasterium.'



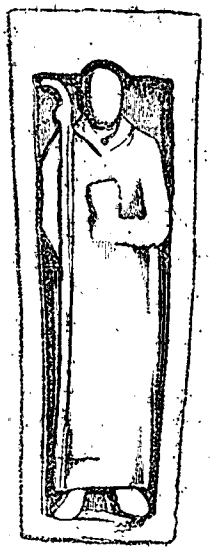
[Remains of the Confessor's Building—(Pix Office).]

Blois' abbacy, and who obtained the canonization of King Edward. He also obtained, what seems to have been a great object of ambition with the Abbots of his period, permission from the Pope to wear the mitre,* ring, and gloves, which the bishops considered especially the insignia of their superior authority, but died before he could enjoy the coveted honour. His successor, Walter, obtained the additional privilege of using the dalmatica, tunic, and sandals, and was about to exercise his privilege for the first time in a Synod, when the Pope's Nuncio, then in the Abbey, where he thought he had not been received with sufficient respect, interdicted him. Walter's abbacy is remarkable for a curious and somewhat unseemly quarrel that took place in the Abbey, at the sitting of a Synod in 1176. Holinshed writes—"About Mid-Lent the King with his son and the Legate came to London, where, at Westminster, a Convocation of the Clergy was called; but when the Legate was set, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his right hand as Primate of the realm, the Archbishop of York, coming in, and disdaining to sit on the left, where he might seem to give pre-eminence unto the Archbishop of Canterbury (unmannerly enough, indeed), swasht him down, meaning to thrust himself in betwixt the Legate and the Archbishop of Canterbury. And when belike the said Archbishop of Canterbury was loth to

* Which subsequently entitled the abbots to sit in parliament.

remove, he set himself* just in his lap; but he scarcely touched the Archbishop's skirt, when the Bishops and other Chaplains, with their servants, stept to him, pulled him away, and threw him to the ground; and, beginning to lay on him with bats and fists, the Archbishop of Canterbury, yielding good for evil, sought to save him from their hands. Thus was verified in him that sage sentence, *Nunquam periclam sine periculo vincitur.* The Archbishop of York, with his rent rochet, got up, and away he went to the King with a great complaint against the Archbishop of Canterbury. But when, upon examination of the matter, the truth was known, he was well laughed at for his labour, and that was all the remedy he got. As he departed so bebuffeted forth of the Convocation-house towards the King, they cried upon him, 'Go, traitor; thou diddest betray that holy man, Thomas: go, get thee hence; thy hands yet stink of blood!'" To what particular act of the Archbishop of York against his old enemy, Becket, the monks here allude, we know not; but the malignity of his feelings toward him is evident from various circumstances—among the rest, his notice of the murder. When the news reached him, he ascended the pulpit and announced it to the congregation as an act of Divine vengeance, saying Becket had perished in his guilt and pride like Pharaoh.

We now reach the reign of the King to whom we are indebted for the greater portion of the existing Cathedral, Henry III. From a boy he seems to have been interested in the place; for whilst yet but thirteen years old we find him called the Founder of the Lady Chapel (on the site of the present Henry VII.'s Chapel), and the first stone of which he laid on Whitsun Eve, 1221, in the abbacy of Humez. Twenty-five years afterwards Henry commenced more extensive works; he pulled down, according to Matthew Paris, the east end, the tower, and the transept, in order that they might be rebuilt in a more magnificent



(One of the early Abbots of Westminster, from the Cloisters.)

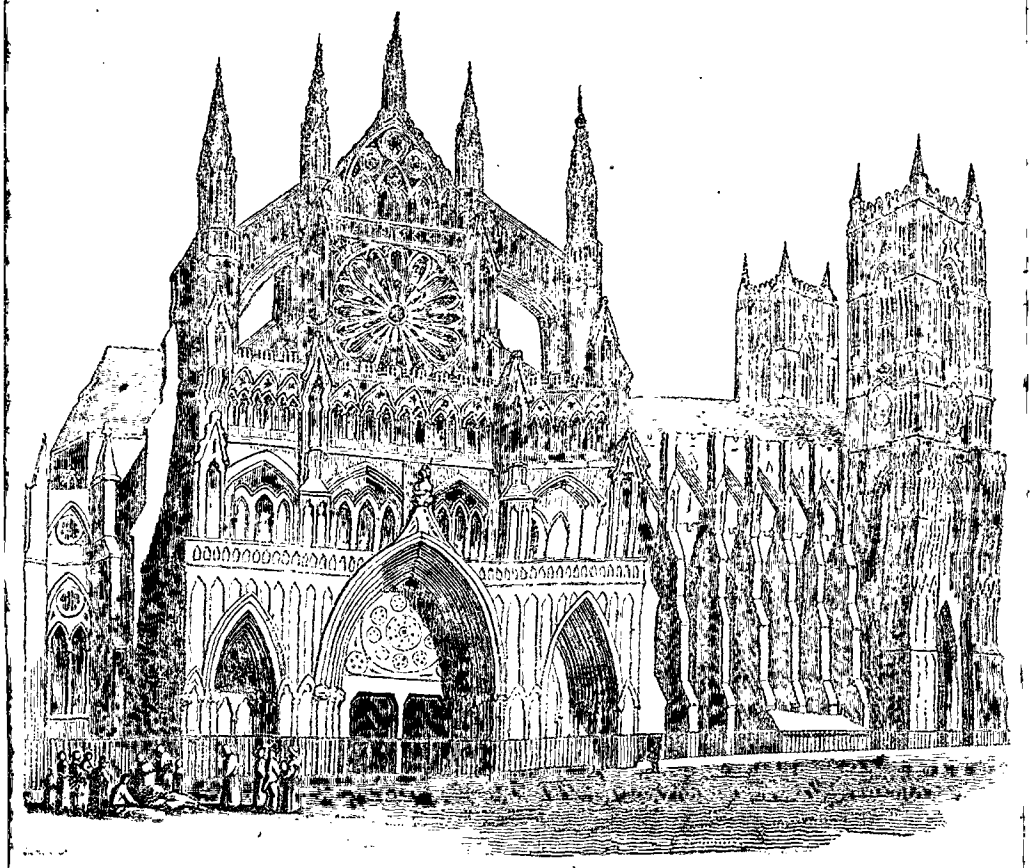
* We have taken the liberty here to alter plain-speaking Holinshed's phrase.

style. The lightness, beauty, and variety, as well as the grandeur, of pointed architecture, recently introduced, was now to be exchanged for the comparatively cumbrous and simple impressiveness of the Anglo-Norman edifice. Crokesley, at first an Archdeacon only, was made one of the Treasurers, and, probably from his zeal in the prosecution of the King's object, Abbot, on the death of Berking, in 1246. During his abbacy great progress was made. The King, among other benefactions, gave, in 1246, 2591*l.* due from the widow of one David of Oxford, a Jew; and in 1254 the Barons of the Exchequer were directed to pay annually 3000 marks. Rich ornaments also were made by his own goldsmith for the use of the Church. In the twenty-eighth year of his reign he directed Fitz Odo to make a "dragon, in manner of a standard or ensign of red samit, to be embroidered with gold, and his tongue to appear as continually moving, and his eyes of sapphires, or other stones agreeable to him, to be placed in the Church against the King's coming thither." Two years later the Keeper of the Exchequer is ordered to "buy as precious a mitre as could be found in the City of London for the Abbot of Westminster's use; and also one great crown of silver to set wax candles upon in the said Church." In addition to his own direct assistance, and the assistance of his nobles, impelled by his example, the King, no doubt at the suggestion of the Monastery, adopted a curious mode of stimulating the popular excitement on the subject, and we should suppose with the most satisfactory results. In 1247, on St. Edward's Day, he set out with his nobles in splendid procession towards St. Paul's, where he received the precious relique which had been sent for him from Jerusalem by the Masters of the Temple and the Hospitallers, and which he munificently designed to deposit in the Abbey of Westminster: this was no less than a portion of the blood which issued from Christ's wounds at the Crucifixion. It was deposited in a crystalline lens, which Henry himself bore under a canopy, supported with four staves, through the streets of London, from St. Paul's to the Abbey. His arms were supported by two nobles all the way. Holinshed says, that to "describe the whole course and order of the procession and feast kept that day would require a special treatise; but this is not to be forgotten, that the same day the Bishop of Norwich preached before the King in commendation of that relic, pronouncing six years and one hundred and sixteen days of pardon granted by the bishops there to all that came to reverence it." We need hardly add that those who did come were seldom empty-handed. To give still greater distinction to the ceremony, Henry, the same day, knighted his half-brother, William de Valence, and "divers other young bachelors." This was one mode, and, if he had faith in the essentials of the act performed, it was as cheap and efficacious as it was unobjectionable. But we cannot say so of his next act of beneficence to the Abbey. In 1248 he granted, evidently with the same object, a fair of a very extraordinary kind to the Abbot, to be held at Tut or Tot Hill, at St. Edward's tide, when all other fairs were ordered to be closed, and not only them but all the shops of London, during the several days of its continuance. The object was to draw the entire trade of London to the spot for the time; and although the citizens and merchants were much inconvenienced, the fair succeeded so well as to be repeated in 1252; "which thing, by reason of the foul weather chancing at that time, was very grievous unto them (the citizens); albeit there was such

repair of people thither, that London had not been fuller to the judgment of old ancient men never at any time in their days to their remembrance." By all these different methods, a sum of nearly 30,000*l.*—an enormous sum, if reckoned its present value—was raised, and applied to the rebuilding of the Abbey, in about fifteen years: when it was still unfinished.

The quarrels between Abbot Crokesley and the King during the latter part of the abbacy probably retarded the progress of the work. Crokesley appears to have first lost Henry's favour through a somewhat paltry act, the endeavouring to set aside an agreement made by the late Abbot to enlarge the allowance of the monks. In the course of the dispute Crokesley threatened to appeal to the Pope, whilst Henry, on his part, declared the goods of the convent to be separate from those of the Abbot, and actually caused proclamation to be made that no person should lend the Abbot money, nor take his note or seal for security. They gradually, however, became again friendly, and, in 1258, Crokesley set an example to the other religious houses of England, which, by the bye, they declined following, of assisting Henry in his struggles with De Montfort and the barons by entering into an obligation for 2500 marks. Crokesley died in 1258, and was succeeded by Philip de Lewesham, a man of such gross and corpulent body that he declined the abbacy rather than go to Rome, as usual, for confirmation, till the monks promised to send a deputation to get him excused. The deputation was sent, was successful, and returned to find the object of its labours dead. He was succeeded by Ware, who brought from Rome the materials of the beautiful mosaic pavement which lies before the altar in the choir of the Abbey. During his abbacy Henry was constrained to seek a peculiar kind of assistance from the edifice he had so enriched. Two years after the battle of Evesham, when the Earl of Gloucester seemed inclined to play by himself the game which he had helped to spoil in De Montfort's hands, the King borrowed the shrines and other jewels and relics of the Abbey, and pledged them to certain merchants. It was a dangerous act. But the King, who had so often broken faith in political matters, even when the Church had strengthened the engagement by the performance of the most solemn and awful rites, kept faith with the Church itself, and honestly redeemed and replaced the treasure.

It may be useful to see with precision how far the Abbey had now advanced, which we may easily do by an examination of the building. It will then appear that Henry erected the chapel of the Confessor, which forms the rounded end of the choir, and is properly the apsis of the building, the four chapels in the ambulatory which encompasses the latter, the choir to a spot near Newton's monument, the transepts, and probably the Chapter-house. In the reign of Edward I. a portion of the nave was completed. Edward was too busy with his Welsh and Scottish wars, we suppose, to accomplish more, though he exhibited his favour to the Abbey in a marked manner by bringing hither the most precious spoils of his warfare. In 1285, during the abbacy of Wenlock, he gave a large piece of our Saviour's cross which he had met with in Wales; and in 1296, or in 1297 as Stow has it, he offered at St. Edward's shrine the chair, containing the famous stone, sceptre, and crown of gold, of the Scottish sovereigns, which he had brought from the Abbey of Scone. In this reign two events disturbed the even tenor of the monastic life: a fire, which destroyed some of the domestic buildings,



[Front of the Northern Transept.]

in 1298, and the robbery of the King's treasure deposited in the cloisters in the care of the convent in 1303, when the Abbot and forty-eight monks were sent to the Tower, where some of them were kept for two years. In 1349 Simon Langham was elected Abbot—a man who must not be passed without brief mention. Raised by merit alone from a mean station, he enjoyed the highest honours of the State as well as of the Church; in connection with the one having held the offices of Lord Treasurer and Lord Chancellor, and with the other those of Prior and Abbot of Westminster, Bishop of London, and lastly Archbishop of Canterbury. He it was who, when Wickliff was made head of Canterbury Hall in Oxford, removed him, that the institution might be made a college of monks, and thus, it is supposed, gave the energy of personal feeling to the great Church Reformer's inquiries into religious abuses. Langham was an excellent Abbot, for he paid debts contracted by his predecessors to the amount of 2200 marks from his own purse, and in other ways so contributed to the wants and revenues of the convent, that the entire amount of his benefactions was estimated at 9,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* Part of this, we presume, was expended in carrying forward the building of the Abbey, which, in the time of his successor Litlington, received large additions; as the famous Jerusalem Chamber, the Hall of the Abbey (where now dine the boys of the Westminster School), and the Abbot's house; whilst the south and

the west sides of the great cloister were finished. The riches of the interior were also increased by this Abbot, who added many ornaments of plate and furniture. Litlington's abbacy, however, is chiefly memorable for an incident that occurred in it of no ordinary interest connected with the privilege of sanctuary,* which is supposed to have been granted by Edward the Confessor, in one of whose disputed charters the grant is found. The story is one of those romances of history which fortunately has not yet been disputed, partly perhaps from the careless way in which later writers (Pennant for instance) have mentioned it, omitting the most interesting features.

At the battle of Najara, during the campaign of the Black Prince in Spain, two of Sir John Chandos's squires, Frank de Haule and John Schakell, had the good fortune to take prisoner a Spanish nobleman of distinction, the "Count of Denia," who, according to the custom of the time, was awarded to them as their rightful prize by Sir John Chandos and the Prince himself. They took the Count to England, who, whilst there, being greatly desirous to return to Spain in order to collect the ransom-money demanded, was allowed to do so on his placing his eldest son in their hands. Either the Count forgot his son or was unable to raise the money, for years passed without news of him, and then he was dead. About this period the Duke of Lancaster was promoting, by all the means in his power, his claim to the throne of Castile, and, knowing these two squires held prisoner the Count's son, now the Count, induced the King, Richard II., and his council, to demand him from them; expecting, no doubt, to make important use of him in the advancement of his objects. The squires refused to give him up unless the ransom to which they were justly entitled was paid; and, as the prisoner could not be found, Haule and Schakell were committed to the Tower. From thence they escaped and took sanctuary at Westminster. Determined not to be baffled, John of Gaunt ordered the Constable of the Tower, Sir Alan Boxhull, and one Sir Ralph Ferrers, to pursue them with a band of armed men even into the sacred enclosure. At first they endeavoured to get them into their power by fair promises, and, with regard to Schakell, "used the matter so with him that they drew him forth" and sent him once more to his prison. Haule, however, refused to listen, and would not allow them to come within reach. They then prepared for force, when the brave but devoted squire drew a short sword from his side and kept his enemies at bay, with great address and spirit, even whilst they drove him twice round the choir. At last they got round him, and one of the assailants clove his head by a tremendous blow from behind, when the completion of the murder was easy. At the same time they slew one of the monks who interfered. All this took place in the midst of the performance of high mass. The prisoner, however, was still concealed in spite of all the efforts made to discover the place of his confinement; and partly, perhaps, from that circumstance, and partly from the odium attached to the affair by the violation of sanctuary, the Court eventually agreed to pay Schakell, for his prisoner's ransom, 500 marks in ready money and 100 annually for his life. We give the conclusion in the words of Holinshed: "This is to be noted as very strange and wonderful, that when he should bring forth his prisoner, and deliver him to the King, it was known to be the *very groom that had served him all the time of his trouble* as an hired servant,

* For an engraving of the Sanctuary Church, a separate building near the Abbey, see vol. iii. p. 9 of this work.

in prison and out of prison, and in danger of life when his other master was murdered. Whereas, if he would have uttered himself, he might have been entertained in such honourable state as for a prisoner of his degree had been requisite; so that the faithful love and assured constancy in this noble gentleman was highly commended and praised, and no less marvelled at of all men." The church was closed for four months in consequence of this profanation, and the subject brought by Litlington before Parliament, which granted a new confirmation of its privilege. Boxhull and Ferrers had to pay each a fine.

We have dwelt somewhat upon the early history of the Abbey, not only because it is the portion the most interesting, but more particularly on account of that harmonious connexion before alluded to which exists between it and the structure. Look at the cathedrals of England, and at the simplicity and comparative inefficiency of the mechanical aids at the disposal of their builders, and then, on the other hand, at our best modern churches, erected under circumstances admitting of every conceivable mechanical advantage; what is the meaning of the melancholy contrast presented? The answer will be found in our previous pages. It is not that we are poorer, or that we want apprehension of architectural grandeur, least of all that our faith is less pure than that of our forefathers; it is that we have less faith in our faith: we are, it must be confessed, more worldly. The miracles, and relics, and processions, and offerings, and privileges, that form so considerable a portion of the early records of Westminster Abbey, are no doubt absurd enough to the eye of reason; but it were still more foolish to think of them as evidences of the credulity only of our ancestors. When the artisan came and offered his day's labour once or twice in every week without remuneration, and his wife parted gladly with her solitary trinket; when the farmer gave his corn and the merchant his rich stuffs; when the noble felled his ancestral oaks, and the King decimated his possessions; when, in short, persons of all classes aided, each in the best way he could, the establishment of the new abbey or minster, and bishops might be seen in the position of the hewers of wood and drawers of water—circumstances all of more or less frequent occurrence in the history of such houses,—was it the mere vague sense of wonder and profitless admiration of miracles, relics, and processions, which moved the universal heart?—or was it not the fervour and entire devotion of men's spirits unto God, of which credulity was then but a natural, indeed inevitable, accompaniment?—Religion in the middle ages was of "imagination all compact;" and, although such a state of things could not, ought not to be permanent, we are experiencing the truth of *his* remark who overthrew it. As Luther propped us on the one side, we have fallen on the other: when shall we obtain the true balance and elevation? We must now pursue more rapidly our narration.

Litlington was succeeded by Colchester, during whose abbacy, which extended through the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V., steady progress was kept up with the west end of the church, as also during the subsequent abbacies of Harweden, Estney, in whose time the roof of the nave and the great west window were completed, and Islip, in whose abbacy the works stopped, on the completion of Henry VII.'s Chapel (the history of which will be noticed elsewhere), although the main and west towers were still unbuilt. The latter Wren supplied in a manner that, to say the least of it, does not add to his reputation;

[Abbot Colchester, from his Tomb in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist.]

the former is wanting to this hour: its square base, just appearing above the body of the building at the intersection of the transepts, provoking an unsatisfactory inquiry. Two highly-interesting incidents mark the history of the Abbey during the rule of Estney and his predecessor, Milling. On the reverse of Edward IV. in 1470, his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, took shelter in the Sanctuary, where, "in great penury, forsaken of all her friends," she gave birth to the unfortunate Edward V. Here, again, on her husband's final success, she received him in all the flush of victory, and presented the child for the first time to his father's arms; and here, lastly, when Edward was dead, took place those melancholy scenes in which the Protector Gloucester endeavoured, and successfully at last, to induce her to give up her children to his care. On one of these occasions More describes her as sitting "alow on the rushes" in her grief, to receive the embassy. The other incident to which we allude is the residence in some part of the Abbey—Stow says in the Chapel of St. Ann's, which was pulled down during the erection of Henry VII.'s building—of the great printer, Caxton, who established here the first English printing-press during the time of Abbot Estney. In his 'Cronicles of England' we read as the place of its production "th' Abbey of Westmynstre." He subsequently moved into the Almonry, that nest of vice, disease, and filth, still allowed to exist close to the chief place of national worship; and an interesting advertisement of his for the sale of some type "good cheap" is still preserved, dated from the "reed pale" there. Bagford says he also had a place in King Street adjoining.

At the Reformation Benson was Abbot, a man who will be remembered for his remark to Sir T. More, if for nothing else. The great Chancellor was placed, for a short time, in his custody, when Benson endeavoured to turn him from his

purpose of preserving a pure conscience, by showing that he must be in error, since the Council of the realm had so determined. This little revelation of the Abbot's mind may explain the favour shown to the Abbey at the period so dangerous to all such institutions. The Abbey was changed into a Cathedral, with a Bishop, Dean, and twelve Prebendaries, and a revenue of at least 586*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*,* the old revenues amounting to 3977*l.* 6*s.* 4¾*d.* according to one authority, or 3471*l.* 0*s.* 2½*d.* according to another. Benson, the late Abbot, was made Dean, the Prior and five other monks prebendaries, four more brethren became minor canons, four King's students in the universities, and the remainder were dismissed with pensions. Thirlby received the bishopric, which, however, he resigned in 1550, when it was suppressed, and the Cathedral, the following year, was included within the diocese of London.† We have not yet done with the settings-up and pullings-down of the old religion at Westminster. On Mary's accession the Abbey was restored, with Feckenham at its head, who set to work with great zeal in his new vocation. He repaired the shrine of the Confessor, provided a paschal candle, weighing three hundred pounds, which was made with great solemnity in the presence of the master and warden of the Wax-chandlers' Company; he asserted the right of sanctuary, and made the processions as magnificent as ever. It was but for a brief period. Mary died, and Elizabeth restored in effect the Cathedral foundation of her father, with the exception of the bishopric. William Bill was the new Dean. Among his successors have been Lancelot Andrews; Williams, who took so active, and to the court unpalatable, a part in the great Revolution, during which time the Abbey was several times attacked by the mob, and considerable injury done; Atterbury, the literary friend of Pope, and who was so deeply implicated in the conspiracies against George I., and in consequence deprived of his dignities and banished; Pearce, Horsley, &c.

Having devoted the present number of our publication to what we may call the General History of the Abbey, we propose to devote four others, immediately following, to the Coronations and the Burials of our Monarchs, and to the Tombs of our great men generally; in the course of which we shall have ample opportunities of noticing the chief internal features of the edifice, as well as the more remarkable events, not already mentioned, which have taken place within its walls, and which are more fitly deferred to such occasions. In the mean time let us take a short walk round the Abbey.

As we approach from Parliament Street, the exquisitely beautiful and most elaborately panelled and pinnacled architecture of the rounded end of Henry VII.'s Chapel meets the eye over the long line of St. Margaret's Church; into the burial-ground of which we step, in order to pass along the northern side of the Abbey. About the centre we pause to gaze on the blackened exterior of the front of the north transept,‡ in which, however, many of the most delicate beauties of the sculpture, as well as all the bolder outlines of the tracery and the mouldings, are distinctly and happily marked by the light colour of the project-

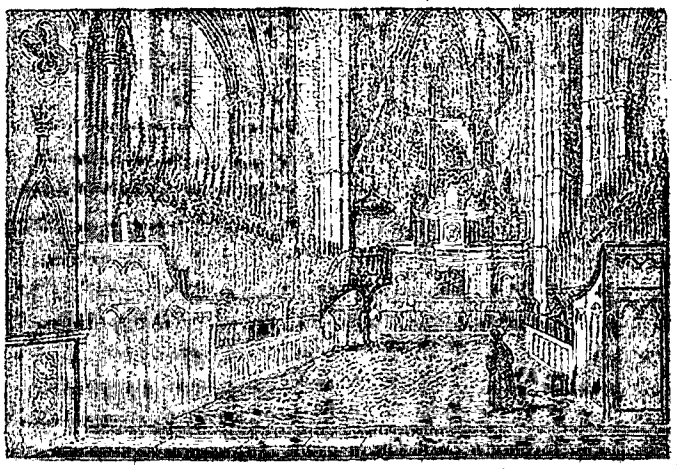
* Widmore's 'History of the Abbey:' Strype says 804*l.*

† In the arrangements that now ensued, some portion of the property of the Abbey (St. Peter's) passed to St. Paul's: whence the popular remark—robbing Peter to pay Paul.

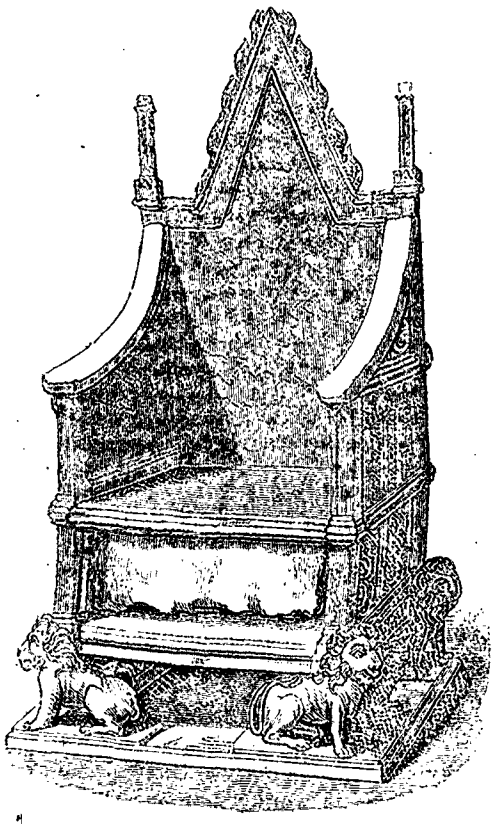
‡ See page 74.

ing edges. Time was when this front had its "statues of the twelve Apostles at full length, with a vast number of other saints and martyrs, intermixed with intaglios, devices, and abundance of fretwork," and when it was called for its extreme beauty "Solomon's Porch;" and now, even injured as it is, the whole forms a rich and beautiful façade. The rose window, thirty-two feet in diameter, was rebuilt in 1722. Beyond the transept the new appearance of a part of the exterior of the nave shows how extensive have been the reparations of recent years; and we may add the remainder shows how necessary it is to go on. As we pass round the corner towards the west front, one can hardly resist the fancy that Wren, seeing how badly the Abbey needed its deficient towers, had taken a couple from some of his City churches, and placed them here. And who could for a moment mistake the ornaments of the clock for a part of a genuine Gothic structure? At the right-hand corner of the western front, half concealing the beautiful decorations of its lower part, is the plain-looking exterior of the Jerusalem Chamber, forming, with the Hall, Dean's house, &c., a square, partly resting against the nave on the southern side of the Abbey, partly projecting beyond it. Passing along the exterior of these buildings a gateway leads into the Dean's Yard, a large quadrangle, where the modern houses contrast strangely with the ancient ones, lower portions with upper, large windows with green blinds and small rude ones scarce big enough to put one's head through, painted wooden doorways and arches so old and decayed one scarcely even ventures to guess how old they may be. From the Dean's Yard we can again approach the Abbey, the doorway in the corner at the end of the pavement on our left opening into a vaulted passage leading directly to the cloisters. From the grassy area of the latter you obtain a view, and we believe the only one, of the south transept, or rather of its upper portion. Passing along the south cloister, where the wall on your right is also the wall of the ancient refectory, to which the first doorway led, at the end you have on the right a low vaulted passage, which is considered a part of the Confessor's building, and where, in a small square called the Little Cloisters, stood the Chapel of St. Katherine, in which took place the scene between the Archbishops of York and Canterbury so dramatically described by Holinshed, and on the left the East Cloister, with the low and well-barred door leading into the chamber of the Pix, and the exquisitely beautiful but much-injured entrance to the Chapter-house. To this building, now used for the custody of records, and visited only by express permission from the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, we might devote more pages than we have words to spare: so sumptuous were its architecture and its decorations, and so interesting yet are the remains. The pavement, with its coloured tiles in heraldic and other devices, and the wall almost covered apparently with paintings, deserve even closer investigation than they have yet received. It is also rich in its curiosities; here is, perhaps, the most valuable ancient historical document possessed by any nation in the world, the Domesday Book, in such exquisite preservation, and its calligraphy so perfect, that it scarcely appears as many years old as it is centuries. The large gold seal appended to the treaty between Henry VIII. and Francis is not only interesting for its associations, but for its intrinsic merit. The sculptor was no less than Cellini. Passing through the Chapter-house, and turning round to

look at the exterior of the building we have quitted, the most melancholy-looking part of the Abbey is before us; and it is that which is necessarily the most seen, standing as it does against the entrance to Poets' Corner. The magnificent windows bricked and plastered up, two or three smaller ones being formed instead in the hideous walls which fill them, and the dilapidated, neglected aspect of the whole, are truly humiliating. And what a contrast to the visitor who has just passed Henry VII.'s Chapel! It is fortunate we can so soon forget it, and all other jarring associations: a few steps—and we are in the Abbey, and—out of the world.



[Interior of the Abbey.]



[The Coronation Chair.]

LXXXI.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No. II.—The Coronation Chair.

In accompanying a group of visitors to the Abbey, along the usual route of inspection, one may easily see where lies the chief object of attraction. Not in Poets' Corner,—that they have had plenty of time to examine previously;—not in the antique-looking chapels, with their interesting tombs, of the Ambulatory;—not even in the "world's wonder," Henry VII.'s Chapel, for the very extent and multiplicity of its attractions render any attempt to investigate them during the brief period allowed ridiculous;—no; but as we are whirled along from object to object, the victims apparently of some resistless destiny, in the shape of a guide which allows us nowhere to rest; and the mind, at first active, eager, and enthusiastic, endeavouring to understand and appreciate all, has at last ceased to trouble itself about any, and left the enjoyment, such as it is, to the eye, we are suddenly roused by the sight of one object, the Coronation Chair! We are at

once rebellious to our guide, or would be, but that he, with true statesmanlike craft, knows where to yield as well as where to resist: here he even submits to pause while questions are asked and answered, old memories revived, historical facts and fictions canvassed to and fro—till, in short, we achieve in this single instance the object we came for with respect to the entire Abbey. And the few and the many are alike interested: whilst the last have visions of the most gorgeous pomp and dazzling splendour rise before them in connexion with the coronation ceremony, the first are insensibly led to reflect on the varied character and influences of the many different sovereigns who have, in this place, and seated in that chair, had the mighty English sceptre intrusted to their hands. The very contrasts between one occupant and the next, through the greater part of the history of our kings, taken in connexion with their effects on the national destinies, would furnish matter for a goodly kind of biographical history, a book that should be more interesting than ninety-nine out of every hundred works of fiction. Recall but a few of these contrasts: the great warrior and greater statesman, Edward I., and the contemptible, favourite-ridden Edward II.; the conqueror of Cressy, with French and English sovereigns prisoners at his court, and the conquered, without a battle, of Bolingbroke, acknowledging allegiance to his born subject; the pitiful Henry VI. and the pitiless Richard III.; the crafty, but not cruel, Henry VII., and the cruel but scarcely crafty Henry VIII.; the gentle Edward and the bigoted Mary; the masculine-minded Elizabeth, and the effeminate-minded James; the gay irreligious Charles, and his gloomily pious brother: one could really fancy, as we look over the list of sovereigns, that there has been but one principle upon which they have been agreed, and that is, that each of them would be as little as possible like his or her immediate predecessor. If the history of the chair extended no further back than to the first of these monarchs, Edward I., who placed it here, it would be difficult to find another object so utterly uninteresting in itself, which should be so interesting from its associations; but in its history, or at least in that of the stone beneath its seat, Edward I. appears almost a modern. Without pinning our faith upon the traditions which our forefathers found it not at all difficult to believe in—traditions which make this stone the very one that Jacob laid his head upon the memorable night of his dream—or without absolutely admitting with one story, that this is "the fatal marble chair" which Gathelus, son to Cecrops, King of Athens, carried from Egypt into Spain, and which then found its way to Ireland during a Spanish invasion under Simon Brek, son of King Milo; or with another, told by some of the Irish historians, that it was brought into Ireland by a colony of Scythians, and had the property of issuing sounds resembling thunder whenever any of the royal Scythian race seated themselves upon it for inauguration, and that he only was crowned king under whom the stone groaned and spake—without admitting these difficult matters, we may acknowledge the possibility of its having been brought from Ireland to Scotland by Fergus, the first king of the latter country, and his coronation upon it some 330 years before Christ, and the certainty that from a very early period it was used in the coronation of the Scottish kings at Dunstaffnage and Scone. It was carried to Scone by Kenneth II. when he united the territories of the Picts and the Scots in the ninth century, where it remained till the thirteenth. After the weak attempt by or for

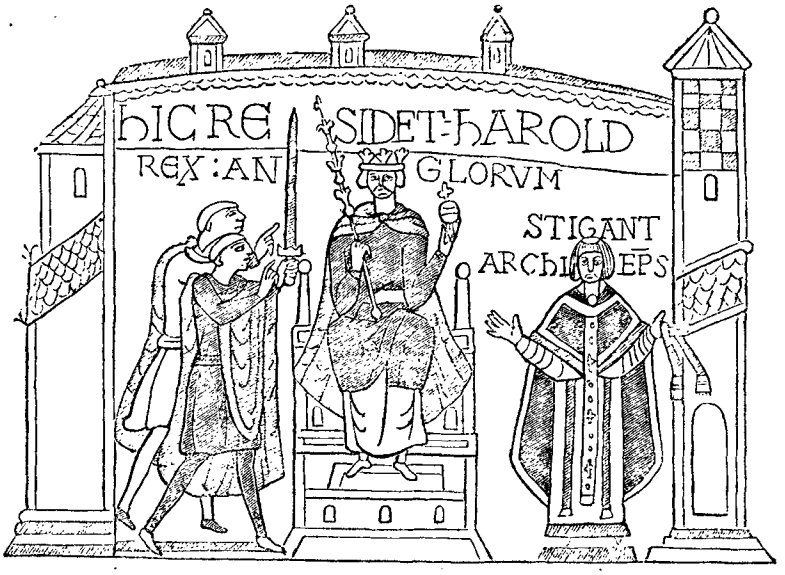
Baliol to throw off the English yoke in 1296, Edward poured once more upon the devoted territories an irresistible army of English soldiers, and so overawed the Scottish nobles by the decision and rapidity of his movements, that his progress became rather a triumph than a campaign; the entire country submitting almost without a second blow after the sanguinary defeat by Earl Warenne. It was at this period Edward committed the worst outrage perhaps it was in his power to commit on the feelings and hopes of the people of the country in the removal of the famous stone, which was strongly connected by superstitious ties with the idea of national independence; it then bore, according to Fordun, the Scottish chronicler, an inscription in Latin to the following effect:—

Except old saws do fail,
And wizards' wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where they this stone shall find.

In consequence of this belief the Scotch became apparently quite as anxious for the restoration of their stone as for that of their King; indeed between the two, Baliol and the stone, we question whether they would not have willingly sacrificed the former to secure the latter. And when they were again ruled by a Scottish monarch, they did not relax in their exertions to obtain for him the true kingly seat. Special clauses were proposed in treaties, nay, a special conference was on one occasion held between the two Kings, Edward III. and David I., and ultimately mandates issued for its restoration. Some antiquarian misbelievers will have it that the stone was in consequence returned, and that the one before us is an imposture: a piece of gratuitous misgiving which our readers need feel no anxiety about, implying, as it does, imposture without object on the part of the reigning monarch, against the dignity of his own successors; and also that the Scots, when they got it back, were kind enough to destroy it, in order to keep up the respectability of our counterfeit. Failing to recover it, the people of the sister country appear to have very wisely changed or modified their views, and began to regard the prophecy as an earnest that *their* kings would reign over *us*: the accession of James I., though not exactly the kind of event anticipated by the national vanity, was still quite sufficient to establish for ever the prophetic reputation of their favourite "stone of destiny." We need not describe the general features of the chair, as they are shown in the engraving; but we may observe that the wood is very hard and solid, that the back and sides were formerly painted in various colours, and gilt, and that the stone is a kind of rough-looking sandstone, measuring twenty-six inches in length, sixteen inches and three quarters in breadth, and ten and a-half in thickness.

Our earliest records on the subject of coronations refer to the tenth century, when we find the Saxon Kings were generally crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames. Edgar was either crowned at Kingston or Bath; whilst the Confessor was crowned at Winchester: from that time the Abbey at Westminster has been the established place for the performance of the ceremony. From Edward's third charter to the Abbey, dated 1066, it appears that the King had expressly applied to Pope Nicholas on the subject, whose answer is inserted in the form of a rescript, making Westminster Abbey the future place of inauguration. Edward's successors, Harold and the conqueror of Harold, had strong motives to make them respect

this arrangement, each claiming a right to the throne on the strength of a professed declaration of Edward's in his favour, and which, in the Conqueror's case, was his only right. A curious picture of Harold's coronation is given in the Bayeux tapestry (here engraved), from which it appears that neither the story



[Harold's Coronation.]

of the King being crowned by Aldred, Archbishop of York, during the suspension of Stigand in consequence of a quarrel with the court of Rome, nor that of Harold having with his own hands put on the "golden round" in the absence of Stigand, are true; for there is Stigand duly labelled to prevent mistakes. Harold did not long enjoy his honours, and Stigand was again called upon to officiate at the Norman's coronation, but, according to William of Newbury, manfully refused to crown one who was "covered with the blood of men, and the invader of others' rights." Aldred was accordingly nominated. What a day must that have been for our forefathers to behold, when foreign soldiers were seen lining every part of the metropolis with a double row of horse and foot, and a foreign prince rode through them, attended by bands of foreign nobles, to the new church erected by the Confessor! Nor would their feelings be appeased by the consideration that there were men of their own blood ready to take part in the ceremony. On William's entering the church, with his train of warrior chieftains, 260 in number, a host of priests and monks, and a considerable body of recreant English, Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, asked the Normans if they were willing to have the Duke crowned as King of England, and Aldred put a similar question to the English; of course the questions were answered by tumultuous acclamation. What follows shows the jealous, almost feverish anxiety of the Normans in the midst of the Saxon population. The Norman horsemen outside hearing the noise fancied it was the cry of alarm of their friends within, and in their agitation rushed to the neighbouring houses and *set fire to*

them. Others ran into the church, where they created the alarm they fancied to exist; for those within then noticed the glare of the burning houses, and almost immediately the Abbey was emptied of its previously overflowing inhabitants. William alone, with a few priests, remained; and, although it is said trembling violently, acted with calmness and determination, refusing to postpone the ceremony; and under such circumstances was the inauguration proceeded with. Something akin to a dread of driving the Saxons to utter desperation may have been aroused by this incident, and may have induced William to add to the usual vow of the Saxon Kings the solemn promise that he would treat the English people as well as the best of their Kings had done. The coronation over, William had leisure to examine into the nature of the broil which still continued—the English trying to extinguish the fires, and some at least of the Normans to plunder—and to give directions for putting an end to it.

The coronation of William Rufus presents no features of interest; but that of his successor and brother, Henry I., is noticeable for the solemn condemnation made during the ceremony of Rufus's reign; the King, standing before the altar, promising to annul all the unrighteous acts therein committed. The coronations of Stephen, and of Henry II. and his Queen, may also be passed over, when we arrive at the first coronation of which any particulars have been recorded that can give us an idea of the pageant—the coronation of he of the lion-heart. On the 3rd of September, 1189, the archbishops of Canterbury, Rouen, Trier (in Germany), and Dublin, arrayed in silken copes, and preceded by a body of the clergy bearing the Cross, holy water, censers, and tapers, met Richard at the door of his privy chamber in the adjoining palace, and proceeded with him to the Abbey. In the midst of a numerous body of bishops and other ecclesiastics went four barons, each with a golden candlestick and taper; then in succession—Geoffrey de Lucy, with the royal cap; John, the Marshal, with the royal spurs of gold; and William, Earl of Striguil (and Pembroke), with the golden rod and dove. Then came David, brother to the King of Scotland, here present as Earl of Huntingdon, and Robert, Earl of Leicester, supporting, as we should now say, John, the King's brother; the three bearing upright swords in richly-gilded scabbards. Following them came six barons, bearing a chequered table, upon which were the King's robes and other regalia; and now was seen approaching the central object of the rich picture, Richard himself, under a gorgeous canopy stretched by four lances in the hands of as many nobles, having immediately before him the Earl of Albemarle with the crown, and a prelate on each side. The ground on which he walked was spread with cloth of the Tyrian die. At the foot of the altar Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, administered the oath, by which Richard undertook to bear peace, honour, and reverence to God and holy Church, to exercise right, justice, and law, and to abrogate all wicked laws or perverse customs. He then put off all his garments from the middle upwards, with the exception of his shirt, which was open at the shoulder, and was anointed on the head, breast, and arms, which unctions, it appears, signified glory, fortitude, and wisdom. He then covered his head with a fine linen cloth, and set the cap thereon; he put on the surcoat and the dalmatica; he took the sword of the kingdom from the Archbishop to subdue the enemies of the Church; lastly, he put on the golden sandals and the royal mantle splen-

didly embroidered, and was led to the altar, where the Archbishop charged him on God's behalf not to presume to take this dignity upon him unless he were resolved to keep inviolably the vows he had made; to which the King replied that, by God's grace, he would faithfully perform them all. The crown was then handed to the Archbishop by Richard himself, in token that he held it only from God, when the Archbishop placed it on the King's head; he also gave the sceptre into his right hand, and the rod-royal into his left. At the close of this part of the ceremony Richard was led back to his throne, and high mass performed, during which he offered a mark of pure gold at the altar. And then, with another procession, the whole closed. Whilst such were the proceedings within, those without formed a frightful commentary. The day before, Richard, "being," says Holinshed, "of a zealous mind to Christ's religion," and therefore of necessity, according to the notions of the middle ages, abhorring that of the Jews, "and doubting some sorcery by them to be practised, issued a proclamation forbidding Jews and women to be present at Westminster, either within the church when he should receive the crown, or within the hall whilst he was at dinner," afterwards. But some of the proscribed people, venturing to think they had an "Open, Sesame," to the hearts of kings, came, and begged to be permitted to lay rich presents at Richard's feet; their prayer was heard, and all would have gone well, but for an unhappy accident. Some remarkably-zealous Christian raised an outcry against them as one of their number was trying to enter the gates of Westminster Hall among the crowd, and struck the presumptuous Israelite. The courtiers and other attendants of the King soon joined in the quarrel, and drove out the wealthy Jews who had so ingeniously purchased admission. By that time a report began to spread that the King had commanded their destruction, and the people drove them with "staves, bats, and stones to their houses and lodgings." Fresh bands of fanatics now poured forth, who scoured the streets, murdering every Jew they found, and assaulting the houses of those who fled to their homes for safety. And now London might have appeared almost in a state of siege. The Jews, who had a world of painful experience of the extremity to which bigotry will drive men, had many of them strongly-built houses; these they now made still more defensible by barricades, against which the assaults of the rioters availed little. But the fanatics, growing more and more cruel and ferocious, now set fire to the houses, and burned men, women, and children indiscriminately; whilst in other cases, where perhaps it was not convenient or practicable to burn the houses, they broke into the Jews' apartments, and hurled them from the windows, without the slightest respect for age or sex, into the fires kindled in the area below. Oh! the contrasts of the world!—all this while Richard and his nobles were banqueting in Westminster Hall; the rich wine flowing within as the warm blood was shed without; the voice of the minstrel accompanying the groans and shrieks and cries of the murdered, the rapturous applause at the bardic song finding strange echo in the distant shouts of exultation of the murderers over their victims. But the disturbance growing formidable, it became necessary to inform the King, and there was a momentary interruption; but Ranulf de Glanvil, the Justiciary, would soon quell it: he leaves the hall, and once more rises the hum of social converse and enjoyment. But for once the Justiciary has overtasked his powers;

the fiends of bigotry are more easily raised than put down again; the rioters turned upon the King's officers, and drove them back to the hall. There, probably, the Justiciary told the King with a kind of significant shrug that there was no help for it; that, after all, it was only a few Jews; perhaps Glanvil himself had creditors among them, whose prolonged absence would be a very convenient thing—no doubt but the King was so situated: so the matter seems to have been left to its own course: the banquet went on, and so through all that night and part of the next day did the slaughter, the destruction, and the pillage. A day or two after, the King hanged three of the rioters, but that, as the sentence carefully pointed out, was for having burned the houses of Christians; and as Richard now began to perceive that the property of the Jews was disappearing with the owners, he thought fit to issue a proclamation declaring the Jews under his own protection, and prohibiting any further injury. And thus ended the judicial interference in this atrocious case. What a commentary, we repeat, on the oath just taken!

There is one interesting feature of our early coronations—the elective character given to the settlement of the Crown. There can be little doubt that from the very earliest periods the choice of a king partook more or less of this principle, although greatly modified by the custom of making that choice among the family of the deceased sovereign. At the coronation, again, of kings whose position was in strict accordance with hereditary right, the principle would be rather left in abeyance than brought prominently forward, whilst the reverse would be exhibited when the king had no such hereditary claim. Such was John's case; at whose coronation the elective principle was thus broadly asserted by the Archbishop Hubert in a special address, recorded by Matthew Paris:—"Hear, all ye people:—it is well known that no one can have a right to the crown of this kingdom, unless for his excellent virtues he be elected to it. . . . . If, indeed, of the family of the deceased monarch there be one thus super-eminently endowed, he should have our preference." Accordingly, setting aside the son and daughter of the elder brother of the deceased king, John, a younger brother, was then declared elected. Whilst upon this subject, however, it must be observed that the illustrations of the elective principle, though sufficient to show its bare existence, are of a very suspicious nature. It is true that when Henry I. died, Stephen, the nephew, succeeded instead of Matilda, the daughter; that on Stephen's decease, his son was passed over for Matilda's son; that John succeeded Richard I. instead of Arthur; and Bolingbroke Richard II. instead of the next lineal heir; but in all these cases, which had the largest share—the independent working of the elective principle, or the address, ambition, and powers of the individuals who had these irregular successions most at heart? It is highly probable that in some, though scarcely in all, of the cases mentioned, no attempt to disturb the regular course would have been made but for the existence of some such elective principle; on the other hand, that principle alone, or with all the virtues of the respective monarchs to boot, would have done little for Stephen, or John, or Henry IV., if there had not been something much more tangible behind.

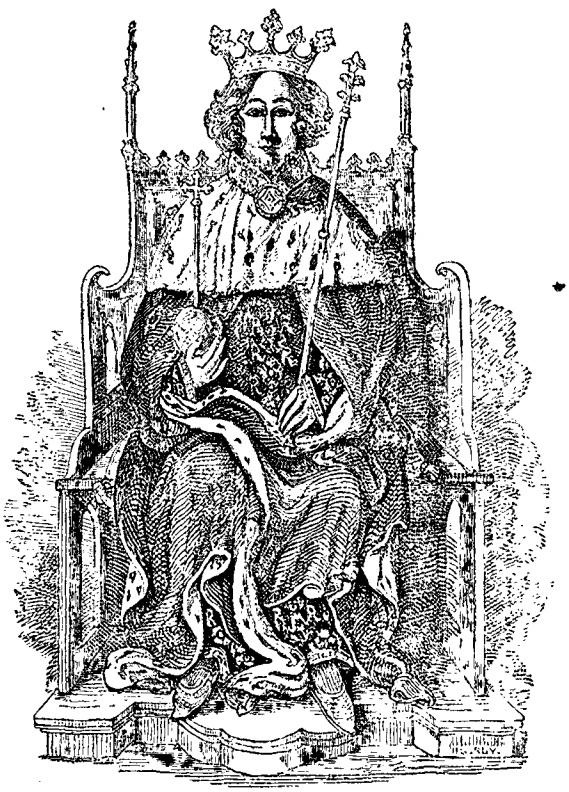
Henry III. was twice crowned—at Gloucester in 1216, and in Westminster Abbey in 1220; the first having been precipitated in order to ensure the crown

to him in a time of great danger, the French, under Lewis, being still in the land, and leagued with the more popular of the English barons. Henry, then but ten years old, was crowned with a plain circlet of gold, the proper crown having been lost by John, with the rest of the regalia, in the Wash between Lincolnshire and Norfolk. At the close of Henry's long reign his son Edward was in the Holy Land, from whence he sent orders for the coronation on his return, one passage of which conveys an almost ludicrous idea of the number and appetites of his coronation guests. There were to be provided 380 head of cattle, 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars, 278 flitches of bacon, and nearly 20,000 capons and fowls. He was received on his return with great joy by the citizens of London, who hung their streets with the richest cloths of silk, arras, and tapestry, set the conduits running with white and red wines, whilst the aldermen and burgesses threw handfuls of gold and silver out of their windows among the crowds below—a fitting preliminary to the splendours of the coronation of himself and his queen, Eleanor. It was in this reign that the chair was placed in the

[Coronation of Edward I. From an Initial Letter in the Harleian MSS.]

Abbey, and became the coronation chair of the future kings of England, as it had been previously of those of Scotland. But if Edward could have foreseen the degeneracy of him who should be the first of those kings, we question whether he would not almost have rather left the Scots their treasure than have so disgraced it in the person of his son. The father's death-bed warning had been directed against his son's evil companions and parasites; and more especially had he forbidden him, under the awful penalty of his curse, to recall the chief of them, Piers Gaveston, to England. Yet, at the coronation of that son, next to the king himself, the most conspicuous person in the Abbey, not only for the unusually splendid garb in which he had arrayed himself, but for the position in which he was placed, was the same Piers Gaveston. We may imagine the sentiments of the

haughty English barons, who had before the coronation, according to Walsingham, actually determined to stop the ceremony unless Gaveston was dismissed, but yielded on the King's promising to satisfy them in the next parliament. The coronations of the two succeeding monarchs have each some incidents of interest attached to them, though their general features present little noticeable matter. Prior to Edward the Third's coronation the youthful King was knighted by Henry Earl of Lancaster, his cousin, and then himself knighted other young aspirants. At this coronation commenced the practice of commemorating the event by the proclamation of a general pardon. Richard the Second's inauguration in 1377 was unusually magnificent, and, in consequence, slow and fatiguing to the principal actor, a boy only; who, in consequence, at the conclusion of the ceremony, had to be carried in a litter to his apartment. The physical weakness was but a type—and to the superstitious a foreshowing—of the mental. Richard sank alike beneath the demands of the ceremony and the arduous office to which it inducted him, and had to give place to the bolder genius of Bolingbroke. Froissart has given us an account of this coronation, which took place on the 13th of October, 1399, the anniversary of the day on which Richard had sent him into exile. That picturesque historian of the most picturesque of periods says, the prelates and clergy having fetched the King from the palace, "went to the church in procession, and all the lords with him in their robes of scarlet furred



[Portrait of Richard II. in the Jerusalem Chamber.]

with minever, barred of (on) their shoulders, according to their degrees; and over the King was borne a cloth of estate of blue, with four bells of gold, and it was borne by four burgesses of the port at Dover, and other (of the Cinque Ports.) And on every (each) side of him he had a sword borne, the one the sword of the church, and the other the sword of justice. The sword of the church his son the Prince did bear, and the sword of justice the Earl of Northumberland;* and the Earl of Westmoreland bore the sceptre. Thus they entered into the church about nine of the clock, and in the midst of the church there was a high scaffold all covered with red, and in the midst thereof there was a chair-royal covered with cloth of gold. Then the King sat down in the chair, and so sate in estate royal, saving he had not on the crown, but sate bareheaded. Then at four corners of the scaffold the Archbishop of Canterbury showed unto the people how God had sent unto them a man to be their king, and demanded if they were content that he should be consecrated and crowned as their king; and they all with one voice said Yea! and held up their hands, promising faith and obedience. Then the King rose and went down to the high altar to be sacred (consecrated), at which consecration there were two archbishops and ten bishops; and before the altar there he was despoiled out of all vestures of estate, and there he was anointed in six places—on the head, the breast, and on the two shoulders behind, and on the hands. Then a bonnet was set on his head, and while he was anointing the clergy sang the litany, and such service as they sing at the hallowing of the font. Then the King was apparelled like a prelate of the church, with a cope of red silk, and a pair of spurs with a point without a rowel; then the sword of justice was drawn out of the sheath and hallowed, and then it was taken to the King, who did put it again into the sheath; then the Archbishop of Canterbury did gird the sword about him; then St. Edward's crown was brought forth (which is close above) and blessed, and then the archbishop did set it on the King's head. After mass the King departed out of the church in the same estate, and went to his palace; and there was a fountain that ran by diverse branches white wine and red." From the Abbey the King passed through the Hall into the palace, and then back into the Hall to the sumptuous entertainment that there awaited him. "At the first table," continues Froissart, "sate the King, at the second the five peers of the realm, at the third the valiant men of London, at the fourth the new-made knights, at the fifth the knights and squires of honour; and by the King stood the Prince, holding the sword of the church, and on the other side the constable with the sword of justice, and a little above, the marshal with the sceptre. And at the King's board sate two archbishops and seventeen bishops; and in the midst of the dinner there came in a knight who was called Dymoke, all armed, upon a good horse, richly apparelled, and had a knight before him bearing his spear, and his sword by his side and his dagger." The knight took the King a label, the which was read; therein was contained, that if there was either knight, squire, or any other gentleman that would say that King Henry was not rightful king, he was there ready to fight with him in that quarrel. That bill was cried by a herald in six places of the Hall, and in the town. There were none that would challenge him. When the

* To whom Bolingbroke was so much indebted for his success.

King had dined he took wine and spices in the Hall, and then went into his chamber." And where was the unfortunate Richard during all these proceedings? Forgotten in his dungeon at the Tower, and drinking to the dregs the cup of his humiliation, as he felt how completely he had proved a mere

"——— mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke."

The foregoing descriptions of the coronations of Richard I. and of Henry IV. will suffice to present the reader with a sufficient idea of the general arrangements of the ceremony in ancient times, of which those observed to the present day are but an imitation, divested of the picturesque features attached to the old religion, and, we must now add, divested also of the accompanying banquet, with its armed and mounted representative of the family who, for so many centuries, have been accustomed on these occasions to challenge the world in arms to gainsay the rights of their liege sovereigns.* We shall, therefore, in the remainder of our paper confine our notice to such coronations as were attended by some peculiar or interesting circumstances. In this class may be included the coronation of Richard III. Our antiquaries occasionally discover some curious matters in their gropings among our dusty records; who, for instance, but for them, would have supposed Richard III. to have been a royal exquisite of the first order? yet certainly the accounts preserved of his wardrobe do make him look marvellously like one. Among the Harleian MSS. is a mandate from Richard, then (1483) at York, to the keeper of his wardrobe in London, wherein he specifies with a minute exactness of detail, which implies a strong relish for the subject, the habits he desired to wear for the edification of the people of Yorkshire. If, on such an occasion, he took such a matter into his own hands, we may be pretty sure he had not left the choice of his coronation dress to others. It comprised two complete sets of robes, one of crimson velvet furred with minever, the other of purple velvet furred with ermine; shoes of crimson tissue cloth of gold; hose, shirt, coat, surcoat, mantle, and hood of crimson satin, &c. We have already noticed, in our account of the Tower, that Richard had apparently intended his nephew, the rightful sovereign, to be present at the coronation of the usurper, but altered his determination after issuing the order for the prince's robes. But perhaps the most striking feature of the event is Richard's exhibition of humility—he actually walked *bare-foot* into the Abbey! Altogether he hit the taste of the people in the matter so decidedly that his friends in Yorkshire could not be content without a repetition, so he and the queen, Anne, were crowned there too. Richard had well nigh given his subjects a third coronation, on the death of Anne, by his marriage with the daughter of Edward IV. and Queen Elizabeth Woodville; but his own friends stopped the match on the ground, among others, that it would confirm suspicions of ill usage towards the deceased queen, and, therefore, injure his cause;

* The processions before the coronations have been already noticed ('Tower,' No. XXXIX.); the banquets given after may be most suitably described in connexion with the hall in which they took place. We have therefore, for the sake of completeness, given a short account of a single banquet (Henry IV.), and then only incidentally mentioned the subject in other parts of our paper. We may here add that the ceremony of the championship fell into disuse after the exceedingly splendid coronation of George IV., whilst the banquet and the procession *on foot* were first omitted at the coronation of her present Majesty.

Richard adopted their advice, and, it is barely possible, thereby lost his crown. The match he declined Richmond was but too glad to accept, and the knowledge that such an arrangement had been made to connect the rival houses must have done much to create a public opinion here in Richmond's favour. His object attained, the instrument was cast aside with contempt, till the complaints of his own subjects made him more prudent at least in his conduct; he married the Princess Elizabeth, and then once more endeavoured to stop: giving her nothing of the Queen but the name. Louder murmurs were soon heard. Henry was too politic not to listen. The man who does not seem to have had nobleness enough in his nature ever to do a good act spontaneously, having no motive but the simple love of the thing, seems to have never left any duty unperformed when—there were state reasons to impel him. So at last the people were gratified with the coronation of the famous heiress of the house of York, and a curious coronation, in one respect, it must have been. Bacon compares it to "an old christening that had stood long for godfathers;" and he, who had so long delayed it, still was not ashamed to be in the Abbey when the ceremony did take place, peeping through the latticed screen of an enclosure erected between the pulpit and the high altar, and covered with rich cloth of arras. It appears to have been the custom from an early time to allow the crowd to cut and carry off the cloth along which the sovereign had passed; on the present occasion the crowd was so great and eager that several persons were killed.

[Henry VII. From the Tomb in his Chapel at Westminster.]

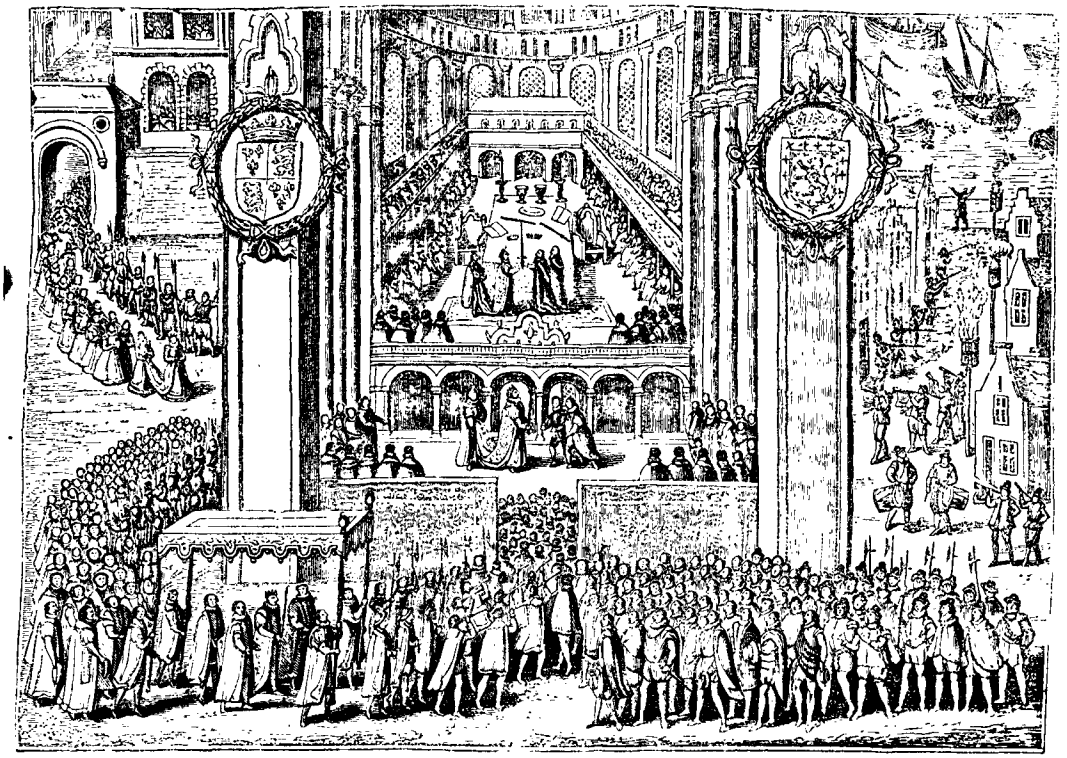
Passing over the inauguration of Henry VIII. and his Queen Catherine, which was as magnificent as taste and boundless expenditure could make it, and that of

Anne Bullen, who was crowned with "as great pomp and solemnity as ever was Queen," and was the last of Henry's queens who received the honour, we reach the coronation of Edward VI., which was generally interesting, and in some respects novel. The proceedings were shortened, partly, according to the programme of the proceedings, "for the tedious length of the same, which should weary and be hurtsome peradventure to the King's majesty (as in the similar case of Richard II.), being yet of tender age, fully to endure and bide out; and also for that many points of the same were such as by the laws of the realm at this present were not allowed." The allusion in these last few words was, we presume, to the alteration in religious matters consequent upon the Reformation. But the most important alteration was that of reversing the usual order of first administering the coronation oath to the King, and then presenting him to the people for acceptation. In other respects the ceremony presented many minute but interesting points of difference from the usual routine. The way from York Place to the Palace and thence into the choir of the Abbey was covered with blue cloth; in the choir was erected a stage of unusual height, ascended by a flight on one side of twenty-two steps, which with the floor at the top were covered with carpets and the sides hung with cloth of gold. Besides the general rich decorations of the altar, a splendid valance was now hung upon it enriched with precious gems, while the neighbouring tombs were covered with curtains of golden arras. On the stage stood a lofty throne ascended by seven steps. The procession commenced so early as nine in the morning; when the choir of the Abbey in their copes, with crosses borne before and after them, the gentlemen and children of the chapel royal, with surplices and copes all in scarlet, ten mitred bishops in garb of the same colour, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cranmer, received the boy-king at the Palace, and conducted him to the stage in the choir. Here he was placed in a chair of crimson velvet, which two noblemen *carried*, whilst he was properly presented to the people. Then descending to the altar, he was censed and blessed. The anointment was not the least curious part of the ceremony. "Then anon," quotes Malcolm from an authority which he does not mention, "after a goodly care, cloth of red tinsel gold was holden over his head; and my Lord of Canterbury, kneeling on his knees, his Grace lay prostrate before the altar, and anointed his back." The Archbishop then took the crown into his hands, and commenced 'Te Deum.' Whilst the choir sang, and trumpets sounded from above, the Lord Protector Somerset and the Archbishop placed the crown on the youthful head of the King; and subsequently two other crowns were also worn by him. After the enthronization he was re-conducted to the throne, when "the lords in order kneeled down and kissed his Grace's right foot, and after held their hands between his Grace's hands and kissed his Grace's left cheek, and so did their homage a pretty time. Then after this began a goodly mass by my Lord of Canterbury, and goodly singing in the choir, with the organs going. At offering time his Grace offered to the altar a pound of gold, a loaf of bread, and a chalice of wine." The parties to whom the coronation arrangements were intrusted in the sixteenth century must have been sadly puzzled with the continual changes in religious matters, and have had a difficult task to please sovereigns of so many different faiths. As new rites were introduced for the Protestant Edward, so

were the old ones restored for the Catholic Mary; then again Elizabeth adopted neither course, but steered, as it were, between them; she allowed the usual arrangements to prevail at her coronation so far as the performance of mass, but forbade the elevation of the host, in consequence (most probably) of which, the entire body of Catholic bishops, with the exception of Oglethorp, Bishop of Carlisle, refused to officiate. Bacon tells an interesting story in connexion with this event, which illustrates the peculiar posture of affairs at the moment, when the Queen appeared to be pausing before she quite made up her mind to fulfil the fears of the Catholics, and the hopes of the Protestants, by a decided demonstration in favour of the latter. He says, "Queen Elizabeth, on the morrow of her coronation, it being the custom to release prisoners at the inauguration of a prince, went to the chapel, and in the great chamber, one of her courtiers who was well known to her, either out of his own notions or by the instigation of a wiser man, presented her with a petition, and before a great number of courtiers besought her with a loud voice that now, this good time, there might be four or five more principal prisoners released; these were the four Evangelists and the apostle St. Paul, who had been long shut up in an unknown tongue, as it were in prison; so as they could not converse with the common people. The Queen answered very gravely, that it was best first to inquire of themselves whether they would be released or not." An answer that, under the circumstances, Prince Talleyrand himself might have envied, for its adroitness and wit: it left the querist pleased, but unanswered. And whether she would have answered it in the mode anticipated is uncertain if there had been more policy in the Catholic party, or less in the Protestant; but when one professed so much devotion to her interests even whilst she appeared to lean to a considerable degree towards their opponents, and the other returned the favour by declaring, through the mouth of the Pope himself, she was illegitimate, it was not very difficult to decide how the affair would end. Elizabeth soon struck into the path which had been first discovered to her father by the

"Gospel light from Bullen's eyes."

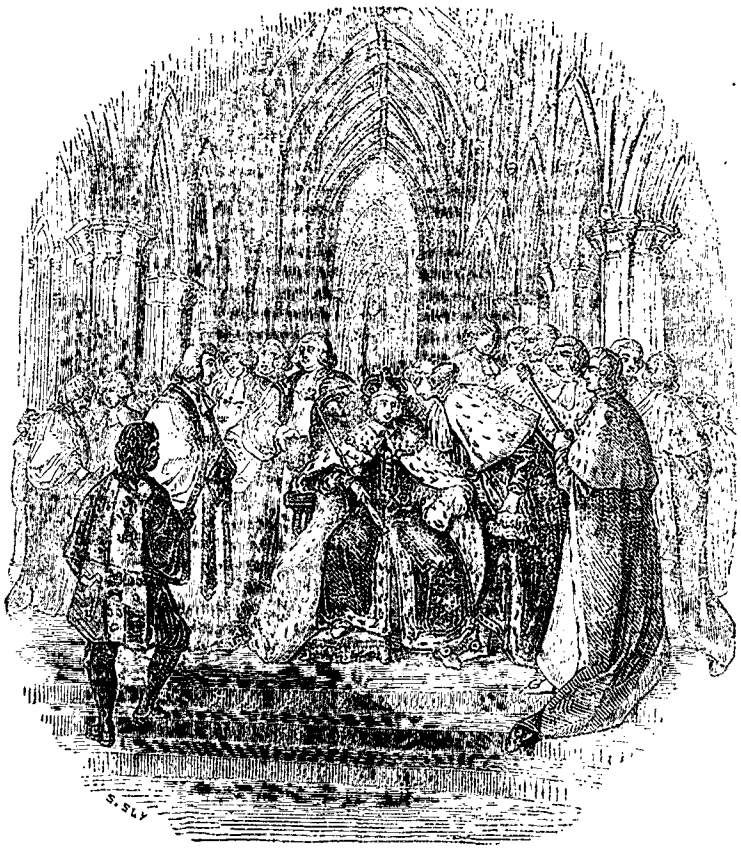
Of James I.'s coronation the most interesting account to our mind is that given in the amusing Dutch print of the period, here copied, which shows us the successive stages of the ceremony in an ingenious if not very artistical manner. The arrangements for this coronation and the preceding procession were intended to be of the most surpassingly splendid nature, but the plague was then raging, and in consequence the people were forbidden to come to Westminster to see the pageant. After this coronation political feelings and events began to mingle with the religious in affecting the successive ceremonies. Charles I. was crowned on the 2nd of February, 1626. His queen, as a Catholic, was neither a sharer in the coronation nor a spectator; and instead of accepting the place they offered to fit up for her in the Abbey, she preferred standing at a window of the palace-gate to look on, whilst, as we have been carefully informed, her foreign attendants were frisking and dancing about the room. Laud was the archbishop, and Buckingham the Lord Constable, who, in ascending the steps of the throne, offered to take the king's right hand with his left, but Charles put it by, smiling, and helped up the duke, saying, "I have as much need to help you as you to



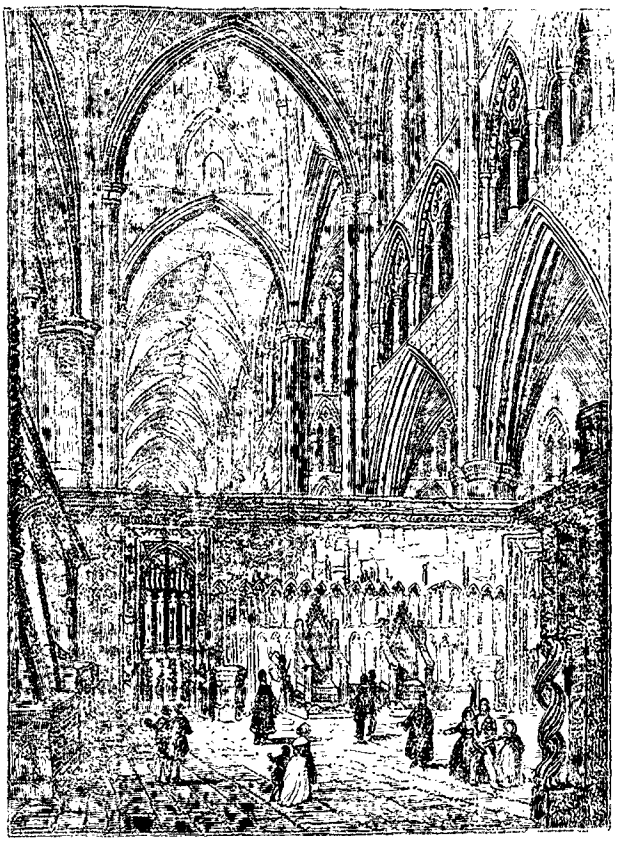
[Coronation of James I.]

assist me." When Laud presented the King to the people, he said in an audible voice, "My masters and friends, I am here come to present unto you your king, King Charles, to whom the crown of his ancestors and predecessors is now devolved by lineal right; and therefore I desire you, by your general acclamation, to testify your consent and willingness thereunto." Strange and unaccountable as it seems, not a voice nor a cheer answered; there was a silence as of the grave. If a kind of sudden revelation, but darkly, and as it were afar off, of the future events of the reign had been suddenly made, there could not have been a more portentous hush. At last the Lord Arundel, Earl Marshal, told the spectators they should cry "God save King Charles!" and then they did so. The end of which this incident appears almost as a kind of beginning, is shown in the inauguration of Cromwell as Protector in the adjoining hall; which was performed with a simple dignity of ceremony more in accordance with Cromwell's tastes than the usual details of a coronation. Subsequent ceremonies present little worthy of remark, except in the instance of James II. and George III. James, seeing that his brother had restored the old monarchy, thought he would try his hand at a restoration of the old religion, and in the attempt lost both. His coronation presents a curious illustration of the difficulties in which he was placed in consequence of his views at the very commencement of his reign. How was he to take the coronation oath, binding him to the preservation of the Anglican church? The Pope was consulted, and a lucky quibble discovered, and

the coronation of James and his queen went on. As the crown was placed on the King's head a circumstance occurred, which we look in vain to find recorded in the splendid and elaborate work published under authority by Sandford to commemorate the ceremony—the crown tottered, and had nearly fallen, and the King was noticed to be altogether ill at ease. The last incident of a coronation ceremony that we shall relate refers to the inauguration of George III. and his queen in 1761, which was at once magnificent and impressive. There was then present, unnoticed, a young man who must have gazed on the whole proceedings with feelings and memories of a strange kind. He was one to whom the silence which greeted Charles the First's presentation to the people, and the ominous tottering of James's crown, were more than mere matters of history. He was one who could say with some show of reason—and there were, doubtless, many present whose hearts would have responded to his words—"My place should have been by that chair; my father should have been in it"—it was the Young Pretender, Charles Stuart.



[Coronation of George III.—The Enthronization and doing Homage.]



[Confessor's Chapel, Screen, &c., with the Choir and Nave of the Abbey beyond.]

LXXXII.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

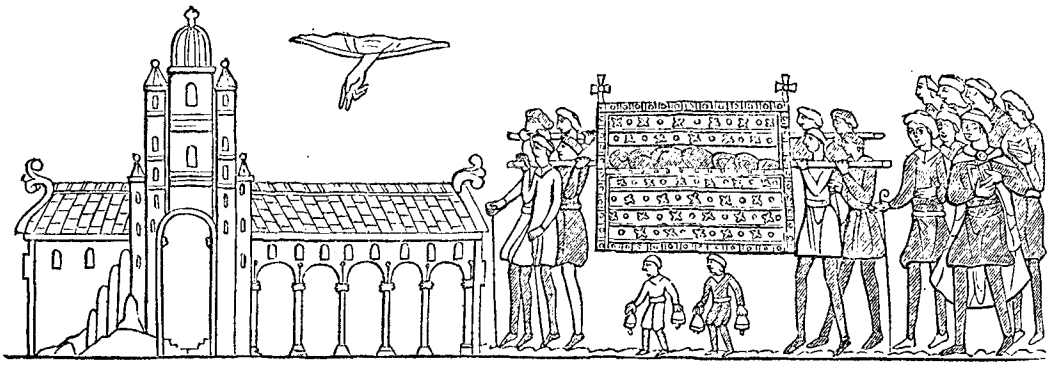
No. III. The Regal Mausoleums.

It would be hardly possible to present a more impressive lesson on the mutability of earthly glory than is afforded by the contrast between the two grand ceremonials which connect the history of our sovereigns for so many centuries with that of Westminster Abbey. The few steps upwards unto the throne, and the few downwards into the grave; the airy sweep of the beautiful pointed arches, tier above tier, and the low and narrow vault; the spirit-stirring splendours of one pageant, and the sombre and dread magnificence of the other; the new-born hopes which, binding king and people for the hour in a common sympathy, make the past appear as nothing, the future all,—and, alas! the melancholy comment provoked when all is over as to the necessity for the repetition of the process; these are but the regular and almost unchanging phenomena of the momentous ebbing and flowing of regal life which meet us in the memories of the Abbey. It were a curious question to inquire whether those

who have been the chief actors in such different ceremonials have ever, during the one, thought of the other; whether, among all the monarchs who have passed along in their gorgeous robes, and beneath the silken canopies which the proudest nobles have been most proud to bear, there has been one to whom the secret monitor has whispered, in the words of a writer * better known as the historian than as the poet of the Cathedral—

> "While thus in state on buried kings you tread,
> And swelling robes sweep spreading o'er the dead;
> While like a god you cast your eyes around,
> Think then, Oh! think, you walk on treacherous ground;
> Though firm the checquer'd pavement seems to be,
> 'T will surely open and give way to thee."

Arousing ourselves, though reluctantly, from the train of reflection inspired by the place, and the significant juxta-position of the coronation-chair † and the tombs of the chief of those kings who have occupied it, let us look around. We are in the innermost sanctuary of the temple, in a spot made holy by a thousand associations, but, above all, by the devout aspirations of the countless multitudes who have come from all parts, not only of our own but of distant lands, to bend before the shrine by our side, in which still repose the ashes of the canonized Confessor. Edward was at first buried before the high altar, and then removed



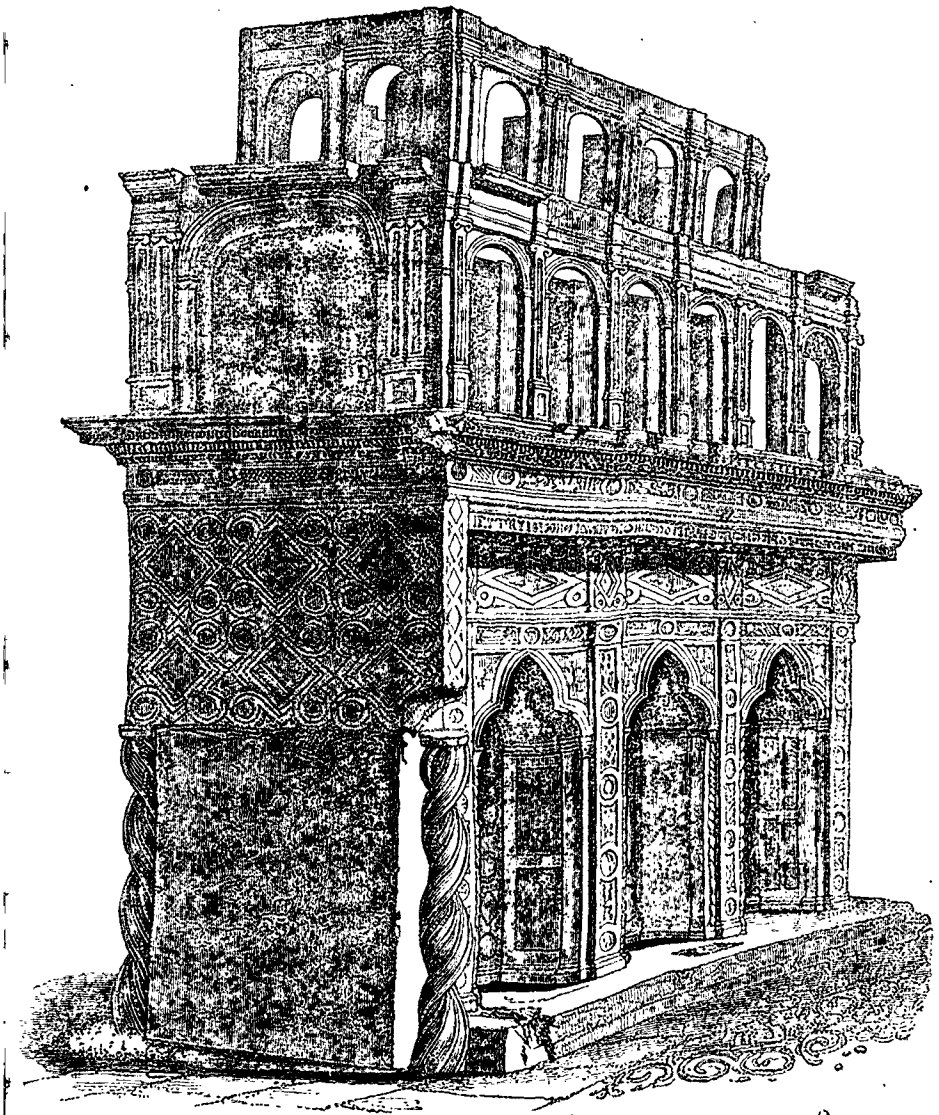
[Funeral of the Confessor.]

by Becket to a richer shrine in its neighbourhood, probably in consequence of his canonization by Pope Alexander III. about 1163; but after the rebuilding of the church by Henry III., that king had a shrine made to receive the treasured remains, of so sumptuous a character, that the details almost stagger belief. Among its ornaments were numerous golden statues, such as an image of St. Edmund, King, wearing a crown set with two large sapphires, a ruby, and other precious stones; an image of a king with a ruby on his breast, and two other small stones; an image of the king, holding in the right hand a flower, with sapphires and emeralds in the middle of the crown, and a great garnet in the breast, and otherwise set with pearls and small stones; two other golden images of kings set with garnets, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires;

* Dart.

† The second chair (the one to the right) is supposed to have been first used at the coronation of William and Mary.

five golden angels; an image of the Virgin and Child, set with rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and garnets; a golden image of a king holding a shrine in his hand, set with precious stones; also, an image of a king holding in one hand a cameo with two heads, in the other a sceptre, set with rubies, onyx, and pearls; and an image of St. Peter, holding in one hand a church, in the other the keys, and trampling upon Nero, with a large sapphire in his breast. The Patent Rolls mention also a "most fair sapphire," weighing fifty-two pennyweights; one great cameo in a golden case, with a golden chain, valued alone at two hundred pounds of the money of the thirteenth century. There were, in all, fifty-five large cameos. Such parts of the shrine as were not covered with these precious ornaments were inlaid with the richest mosaic. This was the shrine which



[Shrine of the Confessor.]

Henry III. prepared for the Confessor's ashes; and the ceremony of the removal was one of accordant splendour. The coffin was borne by himself, his brother the King of the Romans, and other persons of the highest rank. Nor, for the credulous, were miracles wanting to maintain the Confessor's ancient reputation; an Irishman and an Englishman, according to Matthew Paris, being dispossessed of devils on the occasion. The shrine, we need hardly add, no longer exhibits the blaze of wealth which gladdened the eyes of our forefathers, as satisfying them their revered king was worthily lodged; time, and more mischievous agencies than time, have left it but a wreck of what it was, although a sumptuous-looking piece of antiquity still. The upper portion is a mere wainscot addition, it is supposed, of the sixteenth century: why added, it is impossible to say. In connexion with this and preceding shrines of the Confessor are many interesting memories. When William the Conqueror was busy displacing the principal English ecclesiastics, in order to make room for his Norman followers, among the rest Wulstan Bishop of Worcester, an illiterate but pure and noble-minded man, was required by a synod sitting in the Abbey to deliver up his episcopal staff. Wulstan, in a few words addressed to the Archbishop Lanfranc, acknowledged his inability and unworthiness for the high duties of his vocation, and expressed his willingness to resign the pastoral staff; "Not, however, to you," he continued, "but to him by whose authority I received them." He then solemnly advanced to the shrine of the Confessor, and thus spake: "Master, thou knowest how reluctantly I assumed this charge, at thy instigation. It was thy command that, more than the wish of the people, the voice of the prelates, and the desire of the nobles, compelled me. Now we have a new king, a new primate, and new enactments. Thee they accuse of error in having so commanded, and me of presumption because I obeyed. Formerly, indeed, thou mightest err, because thou wert mortal; but now thou art with God, and canst err no longer. Not to them, therefore, who recall what they did not give, and who may deceive and be deceived, but to thee who gave them, and art now raised above all error, I resign my staff, and surrender my flock." At the breaking up of that synod Wulstan was still Bishop of Worcester, and the over-joyed people were informed, to their very great edification, that, when Wulstan had placed his crozier on the tomb, it became so fixed as to be irremoveable. Here, too, at a much later period, Henry IV. "became so sick," says Fabian, "while he was making his prayers to take there his leave (of life), and so to speed him upon his journey, that such as were about him feared that he would have died right there." The attendants took him into the Jerusalem chamber, and "there upon a pallet laid him before the fire," when, inquiring the name of the place, and being told, he said, in the words of Shakspere—

> "It hath been prophesied to me many years
> I should not die but in Jerusalem,
> Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:" &c.—

and here he died. Turning from the shrine in the centre of the Chapel to the screen which divides it from the Choir, we find this also has been dedicated to the memory of the Confessor. The very extraordinary and interesting frieze which decorates it contains no less than fourteen small but boldly sculptured groups or tableaux, representatives of the more remarkable events which sig-

nalized his reign. We can only mention a piece of sculpture near the centre, deeply hollowed out, representing a chamber with Edward in bed, and looking on a thief who is kneeling before a chest containing his treasure, and whom, according to the story, he admonishes;* and two or three others, descriptive of one of the interesting tales in which the people of the middle ages so much delighted. Dart thus relates it, on the authority of an old manuscript:—"Upon a certain time, a beggar asking alms of this Prince, for sake of St. John the Evangelist, he gave him, out of his abundant charity, a ring. Some time after, two pilgrims, Englishmen, being at Jerusalem, met a third, who saluted them; and, inquiring what countrymen, they told him. Whereupon he delivered them a ring, and bade them recommend him to their King (Edward), and tell him he was St. John the Evangelist, to whom he had aforetime at Westminster given a ring; and bade them further tell him, from him, that he should in nine days' time die. The two pilgrims, surprised at such a message, told him that to deliver it in time was impossible. He in answer bade them take no care of that, and took his leave. After they had walked some way, being weary, they fell asleep; and, upon waking, observed a strange alteration of the place. Upon which, seeing some shepherds in a field, they inquired of them where they were, who made answer they were in Kent. Whereat being rejoiced, they made the best of their way to King Edward, to a seat of his in Waltham Forest, then called the Bower, and since Havering in the Bower, and delivered this message to the King, who accordingly died as was told him." How implicitly this story was believed we may see from the pains taken to commemorate it in so many places in and about the Abbey; among the rest, over the old gate going into Dean's Yard,—in the stained glass of one of the eastern windows of the Abbey,—and in the screen before us. If there were a tomb in the world which one would have thought an antiquary would have looked on with awe—ashes which it were sacrilege almost to touch—we should have thought it was the tomb and ashes of the Confessor; around which hung all those associations, so solemnly and deeply interesting, however stripped of their superstitious alloy. Yet Keepe, one of the historians of the Abbey, could write, without a blush upon his cheek, that, when a hole had been broken in the lid of the coffin during the removal of the scaffolding of James II.'s coronation, "On putting my hand into the hole, *and turning the bones which I felt there,* I drew from underneath the shoulder-bones a crucifix, richly adorned and enamelled, and a gold chain twenty-four inches long;" both of which were presented to the King, who ordered in return new planks for the coffin, that "no abuse might be offered to the sacred ashes."

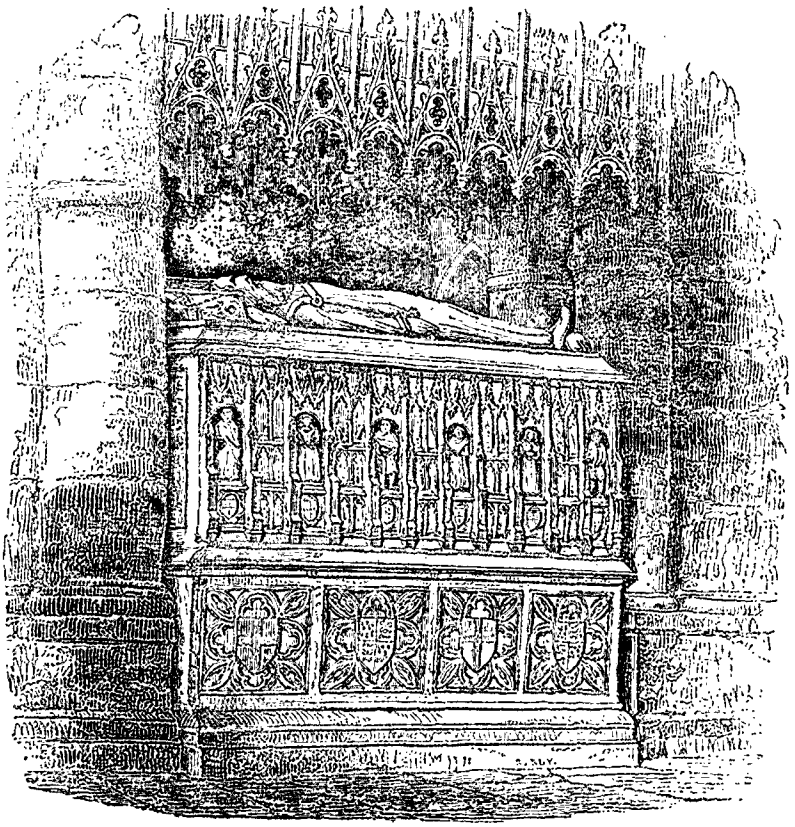
From the time of the burial of the Confessor, in the new Abbey he had built, to that of Henry III., in the structure which owns him for its founder, the Kings of England were mostly buried on the Continent; none of them in the Abbey of Westminster. Henry's tomb, which stands on the left of the paltry entrance into the Chapel from the Ambulatory, bears a striking resemblance to the lower part of that he caused to be erected for the Confessor; and, like that, was originally richly decorated. Two beautiful panels of porphyry still ornament the front and back, and the gilding is in parts also yet bright. The tomb was erected over the place which had been the grave previously of Edward, and where Henry

* Pennant calls it "the story of his *winking* at the thief who was robbing his treasury."

was now buried; and it was standing upon the edge of that grave that the barons of England, with the Earl of Gloucester at their head, placing their hands upon the royal corpse, swore fealty to Edward I., then in the Holy Land. Some years after the grave was opened, and the heart taken away, by the Abbot Wenlock, and delivered to the Abbess of Font-Evraud, in Normandy, to whom Henry had promised it during his lifetime. What a contrast to Henry's memorial is that of his son on the one side, or, to both monuments, that of his son's wife on the other. The tomb of Edward has an air of rude, almost savage dignity, which harmonises admirably with his character, and seems as though his executors had but fulfilled his own previously expressed wishes, or at least studied what would have been his tastes, when they left the historian to remark that his "exequy was scantly fynysshed." But this applies only to the tomb; the manner in which they decorated his body with false jewels was neither plain and simple, nor rich and befitting kingly dignity. The exhumation of the corpse of the English Justinian (when this circumstance was discovered) is so interesting that we should gladly give a more detailed account than our space will admit. It was in 1744 that certain antiquaries obtained permission of the Dean to examine the body, which was done in his presence. It was enclosed first within a large square mantle of linen cloth well waxed, with a face-cloth of crimson sarcenet: these being removed, the great King was before them in all the ensigns of royalty, with sceptres in each hand, a crown on his head, and arrayed in a red silk damask tunic, white stole most elegantly ornamented, and a rich crimson mantle, the whole somewhat profusely decorated with false stones. The body beneath was covered with a fine linen cere-cloth, adhering closely to every part, including the fingers and face. The examination over, the coffin was most carefully closed again, but not before another of our antiquaries, according to Mr. D'Israeli, had exhibited the want of those sentiments which antiquarians above all others are so apt to pride themselves upon the possession of. Among the spectators "Gough was observed, as Steevens used to relate, in a wrapping great-coat of unusual dimensions; that witty and malicious 'Puck,' so capable himself of inventing mischief, easily suspected others, and divided his glance as much upon the living piece of antiquity as on the elder. In the act of closing up the relics of royalty there was found wanting an entire fore-finger of Edward I., and as the body was perfect when opened, a murmur of dissatisfaction was spreading, when 'Puck' directed their attention to the great antiquary in the watchman's great-coat; from whence, too surely, was extracted Edward I.'s fore-finger." We must add to this notice of Edward's tomb, that Froissart relates that Edward, on his death-bed at Burgh-upon-Sands, near Carlisle, on his way towards Scotland, then again in arms against him, called his son, and made him swear, in the presence of his nobles, that after his death he would cause his body to be boiled till the flesh should be stripped from the bones, and that then he would preserve the latter to carry with him whenever he should have occasion to lead an army against the rebellious Scots. If such an oath was exacted, the son took no further notice of it, but buried his father where we now find his remains. Eleanor lies on the other side of Henry III., beneath a tomb of grey marble, on which is a gilded effigy, of a character that one hardly knows how to speak of with sufficient admiration. A more exquisitely beautiful work

of its kind perhaps does not exist; the indescribable loveliness of the face, the wonderful grace and elegance of the hands, and the general ease, dignity, and refinement of the figure, seem almost miraculous in connexion with the productions of what we are accustomed to call the dark ages. There it lies, not a feature of the face injured, not a finger broken off, perfect in its essentials as on the day it left the studio, whilst all around marks of injury and dilapidation meet you on every side: it is as though its own serene beauty had rendered violence impossible, had even touched the heart of the great destroyer Time himself. Only of late years has the name of the great—however unknown—artist of this work been made known; it was one Master William Torel—English, it is supposed, for Torelli, an Italian artist, to whom we are also indebted for the effigy on Henry III.'s tomb.

Going regularly round the Chapel, from the screen on the west side to the three tombs just mentioned on the north, then to the east, which is occupied by the magnificent monument of Henry V., which we pass for the present, we have lastly, on the south side, Philippa, Queen of Edward III., endeared to all memories by the story of Calais; next, her husband,* and lastly Richard II. and his Queen. Both Philippa's and Edward's monuments have suffered grievously: of the thirty statues and fret-work niches that formerly ornamented the first,



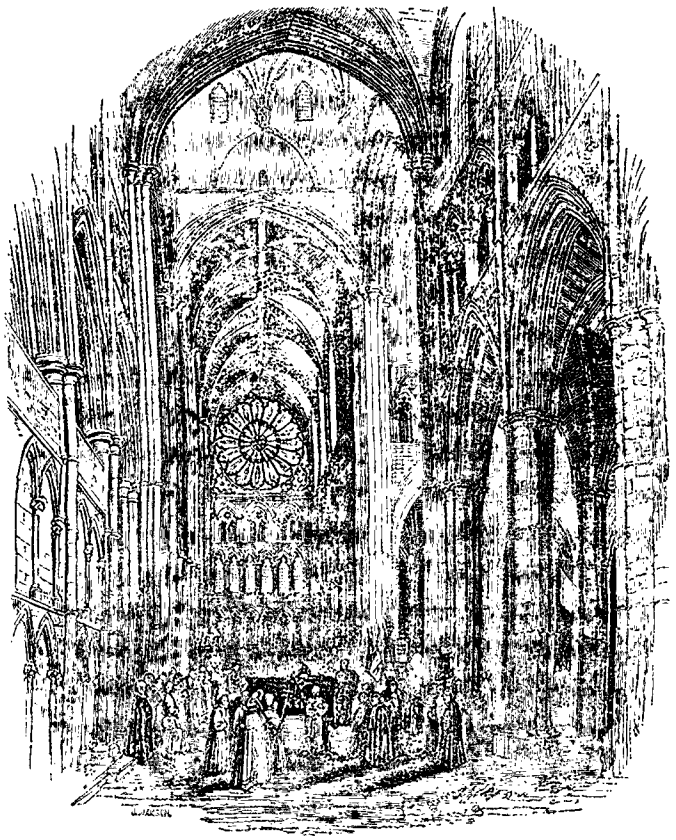
[Tomb of Edward III.]

* The second Edward was buried at Gloucester.

there remains but a fragment of the niches. Edward's has been more fortunate, for the outer side, or that seen from the Ambulatory, has yet six small figures in good preservation. By this monument are two objects that almost divide attention with the coronation chair—the sword and shield which were carried before the King in his destructive French wars. Edward died in 1377—some years too late for his fame. It must have been a melancholy spectacle to see such a monarch spending his latter hours with a mistress too worthless even to wait patiently for their close, or to see him who had held powerful and undisputed sway over one great kingdom, and shaken others to their very centre, too weak and friendless to prevent his own attendants from plundering him almost in his sight.

The eye is attracted towards the tomb of Richard II. and his Queen by the rubbed surface of a portion of Richard's effigy, which shows the bright gilding that the dirt elsewhere conceals: this was erected by the King's own order in his lifetime. And here did the pious and generous care of Henry V., the son of his destroyer, soon after his accession, remove the murdered remains from Friars Langley, and place them by the side of the unhappy Richard's Queen. The whole subject of Richard's death has been as yet one of impenetrable mystery, and the examination of his corpse here, if it be his, has not enlightened us. Neither of the skulls within the tomb, on the closest examination, presented any marks of fracture or evidences of murderous violence. Above the effigies are paintings in oil, on the roof of the canopy. To Bolingbroke's (Henry IV.'s) death we have already incidentally referred—he was buried at Canterbury. His son's brief but brilliant reign ended in France, where he died in 1422. Seldom has monarch been more regretted than was Henry V. by his subjects. The body was carried in funereal state to Paris, thence through Rouen, Abbeville, and Boulogne to Calais, where a fleet waited to bear the remains across the Channel to Dover. As the long and melancholy procession approached the metropolis, a great number of bishops, mitred abbots, and the most eminent churchmen, attended by vast multitudes of people, went to meet and join it. Through the streets of London they moved with slow step, the clergy chanting the service for the dead, till they reached St. Paul's, where the solemn rites were performed in the presence of the Parliament of the nation. Then again the procession moved forward to the final resting-place, the Abbey.

The Chantry, beneath which he lies, and towards which we now turn, is, next to Henry VII.'s tomb, the most magnificent piece of mingled architecture and sculpture in the Abbey. In form it is not unlike a great H, the sides forming lofty octagonal towers, connected about the middle by a broad band, if we may so call it, which forms at once the roof of the arch between the turrets below and the floor of the Chantry above, where masses were formerly said three times a day for the soul of the deceased sovereign. The entire front is one mass of the richest and most florid architectural details, to which the large statues in their respective niches in the towers give breadth and grandeur. On high, at the back of the Chantry, is seen the helmet worn by Henry V., probably at Agincourt; two deep dents in it show at least that he has worn it in no trifling or ignoble contest. His shield and saddle are also preserved here. The headless effigy of Henry (the head was of silver, and therefore carried off by his namesake of church-stripping memory, and not, as the guides tell us, by Cromwell) lies



[Funeral of Henry V.]

within the deep and solemn-looking arch beneath, where you look over the tomb, and through the arch over the Ambulatory, and on through the still darker porch of Henry VII.'s Chapel into that palace of art, whither we next direct our steps: not forgetting to observe by the way that Henry's Queen, Katherine of France, was buried in the old Chapel of the Virgin Mary, and, in consequence, had to be removed when that edifice was pulled down by her grandson, Henry VII. By some unaccountable and most disgraceful neglect, the body, which was in a peculiar but extraordinary state of preservation, was left so exposed for between two and three centuries, that any influential visitor who wished could see it. Of course the eternal sight-seer Pepys was attracted. "Here," he says, "we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois, and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen, and that this was my birthday, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a Queen." In 1776 the body was buried in St. Nicholas's Chapel.

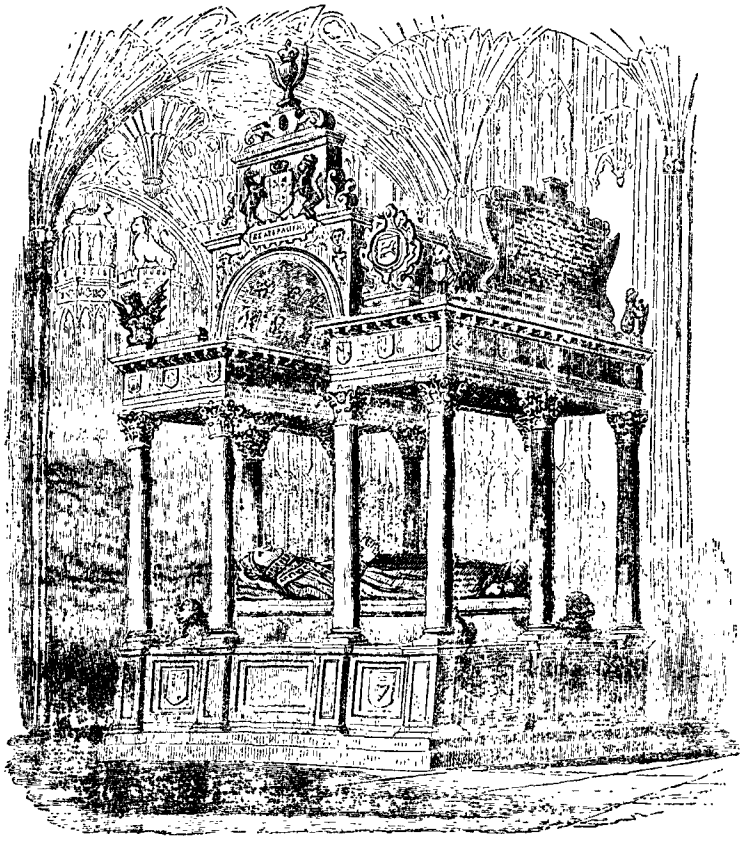
The first entrance into Henry VII.'s Chapel is an event to be remembered for a lifetime: the sight of "such a thing of beauty" becomes, indeed, "a joy for ever." And with what consummate art has the architect enhanced even the effect of his own marvellous production, by the solemn gloom that pervades the porch through which we pass into the interior! One moment we are in what may be almost called darkness; the next—having passed through the brazen open-worked gates—in a blaze of light and decoration. And, as we look around,

what imagination but must own that even its own most brilliant and merely ideal creations are here surpassed in the expression stamped upon these solid stone walls, and windows, and roof. Did ever arches spring upward with such fairy-like grace?—or guide the entranced eye to a more surpassingly beautiful and almost miraculous roof? where, in the words of Washington Irving, "stone seems, by the cunning labours of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." Then, again, the statues; the innumerable statues of patriarchs, saints, martyrs, confessors, and angels! There must have been, after all, something truly magnificent in the king who could determine on the erection of such a place, select the genius that could erect it, and then give such unlimited scope to the development of its loftiest and most daring imaginings. And the artist, strange to say, is unknown, or at least not known with any certainty. The feverish desire of fame, which is so proverbially a characteristic of high minds, seems to be little felt by the highest. In the breasts of the great men who have bequeathed to this country its most precious architectural wealth we find no traces whatever of its existence. A few words deeply cut on a stone would have made their names immortal, but none of them seem to have thought it worth the trouble, if they thought of the matter at all. So with regard to Henry VII.'s Chapel: which has been attributed to Bishop Fox, Bishop Alcock, Sir Reginald Bray, and to the Prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield; who, there is the greatest reason to believe, was the man. Henry, in his will, calls him the "master of the works." But, beautiful as the interior now appears, there was a time when it must have appeared infinitely more so. In its original state the "walls, doors, windows, arches, vaults, and images" were "painted, varnished, and adorned" with the king's arms, badges, cognizances, &c.; the stained windows displayed similar ornaments, with the addition of greater works, such as "stories," all in the most brilliant and pristine colours; numerous altars were scattered about, one of them with a large statue of the Virgin, and an immense golden cross, and the whole bearing tall wax tapers, burning constantly; whilst to and fro there was generally to be seen moving some procession of the inhabitants of the Abbey; the monks in their black garments, the incense-bearers in white, the officiating priests in their gemmed and embroidered vests, and the whole wearing the copes of cloth of gold tissue, embroidered with roses, given by Henry VII. to be used in the performance of the different ceremonials instituted by him for the due repose of his soul. And that soul seems to have been a difficult one to deal with; for never, surely, did monarch impose more trouble upon certain portions of his subjects for its due preservation. In this, perhaps, Henry, like many other men whose piety and policy have not exactly gone hand in hand, tried to "circumvent Heaven." Whilst he was arranging with Abbot Islip for the performance of three daily masses for the welfare of his soul, to continue "*while the world should last;*" for the additional ceremonies which were to take place on holidays and feasts; for the annual procession of the monks, prior, abbot, with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, and other great officers of state, to the high altar by his tomb, where there was to be a hearse with a hundred great tapers burning, and twenty-four almsmen ranged round it with burning torches; whilst he was founding an almshouse within the Abbey, and providing gifts for a large

number of casual poor to be distributed at the altar;—was it to be supposed that in doing all this for the future welfare of his soul he could be expected to take much present care of it? Was he not to be allowed just to finish the policy he had steadily pursued through his reign, when he was showing how heartily he was determined to repent—after he was dead? But, fortunately for us, Henry's prospective piety took a more tangible shape than masses and requiems, and one that it is heartily to be hoped may endure as long as they were to have endured, even "while the world shall last."—The chapel is but another evidence of Henry's care for his soul. This was begun (the Chapel of the Kings, or the Confessor's, being full) on "the twenty-fourth day of January, a quarter after three of the clock," in the year 1503, as Holinshed carefully informs us; at which time the first stone was laid by Abbot Islip, in the presence of numerous distinguished persons. It was still unfinished when Henry died in 1509, who, in his last hours, was very careful to provide funds for its continuance, and to give ample directions in his will on all important points. The entire expense of the work was about 14,000*l.*; but as those figures give no idea to *us* of the cost, we may offer, as an illustration merely, the fact that above 42,000*l.* has been expended in the present century in merely rebuilding the exterior! And this immense sum it seems has furnished but an insufficient restoration, as, from some defect in the stone or the workmanship, decay is said to be already evident. Having safely secured his soul, Henry made suitable provision for his body. He said little of his burial, further than to charge his executors to perform it with a "special respect and consideration to the laud and praising of God, the wealth of our soul, and somewhat to our dignity royal, eviteing (or eschewing) always damnable pomp and outrageous superfluities;" but then he proceeded to set the said executors a bad example as to the pomp and the superfluities, if at least these words are to mean anything more than mere flourishes, for he directed a tomb to be made in a style that shows that he intended it in richness of decoration to surpass everything of the kind known in this country. And he was as fortunate in his executors' selection of an artist for this, as he had been himself for the greater work. Pietro Torrigiano, a Florentine, was the object of their choice, a man as distinguished for the turbulence of his temper as for his genius. In early life he had been a fellow-student with Michael Angelo, and in quarrel broke the bridge of his nose, and thus deformed for life the features of his great rival. He came to England with a high reputation—the tomb before us tells how deserved. Bacon calls it one of the "stateliest and daintiest in Europe." It consists of a pedestal or table of *touch*, a basaltic stone not unlike black marble, on which repose the effigies of Henry and his Queen, sculptured in a style of great simplicity and adherence to nature; the whole adorned with pilasters, relievos, rose-branches (referring to the junction of the rival Houses), and "images," or graven "tabernacles," as Henry calls them in the directions in his will, of the king's Avouries, or patron saints; viz. the Virgin and Saviour and St. Michael, St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, St. George and St. Anthony, all on the south side, and St. Mary Magdalen and St. Barbara, St. Christopher and St. Anne, Edward the Confessor and John, and, lastly, St. Vincent, on the north. These are all of copper, gilt. On the angles of the tomb are seated angels. Torrigiano was six years engaged in the work, and received for it the immense sum of 1500*l.* The brass screen, it is pleasant to have to remember, is the product of English art. It was

formerly adorned with no less than thirty-six statues, of which only six remain. We can only add to this general notice of the Chapel, as a parting illustration of its artistical wealth, that it is said to have possessed, within and without, about three thousand statues; and that the very seats (now only used, we believe, at the installation of the Knights of the Bath, whose banners hang overhead) display on their lower side, as we turn them back on their hinges, an infinite variety of the most exquisite carvings of flowers, fruit, foliage, grotesque animals, groups of Bacchanals, and still more important pictorial subjects, which are frequently of an amusing, sometimes of a licentious, character. One of the seats has for its subject the Evil One carrying off a friar in the central compartment, while a woman wrings her hands at his loss on one side, and an attendant imp expresses *his* feelings by beating a tattoo on the other; such were the monkish satires upon the lives of their wandering brethren.

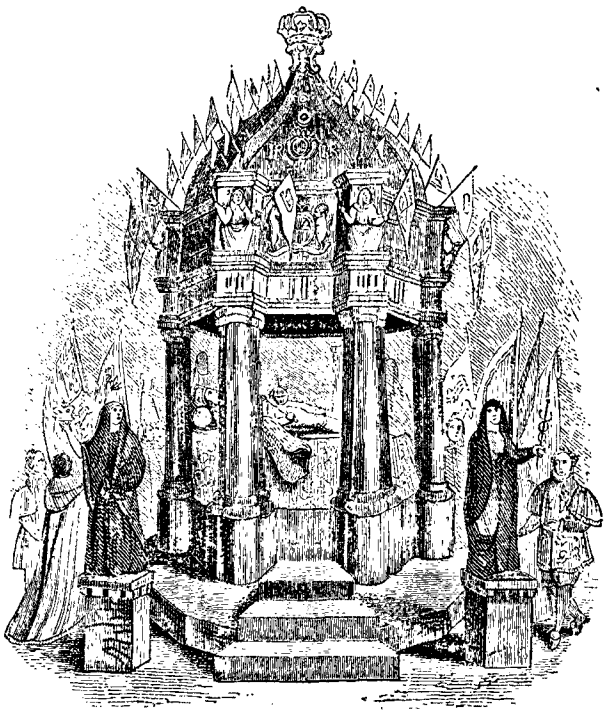
From the time of the burial of Henry VII. to that of George II. most of our sovereigns have been interred in this Chapel; with the latter reign the custom was discontinued—George III. erecting a vault for himself and successors at Windsor. The youthful and accomplished Edward VI., it appears, was buried near the high altar before mentioned; no tomb nor inscription marks the spot. As we walk up the northern aisle of the Chapel, we are directed to the last home of his two sisters and successors, Mary and Elizabeth (who lie in the same tomb), by the immense monument erected to the latter by James I.; and which so much



[Monument of Queen Elizabeth.]

resembles the monument erected by the same king to his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, in the opposite aisle, that one would suppose he wished to keep before the world, in as forcible a manner as possible, the remembrance of events in which *his* conduct, during the period the scaffold was preparing for the unfortunate Mary, is perhaps the only point on which there cannot be a difference of opinion. Elizabeth's memorial is by Maximilian Coulte; Mary's by Cornelius Cure.

At the end of the same aisle, near the sarcophagus of white marble containing the supposed remains of the murdered Edward V. and his brother (the finding of which in the Tower has already been mentioned),* is a vault in which lie in strange companionship the oppressor and the oppressed, James I. and Arabella Stuart, as well as James's Queen, Anne—and son, Prince Henry. The Lady Arabella, it will be remembered, died in a state of insanity in the Tower, brought on by the infamous persecutions to which she was subjected on account of her



James I. lying in State.—The hearse and decorations designed by Inigo Jones.]

royal descent, and more particularly after the discovery of her marriage with William Seymour. Leaving this melancholy spot, we look in vain for any memorial of James's successor, whose headless corpse was buried at Windsor; or of the Protector, who *was* interred here, and with more than the usual regal pomp. He died on the anniversary of his great victories of Dunbar and Worcester, the 3rd of September, 1658, and was buried on the 22nd of November; when Henry VII.'s Chapel was hung both within and without with hundreds of

* No. XXXIX., vol. ii., p. 225.

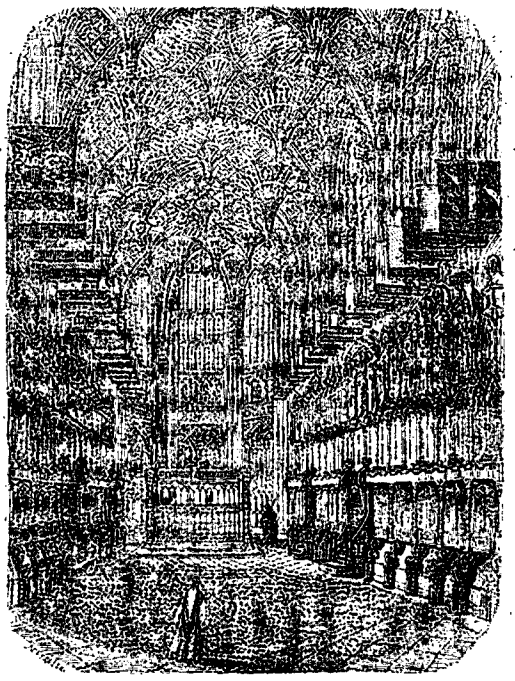
escutcheons, and the framework or enclosure of the hearse exhibited an immense number of embossed shields of different sizes, with crowns, badges, and scrolls, the latter bearing appropriate mottoes. Suspended from the hearse all around were waving pennons, and upon it lay a carved effigy of the Protector, "made to the life, according to the best skill of the artist in that employed, viz. Mr. Symon," the same party, we presume, to whom we are indebted for one of the finest of English coins, Cromwell's crown-piece. The effigy was magnificently arrayed in a laced holland shirt, silk stockings, Spanish leather shoes tied with gold lace, doublet of uncut grey velvet with gold buttons, purple velvet surcoat laced with gold, and over all a royal robe of purple velvet, embossed with gold, and lined with ermine. Beneath the effigy was a bed, consisting first of a quilt, then a cloth of estate, next a holland sheet, and lastly a velvet pall. The head rested on a cushion. On the sides of the figure were disposed the head-piece and plume, the breastplate, and greaves of the deceased warrior; whilst at his feet were his coat, mantle, helmet and crest, sword, target, spurs, and gauntlets. Among the other ornaments were the standards of England and Scotland. The procession was equally splendid, and included some of the most distinguished persons of the realm. Little more than two years afterwards, on the anniversary of the day of Charles's execution, there came a band of men, armed with all due powers from the King, who broke open the grave that had been so solemnly closed, dragged forth the mouldering remains, and placed them, with those of Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, and Bradshaw, the President of the Court that had condemned the King, on hurdles, and dragged them to Tyburn. There the bodies were hung at the three several angles of a triangular gallows till sunset, then cut down, beheaded, and thrown into a pit beneath, while the heads were taken back to Westminster, and placed on the top of the Hall. Whatever their political opinions, one would have hardly supposed that the authorities of the Abbey could have exactly approved of this pitiful war with the dead; so far, however, was that from being the case, that the Dean and Chapter, in the exuberance of their loyalty, obtained a warrant for the further exhumation of the corpses of Cromwell's *mother and daughter*, women of the most blameless purity of lives; of Pym, Cromwell's early coadjutor, who had actually died whilst the struggle between the people and their sovereign was as yet a bloodless one; and of Blake, the great naval hero, whose only crime must have been the fighting too well for his country abroad, without troubling himself as to who was in power at home. It is strange that neither the King nor his advisers in these proceedings should have perceived that their indiscriminate character prevented even the semblance of justice from appertaining to them, and that they therefore could not fail to react to the injury of the doers. Of course no memorial marks the place from whence the bodies were taken.

Crossing to the south aisle, we stand by the vault in which lies the restored King, Charles II., of whose burial and reign the royalist Evelyn gives this brief but significant comment:—"14 Feb. (1685). The King was this night buried very obscurely in a vault under Henry VII.'s Chapel, at Westminster, without any manner of pomp, and *soon forgotten*." There were circumstances, however, attending the death that must have excited much speculation among the spectators of the funeral ceremonies. It was whispered abroad that Charles had

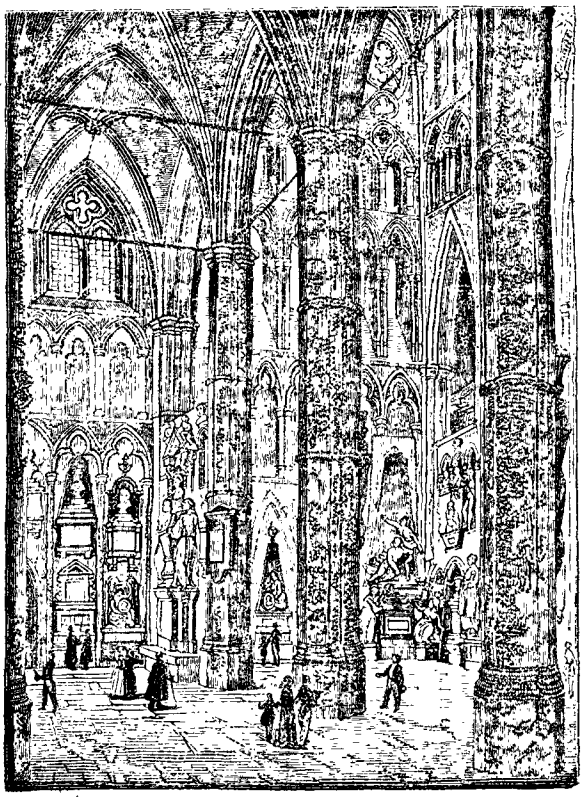
been poisoned by his brother James, the new King; a charge which, though it ultimately found distinct expression from the Duke of Monmouth in his revolutionary attempt, seems to have been without foundation. There was another rumour, which, taken in connexion with the supposed religious views of James, must have deeply interested the nation at large. It was, that Charles, the Protestant Defender of the Faith as by law established, had actually died a Catholic, and that Catholic rites had been secretly performed whilst the chief ecclesiastics of the Church were in the palace. And the fact was afterwards decisively established. Barillon, the French ambassador, says, the Duchess of Portsmouth came to him a little before the King's death, and observed, "Monsieur l'Ambassador, I am going to tell you the greatest secret in the world, and my head would be in danger were it known here. The King, in the bottom of his heart, is a Catholic." She then entreated him to communicate with the Duke of York on the subject; Barillon did so, and the Duke promised to hazard all rather than not do his duty. James immediately went to his brother, and found he had refused to take the Sacrament from the Bishops, who, as if suspicious, hardly left his bed-side for a moment. The same subject was at the hearts of both the brothers, but neither of them, even at that dread hour, had sufficient manliness to avow honestly their sentiments, and take the consequences; at last the Duke, finding no better expedient, stooped down and whispered to the King—what could not be heard;—but Charles replied more than once, and in a loud voice, "With all my heart." The Duke then hurried to Barillon, to desire him to find a priest instantly; and, after some search, there was discovered among the Queen's attendants one Huddlestone, who, having saved the life of Charles at Worcester, had been exempted from all the penal laws relating to the Catholics. Huddlestone was taken to the door of a back room adjoining the royal chamber, when, all being prepared, the Duke entered and exclaimed, "The King wills that everybody should retire except the Earls of Bath and Feversham." The disguised priest, with the host, was then brought in, James introducing him to his brother, with the remark, "Sire, here is a man who once saved your life, and who is now come to save your soul." The ceremony proceeded, and the Duke subsequently told Barillon that Charles had formally engaged to declare himself a Catholic if he recovered. Whether he spake in full sincerity was not to be shown: he died the next morning, the 6th of February, 1685. We need not look in Henry VII.'s Chapel for any memorial of his successor, whose career is summed up in a few words: he manfully declared his views, and the nation as manfully theirs; and they were the strongest. James died a Catholic, but no King. In the regal mausoleums he has no place. The vault where he should have been interred, the vacant space by his brother's remains he should have occupied, belong to his successful opponent—William III., who lies here with his lamented Queen. Anne and Prince George complete the list of inhabitants of the vault of the southern aisle. Lastly, in the centre of the Chapel repose, in a vault beneath the chequered pavement, George II. and his Queen, with the hero or butcher of Culloden—posterity does not seem to have quite determined whether the English or the Scotch appellation is the most suitable—the Duke of Cumberland.

Among the other tombs scattered about the Chapel are some to the memory

of persons of royal blood, which demand here a word of notice. Such is that to Lord Darnley's mother, a lady who, according to the inscription, "had to her great-grandfather King Edward IV.; to her grandfather King Henry VII.; to her uncle King Henry VIII.; to her cousin-german King Edward VI.; to her brother King James V. of Scotland; to her son (Darnley, husband of Mary) King Henry I. (of Scotland); and to her grandchild King James VI. of Scotland" and I. of England. And such is the tomb of Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., whose effigy of brass is another piece of masterly workmanship from the hands of Torrigiano. This is the lady of whom Camden reports she would often say, "On the condition that princes of Christendom would combine themselves and march against the common enemy, the Turk, she would most willingly attend them, and be their laundress in the camp:" the true spirit of a chivalrous lady of earlier ages, but one little suited for the period of her son, when men did more by craft than the sword, and when the head alike of the church and the state was, as we have seen, too busy in taking care of his own soul to think of the souls of unknown multitudes of Mohammedans. And who that looks round upon this most beautiful of structures but sincerely rejoices in his determination?



[Henry VII.'s Chapel and Tomb.]



[Poets' Corner.]

LXXXIII.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No. IV.—Poets' Corner.

"Poets' Corner!"—We could wish, most heartily, we knew the name of him who first gave this appellation to the south transept of the Abbey, and thus helped, most probably, to make it what it is, the richest little spot the earth possesses in its connexion with the princes of song: such a man ought himself to have a monument among them. And, though he may have never written a line, we could almost venture to assert he must have been a kindred spirit, so exquisitely applicable is his phrase;—so felicitously illustrative of the poet, who, with all his exhaustion of old worlds and creation of new, is generally most deeply attached to some one of the smallest corners of that on which he moves;—so characteristic is it of the personal relation in which we, his readers, stand toward him: not in the pulpit, the senate, or the academy, does he teach us, but in the quiet corner by the winter fire-side, or in the green nook of the summer woods. In a word, we might have sought in vain for any other appellation that would have expressed,

with equal force, the *home*-feeling with which we desire, however unconsciously, to invest this sumptuous abode of our dead poets, or that would have harmonised so finely with our mingled sentiments of affection and reverence for their memory.

But, though we do not know who gave the name, we are at no loss with regard to those whose burial here first suggested it. If, immediately we enter, we turn to the right, and gaze on the monuments on the wall by our side, we perceive one standing out from the rest in hoar antiquity, a fine old Gothic piece of sculpture, that, though in reality not three centuries old, seems at the first glance to be coeval with the building itself; that is the tomb of Chaucer, the first poet buried in the Abbey, and the first true poet England produced. It is, in other respects, one of the most interesting memorials of the place. Caxton, who, among his numerous claims to our gratitude, adds that of having sought out and made permanent by printing the manuscript of the Canterbury Tales (one of the editions of which he published under circumstances peculiarly honourable to himself), placed the original inscription here, which he obtained from a learned Milanese. This remained till Brigham, a student in the university of Oxford, took upon him, as a labour of love, the erection of a monument to the illustrious poet's memory. The present tomb was accordingly placed here in 1555. As we pause to gaze on its decayed and blackened front, and to examine, with an interest that finds little to repay it, the remains of the poet's effigy, a kind of melancholy similarity between the fate of Chaucer's reputation and that of his memorial suggests itself: what Spenser calls "black oblivion's rust" has been almost as injurious to the first as to the last, and has caused one of the greatest, and, as far as qualifications are concerned, most popular of poets, to be the most neglected or unknown by the large majority of his countrymen. There is a rust upon his verses, it is true, that mars, upon the whole, their original music (such as we find it breaking out at intervals where time has not played his fantastic tricks with the spelling and pronunciation), and which, for the first few hours of perusal, somewhat dims also the brilliancy of the thoughts,—but that is all; he who devotes one day to *studying* Chaucer will be delighted the next, and on the third will look back with amazement on his ignorance of the writer who, all circumstances of time and position considered, can scarcely be said to have had yet a superior, unless it be Shakspere. And even he has not equalled, in some respects, the man who at once made England a poetical country; there is nothing in the whole range of literature that can be compared, for instance, to the pathos of the story of Griselde. Looked at, again, as a painter of manners, using the word in its largest sense, Froissart, Chaucer's contemporary, appears by his side a man of but one idea. Chaucer, like Shakspere, seems to have combined in himself all the qualities which are generally found to belong to different individuals. As the characters of the wonderful prologue to the Canterbury Tales throng upon the memory, one is lost in wonder at the extent and variety of the powers that could have created such a diversified assemblage. The gentle veteran knight, the young flute-playing poetical squire, the dainty prioress, the luxurious and respectable monk side by side with the licentious and vagabond friar, the merry and wanton wife of Bath, the poure parson, that sublimest of characters in

the homeliest of shapes, the brawny bagpipe-playing miller, &c., &c.—A restoration of the monument, it appears, is meditated; what a subject for bas-reliefs were these characters of the Canterbury Tales! Chaucer died in 1400, a fact we learn only from the monument; and, like the fabled swan, he may be said to have literally died singing. Among his works we find 'A ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer upon his death-bed, *lying in his great anguish*;' a touching and memorable passage to be prefixed to a poem, and one is naturally anxious to learn the nature of the sentiments that flowed into verse under such circumstances. They are alike worthy of the poet and the occasion, and afford another instance of Chaucer's versatility: the recurrence of the same line at the end of each verse is peculiarly musical and effective, and is interesting as showing how early this favourite trick (if we may be allowed to use that word in a somewhat higher sense than is now common) of modern song-writers was known and practised. The line in question,

"And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread,"

shows the spirit of the poem. Such was the first poet buried in the Corner. The next was a worthy successor, Spenser, the author of the 'Fairy Queen.' If poets, in the words of Shelley, are "cradled into wrong," or begin the world with suffering—so, alas! too often do they end it. England's second great poet is said to have died of starvation in the neighbouring King Street, Westminster. Ben Jonson thus briefly records, in his conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden, the frightful circumstances that attended the last days of the poet:—"The Irish having robbed Spenser's goods, and burnt his house and a little child new born, he and his wife escaped; and, after, he *died for lake of bread* in King Street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, adding, 'he was sorry he had no time to spend them.'" This story sounds altogether terribly like truth; yet, as doubts have been thrown upon it, we are glad to think it possible that there may be some mistake, or at least exaggeration. This great poet had great patrons: first, Sir Philip Sidney, then Raleigh, and, lastly, Essex. By Raleigh Spenser was introduced to Elizabeth; which circumstance, according to an old story, led to the Queen's rebuking Lord Burleigh for his parsimony, and desiring that the poet should have reason for his rhyme. In Henslowe the player's Diary, the story is thus corroborated:—"May 4, 1602. When her Majesty had given order that Mr. Spenser should have a reward for his poems, but Spenser could have nothing, he presented her with these verses:—

'It pleased your grace upon a time
To grant me reason for my rhyme;
But from that time, until this season,
I heard of neither rhyme nor reason.'"

The answer appears to have been a grant of 50*l.* per annum, which Malone discovered among the records in the Rolls Chapel: so we may hope that the poet who had enriched his country's literature with that divinest shape of human beauty—

"Heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb"—

was not haunted in his last hours by the presence of a fiend more horrible than his own creations—infernal Pain and tumultuous Strife, who

"The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life :"—

Hunger, we may hope, was not by the poet's death-bed. Spenser was buried where he had desired to be, near his great predecessor, Chaucer (but on the other side of the entrance), in 1598-9, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. It has been recorded that several of his poetical brethren attended, who threw epitaphs, and elegies, and panegyrics on his works, into his grave, "with the pens that wrote them." "Gentle Willy" (Spenser's own designation of Shakspere) we may be tolerably sure was among these mourners. The present monument is an exact transcript of an older one set up by the Countess of Dorset in 1620, for which that lady paid Nicholas Stone 40*l*. Mason, the poet, was the chief agent of the restoration, which became necessary, in 1778, through the softness of the original stone. We must not pass on without transcribing the short but beautiful inscription:—"Here lies, expecting the second coming of our Saviour Christ Jesus, the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he left behind him." This was the second inhabitant of Poets' Corner.

The third was Beaumont: how was it that we cannot add—with whom rests Fletcher? So thoroughly have their lives become incorporated in the incorporation of their writings and fame, that one feels as though Beaumont himself were not all here, entombed thus alone. Most touching and beautiful of friendships! In all the works of these great writers there is no incident half so romantic as their own undivided lives; for, as Aubrey has shown us in his recorded gossip, their literary connexion was but the natural manifestation not merely of kindred tastes and talents, but of an ardent affection for each other, that was as plainly seen in the house where they lived together, and had the same clothes, and most probably a common purse, as in the theatre, where their separate writings were undistinguishable, and where, if one were really greater than the other, they kept the secret to themselves so effectually, that to this hour the best critics have been baffled in their attempts to assign to each his due merit. How great that merit is, may be judged by those not familiar with their works from Schlegel's remark upon them. He says—"They hardly wanted anything but a more profound seriousness of mind, and that sagacity in art which observes a due measure in everything, to deserve a place beside the greatest dramatic poets of all nations." Beaumont was buried before the entrance into the first of the chapels here (St. Benedict's), immediately beyond Chaucer's monument, where he lies without memorial or inscription.

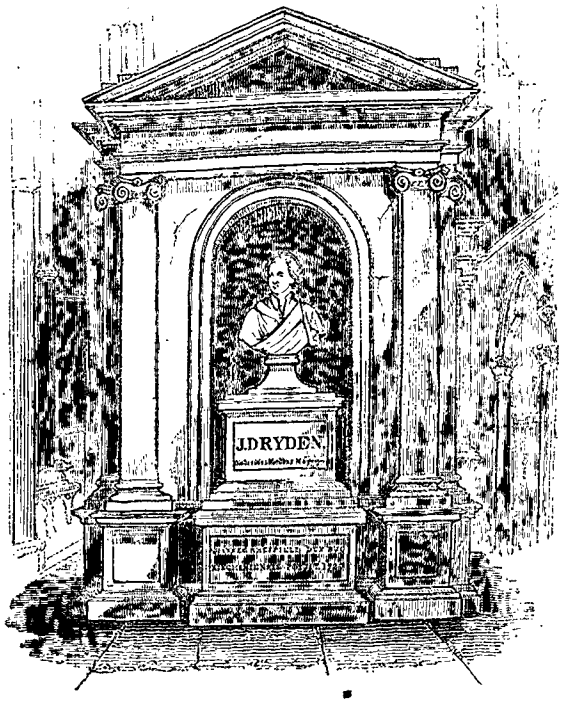
Drayton followed Beaumont, whose monument, close to the entrance on the right side, has an inscription too faded to be read, but too beautiful to be lost. The same lady who erected Spenser's monument (Clifford, Countess of Dorset) erected this also; and Aubrey, who mentions that fact, says that Marshall, the stone-cutter, informed him the inscription was by Quarles, but in Ben Jonson's works it has been printed by his editors as his. It runs thus:—

"Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they and what their children owe

To Drayton's name; whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasury of his name,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee."

Beautiful, however, as is the concluding thought, we fear the inscription "doth protest too much." To cease to be read is the same thing to an author as to cease to be remembered; and how few readers are there now of the Poly-olbion! Drayton's involved style and love of mere topography have spoilt, it is to be feared, for ever, what might have been a fine poem, and is unquestionably full of fine poetry. Drayton died in 1637, and was followed six years after by his great contemporary, and—if he were the author of the foregoing inscription—panegyrist, Ben Jonson. Near Spenser's memorial these few words strike every visitor to Poets' Corner—"O rare Ben Jonson!"—inscribed beneath a tablet with a head in relief of the poet. His remains do not, however, rest in this part of the Abbey, but in the north aisle of the nave, near Killigrew's monument, where the quaint epitaph was first "done," says Aubrey, "at the charge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted), who, walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cut it." The stone very unnecessarily was taken away at the late relaying of the pavement. A story is told in the Abbey with regard to the grave, that seems about as deserving of credit as the marvellous relations of cathedral-guides generally. It states that the Dean of Westminster one day rallied Jonson about his burial in the Abbey vaults. "I am too poor for that," was, it is said, the poet's reply; "and no one will lay out funeral charges upon me. No, sir, six feet long by two wide is too much for me: two feet by two will do for all I want." "You shall have it," said the Dean. On the poet's death the riddle was explained by a demand for the space agreed; when a hole eight feet deep was dug, and the coffin set upright in it. The tablet in Poets' Corner is from a design by Gibbs, the architect.

Under the date of 1607, Evelyn writes, "Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral, whose corpse lay at Wallingford House, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses, and all funeral decency, near a hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these all the wits of the town, diverse bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer, and near Spenser. A goodly monument since erected to his memory." This is an urn wreathed with laurel, and emitting fire, as typical, we presume, of the inspiration that animated Cowley's poetry. The Latin inscription declares Cowley the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of England. The monument was raised by George, Duke of Buckingham, the literary opponent of the great poet next buried here, and whose monument we find adjoining Cowley's, with a noble bust and the simplest of inscriptions, to "J. Dryden." This was not placed here till twenty years after the poet's death; when his friend and patron, Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, reminded, by Pope's intended epitaph on Rowe, of the "nameless stone" that covered the remains, caused it to be erected with the admirable



bust by Scheemakers. If one could desire change in an inscription which is so perfectly refreshing for its simplicity and freedom from panegyric, it would be in order to introduce Pope's couplet :—

> "This Sheffield raised: the sacred dust below
> Was Dryden once; the rest who does not know?"

But, after all, the truest taste in such matters would be, we think, to banish everything but the plain name, where that name was such as Dryden's: the longer inscription might then be left for the use of those who feared that the virtues or genius of their deceased friends would not be sufficiently known without. Reflecting on the neglect before alluded to of the Duke towards Dryden's memory, a painful story of a similar nature (indeed, the poet's life was altogether but too full of such neglects and delays) recurs in connexion with his burial. He died in 1700; and then the world remembered, as it usually does, what a very great man it had lost; and talked of what very great things ought to be accomplished in honour of his remains. What followed may be best narrated in the words of the writer of a biographical account of Congreve's life, as transcribed by Johnson in his 'Lives of the Poets.' The passage is long, but interesting; and as there seems really no doubt of its general truth, we cannot persuade ourselves to mutilate it :—"Mr. Dryden dying on the Wednesday morning, Dr. Thomas Sprat, then Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, sent the next day to the Lady Elizabeth Howard, Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make a present of the ground, which was forty pounds, with all the other Abbey fees. The Lord Halifax likewise sent to the Lady Elizabeth, and Mr. Charles Dryden, her

son, that if they would give him leave to bury Mr. Dryden, he would inter him with a gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards bestow five hundred pounds on a monument in the Abbey; which, as they had no reason to refuse, they accepted. On the Saturday following the company came; the corpse was put into a velvet hearse; and eighteen mourning-coaches, filled with company, attended. When they were just ready to move, the Lord Jefferies, son of the Lord Chancellor Jefferies, with some of his rakish companions, coming by, asked whose funeral it was: and being told Mr. Dryden's, he said, 'What! shall Dryden, the greatest honour and ornament of the nation, be buried after this private manner? No, gentlemen! Let all that loved Mr. Dryden, and honour his memory, alight and join with me in gaining my lady's consent to let me have the honour of his interment, which shall be after another manner than this; and I will bestow a thousand pounds on a monument in the Abbey for him!' The gentlemen in the coaches, not knowing of the Bishop of Rochester's favour, nor of the Lord Halifax's generous design (they both having, out of respect to the family, enjoined the Lady Elizabeth and her son to keep their favours concealed to the world, and let it pass for their own expense), readily came out of their coaches, and attended Lord Jefferies up to the lady's bedside, who was then sick. He repeated the purport of what he had before said; but she absolutely refusing, he fell on his knees, vowing never to rise till his request was granted. The rest of the company by his desire kneeled also; and the lady, being under a sudden surprise, fainted away. As soon as she recovered her speech, she cried, 'No, no!' 'Enough, gentlemen,' replied he: 'my lady is very good; she says, 'Go, go!' She repeated her former words with all her strength, but in vain, for her feeble voice was lost in their acclamations of joy; and the Lord Jefferies ordered the hearsemen to carry the corpse to Mr. Russel's, an undertaker in Cheapside, and leave it there till he should send orders for the embalment, which, he added, should be after the royal manner. His directions were obeyed, the company dispersed, and Lady Elizabeth and her son remained inconsolable. The next day Mr. Charles Dryden waited on the Lord Halifax and the Bishop, to excuse his mother and himself, by relating the real truth; but neither his Lordship nor the Bishop would admit of any plea; especially the latter, who had the Abbey lighted, the ground opened, the choir attending, an anthem ready set, and himself waiting for some time without any corpse to bury. The undertaker, after three days' expectance of orders for embalment, without receiving any, waited on the Lord Jefferies, who, pretending ignorance of the matter, turned it off with an ill-natured jest, saying that those who observed the orders of a drunken frolic deserved no better; that he remembered nothing at all of it; and that he might do what he pleased with the corpse. Upon this, the undertaker waited upon the Lady Elizabeth and her son, and threatened to bring the corpse home and set it before the door. They desired a day's respite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden wrote a handsome letter to the Lord Jefferies, who returned it with this cool answer—'That he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it.' He then addressed the Lord Halifax and the Bishop of Rochester, who absolutely refused to do anything in it. In this distress Dr. Garth sent for the corpse to the College of Physicians

and proposed a funeral by subscription, to which himself set a most noble example. At last a day, about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's decease, was appointed for the interment. Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration at the College over the corpse, which was attended to the Abbey by a numerous train of coaches." Of the truth of this story Dr. Johnson could find no other confirmation than a letter of Farquhar's, stating the funeral was "tumultuary and confused;" a somewhat strong one, we should consider, seeing that the ordinary accounts of the funeral, which do not allude to the story, are equally silent as to any such general features as Farquhar mentions. There is to be added also that, though there are discrepancies in the dates, it is certain that a very unusual delay took place between the death and the burial, and that the procession set out from the College after the delivery of an oration, as described by the writer, instead of from the poet's own house: a circumstance utterly unexplainable, it appears to us, except from the occurrence of some unusual event. The funeral was sufficiently splendid when it did take place. After the oration at the College, the ode of Horace, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*, set to "mournful music," was sung, with an accompaniment of trumpets, hautboys, and other instruments. The procession then set out, consisting first of several mourners on horseback, then the band, "who made a very harmonious noise," preceding the corpse, which, lastly, was followed by no less than twenty mourning-coaches, drawn each by six horses, and a multitude of other equipages.

Among the remaining poets buried in the Corner there are three whose memorials attract the attention of the ordinary visitor—those of Rowe, Prior, and Gay. The first and the last are side by side in the corner behind the screen which faces the doorway, whilst Prior's stares you in the face from the screen, as you enter, as if eager to thrust itself upon your notice before your attention is occupied by the greater memorials of the place. Rowe's monument is by Rysbrach, and is chiefly noticeable for a beautiful inscription by Pope, concluding with the following allusion to his widow:—

> "To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
> The childless parent and the widow'd wife
> With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
> That holds their ashes, *and expects her own.*"

To the poet's excessive annoyance, it is said, the widow sympathised so little with the expectations of the monument, that she married again, and thus destroyed at once half the beauty of the thought. Rowe died in 1718. Three years after Prior was buried in "that last piece of human vanity" which was erected at his own desire, and for which he left a bequest of 500*l.* This certainly was a summary way of deciding the amount of his own reputation; but posterity likes to have its own opinion on these matters, and that opinion, we fear, in spite of the showy monument, is not very favourable to Matthew Prior. The memorial, in the shape of a winged boy holding a medallion portrait, of him who, in the words of Pope's inscription, was

> "Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
> In wit a man, simplicity a child,"

suggests more interesting recollections. The author of the most popular of

English musical pieces, the 'Beggar's Opera,' and of one of the best of English ballads, 'Black-eyed Susan,' the favourite correspondent of Pope and Swift (how touching are the laments of the latter over his death!), and the almost idolised inmate of the eccentric but benevolent Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, rises always to the memory as one of those poets for whom, if we have not any uncomfortable amount of awe and veneration, we have a great deal of genuine love. The worthless couplet—

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it;
> I thought so once, but now I know it"—

the mere expression of a mood of the poet's mind, should never have been placed on the monument, and it were but an act of kindness to Gay's memory to erase it. There remains to fill up the list of the strictly-poetical inhabitants of the Abbey only Denham, the author of 'Cooper's Hill,' who lies buried beneath the pavement in front of Dryden's monument; and Macpherson, the author—as there is now little doubt but he was—of the poems ushered into the world under such peculiar circumstances as the productions of Ossian, whose resting-place is marked by a plain blue stone and brief inscription, near the centre of the transept. As to the memorial to Milton, remarkable for a piece of vile taste, perpetrated by him who erected it, and who in consequence has been pilloried in the 'Dunciad,'

> "On poets' tombs see *Benson's* titles writ;"—

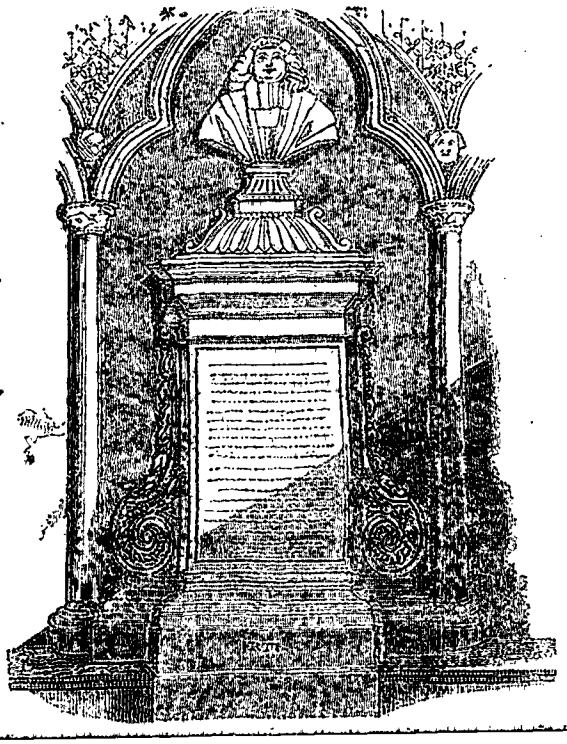
Shakspere's, to which Milton's lines may be applied with peculiar force, even by those who do not quite agree with the poet in holding any monument unnecessary,

> "Dear Son of Memory, great heir of fame,
> What need'st thou *such* weak witness of thy name?"—

Phillips's, with its profile effigy, and wreath of *apple* and laurel leaves, in illustration of his poem on Cyder, and which was rejected by Dr. Sprat on account of its allusion to Phillips's uncle, Milton, a name, in the bishop's opinion (himself a small poet), too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion;—Butler's bust;—Gray's, with its figure in relief of the Lyric Muse holding a medallion of the poet, by Bacon;—Thomson's, Mason's, and Goldsmith's;—they are all but so many instances of the poets' monuments which have no poets reposing beneath them, that Addison alludes to in one of his papers in the 'Spectator,' and which should be carefully dissociated from those that have. This is so little attended to in the Abbey, that a visitor finds it impossible to determine from the mere sight of the tombs or inscriptions, except in one or two cases, which of the great poets were really buried here. Although but a mere honorary memorial, the one we last mentioned, Goldsmith's, is interesting from the associations connected with it. This great poet, essayist, and novelist, who was in himself sufficient to prove Johnson's theory, that genius is but a mind of large general powers accidentally determined in some particular direction—for, whilst Goldsmith's powers were directed in numerous directions, he excelled in all,—this admirable writer, who wanted but one of the commonest of qualities, prudence, to have been also one of the most admirable of men, was intended to have been

buried in the Abbey, with a magnificent ceremonial, until the knowledge of his numerous unpaid debts caused the withdrawal of the scheme; when the body was interred in the Temple churchyard. A tablet, however, it was decided should be raised to his memory in the Abbey; Reynolds chose the place, immediately over the doorway of the chapel of St. Blaize (adjoining Gay's memorial), and Johnson undertook to prepare the inscription. What followed lives, no doubt, in the memory of most of our readers. Johnson wrote the inscription in Latin, and presented it for the approval of his companions, when they one and all disapproved of it, and subsequently prepared a round robin of names, begging him to celebrate the fame of an English author in the language in which he wrote. Johnson flatly refused, saying he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription: and so we have before us the Latin inscription; unintelligible perhaps to ninety-nine out of every hundred visitors of the Abbey who have enjoyed 'The Deserted Village' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and who are naturally interested in knowing what his friend Johnson would say about him.

The Poets' Corner is not, however, solely confined to poets; divines, philosophers, actors, musicians, dramatists, architects, and critics have found place among them. Barrow, whose life almost justifies the inscription which speaks of "a man almost divine, and truly great, if greatness be comprised in piety, probity, and faith, the deepest learning, equal modesty, and morals in every respect sanctified and sweet,"—Barrow, whom Charles II. used to call an "unfair preacher," inasmuch as that he left nothing for others to say after him on the



topics he handled,—Barrow lies here, with a tablet and bust over his remains: the latter has the appearance of being a faithful likeness.

In another part, beneath the pavement before St. Blaize's Chapel, lie the remains of Johnson, with those of his friend and early associate, when the world was all before them both, and the paths were yet to choose—Garrick, on the one side, and those of Sheridan on the other. Why the monument raised to Johnson's memory should have been placed in St. Paul's, instead of over or near his remains in the Abbey, is one of those mysteries that we may expect to solve when we have learnt why Nelson—whose memorable words at the battle of the Nile, "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" so peculiarly marked out the proper place of his destination—was interred at St. Paul's. With regard to Johnson's monument, however, we are too glad at not seeing in the Abbey the classical monstrosity which is absurdly said to commemorate *him*, to care very much about the cause. Garrick's monument, erected at some distance from his remains, on the opposite wall of the transept, is to us chiefly remarkable from the circumstance that it betrayed one of the most tolerant of spirits into something very like intolerance. When Charles Lamb says he would "not go so far, with some good Catholics abroad, as to shut players out of consecrated ground," he does go far enough to afford fresh fuel to the unjust opinion of the actor's art that has so long prevailed in the countries where Shakspere and Molière each trod the stage—an opinion as mischievous too as unjust; for, by deprecating the profession, it has in a thousand ways helped to lower the characters of the professors: thus making the evil, of which it can with the greatest show of reason afterwards complain. Again, he speaks of the "theatrical airs and gestures" of the monument, not simply from any deficiency of the sculptor's skill to make them natural, but as objecting evidently to anything that could remind us of the theatre. There is a short way to test the truth of all this. At the left-hand corner of the same wall on which is Garrick's monument is that to Handel, in which the musician is represented surrounded by the materials and accessories of *his* art—the organ in the background, a harp in the hands of an angel above, and an effigy of himself in the act of composition, and as if suddenly inspired, in front. No one speaks of theatrical or orchestral gestures in connexion with this great work. If, then, Charles Lamb did not overlook the immense difference that there must be between the productions of H. Webber, the artist of the one, and those of Roubiliac, the artist of the other, his animadversions will be found strictly to mean that the theatre is, in the abstract, so much less exalted an instrument of enjoyment and instruction than the orchestra, as to make the memory of the one painful to us in the presence of the dead, when the other rouses no such sensations: a conclusion to which we respectfully demur, remembering, what the truest lovers of Shakspere seem often to forget, how grand a mission has been given to the stage:—"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." If it does not do this, it ought; and may be made—when those who have influence over it raise their own minds to its natural level.

Above the monument just referred to, Handel's, is a tablet which reminds us of an interesting event in the history of the musical art in this country, the

commemorations, which took place within the Abbey walls on several different occasions during the last century, and once during the present. The idea was first suggested in a conversation between some enthusiastic admirers of the great musician in 1783, who, seeing that, in the following year, a century would have elapsed since his birth, and a quarter of a century since his death, resolved to attempt the getting up of a performance, on the most magnificent scale, of Handel's works, by way of commemoration. The directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music not only highly approved of the scheme, but voluntarily undertook the arduous and responsible duty of arranging the performances. The King, George III., also gave his fullest sanction. On the 26th of May the performances began, during the whole of which the Abbey presented a magnificent and unique spectacle. At one end of the nave was seen a kind of throne, with an enclosure fitted up for royalty, and most regally decorated, in the centre, and two other enclosures, one on each side, for the bishops and for the Dean and Chapter. At the other end rose the vast orchestra, with upwards of five hundred performers, and the organ, in a Gothic frame, at the summit. The choral bands were on steps at the sides, rising stage upon stage till they seemed lost to the eyes of the spectators, in their extremest elevation. Lastly, in the area and galleries, in every nook and corner into which it seemed possible for human beings to introduce themselves, were the spectators, three or four thousand in number. The triumph of the architect to whom the arrangements for the fitting up of the Abbey had been confided, Mr. Wyatt, was seen in the harmonious aspect which, we are told, the whole presented; all "so wonderfully corresponded with the style of architecture of this venerable and beautiful structure, that there was nothing visible, either for use or ornament, which did not harmonize with the principal tone of the building." The performances lasted five days, and on the whole produced a deep and most beneficial effect on the permanent interests of the art. For some years the commemorations were repeated annually—at that in 1787 the receipts were 14,042*l.*, a sum considerably exceeding the receipts of the first in 1784—but gradually they were given at longer and longer intervals till 1791, when, although the performers had been increased to the number of 1667 persons, the receipts exhibited a serious decrease, and in consequence the commemorations for the time ceased. Haydn was present during the last-mentioned performances; and, as he was ever ready to acknowledge, derived from them his deep veneration of the mighty genius of Handel. The last commemoration was that of 1834.

The chief remaining memorials of Poets' Corner may, perhaps, be best noticed in the order in which they meet the eye from the entrance door. By the side of Prior's monument is a tablet, by Chantrey, to the great friend of the negroes, Granville Sharp; who was led to make the first attempt towards their emancipation by a little personal incident worth remembering, were it only for the mighty contrast between the end achieved and the beginning. Walking one day through the streets of London, he beheld a poor negro shivering with cold, hunger, and sickness. He was a slave from Virginia, abandoned by his master in this country on account of illness brought on by the change of climate. Sharp caused him to be conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he

recovered, and went to a situation provided for him by his benefactor. Immediately these circumstances reached the master's ears, he had the hardihood to throw poor Somerset, his late slave, into prison as a runaway. The matter was then brought before the chief magistrate of the city of London, who declared the man free. The master, however, violently seized him, and endeavoured to get him on board his ship, which was about to sail. There was no time to be lost. Somerset was brought by *habeas corpus* before the twelve judges, who, after several hearings, declared unanimously, in words for ever memorable, "that as soon as any slave sets his foot upon British ground, he is free." It is only necessary to add, in order to show how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Granville Sharp, that he nearly exhausted his fortune in carrying this case to its important issue; and that he had the gratification of living to see the good work he had commenced progress to the point of the formal abolition by the legislature of the slave-trade in 1807. Near Sharp's memorial is the bust of St. Evremond, the French wit, and that of Shadwell, the hero of Dryden's tremendous satire—MacFlecknoe, and who had his revenge in seeing the great poet turned out of the laureateship on the accession of William and Mary, and himself put in his place. On the column at the end of the screen, a tablet records the memory of the witty author of the 'New Bath Guide,' Christopher Anstey. At the back of the screen, near Shakspere's monument, is Mrs. Pritchard's, an actress of whom Churchill says, comically enough, considering it forms part of a panegyric on a really great artist, that "her voice" was

"as free from blemish as her fame."

On the other side of Bishop Blaize's Chapel, the sumptuous monument of the great Duke of Argyll, as he is generally called, strikes the eye alike by its size and beauty. It is as allegorical, and therefore almost as unmeaning as usual, in the chief thought; the Duke is dying at the base of a pyramid, with sorrowing figures of History, Minerva, and Eloquence around him. But the execution is most masterly. Canova is said to have remarked of the figure of Eloquence, "That is one of the noblest statues I have seen in England." On the floor between the monuments of Handel and Barrow is the full-length statue (on a circular pedestal) of one whose writings give a peculiar interest to his burial in the Abbey. The visits of the *Spectator* are ever things to be remembered, and here, as he has himself told us, he was frequently to be found. "When I am in a serious humour," says he, in the first of his papers on the subject, "I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable." In another passage he says, "When I see kings lying by those who deposed them,—when I consider *rival wits placed side by side*,—or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes,—I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind." Did Addison, we wonder, think how applicable these remarks might be, but a few years later, to his own case? One feature of his death-bed is well known—his sending for the

young Earl of Warwick to see how a Christian could die; but another, and to our minds more touching incident, was his conduct to Gay, at the same period. He sent for the poet to his bed-side, and begged his forgiveness for an injury which he had done him (what Gay knew not, but supposed Addison referred to some obstruction he had thrown secretly in his path, whilst endeavouring to obtain court favour), and promised him, if he lived, to make amends. He did not live, but Gay, we are sure, with all his heart forgave him; and we can look on the memorials of the "rival wits," here buried beneath the same roof, and reflect with satisfaction that these at least did not wait for the grave to point its usual moral. Addison, we must remark, is not interred beneath Westmacott's statue, but in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel. His body, after lying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, was buried at night, as Tickell, his friend, thus shows in his elegy:—

> "Can I forget the dismal night that gave
> My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
> How silent did his old companions tread,
> By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead;
> Through breathing statues, then unheeded things;
> Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings," &c.

Beneath the pavement, near Addison's statue, the remains of Cumberland, the dramatist, essayist, and excellent classical scholar, are interred; and near him those of Henderson, an actor, who, equally great in 'Falstaff' and 'Hamlet,' might, in Garrick's absence, have reached almost Garrick's reputation. As it was, he was overshadowed by the mightier genius, and consequently few now remember the excellence of John Henderson. Passing on, our eyes again directed upwards, we perceive the memorials of the learned Casaubon, a black and white marble monument erected by Stone, and of Camden, which exhibits a half-length figure, book in hand, of the great antiquary. Camden was master of Westminster School; and looks in his effigy, which has something of a prim, pedagoguish look about it, as though he is still thinking of the school, and wondering whether he has got any of his pupils around him in his new abode. Yes, there is one, and the one who, if tradition be true, it must best please the antiquary's shade to see in such a place—Ben Jonson, the boy whose talents he had so early noticed, and whom he subsequently relieved from the degrading position of a bricklayer's labourer by obtaining for him the office of tutor to Raleigh's son. Crossing now to the wall or screen of the choir we have to the right of the entrance the beautifully sculptured monument of Dr. Busby, master of Westminster School, and its rigid ungraceful-looking rival (both having similar recumbent figures), that of the eminent divine, Dr. South, by its side. In the papers before referred to we find Addison and Sir Roger standing before Busby's memorial; when the knight exclaims, "Dr. Busby! a great man: he whipped my grandfather;—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead;—a very great man!" The poet Congreve, we may here add, is buried in another part of the Abbey: why, it would be difficult to say. Lastly, interred below the pavement, are—the critic of the 'Quarterly,' whose nod was so long fate in the literary world; Chambers, the

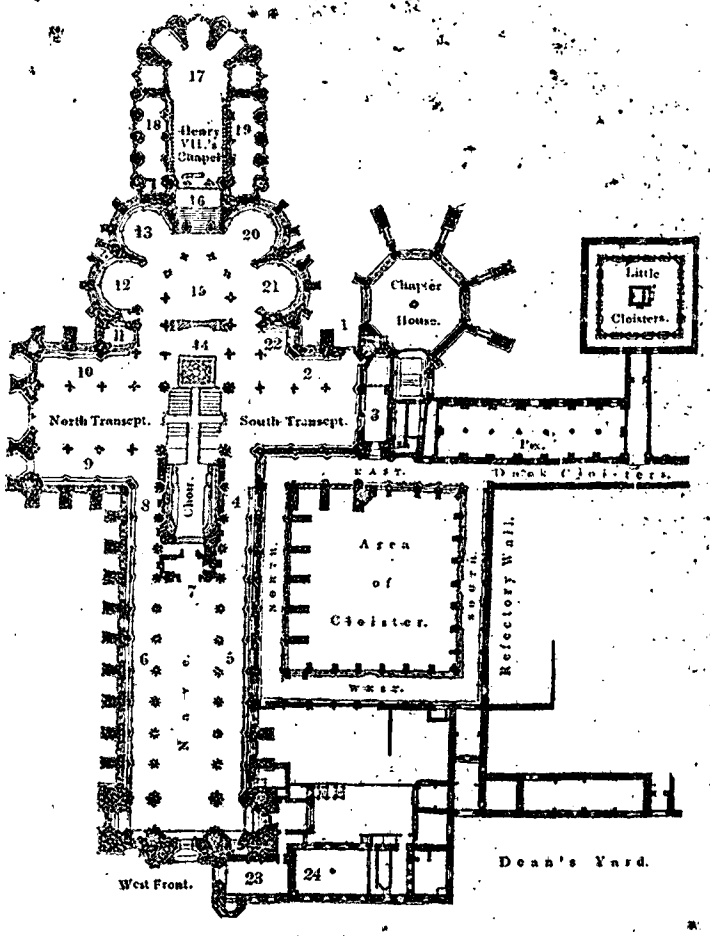
architect of Somerset House; Adam, the builder of the Adelphi, "O rare Sir William Davenant!" Old Parr, half an immortal himself, and therefore, we suppose, among the poets; and Sheridan, whose death and funeral show, even more brilliantly than usual, that kind of antithesis which the world has so long been accustomed to look on but as a necessary part of the history of men of genius, and which if it missed for any length of time, would, we verily believe, make it begin to look about, and button up its pockets carefully, suspicious that all was not as it should be. Sheridan, no doubt, owed his misfortunes, as much as it was well possible for a man to do, to his own conduct; but when in the close of his life he was left to the most terrible destitution by his courtly friends and quondam admirers, it is melancholy to reflect, that of all the countless thousands his fine powers had delighted, there should be none who, having ample means, were just enough to see that his punishment had been at least as great as his offences, and grateful enough to do something for him who had done so much for all. Whilst the theatre was ringing with the sounds of enjoyment accompanying scene after scene of the 'School for Scandal,' the author was lying delirious at home; escaped awhile from the world by that happy provision for unendurable mental anguish. It had been almost better for him if he had never again awakened to consciousness, for among the earliest sounds that met his ear were the threats of an attorney (who held him under arrest), that he would remove him, dying as he was, to a gaol. Well, there was one consolation: the world was, no doubt, preparing a splendid funeral; he had only to die to bring back lost friends, make mean patrons generous, change neglect and desolation into universal care and attendance, to become as splendid, and honoured, and be as much cherished as ever. Who could resist such temptations? Sheridan died. And now the charm was broken; the body must be immediately removed; the dead poet cannot be treated as the living might; he is exposed in state at the house of a member of the senate, of which he had been so distinguished an ornament, and here his admirers came in crowds day by day to visit him.—Injurious thought, to suppose they had forgotten him! He is borne to the Abbey; men of royal blood leading the way as mourners, the chief ministers of state following, then the nobles of the land; lastly, an almost interminable line of persons, comprising, we are told, almost all the rank or ability in London.

As we turn our eyes away from the inscription on the plain blue stone at our feet, which has suggested these melancholy but unavoidable reflections, they fall upon *Dryden's* stately stone instead of bread; then again upon the memorials of the Prince of Poets, with the horrible doubt that belongs to it; on Goldsmith's, who, after all that has been said of his extravagance, perhaps scarcely received for the whole of his works the amount of three years' salary of a minister of state; on Johnson's, whose early struggles in London must be in every one's memory: in short, turn where we will, bounding our vision to the walls of the Abbey, or looking beyond them, we see still the same unnatural disparity between the instruction and enjoyment given, and the reward received; too often little more than "Poets' Corner."

Having now gone through those important portions of the Abbey history which

seemed to require separate notices, our next and concluding paper will be devoted to such a general view of the interior, or rather of its contents, as a visitor, starting from Poets' Corner, and desiring only to have the most essential objects pointed out, may require. In the mean time, it may be useful to present the following

PLAN OF THE ABBEY.



EXPLANATION.

1. General Entrance.
2. Poets' Corner.
3. St. Blaize's Chapel.
4. South Aisle of Choir.
5. South Aisle of Nave.
6. North ditto.
7. New Screen.
8. North Aisle of Choir.
9. West Aisle of North Transept.
10. East Aisle of North Transept.
11. Islip's Chapel.
12. St. John the Baptist's.
13. St. Paul's.
14. Abbot Ware's Mosaic Pavement.
15. Edward the Confessor's Chapel and Shrine.
16. Porch to Henry VII.'s Chapel.
17. Henry VII.'s Tomb.
18. North Aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel.
19. South ditto.
20. St. Nicholas's Chapel.
21. St. Edmund's.
22. St. Benedict's.
23. Jerusalem Chamber.
24. College (formerly Abbey) Dining Hall.

[Brass Plate on Sir Thomas Vaughan's Tomb.]

LXXXIV.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No. V. A Walk through the Edifice.

The author of the 'Sketch-Book,' after a visit to the Abbey, remarks, "I endeavoured to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold." This passage describes but too truly the general effect, even on the most intelligent minds, of a first or occasional visit to the Abbey memorials. And the causes, no doubt, are to be found partly in the very multiplicity of the objects that meet the eye, but much more in the entire absence of any systematic arrangement. Indeed, whilst there are two features in particular which invest Westminster Abbey with an interest and a value that belong to no other English structure, the one of universal character,—the burial in it of so many of our great men; the other limited to the lovers of art,—the knowledge that it presents an unbroken series of examples of the history of sculpture for five or six centuries;—these are precisely the features which are the least attended to in the Abbey, and which therefore appear with the least possible effect. The Englishman, proud of his country, comes here to gaze upon the last resting-place of the men whose achievements have given him cause for his pride; but finds not only that remarkable men of every degree of intellectual power, of every variety of occupation and period, are confusedly mingled together, with the addition of a sprinkling of those remarkable only from the circumstance that their remains should be here at all, but that in reality he cannot discover, with anything approaching

to general accuracy, the great men who were really buried in the Abbey from those who have merely had honorary memorials erected to them. The student's case is still more hopeless: what instruction can he possibly derive from the visible history of art, however rich, where the facts or monuments of which it is composed are dispersed throughout a vast building, in such order that, if their respective positions had been decided by lot, they could hardly have presented a greater chaos:—here the colossal statue of Watt, in the beautiful little chapel of St. Paul's, and by the side of the Gothic tomb of Henry V.'s standard-bearer;—there the effigies of some of the ancient abbots, on their altar-tombs, overshadowed by the gigantic pile of masonry erected to an able seaman of the last century, who, we suspect, would have been in no slight degree astonished if he could have foreseen that he would be stuck up here in effigy in the garb of a Roman soldier. The Abbey, too, suffers sadly from these circumstances. We may enjoy the grandeur of its architecture, may gaze, and gaze till we resign ourselves to that feeling which Coleridge so finely describes—unconsciousness of the actualities around, and expansion of the whole being into the infinite,—may listen whilst

> "every stone *is* kiss'd
> By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
> Heart-thrilling strains that cast before the eye
> Of the devout a veil of ecstasy;"—

may, in short, leave the heart and soul to wander where and how they please, whilst we notice nothing individually: but the moment we attempt to luxuriate in the details of the building, which are only less wonderful than the whole, the "actualities" of the Abbey become too much for us. What senses of sublimity and devotion can withstand the sudden appearance of some preposterous effigy, connected generally with some still more preposterous pile, such as you are liable to meet with in almost every part of the Abbey—transepts, ambulatory, chapels, and nave—everywhere but in the choir, and in the chapel of the kings? But it is not such monuments only that injure the grand harmony of the structure; with the exception of Westmacott's Duke de Montpensier, in Henry VII.'s Chapel, we do not remember a single monument placed in the Abbey, for a century or two past, that would not be again removed from it, if the purity of architectural taste which existed when the Abbey was built should be ever thoroughly revived. And the chief cause of such wholesale exclusion may be found, we think, in the very circumstance that sculptors have most congratulated themselves upon—the raising the effigies of the dead from their former recumbent position. But in this, as in many other cases in which we have departed from the practices of our ancestors, we live to find, after a long period of complacent indulgence, that we did so through ignorance of the principles upon which they worked. Let any one walk through the chapel of the kings, or along the ambulatory, and he cannot but notice how the tombs, even the stateliest and most gorgeous, harmonise with, nay enhance, the effect of the Abbey; let him then look upon later monuments, and his most favourable judgment will be that, where they have not an absolutely injurious effect, they have at least a negative one. Is there any secret in this most important difference? Surely not. In the one class you are seldom reminded of anything but the life, or the mere circumstances of its close; in the other you can never forget that the end of all has come, and that king, prelate,

warrior, statesman, and courtier have alike forgotten the vanities of the world, in this kind of beautiful and touching communion with their Maker, which they are contented to share in common with their lowliest fellow-creatures. Their deeds may be recorded on their monuments by grateful hands for *us* to read and think of, but even then we see that *they* think only of God. This it is that makes the old monuments of the Abbey essentially a part of the Abbey: they exhibit the same magnificence, the same repose; they inculcate the same impressive lesson. Would we then banish from churches all monuments that have not recumbent effigies?—That were to be guided by the letter rather than the spirit. We should certainly be glad to see the rule systematically enforced that only monuments of an unmingled and unmistakeable devotional character should be received into the Abbey; and if that result can be obtained in better or in more various ways than of old, it is very desirable such modes should be adopted. The sculptors are even more interested than the public in this matter. Their skill in monuments of a different class is in a great measure wasted here, wanting the charm of fitness: the Abbey is as unsuitable for them as they for the Abbey. Lord Mansfield's monument in the chief court of English judicature, Canning's in the halls of parliament, and Watt's in the meeting-place of the

[Statue of James Watt.]

merchant-princes of England, would be so impressive as to raise the art itself at once to a higher level: we should begin as a people to feel, what for centuries as a people we have not felt, the importance of the sculptor's mission. As to the memorials for which no particular public situations are marked out by the characters of the men they commemorate, they might be erected with the happiest

effect (as has recently been observed) in the localities made memorable by their lives; and then what is to prevent us from having our *Walhalla*, as the Germans call their new building, instead of our present imperfect and unsystematic method of honouring the illustrious dead, and in buildings so unsuitable as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey?

Under the circumstances we have indicated, the best mode, perhaps, of examining the Abbey memorials is to steadily adhere, except in peculiar cases, to the principle which guided us in the previous paper—that is, to fix our attention chiefly upon those which relate to the illustrious dead who have been interred here. And for that purpose we shall follow the route marked by the sequence of the figures in the plan (which is, with slight exceptions, the exact reverse of that pursued by the guides in the Abbey), in order that we may, as far as the circumstances permit, pass over the great mass of the modern monuments at the commencement of our walk through the Abbey, and end with the more ancient ones.

Pausing a moment in Poets' Corner to gaze upon what may be called the finest interior view of the Abbey, including as it does the two transepts, with the rich painted rose window in the one opposite to us, the choir, and a portion of the nave; and taking also a brief glance at the interesting paintings in the Chapel of St. Blaize, we move along the southern aisle of the choir towards the nave, observing as we pass Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument, the constant butt of our wits, and the pious and learned Dr. Isaac Watts's, whom Johnson calls "the first of the Dissenters who courted attention by the graces of language," on the left; and Behnes' bust of Dr. Bell, the founder of the Madras system of education, and Thynne's monument, with its bas-relief representing the assassination of that gentleman in Pall Mall, on the right. Among the earliest memorials that attract us in the nave is that to the unfortunate, but certainly not innocent, Major André, whose remains were interred here many years after his death on the scaffold. An interesting bas-relief, showing André as a prisoner in the tent of Washington, with the bearer of a flag of truce come to solicit his pardon, has been the mark of much and very pertinacious ill usage, such as the knocking off the heads of the principal figures: new ones consequently have been several times put on. Charles Lamb could not resist the opportunity that it occurred to him this afforded of a hit at his friend Southey's change of political opinions. Having called the mutilation "the wanton mischief of some schoolboy, fired, perhaps, with raw notions of transatlantic freedom," he adds, most innocently, "the mischief was done about the time that *you* were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?" It is said the circumstance caused a temporary severance of their intimacy. Beyond André's monument, and filling up the breadth of the spaces between three successive windows, are the monuments, by Roubiliac, of Lieut.-General Hargrave, where Time has overthrown Death and broken his dart, and the dead is rising in resurrection; of Major-General Fleming, where the wisdom, prudence, and valour of the dead warrior are represented by the emblems of those virtues which Minerva and Hercules are binding together; and of the well-known Marshal Wade, who signalised himself in the rebellion of 1745, and which, like all Roubiliac's works, shows how that great artist was accustomed to think for himself within the bounds which

the taste of the period marked out, if he did not go to any remarkable degree beyond it. In Wade's monument, Time endeavours to overthrow the soldier's memory, typified by a pillar decorated with trophies of warfare, but is successfully opposed by Fame, who drives him back. In this part of the nave a door opens into the cloisters where lie four of the early Abbots,—Vitalis, Crispinus, De Blois, and Laurentius,—with some distinguished men of a more recent era. Here, for instance, repose Barry, the famous actor; Sir John Hawkins, the historian of music; the lady dramatist of Charles II.'s time, Aphra Behn, whose numerous comedies show the truth of Pope's line—

"The stage how loosely does Astrea tread;"

Mrs. Bracegirdle, Congreve's friend and favourite actress; Lawes, the original writer of the music of 'Comus,' and Milton's friend; with a host more of actors and actresses, as Betterton, of whose interment so interesting an account is given in the 'Tatler;' Foote, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Yates, &c. &c. To the Cloisters also was brought the body of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, after its strange discovery on Primrose Hill, and consequent public exposure in the city. The funeral was remarkable. Seventy-two clergymen marched in the front of the procession, whilst above a thousand persons of rank or distinction followed it. At the service two strong able-bodied divines stood in the pulpit, on the believed, or pretended, necessity of guarding him from the violence of the Papists, who, it was presumed, had committed the murder. Here, lastly, rests "the genius of the graphic art," to use the words of the poetical inscription, Vertue, the Engraver; and near that monument with the musical score of the "Canon by two-fold augmentation," Benjamin Cooke, its author, deputy-organist of the Abbey at the age of twelve years, subsequently organist, and one of the true masters in that school of music about which the people of this country almost seem to know the least—the English.

Returning into the nave, we perceive, extending over Dean Wilcock's monument, with its view of the Abbey, Dean Sprat's, the poet, and friend of Cowley and Buckingham (the last he is said to have assisted in the famous 'Rehearsal'), and Sir L. Robinson's, a work by Roubiliac's pupil, Read, which, perhaps, excites more notice than any of the master's own; not, however, for the same cause. Let those who have not seen it imagine an immense mass of sea, with rocks of coral, where a vessel lies jammed for the base; then above, a figure of the Admiral (Tyrrell) ascending towards a great number of white-looking patches, or pancakes, as they have been not inaptly called, which we are to suppose clouds, plastered thickly about the sides and back of the upper surface of the structure, which are blue, we are to presume as representing Heaven. Cherubs, harps, branches of palm, Hope writing on a rock, and other figures equally profitably engaged, complete this work, which is unexampled in the extent of its absurdity, though belonging to a class which makes much of the history of the sculpture of the last century a burlesque upon that which should be its living principle—the ideal. Turn we now to a memorial of a different kind—that to the dramatic writer Congreve, with his bust in high relief, wearing the full-bottomed wig of his time, which here, as in the portraits of Congreve, sits not ungracefully. No doubt, the author of the wittiest comedies in the language achieved the much dearer object of his ambition, and was the fine gentleman he

desired to be thought. The inscription on the tomb records that he lies near the place, and that it was set up by Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, as "a mark how dearly she remembers the happiness she enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so worthy and honest a man," &c. Congreve may be said to have paid ten thousand pounds for this inscription (for he left the Duchess, who did not want his property, the whole, and his ancient and embarrassed family nothing), and no doubt thought it cheap at the money. Voltaire, forsooth! Who would care for the opinions of him, or fifty such mere literati, when a duchess could be found to write thus on one's tomb? Congreve died in 1728. His body, after lying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, was removed with great pomp into the Abbey, noblemen bearing the pall. Among the noticeable personages buried in this part of the nave, without any memorials, are Dean Atterbury—the place was his own previous choice, as being "as far from kings and Cæsars as the space will admit of," as he tells Pope, in one of his letters in 1722—and Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, who was buried in a very fine Brussels-lace head, a Holland shift with a tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, &c.; circumstances which Pope has made the most of in his lines—

> "Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke!
> (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.)
> No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
> Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
> One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead!
> And—Betty—give this cheek a little red—"

This was, perhaps, a fair mark; but, generally speaking, we could imagine no more startling commentary than might be made on the works of most satirists by a mere statement of the exact facts they have referred to, whether in praise or condemnation. At the end of the wall of this aisle, for example, is the statue of James Craggs, with an inscription by the author just mentioned, Pope, who speaks of his deceased friend as a statesman

> "Who broke no promise, *served no private end*"—

the said James Craggs being the Secretary of State whose name was down on one of the swindling subscription-lists of the South Sea Scheme for the fictitious sum of 659,000*l.*, as we have already had occasion to observe in a previous number, and who died, it was said, from the small-pox, but really, it was thought, from mental anguish, during the parliamentary examination into the affair. As we now stand by the door of the great western entrance to the Abbey, we perceive that the injury done to the latter by the memorials placed in it has not been confined to the mere incongruities before pointed out. Two beautiful screens stood here, against the base of the west towers; that on the south till 1750, and that on the north down to the present century, when they were pulled down, to make room for the immense military memorials which now occupy their places, recording exploits utterly forgotten, and names that fail to rouse a single interesting association. Half hidden among memorials of this kind that occupy the western end of the northern aisle, to which we now cross, are those to the eminent critical geographer, Major Rennell, who lies buried here; to Tierney, the well-known orator; and to the great painter, greater wit, and most sublime coxcomb, Sir Godfrey Kneller, which has an inscription by Pope, showing that

Nature must have been in a very critical position altogether with regard to him, for—

> "Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
> Her works; and dying, fears herself to die."

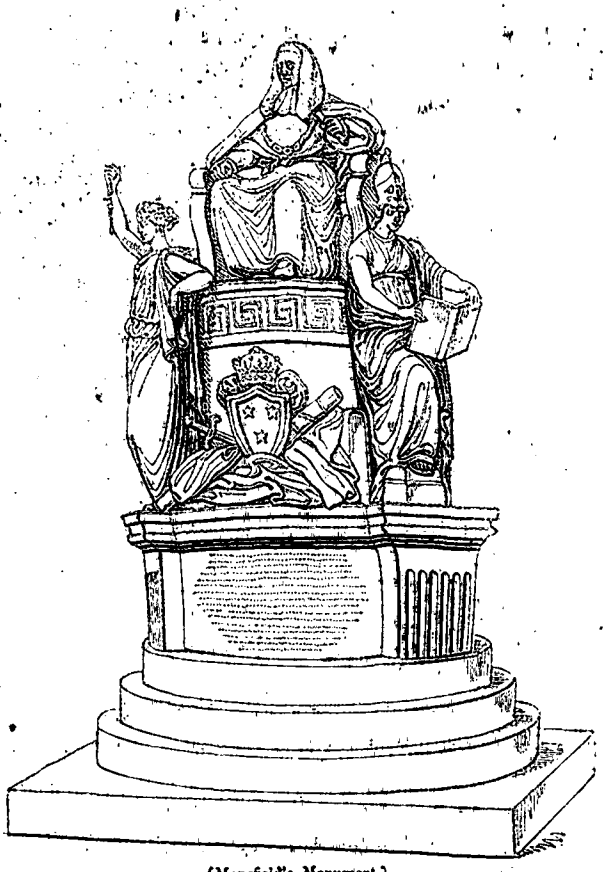
One would think the poet had determined to beat the painter even in his own rich vein of extravagance. Kneller lies at Twickenham with Pope, having objected to be buried in the Abbey, because "they do bury fools there." Passing along the wall of the aisle eastwards, which, like the one we have just quitted, is covered from end to end with memorials, we need only pause to notice the monument to Mrs. Jane Hill, the one antique work among a wilderness of modern ones; the monument, nearly above, to Spencer Perceval, with an alto-relievo representing the circumstances of his assassination by Bellingham; and the scroll, held in the outstretched hands of Time, on which is written a very beautiful Latin inscription by Dr. Friend to a youth, Philip Carteret: the Doctor, we may observe, has, with each of his friends and rivals, Woodward and Mead, an honorary memorial in the nave. Before entering the north aisle of the choir, we must pause a moment to examine the beautiful screen which has been erected here by Mr. Blore. It is in the same "decorated" style as the architecture immediately around it, which forms the continuation of Henry III.'s building by his son Edward. On each side of the screen are large monuments, of which the principal is that to Sir Isaac Newton. If this were a much greater work than it is, it would suffer from our remembrance of Roubiliac's noble statue of the philosopher at Cambridge, where the loftiest speculations are suggested by the simplest and purest means; but when we add that this, although cut by Rysbrach, is Kent's design, we need hardly say more. Here, too, we may fitly pause an instant to gaze on the stained glass windows of the western front, with its rows of Jewish patriarchs, glorious in their brilliant dyes of amber and purple, the work of comparatively recent times, and the smaller windows in the towers at the sides, which are ancient, and seem to have lost something of their original splendour. We have said little in the present or in the preceding papers in the way of description of the architecture of the Abbey, for we believe such descriptions are very useless in works of a general character; the worst engraving or the briefest visit will give a more accurate idea of a building than many pages of letterpress. We therefore leave the architectural wonders of the nave, as of the other parts of the Abbey, undescribed (seeing, too, that previous engravings will have made our readers tolerably familiar with all), merely remarking that it is the loftiest in England, measuring 102 feet,* and at the same time one of the most graceful. Without entering into the vexed question of the origin of pointed architecture, or overlooking the difficulties that attach to the hypothesis of finding in nature the type of what is but the last of a series of architectural changes and improvements, rather than the first, which no doubt all the chief styles are, it is still, it seems to us, impossible to pace along this centre aisle of the nave,

* The dimensions of the Abbey, generally, are as follows: Extreme length, including Henry VII.'s Chapel—exterior 530 feet, interior 511; extreme breadth (across the transepts), interior, 203; height of the western towers, 225. Of the chief parts of the structure we may observe that the extreme breadth of the nave and aisles is 71 feet, the choir 38, the transepts and aisles 84, the extreme length of the nave 166, of the choir 155, of each transept 82. Henry VII.'s Chapel measures in length (the nave) 103 feet, in breadth with aisles 70, in length 60.

and look up, without being reminded of the extraordinary similarity of its expression to that of an over-arching avenue of trees. We have an avenue now in our memory formed of very tall and stately, but not aged trees, where the trunks ascend as regularly and gracefully upwards as these pillars, and where, as their tops meet over the middle space, you can detect the branches running across and interweaving, in a thousand capricious, but all beautiful forms, which the groined roof appears but tamely to imitate. All this may be, as architectural writers tell us, accidental; but certainly the accident is harder to believe than the improbabilities of the opposite opinion.

The north aisle of the choir, or the space extending from the north aisle of the nave to the north transept, contains several matters worthy of notice; some for their amusing character,—as Dame Carteret's, where a dancing figure is, we are told, a Resurrection; and some for their deeper interest, as Wilberforce's memorial by Joseph, which is original enough at all events, and Sir Stamford Raffles's by Chantrey; but this part should be sacred to all lovers of music, as a kind of musicians' corner, for here lies Purcell, with one of the most striking epitaphs ever penned, and which is said to have been by Dryden. It runs thus: "Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." He was interred in November, 1695, and, according to the picturesque old custom, at night, with a magnificence suitable to the burial of the greatest English musician; and, as was most fitting, in the Abbey where he had been appointed organist at the age of eighteen, and where his sublime anthems had been so often heard. His memorial is against one side of a pillar on the right of the aisle; on the other side of the same pillar is the memorial to Samuel Arnold, another organist of the Abbey in which he is interred, and a worthy successor to Purcell. Opposite to these, on the left wall of the aisle, is the memorial of Blow, who, according to the inscription, was the "master of the famous Mr. Henry Purcell," although it is now established that Purcell owed much more to another musician, Captain Cook, than to Blow: the latter, however, had claims of his own to entitle him to respect and commemoration. Beneath Blow's memorial is his pupil's, Dr. Burney, Hawkins's rival historian, with an inscription that does little credit to the taste of his daughter, the authoress of 'Evelina;' whilst, lastly, close by their side is the bust, in all the majesty of full-bottomed wiggism, of Dr. Croft, who in ecclesiastical music is said to have had no superior. He also held the situation of organist to the Abbey; and his death was brought on here (during, we presume, the performance of his duties) at the coronation of George II. He now lies near the most illustrious of his predecessors.

The north transept is rich in great names of another kind, chiefly of those connected with the business or offices of the state. Occupying the entire space between two of the pillars dividing the western aisle of the transept from the centre, is Flaxman's noble monument of Mansfield; taken altogether perhaps the noblest of modern sculpture. The illustrious judge is seen in the judgment-seat elevated to a considerable height, with figures of Wisdom and Justice attending, whilst behind, on the base of the monument, immediately below the circular chair, is the beautifully-sculptured figure of a youth: what he is intended to represent seems to be a matter of some doubt, for Mr. Brayley



(Mansfield's Monument.)

says it "is a personification of Death, which is represented, agreeably to the idea of the ancients, by the figure of a youth, partly prostrate, and leaning upon an extinguished torch;" whilst Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his excellent little 'Hand-Book,' describes it as a "recumbent youth, a criminal, by Wisdom delivered up to Justice." Lord Mansfield is buried beneath his memorial. In the central portion of the transept repose Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, Canning, Wilberforce, and Grattan—a rich and wonderful neighbourhood, to which Byron's lines may apply with a wider application than to the mere graves of Pitt and Fox:—

> "a few feet
> Of sullen earth divide each winding-sheet.
> How peaceful and how powerful is the grave
> That hushes all!"

Of their memorials we need only observe that Chatham's lofty pile, by Bacon, representing the statesman at the top in the act of speaking, is against the end of the left-hand wall; Canning's statue, by Chantrey, nearly opposite; Fox's memorial, by Westmacott, showing the orator dying in the arms of Liberty, attended by Peace and a kneeling negro, against the wall of the choir looking towards the transept; and Pitt's over the great western door of the nave; where a work, costing 6300*l.* of the public money, is entirely beyond the reach of public appreciation: it is by Westmacott. Turning from the military and naval memorials,

which here too, as in the nave, thrust themselves forward on all sides (Roubiliac's to Sir Peter Warren and Banks's to Sir Eyre Coote are, however, deserving of the attention they demand), we are attracted by an exquisite piece of sculpture in the western aisle, near Kemble's statue, dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Warren and child: this is also by Westmacott, and perhaps the artist's most beautiful work. Two monuments, differing much in character, but agreeing in having each a beautiful inscription, are also deserving of notice—the one is the sumptuous tomb of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, on which the Duchess thus beautifully speaks of her family:—"Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester: a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous;" and the other a plain tablet, close by, to Grace Scot, who died in 1645, which says—

"He that will give my Grace but what is hers
Must say her death hath not
Made only her dear Scot,
But virtue, worth, and sweetness, widowers."

Was this "dear Scot" the Colonel Scot who was executed on the Restoration for his share in the king's death, and who died so bravely under the revolting atrocities to which he and his companions were exposed during execution? If it was, Grace Scot died not too soon.

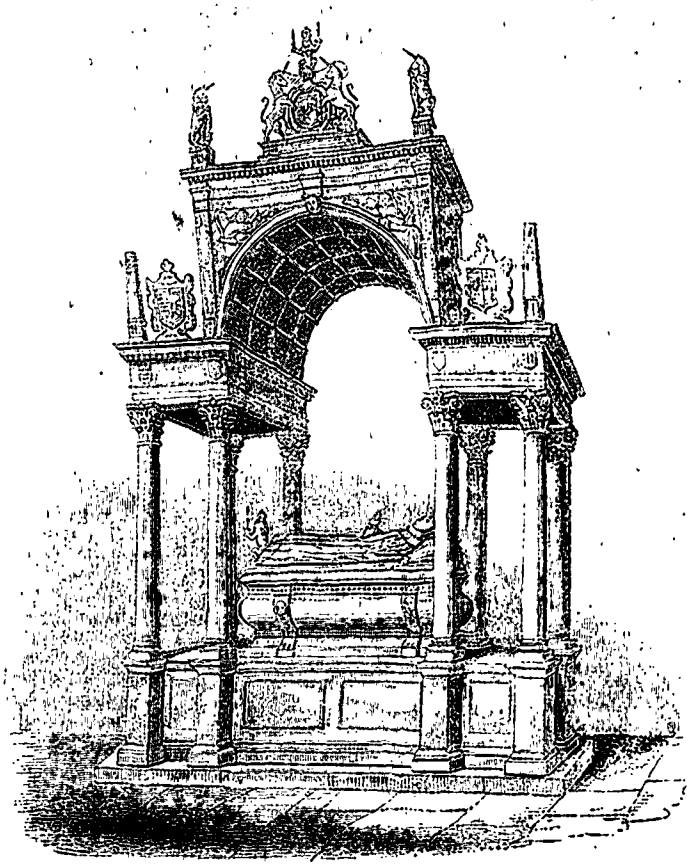
The eastern aisle of the transept is shut out from the principal space by the monuments which have closed up the inter-columniations; it was formerly also subdivided into three chapels by screens of a very rich character. Here we find two of the most remarkable works in the Abbey; the first, on the floor, to the right as we enter, consisting of a low basement on which lies Sir Francis Vere's effigy, with four kneeling knights at the four corners supporting a plain canopy or table over the dead warrior, on which are his helmet, breastplate, and other martial accoutrements. Roubiliac, whilst engaged in the erection of the work of which we are about presently to speak, was seen one day, by Gayfere, the Abbey mason, standing with his arms folded, and gazing intently on one of these knights. "Hush!" said he, pointing to the figure as Gayfere approached, "He will speak soon." This is the true spirit of genius; and that Roubiliac was a man of high genius this famous Nightingale monument before us proves. In one respect it may be said to be unique. Roam through the Abbey often as you will, examine every one of the immense variety of works by distinguished men that line its walls, and still there shall be the same sudden startling, as it were, of the heart, when you reach this; the same equally novel and refreshing emotion experienced. It is not the grim monster starting from the depths below, and just about to launch the fatal dart, that affects us, terrible as is the truth of the representation; it is the agonized figure of the husband, clasping his dying wife with the one hand, and endeavouring with the other to ward off the irresistible attack, that at once appeals, as sculpture seldom can appeal, to the feelings of the spectator. The wife, too, so touchingly, droopingly beautiful, is an exquisite performance: "Life," as Allan Cunningham observes, "seems slowly receding from her tapering fingers and her quivering wrist." This was Roubiliac's last work. He died the year after its erection, 1762. In the same aisle is Baily's colossal statue of Telford, the famous engineer, who was buried here; and nu-

merous other interesting works which our space compels us to pass over. Between the end of this aisle and the dark but beautiful little chapel known as Islip's, and which has quaint rebuses of his name carved over it (a man slipping from a tree—*I-slip*, &c.), is the immense monument, by Wilton, to General Wolfe, with a spirited bas-relief on its base of the landing at Quebec. We now reach the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, where, in a corner, lies a tomb with a design on a brass plate to Sir Thomas Vaughan, shown in our first page. Here, too, is the monument to Lord Hunsdon, Queen Elizabeth's Chamberlain, which, as it forms but one of a numerous class spread through the other chapels of the Abbey, we may as well describe, so far at least as a few words will enable us to do so. It consists of a pile built up story upon story, so as almost to reach the ceiling of the chapel (which is of great height), and consists chiefly of recesses, pillars with gilded Corinthian capitals, sculptured obelisks, &c., whilst the lower part is filled by an enormous sarcophagus; the whole of marble, and profusely decorated. With but comparatively unimportant alterations this brief account would apply to a dozen other works of the greatest pretension in the Abbey, and which we may therefore pass over through the remainder of our walk. The ponderous tomb of the Earl of Exeter, in the same chapel, obtains more attention than it deserves, from the story connected with it. By the earl's effigy lies that of his first wife, on one side, whilst the other was left vacant for his second, who, it is said, left express directions in her will that her effigy should not be placed there: the noble blood of Chandos could not brook the left-hand position under any circumstances. Here, too, is the figure of a lady clasping her hands, apparently in great anguish, which has an inscription attached to it that seems to have been undeservedly overlooked. The lady in question is thus described by one whose desire to be buried in the same tomb shows that there was something deeper in the writer's heart than the wish to imitate ordinary panegyric:—"She had great virtues, and as great a desire of concealing them; was of a severe life, but of an easy conversation; courteous to all, yet strictly sincere; humble without meanness, beneficent without ostentation, devout without superstition." The golden mean, it seems, for once was discovered. Casting a last glance around, the eye falls on Colonel Popham's alabaster monument, which was saved at the Restoration only through influential intercessors, and on the condition of erasing the inscription, with its unpleasant reminiscences of the Commonwealth. Between this chapel and the ambulatory—their canopies forming the original screen—are the tombs of Abbots Colchester and Fascet, with Millyng's stone coffin on the latter, brought from some other part. Between these abbots' memorials is a similar one to Bishop Ruthall, whose end is attributed to one of the oddest of circumstances. He had drawn up a book on state affairs, to be laid before Henry VIII., but unfortunately sent instead an *inventory of his treasure*. What a delicious joke must this have appeared to Bluff Hal and his court! With what zest must they have turned over those precious pages! Their sport, however, was death to the unhappy bishop. Shakspere, it will be remembered, has used this incident in connexion with Wolsey's fall.

It is in the chapel of St. Paul that we meet with the contrast before mentioned—Watt's colossal statue, big enough to lift the roof off, if it should by

any accident stand up; the very incarnation of that principle of active, busy, worldly occupation, to which its owner has given such gigantic impulses; and, half-concealed behind it, the beautiful Gothic monument of Lord Bourchier, Henry V.'s standard-bearer at Agincourt, with its low broad arch opening into the ambulatory; whilst the view of the sumptuous chantry of Lord Bourchier's lord, beyond, is still more completely intercepted. The noble inscription to the philosopher of the steam-engine is by Lord Brougham. Among the other monuments—some of them very large and stately—Sir Giles and Lady Daubeny's, in the centre, should be mentioned for the peculiar decorations of their recumbent effigies, in accordance with the style of the beginning of the sixteenth century; and Sir John and Lady Fullerton's, for the punning inscription:—He died "*fuller* of faith than of fear, *fuller* of resolution than of pains, *fuller* of honour than of days." Hearing mass in this chapel at one time conferred an indulgence for two years and twenty days; and the cloth which held the patron saint's head—that of St. Paul—after his decapitation by Nero, was among the relicts presented to the Abbey by the Confessor, and most probably deposited on an altar in the chapel, as an additional attraction.

We have incidentally, in an early part of this paper, mentioned Westmacott's statue of the Duke de Montpensier, brother of the present King of France: if, on entering Henry VII.'s Chapel, to see who have been admitted here into dead companionship with our kings, we pass directly forward to the centre window, with its rich storied panes, we perceive in the chapel there beneath, a recumbent coroneted figure on a low couch, the face turned toward us: that is the one monument of modern times which we have said assimilates with the structure. The old and touching gesture, it is true, is wanting here, but there is a something so serenely beautiful in the expression of both face and form, such a consciousness, one might fancy, of the "watch and ward" those angels which extend above him all round the chapel keep throughout the beautiful and holy place, that it would be difficult to say there is not a very high devotional feeling exhibited in it. What a contrast is this work, in its simplicity, grace, and elevation, to that gigantic medley of great black obelisks, heathen deities, and strapping virtues which surround the effigies of James's Steenie, the Duke of Buckingham, and his duchess, in the chapel on the one side; or to that quadrangular structure, on the other, where Fame is mounted aloft on an open-worked canopy, which Faith, Hope, Charity, and Prudence are supporting, while it sounds the merits of the deceased Duke and Duchess of Richmond below; or, lastly, to the ducal poet's monument in a third chapel, Sheffield's (Dryden's patron), with its Roman duke, and English duchess down to her sandals, where she too becomes Roman. The monuments in the aisles are some of them of a higher character, though the one mentioned in a former paper, that of Henry VII.'s mother, which is in the south aisle, is worth all the rest, mere altar-tomb though it be. The finest of the others undoubtedly is the one erected by James I. to his unhappy mother, a truly sumptuous specimen of the "cinque cento" style. In the same aisle lie the remains of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who was buried here, Charles himself personally attending the funeral, which was one of extraordinary magnificence. Walpole says, referring to the body's lying in state, that "forty gentlemen of good families submitted to wait as mutes, with their backs against the wall of the chamber

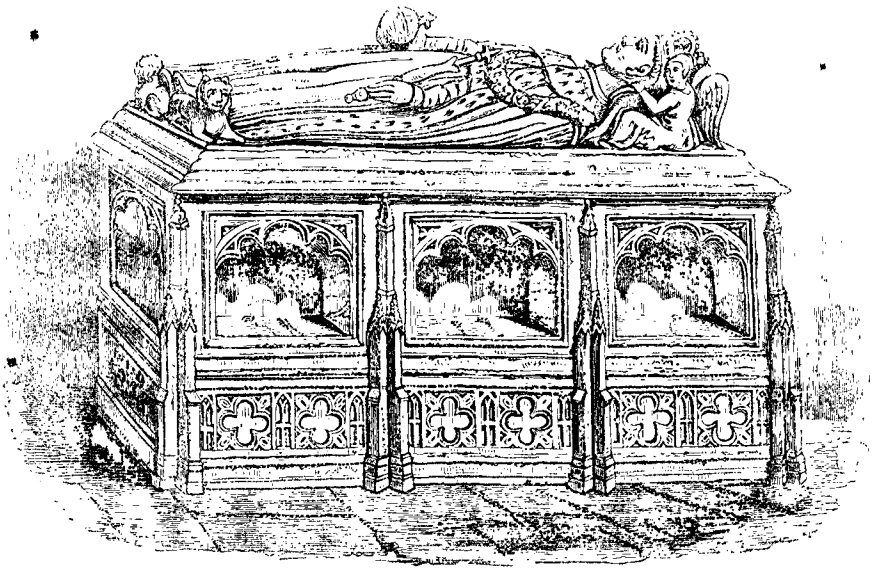


[Mary Queen of Scots' Monument.]

where the body lay in state, for three weeks, waiting alternately twenty each day." His monument, by Kent, represents Monk standing by some preposterous-looking emblematical pillar—difficult, but fortunately not at all necessary, to be understood. There is a tall but graceful figure in memory of Horace Walpole's mother, in the same chapel, brought by Horace from Rome. The most interesting memorial in the northern aisle, where Addison lies buried, is the great pyramidal monument of Addison's friend and patron, the Earl of Halifax, and one of the poets of Johnson's 'Lives.' Before leaving Henry VII.'s Chapel, the sight of the banners and arms of the Knights of the Bath, hung on high, reminds us that we must notice the splendid ceremony which occasionally takes place here, —the installation of the members of that famous order. The institution is supposed to have been first called into existence to grace the coronation of Henry IV.; and, in consequence, from that period the creation of a number of Knights of the Bath became a usual preliminary of such ceremonies. After Charles II.'s coronation, the order was discontinued for some time; and then subsequently revived by George I., when full directions with regard to badges, decorations, dress, attendants, &c., were issued. By George IV., whilst Prince Regent, the order was remodelled; when three classes of members were constituted,—Knights Grand Crosses, Knights Companions, and Knights,—instead of the one general class of Knights Companions previously existing. The ceremony of installation is pic-

turesque and interesting. When George I. revived the order, he revived also the bath and the vigil; and the precautions he caused to be taken for the health of his infant grandson, on knighting him, are amusing. The bathing-tub was covered with tapestry, and before it was a warm mat, on which to place the tiny Chevalier whilst he was dried and clothed "very warm, in consideration he was to watch that whole night."

Returning into the ambulatory, let us stand awhile in front of the archway beneath Henry V.'s chantry, and gaze upon its decorations. Though unnoticed by a large proportion of the visitors to the Abbey, the sculpture of this arch is among the most precious of our artistical remains. It is "adorned," says Flaxman, with upwards of fifty statues; on the north face is the coronation of Henry V., with his nobles attending, represented in lines of figures on each side. On the south face of the arch the central object is the king on horseback, armed cap-à-pie, riding at full speed, attended by the companions of his expedition. The sculpture is bold and characteristic; the equestrian group is furious and warlike; the standing figures have a natural sentiment in their actions, and simple grandeur in their draperies, such as we admire in the paintings of Raphael and Masaccio." It would be hardly possible to bestow higher praise than this. The tomb was no doubt by the same artist.



[Tomb of Henry V., with the head restored.]

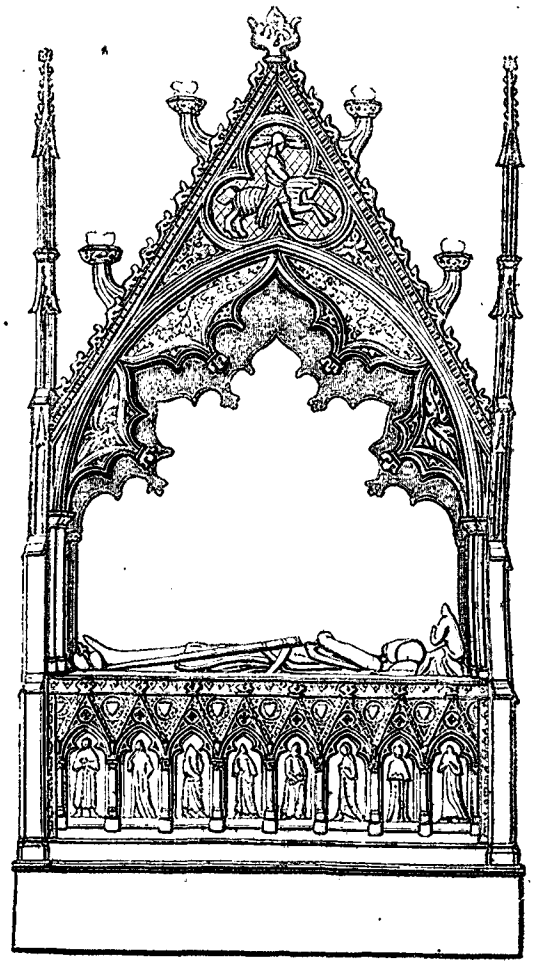
Three other chapels yet remain: those of St. Nicholas, with its large, open stone screen; St. Edmund's, with its wooden one; and St. Benedict's, behind Dryden's monument in Poets' Corner. The most painful object in the Abbey is that which first greets you on entering the chapel of St. Nicholas—a very beautiful Gothic recess facing you—where has once been the brass effigies of Dudley, Bishop of Durham, who died in 1483, but which is now occupied by the effigy of a lady in that most hideous of costumes, the long, tapering waist, and extravagantly broad hips, which is stuck up on one side against the wall at the back,

in so ludicrous a position, that, if some wit had been desirous to play off a practical satire on the general arrangement of the Abbey memorials, he could not have made a better hit. The fine effigies of the father and mother of James's favourite, Buckingham, on a lofty table-monument in the centre—the admirably-preserved effigies in brass, on the floor, of Sir Humphrey Stanley—and the old freestone tomb and effigy of Philippa Duchess of York, wife of Edmund Langley, fifth son of Edward III.,—are the least showy, but most interesting, of the remaining monuments in this chapel.

In the next we have on the right, immediately we enter, the tomb of William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and half-brother to Henry III., with an oaken effigy on an oaken chest, the former covered with thin plates of copper, and the latter originally decorated with thirty small statues in niches. This must have been a work of great beauty. On the pillow and round the belt there yet remain portions of the ornamental surface, arranged in small delicate patterns, the colours brilliant to this day. On the other side of the entrance lies John of Eltham, son of Edward II., with an alabaster effigy, supported at the head by guardian angels, and having numerous statues, or the ruins of them, around his tomb. To judge of the workmanship of these statues, one should stoop down in the corner at the end of the monument, where there are one or two nearly perfect, and exhibiting considerable refinement of expression in the face. Equally excellent, in another material, is the brass effigy of Eleanor de Bohun, wife of Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III. That king has still nearer connexions lying in the Chapel of St. Edward. On a little tomb are the curious alabaster effigies of two of his children, measuring only about twenty inches long. With a glance at Stone's figure of Frances Holles, which Walpole admired for its antique simplicity and beauty, and at the Chapel of St. Benedict, where repose the remains of the famous Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury, among other personages of less importance, we now, finally, direct our steps towards the Choir. Here is an object of attraction, which we wonder does not form part of the show in the Abbey, Abbot Ware's mosaic pavement, with its ingeniously enigmatical design, as ingeniously executed in tesseræ of all kinds of shapes, and all sorts of materials, as coloured marbles, porphyry, jasper, alabaster, &c. The colours at present appear somewhat dim, but may, no doubt, be revived; and we understand the attempt is to be made. This pavement lies between the altar and the public portion of the Choir. As we step into the enclosure of the altar, we seem once more surrounded by all the feelings and influences that belong to the Cathedral, as one sees it fresh from the recollections of its early history. The monuments of recent centuries, nay, the centuries themselves, are forgotten here, where all things wear the aspect of solemn, unchanging beauty. The glorious roof still spans in airy grandeur the temple where our forefathers have so long worshipped; the breathing sculpture beneath these lofty canopies, coeval almost with the edifice, still lift their hands in eloquent supplication; the ashes of the founder are yet by our side: through all changes, through all lapses of time, Sebert still guards the place.

In conclusion, we would desire the reader to look back for a few moments over the engravings of the preceding pages. He will perceive that, with the exception of Sir Thomas Vaughan's memorial in the first page, which belongs to a position

between the tombs of Mary Queen of Scots and Henry V., the whole of the designs are arranged in a reversed chronological order. By the scanty materials thus borrowed from the Abbey, perhaps some faint notion may be obtained of the visible history of art to which we alluded, and of which the entire Abbey memorials might form but one grand exposition.



[Monument of Aymer de Valence, in the Choir, 1325.]

[Mull'd Sack.]

LXXXV.—OLD LONDON ROGUERIES.

It is profoundly interesting, philosophically as well as philanthropically, to think of the quantity of sheer simplicity, of the beautiful innocence and ignorance of infancy, that still survives in this six thousand years old world. Above all, the unsophisticated condition, as to many matters, of rustic England, in this noon, almost, of the nineteenth century, is enough to fill with veneration whosoever will consider the evidences of it which are daily presented in that most instructive department of the public journals, the London Police Intelligence. A police reporter, indeed (or penny-a-liner, as he is sometimes, with too much levity, styled), is the truest historian of his age. And, as no other histories are half so true, so few are nearly so entertaining, or so useful either, as those which he indites: there only we have the manners of the time caught "living as they rise"—served up, as it were, piping hot—and human nature naturally delineated; everywhere else it is dressed up, varnished over, idealized, perhaps, or otherwise so metamorphosed or mystified, as hardly to be recognised for the same thing that one is accustomed to see and to have to do with in its original condition of flesh and blood. Nay, your penny-a-liner is not the greatest of historians merely, but the most penetrating of philosophers, going to the root of the matter, and the most instructive of poets and dramatists, not only "high actions and high passions best describing," but low ones quite as well. All this he is by reason of the matter-of-fact spirit in which he works. For this is his distinction, that (to the shame of literature it must be confessed) he is the only description of man of letters who is not in some sort, as such, a systematic liar. All other writers set themselves to embellish, elevate, refine truth and nature—some have gone the length of maintaining that this falsification, this lying, is the very soul and indispensable essence of the poetical, in all its forms; he alone takes down and communicates what he hears and sees simply as he hears and

sees it—" among the faithless, faithful only he." Sometimes, indeed, the penny-a-liner has not a proper understanding or feeling of this his high function; with a wholly vain and mistaken ambition he toils and tortures himself and his readers in attempting to give his police intelligence a poetical air; and then there ensues the wildest work. One of the fraternity unhappily labouring under this distemper some short time ago had got on one of the morning papers—or possibly it was an old hand whom the lunacy had suddenly seized; and if one of the most interesting columns in the sheet had been every day printed from *pie*, as it is called, that is to say from the types thrown by some accident into complete disorder and confusion, it would not have been worse. There, where one looked, and where alone one could look, for the plain, unperverted truth of things, lay spread out and sprawling the most misbegotten mixture of jest and earnest, neither fish nor flesh, neither fact nor fiction, neither one thing nor another. It was as absurd a proceeding as if the writer had sought to impart pungency to his reports by shaking a little cayenne pepper over each of them after he had written it out. Happily, the stock he had laid in of wit or slang, of second-hand similes, immemorial puns, proverbs, quotations, and other such stray intellectual treasure, did not last long; and the police intelligence recovered its old trustworthy sobriety, greatly to the relief of all students of that most important as well as attractive department of modern literature. It is really not a field for the antics of ultra-vivacity. If a man be a genius, or think himself such, rather let him be set to report the debates in Parliament, where frequently a little additional animation would not do much harm.

But we were remarking that there is nothing of which this London Police Intelligence conveys a stronger impression than it does of the primitive simplicity and guilelessness, or gullibility, that still lingers, and indeed seems to be general, in the country parts of this kingdom, not excepting even those nearest to the metropolis. It appears, too, to be utterly unteachable. Pockets are carefully buttoned up, and the finest practitioner could scarcely hope to rival Mull'd Sack, the bold and handsome chimney-sweep, who contrived to rob Lady Fairfax, Oliver Cromwell, and Charles II.; but week after week comes the same unvarying history of some great gaping innocent of a farmer from Kent or Surrey accosted on the streets of the roaring Babel by another rustic, looking as honest and as stupid as himself, who perhaps persuades him that he belongs to the same parish, or is one of his nearest relations (though he never heard of him before), and, at any rate, by this or some equally ingenious representation, easily seduces him into the next public-house. He may now consider himself as enacting before heaven and earth the interesting part of the mouse fairly within the trap, and enjoying the toasted cheese. As the two sit over their tankard, a third, to all appearance equally a stranger to both, in the most natural way in the world drops in and joins them, and soon, in the fulness of his heart, unbosoming himself to his two new friends, informs them what a happy fellow he is in having just come into possession of a handsome little independence—his only uneasiness at the moment being occasioned by not knowing where to find a proper channel by which he may convey a small donation to the poor out of his new-found wealth, by way of showing his gratitude to Providence. What better can he do than entrust his charity to this honest farmer for the behoof of the parish to

which he belongs? The other man from the country strongly, and quite disinterestedly, recommends this arrangement; the farmer himself, stirred by benevolence, vanity, and beer, modestly puts in his word in favour of it; it appears to be clearly a very advisable way of accomplishing the desired object. All that is necessary is that the farmer, to prove his respectability, should exhibit property of his own to the amount of the sum the generous stranger is about to confide to his care: straightway the ten or fifteen, or twenty pounds is put down on the table by each party, by the one in Bank of England notes or sovereigns, by the other probably in the equally well engraved notes of the Bank of Elegance. Nothing, of course, could be more satisfactory; but let the good farmer learn to secure his cash more artificially against the dangers of the town; his two friends will wrap up the whole for him in the way the thing should be done, and assist him to place it in his fob: does he not feel that, with it so folded and rammed down, he may laugh at all the pickpockets in London? And so he may, in good sooth, and sing too, upon Juvenal's principle—

"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator"—

for his pocket is no longer worth picking—it has been picked already—he is now what this old Latin poet facetiously calls *a vacant wayfarer*—and vacant enough he looks on making that discovery; but, unfortunately, he is not *coram latrone*, or in the presence of the thieves, for in no long time after the solemnity of replacing the money they both (having done their work) took themselves off—first the one disappearing, and then the other going to see what was become of him—and left the self-satisfied benefactor of his parish "alone with his glory."

In this, or some such way as this, the process is now commonly managed: the thing aimed at is to get into actual contact with the man's cash; to induce him to unbutton his pocket, and make visible and palpable manifestation of its contents; which object achieved, there is no further difficulty; he is as certainly plucked as ever was Mrs. Glass's goose after due performance of the initiatory measure of the catching. Sometimes a very simple expedient is successfully employed. On merely being taunted with not being rich enough to produce a certain sum, the unsuspecting subject of the experiment triumphantly draws forth his hidden wealth, and has it of course extracted from his fingers in a moment by the gentlest of operations. This seems to be the very height and perfection of an ingenuous nature, and to be paralleled by nothing except the conduct of the fascinated bird in flying into the invitingly open mouth of the rattlesnake, if even that can match it. Yet, as we have said, instances of full-grown men being deluded in some such manner as this are of every-day occurrence. And here Old Experience has been able to do nothing, any more than if he had undertaken the instruction of any of the inferior generations which, the philosophers tell us, are distinguished from the human animal chiefly by the want of the progressive tendency; he might as well have kept a school for birds or Bourbons (the only humanities that are made an exception to this rule of the philosophers). The process of deplumation we have been describing has been a standing London trick for some hundreds of years; and, if anything, it seems to be usually performed now-a-days less artistically and with more facility than in former times, as if the rustic visitors of the metropolis, of the class suited for

being thus practised upon, by a singular privilege grew more and more innocent the farther the rest of the world shot a-head of the manners of the age of gold. The original slang name of this stratagem was Coney-catching. The readers of Shakspere will recollect Slender's angry complaint to Falstaff in the beginning of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor:' "Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket." These last words, found in the quarto edition of the play, though omitted in the subsequent folio, exactly describe the particular mode of victimizing to which this term was appropriated. But both the name and the thing itself were at this time of very recent introduction, if we may trust what is both the most complete and the earliest information we have on the subject, that given by Robert Greene, the famous dramatist, poet, and miscellaneous pamphleteer, in his 'Notable Discovery of Cozenage,' published in 1591. In the Preface to this tract (the first of three which he wrote on the same subject, and the forerunner of many more by other popular pens of the day), Greene speaks of coney-catching as a new art, "never heard of in any age before." His description has all the elaboration and formality of a scientific treatise. "There be requisite," he begins, "effectually to act the art of coney-catching, three several parties; the Setter, the Verser, and the Barnacle. The nature of the Setter is to draw any person familiarily to drink with him, which person they call the Coney; and their method is according to the man they aim at. . . . . The poor country farmer, or yeoman, is the mark they most of all shoot at, who they know comes not empty to the town. . . . . The coney-catchers, apparelled like honest civil gentlemen, or good fellows, with a smooth face, as if butter would not melt in their mouths, after dinner, when the clients are come from Westminster Hall, and are at leisure to walk up and down Paul's, Fleet-street, Holborn, the Strond, and such common haunted places, where these cozening companions attend only to spy out a prey; who, as soon as they see a plain country-fellow well and cleanly apparelled, either in a coat of homespun russet, or of frieze, as the time requires, and a side pouch at his side, 'There is a Coney,' saith one." The Setter then makes up to the man, and, entering into conversation with him, easily contrives to learn the part of the country he comes from, his name, and other particulars. This information, if he cannot himself prevail upon the countryman to go to drink with him, the Setter carries to his confederate, the Verser; who thereupon going off, crosses the Coney at some turning, and, meeting him full in the face, salutes him by his name, and inquires for all friends in the country. He is the near kinsman of some neighbour of the farmer's, in whose house he has been several times, though the amazed Coney, whose memory is surely none of the best, has entirely forgotten having ever before set eye upon him. But, at any rate, he is very well acquainted with his good neighbour, the cousin or uncle of the stranger. For his sake, the latter proposes that they should drink before they part. "Haply," continues the account, "the man thanks him, and to the wine or ale they go. Then, ere they part, they make him a Coney, and so ferret-claw him at cards, that they leave him as bare of money as an ape of a tail." For at this time, it seems, coney-catching was universally managed by the assistance of a pack, or, as the phrase was, a pair of cards.

Greene defines it, in his Preface, to be "a deceit at cards;" seizing the occasion to run off into a strange disquisition about the invention of cards and dice by the people of Thebes, once upon a time when they were beleaguered and shut up in their town by the Lacedæmonians. But sometimes it will happen that the attempts of both Setter and Verser fail; that "the poor countryman will not stoop unto either of their lures. In that case, continues our author, "one, either the Verser or the Setter, or some of their crew, for there is a general fraternity betwixt them, steppeth before the Coney as he goeth, and letteth drop twelvepence in the highway, that of force the Coney must see it. The countryman, spying the shilling, maketh not dainty, but stoopeth very mannerly, and taketh it up; then one of the coney-catchers behind crieth, 'Half part,' and so challengeth half of his finding. The countryman, content, offereth to change the money. 'Nay, faith, friend,' saith the Verser, 'tis ill luck to keep found money; we'll go spend it in a pottle of wine, or in a breakfast, dinner, or supper,' as the time of day requires." Other stratagems are still in reserve if this should fail; but for these we must refer the reader to our author's own pages. In one way or another the countryman can hardly escape falling into the snare. In no long time after the two have got him into the tavern cards are called for, or produced by one of them, and he soon begins to take an interest in certain tricks in which he is initiated, especially in a new game called Mum-chance, at which, by his connivance (secured while they were left alone together for a few minutes), the one sharper cheats and plunders the other (who is, of course, as much a stranger to him as to the farmer) in most triumphant style. Then, "as thus they sit tippling, comes the Barnacle, and thrusts open the door, looking into the room where they are, and, as one bashful, steppeth back again, and saith, 'I cry you mercy, gentlemen, I thought a friend of mine had been here; pardon my boldness.'" Invited by the Verser to come in and drink a cup of wine, he proposes to play a game at cards till his friend arrives. "Why, sir," saith the Verser, "if you will sit down you shall be taken up for a quart of wine." "With all my heart," saith the Barnacle. "What will you play at? At primero, primo visto, sant, one-and-thirty, new cut, or what shall be the game?" The Verser's proposal of mum-chance is readily assented to; as before, the countryman lends his assistance to trick and fleece the new-comer; the play runs higher and higher; "this flesheth the coney, the sweetness of gain maketh him frolic;" he is easily induced to exchange his subordinate and auxiliary part for that of a principal in the game. The natural result soon follows; he first loses all his money, then he pawns "his rings (if he have any), his sword, his cloak, or what else he hath about him;" and, in the end, he finds himself stripped of everything, except, perhaps, the indispensable habiliments that cover him.

"This enormity," says Greene, "is not only in London, but now generally dispersed through all England, in every shire, city, and town of any receipt." As "a cloak for the rain," or "a shadow for their villany," it seems, the practitioners of this species of knavery were accustomed to speak of it by the name of the coney-catching *art*, or the coney-catching *law*: the latter mode of expression in particular appears to have carried a high relish with it to these scorners of the law which other people were fools enough to be frightened at and to obey, but which they only laughed at while they rendered it a mock reverence,

and professed not to transgress its requirements. They had also, Greene tells us, other laws: as, for instance, high law, which meant highway robbery; cheating law, which meant playing with false dice; versing law, which was the passing of false gold; figging law, or the cutting of purses and picking of pockets; Barnard's law, which he defines "a drunken cozenage by cards." This last, in truth, seems to have been only a species of coney-catching; and from Greene's own account of the matter it may be doubted if the novelty which he claims for the latter art, the principal subject of his pamphlet, is not, after all, a mere trick of book-making—a pretension put forth to excite the more curiosity and interest in his readers, and to enhance in their estimation the importance of his exposures. In his Preface he makes the following statement:—"There was before this, many years ago, a practice put in use by such shifting companions, which was called Barnard's law, wherein, as in the art of coney-catching, four persons were required to perform their cozening commodity: the Taker-up, the Verser, the Barnard, and the Rutter; and the manner of it, indeed, was thus:—The Taker-up seemeth a skilful man in all things, who hath by long travel learned without book a thousand policies to insinuate himself into a man's acquaintance. Talk of matters of law, he hath plenty of cases at his fingers' ends, and he hath seen, and tried, and ruled in the King's courts; speak of grazing and husbandry, no man knoweth more shires than he, nor better which way to raise a gainful commodity, and how the abuses and overture of prices can be redressed. Finally, enter into what discourse they list, were it into a broreman's faculty, he knoweth what gains they have for old boots and shoes; yea, and it shall escape him hardly, but that, ere your talk break off, he will be your countryman at least, and peradventure either of kin, ally, or some stale rib to you, if your reach far surmount not his. In case he bring to pass that you be glad of his acquaintance, then doth he carry you to the tavern; and with him goes the Verser, a man of more worship than the Taker-up, and he hath the countenance of a landed man. As they are set, comes in the Barnard, stumbling into your company, like some aged farmer of the country, a stranger unto you all, that had been at some market-town thereabout, buying and selling, and there tippled so much malmesey that he hath never a ready word in his mouth, and is so careless of his money that out he throweth some forty angels on the board's end, and, standing somewhat aloof, calleth for a pint of wine, and sayeth, 'Masters, I am somewhat bold with you; I pray you be not grieved if I drink my wine by you;' and thus ministers such idle drunken talk that the Verser, who counterfeited the landed man, comes and draws more near to the plain honest-dealing man, and prayeth him to call the Barnard more near to laugh at his folly. Between them two the matter shall be so workmanly conveyed, and finely argued, that out cometh an old pair of cards, whereat the Barnard teacheth the Verser a new game, that, he says, cost him for the learning two pots of ale not two hours ago: the first wager is drink; the next, twopence, or a groat; and lastly, to be brief, they use the matter so, that he that were an hundred years old, and never played in his life for a penny, cannot refuse to be the Verser's half; and consequently at one game of cards he loseth all they play for, be it a hundred pounds. And if, perhaps, when the money is lost (to use their word of art), the poor countryman begins to *smoke* them, and swears the drunken knave shall not get his money so, then

standeth the Rutter at the door, and draweth his sword, and picketh a quarrel at his own shadow, if he lack an hostler or a tapster, or some other to brabble with, that, while the street and company gather to the fray, as the manner is, the Barnard steels away with all the coin, and gets him to one blind tavern or other, where these cozeners had appointed to meet." This, whatever distinctive name it might be called by, evidently was a mere variety of coney-catching, even if, with Greene, we take the employment of cards to be a part of the definition of that art. The whole mystery of this sort of roguery probably assumed a more scientific shape and aspect in the hands of this pamphleteer, and its other expounders whom his example called forth, than naturally or really belonged to it. The writer of a tract entitled 'Greene's Ghost haunting Coney-catchers,' which appeared in 1602, ten years after Greene's death, seems to insinuate that the names at least given to the different performers by the original unfolder of the art of coney-catching were, to a great extent, of his own invention. This writer, however, who calls himself S. R., and was probably Samuel Rowlands, the author of a profusion of more prose and verse, has an object to serve in casting a slight upon the authority of his predecessor; for he has many hitherto unheard of curiosities of art of his own collecting to set before his readers. His new nomenclature of coney-catching will be most distinctly given in his own words. "Marry," he says, "in effect there is the like underhand traffic daily used and experienced among some few start-up gallants dispersed about the suburbs of London; who term him that draws the fish to the bait the Beater, and not the Setter; the tavern where they go, the Bush; and the fowl so caught, the Bird. As for coney-catching, they cleap [call] it Bat-fowling; the wine, the strap; and the cards, the limetwigs; and he whom he [Greene] makes Verser, the Retriver, and the Barnacle, the Pothunter." This difference between them as to names, he admits at the same time "breaks no squares," seeing that they concur as to things. But Greene, he thinks, might have improved his book by expatiating on various cheats which he has not noticed; for instance, the brewers' putting in willow leaves and brown buds into their wort instead of hops (the primitive or ruder form of the quassia and cocculus indicus adulteration)—or "Mother Bunch mixing lime with her ale to make it mighty"—which is perhaps what Steevens was thinking of when he asserted that our ancestors made their sack sparkle by putting lime in the glass, in his note on the controverted passage in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' where "mine host of the Garter" says to Bardolph, according to one reading, "Let me see thee froth and live;" but, according to another, "Let me see thee froth and lime." We do not know whether the authority of this old pamphlet may be accepted as lending some support to the latter reading. "There might have also been compiled a delectable and pleasant treatise," continues our author, "of the abuse committed by such as sell bottle-ale, who, to make it fly up to the top of the house at the first opening, do put gunpowder into the bottles while the ale is new; then, by stopping it close, make the people believe it is the strength of the ale, when, being truly sifted, it is nothing indeed but the strength of the gunpowder that worketh the effect, to the great heart-burning of the parties that drink the same." This truly strange and marvellous artifice must, we apprehend, be reckoned among the lost inventions. We wonder if these cunning retailers of the olden time ever mixed shot as well as

powder with their bottled ale—which doubtless would have greatly increased the effect. The coney-catchers, this writer says, "having lost a collop of their living" by Greene's exposures, had invented a number of new tricks since his time. Some did "nothing but walk up and down Paul's, or come to shops to buy wares with budgets of writings under their arms," offering to recover bad debts. "Not unlike to these," the enumeration proceeds, "are they that, coming to ordinaries about the Exchange, where merchants do table for the most part [a phrase sounding like an echo of Shylock's—"Even there where merchants most do congregate," —as if Shakspere's line, then new, had impressed its cadence on the public ear], will say they have two or three ships of coals late come from Newcastle, and wish they could light on a good chapman that would deal for them altogether"—on which, tempted by a low price, some one present will at last put perhaps forty shillings into the hand of the pretended merchant to secure the bargain. And then there follow many other rogueries, upon which we cannot attempt to enter—including "a sly trick of cozenage lately done in Cheapside," in the matter of a chop-chain—a story of "how a man was cozened in the evening by buying a gilt spoon" in Silver Street—"the art of carrying stones," which is interpreted to mean "leaving an alewife in the lurch"—a relation how "a country gentleman of some credit, walking in Paul's, as termers are wont that wait on their lawyers, had his purse cut by a new kind of conveyance"—"a notable exploit performed by a lift" (that is, a thief)—the frauds of apprentices, &c., &c. There is some rare reading in this tract by Master Rowlands (if it be really of his penning)—though he has not Greene's dramatic talent, or sharp, graphic style, but is in truth rather a heavy, lumbering writer, and, to speak it reverently, not a little of a blockhead.

We may here stop for a moment to notice the subject of the cant language in which the lawless population of those days conversed among themselves, as their successors still do. The names, as above given, for the different members of the cozening or swindling fraternity, and a few other terms that have been quoted, may be considered as belonging to this peculiar speech. Its origin, however, we believe, is not generally known. The earliest account we have found of it is in the very curious treatise entitled 'A Caveat or Warning for Common Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabonds, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esqre.,' which was first printed in 1566. Harman, whose book is dedicated to Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, was a country gentleman of Kent—a poor gentleman, as he describes himself, who had kept house for twenty years before he drew up and published this treatise "for the utility and profit of his native country;" and, although not uninfected by the pedantry of his time, of which his preference of the new and learned word *Cursetors* or *Cursitors* to the vulgar *vagabonds* is a small specimen, he is a person of much penetration and sound sense, and he had taken great pains to collect his facts, as well as enjoyed very favourable opportunities of acquiring information not easily to be come at. It will be found that his treatise, which was reprinted at least three times within seven years after its first appearance, continued to supply the greater and most valuable portion of their materials to most of the pamphleteers who wrote on the same subject for half a century after, some of whom pilfer not merely his facts and the substance of his statements, but his language itself, without the least acknowledgment. As the

'Caveat' is not known to have been reprinted after 1573, till the modern impression (consisting only of a hundred copies) was brought out in 1814, it is probable that it had come to be generally forgotten in the next generation. Harman distinctly asserts that the cant language of the thieves and beggars was the deliberate invention of an individual in the early part of the sixteenth century. "As far," he says, "as I can learn or understand by the examination of a number of them, their language, which they term Pedlers' French, or canting, began but within these thirty years, or little above, and that the first inventor thereof was hanged *all save the head*" (the meaning of these last words we do not profess to understand). In another place he states that they had "begun of late to devise some new terms for certain things;" and he observes that no doubt they would in time change the words they then used for others; yet we believe nearly all the words of more frequent employment that composed the speech on its first introduction will be found still to belong to it after the wear and tear of more than three hundred years. This may be ascertained by comparing the old vocabularies with those appended to several modern publications, such as the 'Life of Bamfylde Moore Carew,' the autobiographical 'Memoirs of David Haggart,' &c. The earliest, probably, is that given by Harman at the end of his treatise, which he heads—"Here followeth their pelting speech; here I set before thee, good reader, the leud, lousy language of those leutering lusks and lazy losels," &c. Harman's vocabulary, with indeed nearly all the rest of his book, and with scarcely any new matter, is reprinted in a peculiarly impudent piece of plagiarism entitled 'The Groundwork of Coney-catching,' which appeared in 1592, introduced by an address to the reader, declaring that the things there set down never yet were disclosed in any book on the same subject. This fraud is noticed in another pamphlet, entitled 'Martin Mark-All, Beadle of Bridewell, his Defence and Answer to the Bell-man of London; discovering the long-concealed originate and regiment of Rogues,' &c., which was published in 1610, and was doubtless the production of Rowlands, whose initials, S. R., are prefixed to it. "They" (the rogues), says this writer, "have a language among themselves, composed of omnium gatherum; a glimmering whereof one of late days hath endeavoured to manifest, as far as his author is pleased to be an intelligencer; the substance whereof he leaveth for those that will debate thereof; enough for him to have the praise, other the pains; notwithstanding Harman's ghost continually clogging his conscience with *sic vos non vobis*." Rowlands (or S. R.) gives us a vocabulary, or dictionary, of cant words of his own, which he describes as enlarged from that of Harman. It has the addition of some curious cant rhymes. In his account of the origin of the thieves' language, Rowlands agrees with Harman, but is somewhat more specific, as if he had obtained his information in part from independent sources. He distinctly describes it as an artificial invention, and states that it was introduced in the time of a certain head or king of the beggars called Cock Lorrell, whose rule terminated in the year 1533. The words, he observes, are chiefly of Latin, English, and Dutch derivation, mixed with a few drawn from the French and Spanish. Martin Mark-All's Defence is an answer to a production by a much more famous writer, Thomas Decker, poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous pamphleteer, entitled 'The Bellman of London, bringing to light the most notorious villanies that are now practised in the kingdom,' &c., which

was first published in 1608, and long continued a popular favourite, as may appear from the circumstance of a new edition of it, described as "the fifth impression," having been brought out so late as in 1640. It is, however, in great part borrowed without acknowledgment from Harman's 'Caveat,' and from Greene's 'Notable Discovery of Cozenage.' At the end is what is called 'A Short Discourse of Canting,' which contains nothing new; nor is there much more than what had long ago been stated by Harman, in a chapter headed "Of Canting—how long it hath been a language—how it is derived," &c., with which Decker commences another pamphlet, published in 1612, under the title of 'Lanthorne and Candle-Light, or the Bellman's Second Night's Walk; in which he brings to light a brood of more strange villanies than ever were till this year discovered.' Notwithstanding this profession, many things in this second pamphlet also are stolen from Harman, though it also contains much curious matter which appears to be new. In treating of the cant language Decker says, "Within less than fourscore years now past not a word of this language was known," thus fixing its introduction to the same date assigned by Harman, the rest of whose account, indeed, he straightway goes on to abstract, with some alterations, for the most part merely colourable to disguise the theft.

It is a common misconception to confound this cant phraseology of our ordinary thieves and beggars, consisting of a few peculiar terms and modes of expression mixed with and engrafted upon the language of the country, to the grammatical forms of which it is entirely accommodated, with the wholly distinct and foreign speech of the Gypsy people. The latter is another language altogether, having as little connexion with the English as the Hindostanee has, to which indeed, or to its fountain-head, the Sanscrit, the Gypsy tongue appears to be nearly allied. The notion of the identity of the Gypsy and the cant tongues has been fostered not only by such works as the 'Life of Bamfylde Moore Carew,' where the list of cant words at the end is designated a 'Gypsy Dictionary,' but by the higher authority of writers like Walter Scott, who, in his 'Guy Mannering,' has throughout represented 'Meg Merrilies' and his other Gypsy characters as conversing among themselves in the cant language, which he calls the language of their tribe. It is remarkable, by the bye, that Harman speaks of the Gypsies as utterly extirpated in England in his day. "I hope," he writes, "their sin (that is, the sin of his native English cursitors) is now at the highest, and that as short and as speedy redress will be for these as hath been of late years for the wretched, wily, wandering, vagabonds calling and naming themselves Egyptians, deeply dissembling and long hiding and covering their deep, deceitful practices, feeding the rude common people wholly addicted and given to novelties, toys, and new inventions, delighting them with the strangeness of the attire of their heads, and practising palmistry to such as would know their fortunes," &c. "And now," he adds, "thanks be to God, through wholesome laws and the due execution thereof, all be dispersed, banished, and the memory of them clean extinguished, and, when they be once named hereafter, our children will much marvel what kind of people they were." This, as we have seen, was in 1566. About half a century afterwards, however, Rowlands (or whoever was the author of 'Martin Mark-All'), in stealing Harman's description of the Gypsies in England, omits all that his predecessor says

about their disappearance, and indeed expressly speaks of them as still existing in the country. He says they came in in the time of the same King Cock Lorrell, in whose days the cant speech was invented. Other accounts concur in making the Gypsies to have made their first appearance in England in the early part of the sixteenth century.

Harman's cursitors, or vagabonds, are mostly haunters of the villages, farms, and country parts; though often having intimate connexions, too, with London, and in some cases, as it would appear, their head-quarters there. He is very full and luminous on the Ruffler (or sturdy beggar), the Upright Man (a sort of chief or ruler in the begging and thieving community), the Prigger of Prances (horse-stealer), the Abraham Man (who pretended to have been insane, and to have suffered confinement in Bedlam, or some other house for lunatics), the Fresh-water Mariner, or Whipjack (pretending to be a shipwrecked sailor), the Dummerer (feigner of dumbness), and many other varieties of the genus, old and young, male and female. But the Counterfeit Crank, or counterfeiter of the epilepsy, or falling evil, is almost the only one of his characters whom he brings forward upon the metropolitan scene. To this personage his eleventh chapter is devoted, and it contains, among other things, a long and amusing story of a Counterfeit Crank, who, early in the morning of All-Hallow-Day, 1566, while the first edition of the book was still in the press, and was not yet half printed, made his appearance under our author's "lodging at the White Friars, within the Cloysters, in a little yard or court, whereabouts lay two or three great ladies, being within the liberties of London, whereby he hoped for the greater gain." Harman, watching his proceedings, soon became convinced that he was an impostor, and, indeed, after some questioning, reduced him almost to confession; but, having taken to his heels, it was not without great difficulty and a long pursuit that he was at last overtaken, and fairly pinned in the house of an honest Kent yeoman, a good many miles from town. And, after all, though he was stripped to the skin, and merely an old cloak thrown over him, he quickly found an opportunity of again making his escape, and, naked as he was, scampered across the fields, and got snug into cover somewhere in the vast impenetrable jungle of London. Nothing was heard of him for about a couple of months, but then, with matchless impudence, trusting to a new disguise, on the morning of New Year's Day, he presented himself a second time in White Friars. But Harman's practised eye was too sharp for him; it was soon made apparent that he was the same rogue who had but so lately got out of the clutches of justice; on which he bolted off again at Ludgate; but this time he ran no farther than Fleet Bridge before he was caught. Being now sent to Bridewell, he was put in the pillory at Cheapside, "and after that," concludes the narration, "went in the mill while his ugly picture was a-drawing, and then was whipt at a cart's-tail through London, and his displayed banner carried before him unto his own door (in Maister Hill's Rents), and so back to Bridewell again, and there remained for a time, and at length let at liberty on that condition he would prove an honest man, and labour truly to get his living. And his picture remaineth in Bridewell for a moniment." An engraving of this picture, which, we presume, was the "displayed banner" that was carried before its original in his procession at the cart's-tail, is given by Harman, as an embellishment to this history of the

Counterfeit Crank, whose name, it seems, was Nicholas Genings; and it is accompanied by another of Nicholas Blunt, an Upright Man, whose trim and comfortable attire and bold bearing present a striking contrast to the rags, and dirt, and feigned decrepitude of his companion. We insert copies of both.

(Genings and Blunt.)

The chief lodging-houses resorted to by the thieves and wandering beggars of the London district in Harman's day are stated to have been "Saint Quinten's, Three Cranes in the Vintry, Saint Tybbe's, and Knapsberg." "These four," he adds, "be within one mile compass near unto London. Then have you four more in Middlesex: Draw the Pudding out of the Fire, in Harrow-on-the-Hill parish; the Cross Keys, in Crayford parish; St. Julien's, in Thistleworth (Isleworth) parish; the House of Pity, in North-hall parish. These are their chief houses near above London, where commonly they resort unto for lodging, and may repair thither freely at all times . . . . The Upright Men have given all these nicknames to the places above-said. Yet have we two notable places in Kent, not far from London; the one is between Deptford and Rothered (Rotherhithe), called the King's Barn, standing alone, that they have commonly; the other is Kesbrook, standing by Blackheath, half a mile from any house." Harman has even preserved, in a long list, the names of the principal Upright Men, and other descriptions of rogues, who then haunted the counties of Middlesex, Essex, Sussex, Surrey, and Kent. Among the common beggars of this district were, he tells us, about a hundred Irish men and women, who had come over within the preceding two years. "They say," he adds, "they have been burned and spoiled by the Earl of Desmond, and report well of the Earl of Ormond." Many of these Irish, it is mentioned in another place, went about with counterfeited or forged begging-licences. Of the common beggars, called Paliards, or Clapperdoggers, and also of the Dummerers, many, too, it seems from other passages, were Welsh. Southwark, Kent-street, and Barmesey (Bermondsey)

street, are mentioned as the chief places of residence of the London tinkers, and the quarters in which property stolen by the vagrants who strolled the neighbouring country districts was most likely to be found.

The old adage, that there is nothing new under the sun, would probably receive as ample illustration from the history of the rogueries of London, if we had the means of fully tracing it, as from any other region of human experience. It is wonderful how little inventive genius appears to have been called into action, as far as records go, in the contrivance of new tricks or ways of cheating during some hundreds of years. But, on the other hand, it must be confessed that very little has been required; no matter how long or how often any particular decoy or bait may have been used, it continues to catch the gudgeons as well as at first:—

"Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit."

Doubtless, if not exactly the pleasure, at least the disposition or capacity

"is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat."

The two tendencies are evidently made for each other. It is a mistake to regard them as naturally hostile. They are what the logicians call antagonistic, or opposite but not contrary—that is to say, they press indeed in opposite directions, but it is so as to support each other, like the two sets of rafters that form the roof of a house. We do not absolutely affirm that the coney-catcher is as indispensable to the coney as the coney is to the coney-catcher; but still we cannot help thinking that either would feel somewhat at a loss without the other—or, at any rate, that the beautiful balance and harmony of parts in the moral system would be considerably impaired by such an abstraction. It is difficult to conceive for what use or end the cheatable portion of the species could have been created if there were none to cheat them. Would they not be superfluities—incumbrances—violating and outraging by their very existence the first and most beautiful principle of all cosmogonical philosophy, that nature does nothing in vain? But, besides, these cheats are, after all, perhaps, not of so opposite a disposition or character, in any sense, to the rogues as is commonly taken for granted. The difference between the two is one of circumstances and position, or, at most, of mere ability and opportunity, rather than of anything more essential. A fool and a knave are not so unlike one another. On the one hand, your knave is, on a large or high view, always a fool; on the other, your great fool would often be a great knave, if he only had the wit. Observe how the fool is for the most part cozened and cheated—not through his folly alone, but through that and his dishonesty together—not through his stupidity so much as his cupidity:—it is the latter commonly that bites at the hook which the cheat cunningly baits for him. If he were merely a fool, he would be comparatively difficult to catch—fools, it is truly said, are taken care of by heaven—pure folly and simplicity is armed and protected by its very want of any obtruding faculty or passion on which designing villany can take hold; it is a smooth-skinned eel which slips out of the hand that tries to grasp it. But such guilelessness is rare. How is the countryman entrapped in Greene's illustrations of coney-cathing? Not, assuredly, by any aversion or scruple he has to join in cheating another person, however indisposed

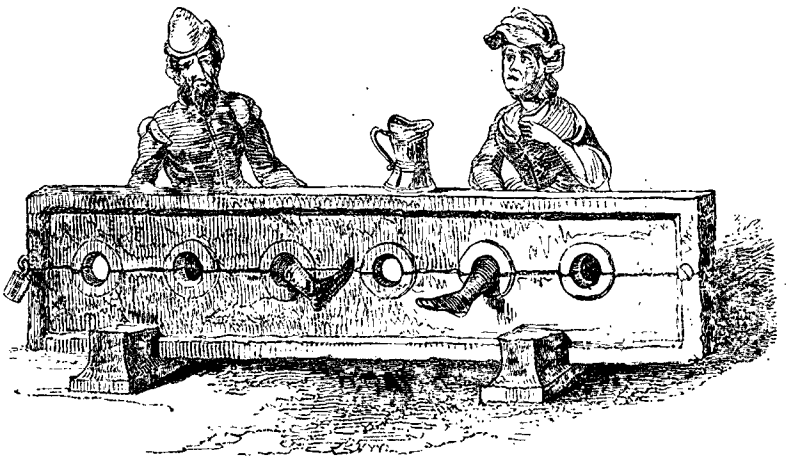
to have that operation performed on himself, and however he may, as he imagines, have all his senses and faculties awake and on the stretch for his own protection. If he had thought only of taking care of himself, bumpkin as he is, he might have been safe—he had capacity, or instinct, enough for self-preservation, if he had confined his ambition to that; what suspended his vigilance, and betrayed him, was his eagerness to draw another into the snare from which he thought he had himself escaped, and to share the dishonest gains of the coney-catcher in addition to getting scatheless out of his hands. And in all cases this is the propensity in his victim upon which the cheat counts most; it is the fool's own inclination to knavery, the wish without the wit, that principally makes him the knave's victim. Take another common London trick—that of money-dropping or ring-dropping. We have seen that Greene mentions this as one of the lures employed by the Setter or the Verser to seduce the countryman into the public-house, in his 'Notable Discovery of Cozenage,' written in 1591. The author of a little volume, entitled 'The Country Gentleman's Vade Mecum, or his Companion for the Town,' in a series of letters, published in 1699, is, therefore, in error in telling us (in his 14th Letter) that guinea-dropping, as he calls it, or sweetening, was a paltry little cheat that was recommended to the world about thirty years before by a memorable gentleman that had since had the misfortune to be taken off, that is to say, hanged, for a misdemeanor on the highway. At this date the trick, it would appear, was commonly practised on country gentlemen, as it now is on servant girls from the country. Some half a century, perhaps, later, as we may gather from 'The Countryman's Guide to London, or Villany detected,' which has no date, but in which many things are copied from the preceding authority with certain alterations in accommodation to the change of times, we find the country gentleman transformed into a plain countryman or farmer. And here is the description of the trick given by the famous blind magistrate, Sir John Fielding, in a little tract entitled 'Some proper Cautions to the

[Sir John Fielding.]

Merchants, Tradesmen, and Shop-keepers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Porters, Errand-boys, Book-keepers, and Innkeepers; also very necessary for any person going to London, either on business or pleasure,' which is found at the end of 'A Brief Description of the Cities of London and Westminster,' printed in

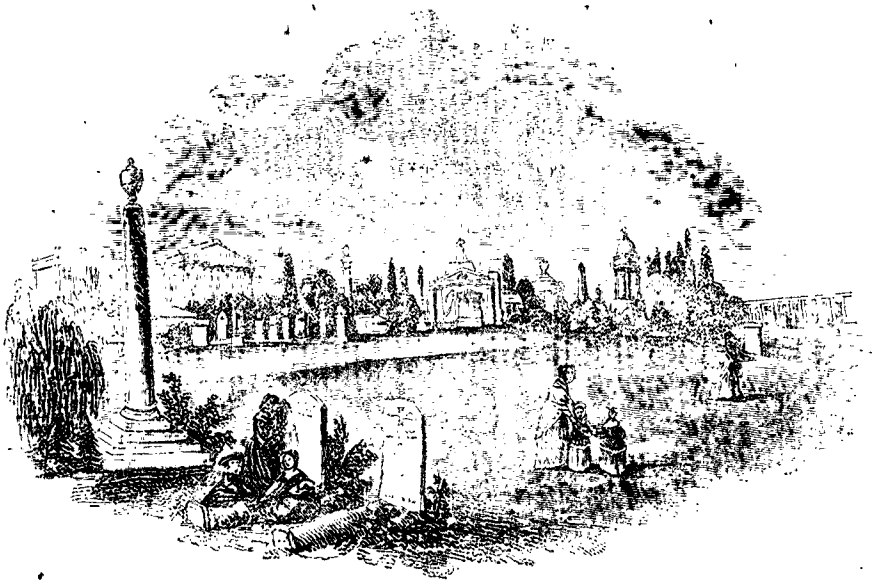
1776 :—" The next class (of gamblers or cheats) are those who find a paper full of gold rings, which they take care to pick up in the sight of a proper object, whose opinion they ask. This set appear very mean, which gives them an opportunity of saying they had rather have found a good piece of bread and cheese, for that he had not broken his fast for a whole day; then wishes the gentleman would give him something for them, that he might buy himself a pair of shoes, a coat, &c. The cull immediately bites, and, thinking to make a cheap purchase of an ignorant fellow, gives him twenty shillings for four or five brass rings washed over. Or, what is more frequent, and yet more successful, is the picking up a shilling or a half-crown before the face of a countryman, whose opinion of it is immediately asked whether it be silver or not, and he is invited to share the finder's good luck in a glass of wine or pot of ale. The harmless countryman, pleased at such an invitation in a strange place, is carried to an alehouse, where the sharper's friends are waiting for him, and where cutting or playing at cards is soon proposed, and the countryman most certainly tricked out of all his money, watch, and everything valuable he has about him." Thus, we see, if harmless countrymen, and other honest and respectable persons, were somewhat less keen in catching at advantages to which they are not entitled, less fond of a good bargain (to the extent of occasionally appropriating what does not belong to them), less disposed to indulge in pots of wine or ale at the expense of other people, a little more solicitous than they commonly are to restore any article of value or apparent value they may pick up to its proper owner, they would fall into fewer scrapes and mischances. They would seldomer burn their fingers if they did not so often thrust them into the fire—more especially to snatch their neighbours' chestnuts. This consideration, along with others, has sometimes inclined us to think that, after all, the best and most effective way of legislating against swindling and thieving might be to punish the party who has lost his property, and not him who has abstracted it—the man who has been foolish and careless enough to allow himself to be plundered or overreached, rather than the ingenious and dexterous practitioner who has contrived to throw him off his guard. This is no more than the principle upon which the wise Spartans of old proceeded. "Lycurgus," remarks Montaigne, "considered in theft the vivacity, diligence, boldness, and dexterity of purloining anything from our neighbours, and the utility that redounded to the public, that every one might look more narrowly to the conservation of what was his own, and believed that from his double institution of assaulting and defending, advantage was to be made for military discipline (which was the principal science and virtue to which he would inure that nation) of greater consideration than the disorder and injustice of taking another man's goods." If the protection of property be the object, it may be reasonably doubted whether it would not be attained under this system, at least quite as successfully as under that now in use. And even on grounds of natural propriety and justice, considered liberally and without prejudice, would there be anything so very objectionable in thus rewarding ingenuity and leaving negligence and thoughtlessness to their natural punishment? Is not clever knavery entitled to this much of protection and encouragement according to all the fundamental principles of the Rights of Man? To whom does anything whatever rightfully belong, if not to him whom superior art, courage, or perse-

verance has put in possession of it, and enabled to snatch it from another less highly endowed with these qualities? Which of the two is likely either to preserve it most carefully, or to make the best use of it—he who could not keep it when he had it, or he who, without the original advantage which actual possession gives, yet succeeded in winning it? Which may be supposed to feel the greatest regard and attachment to it, and to be, in so far as that goes, the most worthy of holding and enjoying it? But, independently of these transcendental speculations, there is, as we have said, the more homely consideration that the person who is swindled or plundered is often at heart very nearly as great a rascal as the abler rogue who cheats him, and has, in the transaction between them, been only a loser instead of a winner at the same game, which he has played indeed less openly and boldly, and altogether in a more pitiful and sneaking style, as well as less skilfully and successfully, than the other. No, the cheat in these cases is not the only public nuisance, the only offender that the state ought to endeavour to put down or extirpate; the cheatee, his natural prey and victim, is also a description of person of the most detrimental character in any well-governed commonwealth; if the latter could be got rid of, the former too would soon die out; and sound legislation therefore will direct its attention as sedulously to the one object as to the other. Laws against thieves and swindlers must be combined with the enlightenment and general moral elevation of the class of the people on whose imperfect knowledge, or imperfect honesty (oftentimes the consequence of imperfect knowledge), these depredators trade and live. And herein the press too may lend a useful helping hand, even by such details and exposures as we have just been giving.



[Man and woman in stocks.]

"A stockes to staye sure and safely detayne
Lazy, lewd leuterers that lawes do offend."
Harman's 'Caveat,' &c.



[Cemetery, Kensal Green.]

LXXXVI.—LONDON BURIALS.

WHATEVER the evils that have gradually grown up around the burial customs we have inherited from our forefathers, let it not be forgotten that the essential *principle* remains to this hour peculiarly appropriate, beautiful, and elevating. In burying our friends and relatives in the precincts of their accustomed church, we seem but—in death—to set the seal to that spiritual union which in life they have there so often and so reverently sought; whilst, at the same time, they are placed where we, the objects of their love, and the sharers in their faith, may be the most frequently and regularly reminded of them;—not to add to the anguish of the loss, but, on the contrary, to confirm and to stimulate the hope of the recovery. There is another point of view from which our church burial-grounds present an aspect of impressive interest. We hear complaints sometimes made of the indiscriminate character of the burials in them; we hear regrets expressed that men of erring, or violent, or criminal lives, should at their last need enjoy the shelter, the neighbourhood, the communion they have done so little previously to deserve. Are we wrong in thinking this very circumstance one of their most touching features? Such places are to the heart and mind what the old sanctuaries were to the body, only divested of all their evils, and a

thousand times more numerous: they are places of refuge for the "heavily laden," whose very flight hither should satisfy *us* at least of their right to "rest." With these views, the imperative divorce of our places of worship and of burial from each other, that seems likely to take place at a very early period in our great cities, can only appear justifiable on grounds of the strongest necessity: that there are such grounds it is our painful but necessary duty to show in the present paper on London Burials.

The custom of burying in and around churches arose gradually, and from a peculiar concurrence of causes. The early Christians had before them the example of the Jews, who were accustomed to build synagogues for prayer and worship near the remains of those who had been eminently distinguished for their goodness and piety; of the Greeks, who offered sacrifices near their sepulchres; and of the Romans, who had their chapels and altars erected over their deceased relatives, to propitiate their manes. But it was the persecutions to which the Christians were exposed that appear to have first determined their funeral customs. Not only the living but the dead were subjected to the insults of the Pagan population around; and, in consequence, a secure place of deposit for the dead became highly desirable. Those extensive subterranean excavations, without the walls of Rome, known as the Catacombs, seemed to be such a spot. The entrance into the Catacombs is on the Via Appia, only a short distance from the city; but the place itself is so extensive, that travellers have estimated their entire length, including all the ramifications, at not less than six miles, whilst the guides say twenty. The long winding galleries of which they are chiefly composed are, in general, about eight feet high and five wide; along the sides are ranged the cells or graves, in tiers, generally three in number; at intervals large vaulted chambers are found, of a very church-like aspect; in different parts altars, paintings, and inscriptions, of Christian origin, meet the eye. It is in these catacombs, thus full of interesting memorials, that we believe we must look for the true commencement of our present burial system. When the Christians, under circumstances of the greatest secrecy, had brought their dead hither, among which, of course, would be some of their most distinguished martyrs, they would not only desire to pray near to them, in accordance with all previous feelings or customs, but the privacy of the place would appear no less favourable to their own meetings for mutual advice, comfort, and for the performance of their religious rites. Hence the erection of the altars and the formation of the churches in the catacombs. After the complete establishment of the Christian religion, by the conversion of Constantine, and the consequent removal of the difficulties which had attended the burial and worship of the disciples of the faith, we learn from St. Jerome in what affectionate reverence the place was still held, in spite of its natural horrors. He tells us that he visited them every Sunday; and observes, "When I found myself in that profound obscurity, I thought the expression of the Psalmist verified, 'Descendit in infernum vivens.'" The churches being thus at first erected over the place of the dead, the next step was to reverse the process, and to bury the dead where convenience and growing prosperity caused the erection of the churches. Constantine's burial seems to have been an innovation of this kind. He was interred in the vestibule of the Temple

of the Holy Apostles (which he had built), at Constantinople, as the highest mark of gratitude the church could bestow. From this time progress in the same path was easy. Princes who, like Constantine, had peculiarly distinguished themselves as patrons of Christianity, great benefactors, men illustrious for their piety among the bishops, began to obtain similar privileges. In England St. Austin (or Augustine), Bede tells us, was thus buried under the portico of Canterbury Cathedral, and the history of the same edifice shows us the farther advance of the dead into the church itself. The succeeding prelates to Augustine were all buried in the same spot (the north porch) till the space was occupied, when they were removed into the interior. Such practices once commenced in the cases of the few, were sure to extend to the burials of the many; to all those at least whose wealth or rank, or intellectual, moral, or religious qualifications, would enable them to exercise influence for such objects. For even when the superstitious belief held by the early Christians, that the emanations from the bodies of saints exercised a peculiar virtue upon all those who lay near them, had died away, there still remained the more permanent influences that we have alluded to in the commencement of these remarks, and which, there is no doubt, have perpetuated the existence of the custom down to the present time, in spite of the heaviest and most manifold disadvantages.

It was on the 8th of March, 1842, that the Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, to which we are indebted for the discovery of a state of things in London which is truly described by one witness as "sickening" and "horrible," and which exhibits England, through its capital (in the words of the Committee's Report), as an "instance of the most wealthy, moral, and civilised community in the world, tolerating a practice and an abuse which has been corrected for years by nearly all other civilised nations in every part of the globe." And, casting our eyes casually over the large amount of evidence collected, we cannot but be convinced that these words convey an unexaggerated statement. We read of one burial-ground in the Dover Road, still used for numerous interments, although, nineteen years ago, a witness (a clergyman) thought it scandalous to go on burying there; of another (St. Margaret's, Westminster), which was reported, by the Commissioners for the improvement of Westminster, to Parliament, in 1814, as unfit to be used much longer, but which is still in active operation; and of a third (Spa Fields), that there is "no more space, but that you can always get a grave there,"—nay, graves for not less than thirty or forty persons weekly, that being frequently the number of interments. The age of miracles seems to have revived with regard to many of these burial-grounds. Martin's, in the Borough, measuring about 295 feet by 379, is supposed to have received within ten years 14,000 bodies; in St. Mary's, Vinegar Yard, belonging to the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand, "better than half an acre" in size, 20,000 bodies are computed to have been interred within the last half-century; whilst in a vault below a Methodist chapel, built as a speculation by Messrs. Hoole and Martin, in the New Kent Road, from 1600 to 2000 bodies are to be found, not buried, but heaped up in coffins, nearly all of wood, in a space 40 yards long, 25 wide, and 20 high. But all the marvels of the churchyard must give place to those performed in connexion with Enon Chapel. This building

is in Clement's Lane, in the Strand, and was built by the minister himself (a Dissenter) as a speculation. The upper part, opened for public worship in 1823, is separated from the lower by a boarded floor merely; and in this space (about 60 feet by 29, and 6 deep) 12,000 bodies are estimated to have been interred! The expanding pavilion of the Fairy Tales was nothing to this; and it must be admitted that such a chapel formed a very necessary provision for a neighbourhood where a witness has no doubt that three times as many persons die immediately around the building in question as in any other part of the parish. But the means!—One naturally feels anxious to know how these things were accomplished, seeing that the simplest process of reckoning shows them, to ordinary senses of apprehension, as impossible. We must premise, then, that there is no doubt that the late minister was one of whom it might be said, as it was of the illustrious sexton of St. Anne's, Soho, Fox, by one of his satellite gravediggers, in words that show how the admiration of the daring genius of the master overpowered, for the moment, all other considerations:—"the man that is dead has done most wonderful things in the vaults!" As with many other of Nature's greatest marvels, however, these "wonderful things" are apt to lose something of their romance and grandeur in the light of common day. It appears, then, that up to a certain period a drain ran obliquely across the place, and that the Commissioners of Sewers suddenly took it into their heads to compel the minister to arch it over. This was no doubt awkward; but, adapting himself admirably to circumstances, the opportunity was taken of conveying away some *sixty* loads of mingled earth and human remains, which were shot the other side of Waterloo Bridge, where a pathway was then forming. It may suffice to illustrate the nature of the soil removed, to observe that a few baskets-full having been thoughtlessly given away by the men employed to some labourers executing a slight street repair, a crowd were presently found round a human hand. After the stoppage of the conveniences already indicated, a new method would be required at Enon Chapel. There is little or no doubt as to what that was. Many inquiries were made of the witnesses who appeared before the Committee, as to what would be the feelings of the people regarding the use of quick-lime. The minister of Enon Chapel managed matters very differently. "I know," says Mr. Walker, speaking of this place, "that lime has been inserted in enormous quantities, and that the bodies have been consumed in less than a twelvemonth:" but then the minister made no fuss about it. But what was done with the coffins?—the economy of such systems could not certainly afford to wait till good sound elm should decay. Here is the explanation: "I understood it was a regular thing for them to burn them in their own house, which was adjoining the chapel."* And, although this witness speaks from hearsay, we find sufficient corroborative testimony. Mr. Whittaker, an undertaker, speaking of Spa Fields, says, "They have got a small bricked place, I observed the last time I was there, in the ground, similar to a washhouse or an outhouse of that description, and I saw a fire and smoke coming out of it. I cannot tell what was burning." Being asked

* Pitt's Evidence, Question 165.

if he suspects it was coffins, he replies, "I cannot say, because the window was *blocked* up and the door *fastened*, and I could not see." If there still be any doubt, Thomas Munn's evidence will remove it. He, a resident in Drury Lane, opposite the burial-ground there, states expressly, "I have seen the man and his wife burn them; it is quite a common thing."

The removal of decayed bodies seems to be a generally recognised mode of making room, even in what one would suppose were the most respectable London burial-places. Thus during the repair of St. Martin's, Ludgate, Mr. Anderton, member of the Common Council of the City, saw numerous cart-loads of matter, consisting of decayed coffins, bones, and ashes, taken away, the labourers mixing the whole up with rubbish to prevent the passengers from perceiving their occupation. In St. Anne's, Soho, St. Clement's, Portugal Street, St. Martin's in the Fields, &c., &c., similar removals have taken place. Lastly, we may add to this general explanation of the remarkable capacity of our metropolitan burial-grounds, the facts,—that the greater part of them are materially elevated above their original level; thus St. Andrew's Undershaft is two feet higher, St. Mary-le-Strand four feet, and the ground belonging to St. Martin's in the Fields, in Drury Lane, no less than five feet;—and, that in numerous cases they bury to within a foot or two of the surface. With regard to the last-mentioned custom, it seems sextons are particularly jealous of any interference, for, when a witness who appeared before the Committee took the trouble one day to probe the ground in Portugal Street, the sexton told his assistant, if he ever came into the ground again, to "run the man through with the searcher."

But we must now look a little closer into the details of the "wonderful" proceedings of the guardians of our grave-yards; even though, in so doing, we meet with much that is disgusting, much truly appalling, for, alas! all is but too true; and too important in its truth, to the health, morals, and character of our countrymen, to be passed lightly over, whilst we can say such things still are. Foremost in horror are the proceedings thus described in the evidence of W. Chamberlain, who says, "In the year 1831 I was first employed by Mr. Watkins, the head gravedigger of St. Clement's churchyard; from that time till the year 1838 I never opened a grave without coming into other coffins of children, grown persons, and what we term odd sizes, which we have been obliged to cut away, the ground being so excessively full that we could not make a grave without doing it. It was done by the order of Mr. Watkins and Mr. Fitch, the sexton of the parish, that these coffins should be chopped up, and the wood placed against the walls and the palings of the ground. We have come to bodies quite perfect, and we have cut part away with choppers and pickaxes. We have opened the lids of the coffins, and the bodies have been so perfect that we could distinguish males from females; and all those have been chopped and cut up. . . During the time I was at this work the flesh has been cut up in pieces and thrown up behind the boards which are placed to keep the ground up where the mourners are standing, ... and when the mourners are gone this flesh has been thrown in and jammed down, and the coffins have been taken away and burnt." Further questions elicit further explanation as to the mode of cutting up such bodies, but the details are too horrible for us to recapitulate. We must,

however, add the background to the picture here shown. Chamberlain continues—"The sound of cutting away the wood was so terrible that mobs used to be round the railings and looking; we could not throw a piece of wood or a piece of a body up without being seen; the people actually cried 'shame' out of the windows at the backs of the houses on account of it." The men who give this evidence state over and over again that they were reluctant to do such things, but that the sextons have made them by threats of depriving them of their employment if they did not. One of these men, whilst engaged one day with others, saw his companions chopping off the head of a coffin, and happening to look at it, saw that it was his own father's! "I told them to stop, and they laughed," he says. However, as he was firm, they yielded to what no doubt they thought his absurd scruples. These almost incredible practices, it appears, have taken place at Enon Chapel, the Globe Fields, St. Andrew's Undershaft, St. Anne's, Soho (where the wonderful man Fox did not mind cutting through a body buried but three weeks), St. Clement's churchyard, St. Clement Danes, St. Martin's in the Fields (Drury Lane), St. Mary's, Vinegar Yard—in short, at so many places that it is far from improbable that the greater part of London grave-yards have witnessed similar scenes. Among the minor practices of the grave-yard gentry, may be mentioned the interring bodies at insufficient depth when they happened to be in an idle mood, and then, when it became necessary to turn the spot to the best advantage, of digging the coffins up, and re-burying them at the suitable depth. From a similar motive, when a deep grave has been dug, it appears that it is sometimes allowed to remain open till it is filled, boards and earth being merely placed over the top. At the grave-yard in Drury Lane they gradually waxed so confident in this habit, that even when the unhappy relatives said they did not like to go away without seeing the grave filled up, they pertinaciously refused. Men who could do the things we have described, were scarcely likely to leave undone any petty crime that lay in their path. Fox stripped the lead off the coffins in the vaults of St. Anne's, Soho, also the handles and nails of the commoner coffins in the burial-ground, and sold them,—and his is evidently by no means a solitary case.

Apart from that fearful kind of interest we naturally feel in such an occupation as grave-digging,—that ransacking among the awful secrets of the grave, from which humanity generally so instinctively shrinks,—the audacity of the metropolitan portion of the fraternity, and the circumstances under which they carry on their calling, give new and startling features to their lives. Their climate, sports, the incidents that disturb the even tenor of their way, their drunkenness, dangers, and premature deaths, are all in keeping, are all peculiarly their own. Our summer, it seems, is often their winter; our winter, their summer. "The deeper I go, it gets so warm that it is enough to melt one; it is just the same as if you were in a fire when you go down so far; in the coldest day it will be warmer there than on a fine summer's day; even if you go down to the water, the water will be as warm as possible in cold weather, and in warm weather it will be quite as cold; in a frosty morning you can see the steam come up, just as you would out of a dung-hole."* Then for their sports. Is the grave-

* B. Lyons' Examination, Question 1130.

digger inclined to unbend among his assistants and be merry?—the materials of sport are always at hand; a few tall bones are collected and set up, these are their skittles; a round goodly-looking skull forms the ball, and, now all prepared, they begin, and merrily goes the game. There wants but a Mephistophiles to make the sexton's reality rival the poet's wildest fictions. As to the incidents which occasionally add a new horror even to those who have supped full of horrors their lives through, we need but one example. Lyons says, "I was trying the length of a grave to see if it was long enough and wide enough, so that I should not have to go down again; and while I was there the ground gave way, and a body turned right over, and the two arms came and clasped me round the neck." The drunkenness, dangers, and premature deaths to which these men are exposed, belong to another department of our subject—the consequences to the living of the state of things described, in connexion with the dead. To this we now address ourselves.

Passing over rapidly the less important phenomena of their calling, the smell, frequently "dreadful beyond all smells"—to which that of a cesspool, it seems, is as rosewater in comparison, and which leaves in the mouth a coppery taste as if you had been "chewing a penny-piece"—let us pause for a moment upon the narration of Valentine Haycock, which has a certain simple pathos in it, that should find the way to all hearts, and strengthen the determination of those who have influence, to get rid of such unnatural as well as intolerable sufferings. He is asked, "When you have been digging yourself, have you felt yourself affected immediately?—Yes; I have been obliged to get up in the best way I could, and I have been in such a tremble that I did not know whether I was going to die myself or not; I have gone in-doors, and have sat a little time to recover myself; I have had something from the doctor to bring me round again." Again:—"With regard to the sensations you have experienced when you were opening a grave, did you feel a taste in your mouth or a sensation in your throat?—In my throat; it was completely dried up with the stench, it is so sharp upon you; so that I have got up and heaved, and actually brought blood up." We need not wonder that he adds, "I have been obliged to go in-doors and get a little brandy," or that he should have to acknowledge that gravediggers are not generally a sober set of men: we should wonder if they were. As another of the class expresses it, they are made drunkards "by force." It will be hardly necessary to say that these sensations cannot be often felt without incurring serious dangers; but as dangers they are among the slightest of the vocation. One poor fellow happened to cut his finger one morning at breakfast, but so superficially that he did not think it worth while to bind up the wound. He had a child's grave to dig that day in St. George's, Southwark. During his work some of the soil got to the cut, presently the finger swelled, his arm began to ache, he went home, never again to quit it alive. Another, Chamberlain, not only lost the use of his limbs, but his wife caught the infection, and was similarly diseased. That this man's statement to the Committee was true enough, we may judge from the corroborative testimony of Dr. Copland, who mentions the cases of a gentleman and his wife; the first died of a malignant fever through inhaling the vapours of a vault, and the second from the infection. Chamberlain's case is but a fair com-

mentary on the lives of the whole fraternity. It is certain that the gravediggers of London are generally unhealthy, and that their lives are prematurely shortened. But it would be some relief to them if they could be sure that even this doom were the worst; but, by a kind of retributive vengeance, from the very graves they so unnaturally disturb, Death will sometimes suddenly appear, and re-assert, with his own terrible power, the sanctity of his violated domains. A step down into a newly-opened vault, a single blow of a pickaxe into an uncovered coffin, and the intruder has fallen, as if shot, beneath the breath of the dread king of terrors. The cases of the two men at Aldgate in 1838, and of the one at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1840 (the last marked by the additional feature that the surgeon who attended him, and the surgeon's domestic servant, both died of infection), are here in point. An incident of a similar nature, but less known, is mentioned in Mr. Walker's book.* At a burial in the church of Notre Dame, at Montpelier, in France, Peter Balsalgette, a street porter, was employed as gravedigger. He had scarcely descended into the grave when he became convulsed, and fell. Joseph Sarrau immediately stepped forth, and descended, holding a rope, to save him. Just as he reached the bottom he became insensible, and was drawn up half dead. But there were noble hearts congregated round that grave. John Molinier next descended, but feeling himself suffocating, could do no more than give the signal to be drawn up again; when his brother, Robert Molinier, a strong and robust man, took his place, and fell dead at the bottom. Lastly, the brother of the first victim, Charles Balsalgette, ventured into the fatal pit, succeeded in partially arranging the body of Robert Molinier, before he was forced to get out; then a second time descended with a handkerchief dipped in Hungary water between his teeth, but finding himself unable to stay, was about to ascend, when he too dropped back lifeless, and thus terminated the tragical scene. Of the five men, John Molinier and Sarrau only recovered; and the latter was for a long time afterwards so pale and emaciated as to give peculiar significance to the appellation he received, the *Resuscitated*. We cannot but append to this melancholy and interesting case Mr. Walker's note, with its ingenious hypothesis. "In the effect of these exhalations," he says, "we may obtain an explanation of certain phenomena which some authors have considered as miraculous. Gregory of Tours relates that a robber, having dared to enter the tomb of St. Helius, this prelate retained him and prevented him from getting out. The same author informs us that a poor man, not having a stone to cover the place in which one of his children had been buried, took away one which closed the opening of an old tomb, in which rested without doubt, says Gregory of Tours, the remains of some holy personage. The unhappy father was immediately and simultaneously struck dumb, blind, and deaf. These facts may be attributed to mephitic vapours." †

We now reach the last and most important department of our subject—the effects of our metropolitan system of burial on the public health. Of the sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which Sir Benjamin Brodie says is evolved from bodies

* 'Gatherings from Grave-Yards;' a work to which the public are directly and indirectly much indebted for the present state of opinion on the subject it discusses.

† Page 95.

in a state of decomposition, it appears that *a single part to five hundred of atmospheric air is fatal.* Yet that such gases are constantly issuing from the crowded burial-grounds of London we have an overwhelming amount of evidence to prove, derived both from the unerring warnings of the senses, and the illnesses and deaths which follow where such warnings are unheeded. Persons attending divine service have been taken ill, no doubt frequently without knowing the cause, for of course matters do not generally proceed to such a very decisive point as in Enon Chapel, where, we learn, members of the congregation were taken out fainting nearly every Sunday. Relatives following the dead to the grave have been smitten by the insidious poison, leaving the undertaker to record the brief history, "Dear me, the poor creature followed a friend here last Sunday, and I am come to bury him this." Clergymen have resigned their office, as at St. Andrew's Undershaft, in order to take a much less valuable living in the country, where they could at least breathe the pure air of heaven; whilst others have been obliged to stay a certain distance from the grave in open grounds, or to stand at the top of the stairs of a vault to read the burial service, as at St. George's Church, Southwark; where for many years the clergyman dared not venture into the vault, and where the undertakers were compelled to use the most indecent haste in taking the mourners down and bringing them up again to prevent danger. Medical men have found it necessary to advise patients to remove from the neighbourhood of such places, who were rich enough to be able to do so, or have had the pain of seeing them sink gradually when they were too poor; cholera and fever have been found most violent, as at Leeds, in the attacks on the living, where the congregation of the dead has been the most dense. To what extent the effluvia ascending from so many graves into the air may injure the general health of London, is not easy to determine. That it must be very serious is evident from all the foregoing evidence. Sir Benjamin Brodie says he has always considered this one cause of fever and disease in the metropolis; and Dr. Copland, the censor of the College of Physicians, states his belief that of the four or five particular circumstances which influence the health of large towns, "the first, and probably the most important, is the burial of the dead. We have to consider not only the exhalations of the gases and the emanations of the dead into the air, but the effect that it has on the subsoil or the water drunk by the inhabitants." We may form some notion of the latter effect from a single but most significant fact; they had some years ago to shut up a pump close to St. Clement's churchyard, the water being found unfit for use.

With an interesting story, illustrating in a forcible manner the evils attending the gratification of the desire to which we alluded in the commencement of our paper, we pass on to the more agreeable subject of the remedies. At a certain place in Germany a very corpulent lady died during the last century, and was buried according to her desire in the parochial church. "The weather at the time was very hot, and a great drought prevailed. The succeeding Sunday, a week after the body had been buried, the Protestant clergyman had a very full congregation, upwards of nine hundred persons attending, that being the day for administering the Holy Sacrament. It is the custom in Germany that when people wish to receive the Sacrament, they neither eat nor drink until the cere-

mony is over. The clergyman consecrates the bread and wine, which is uncovered during the ceremony. There were about one hundred and eighty communicants. A quarter of an hour after the ceremony, before they had quitted the church, more than sixty of the communicants were taken ill: several died in the most violent agonies, others of a more vigorous constitution survived by the help of medical assistance; a most violent consternation prevailed among the whole congregation, and throughout the town, and it was concluded that the wine had been poisoned. The Sacristan, and several others belonging to the vestry, were put in irons. The persons arrested underwent very great hardships: during the space of a week they were confined in a dungeon, and some of them were put to the torture; but they persisted in their innocence. On the Sunday following the magistrate ordered that a chalice of wine, uncovered, should be placed for the space of an hour upon the altar: the hour had scarcely elapsed when they beheld the wine filled with myriads of insects. By tracing whence they came, it was perceived by the rays of the sun that they issued from the grave of the lady who had been buried the preceding fortnight. The people not belonging to the vestry were dismissed, and four men were employed to open the vault and the coffin; in doing this two of them dropped down and expired on the spot, the other two were only saved by the utmost exertions of medical talent." *

We have before quoted the words of the Report, in which our practice with regard to burials is contrasted with that of "nearly all other civilized nations;" and remarked, that however startling the statement, it is perfectly true. Seek the abodes of the dead in France, Spain, Germany, or in the principal States of America, and in place of the hideous burial-grounds described in these pages, we find open and airy places, always decent, frequently beautiful. Instead of sending away in disgust the few whom sad necessity has made their visitors, they often form the favourite places of resort to the neighbouring population. France has honourably distinguished herself in this matter. Not content with stopping the old custom, and prescribing the strictest sanitory laws for the future, she purified her metropolis of the evils already in existence, by the Herculean task of removing the enormous masses of human remains which had been congregated there: hence the famous Catacombs, where now lie the bones of at least three millions of people. But our practices have been put to shame even by our own provincial towns; Liverpool and Manchester have had their cemeteries years before London seems to have paid the slightest attention to them. In the 'Penny Magazine' we find the credit of originating the first movement here, attributed to Mr. G. F. Carden, who, it appears, unceasingly agitated the question for several years. In 1832 his exertions were crowned with success, by the passing of the act for the formation of the cemetery since known as that of Kensal Green. Though less picturesquely situated than some of the other and more recent cemeteries, it has a peculiar interest, from being the first. Let us, therefore, take a short walk through it, if it be only to enjoy the contrast with the burial-grounds we have left behind in the city.

After a pleasant walk of between two and three miles along the Harrow road,

* 'New York Gazette of Health,' as transcribed by Mr. Walker.

the handsome, substantial-looking Doric gateway meets the eye on the left, standing a little back; we pass through, and the grounds of Kensal Green Cemetery are before us. These are extensive, comprising about forty-six acres, and are surrounded with a lofty wall on either side of the gateway, now almost covered by a rich belt of young forest-trees, evergreens, and shrubs; whilst the opposite boundary is left partially open to the eye, so as to admit of fine prospects, from different parts, over the country round Shepherd's Bush, Hammersmith, Notting Hill, and Bayswater. In the interior the grounds are divided by broad winding and straight walks, the rest being laid out in grassy lawns, relieved by parterres of flowers, clumps of trees and shrubs, and, above all, by the glitteringly white monuments of every possible outline, style, and size, from the simple flat stone, up to places large enough for their owners to reside in whilst living. The chief buildings are the two chapels and the colonnade. The chapel for the Dissenters on the left, in the unconsecrated ground (divided from the consecrated by a clearly marked boundary), is, with the exception of its front, where the Doric pillars give something like dignity of expression, markedly plain; the chapel for the use of members of the Church of England, on the right, is, on the contrary, both noble and handsome, and the interior, with its solemn gloom, and single painted-glass window, rich though simple. The only furniture of the place are the seats at the sides for the mourners, and that dark-looking table in the centre where lies the being mourned. This, by means of machinery, at the proper period descends down to the very floor of the catacombs below; which consist of a main passage extending in the direction of the length of the chapel, and crossed by five others. The walls of the latter are formed into a series of deep and broad arches, each of them divided off so as to suit the convenience of purchasers. There is in these vaults alone room for five thousand persons. We need hardly add that all bodies received in the catacombs must be placed in lead. The memorials of those buried here are placed in the colonnade above; which, with the chapel, forms three sides of a square. A monument by Sievier in one of the corners deserves notice. A female figure reclines on the base, or table, entirely covered with a shroud, whilst above are two other figures representing an angel bearing off the soul of the deceased. There is something peculiarly beautiful, it seems to us, in the novel part of this idea, the shroud. Not only is the awkwardness of the old arrangement thus got rid of, where, instead of understanding the sculptor's refinements of the one figure representing the body, and the other the soul, you only wondered how the deceased managed to be in effigy in two places at once; but the idea itself now becomes fine. You not only see from whence the joyful spirit has departed, but are impressed with a keener sense of the glorious immortality it has put on, from the apprehension of the veiled mortality it has put off. Before quitting the chapel and the catacombs, we must not omit to notice that a true benefactor of his kind rests here, Dr. Birkbeck. The colonnade shown in a previous page is distinct from the chapel colonnade; like that, it is erected over catacombs, and has its walls pretty well covered with the memorials of those who have been interred in them. Sir William Knighton's is distinguished by its admirable bust in relief. A scroll, with several names inscribed on the unrolled part, whilst in the rolled remainder you see how much room yet remains, is some-

thing more than a pleasant conceit; for it accomplishes, though in a quaint way, what should be the end and aim of all funeral sculpture—it suggests what we often manage to forget, even in cemeteries, that we too are mortal. Memorials like this and the one before mentioned, with some others scattered about the grounds, make us hope that such burial-places will do with us what they are said to have done in foreign countries,—improve the public taste. "The funeral monuments," says Dr. Bowring, in his evidence before the Committee, "which have been erected in many parts of Europe, and which are very superior in character to those which had existed before the present generation, are evidence of this." But then, both the sculptors and their patrons must get rid of the ideas which have placed so many melancholy mistakes in these same grounds. They must not think that largeness of structure is synonymous with grandeur, or that a style of architecture unlike anything the world ever saw, necessarily meets our views of originality, or that a really good idea cannot be sufficiently appreciated without endless repetitions of it. The stately Corinthian column, broken midway in its height, is a noble type of man cut down in his prime; but, what if, instead of imitating the work, the artists of the cemetery would imitate him who designed it, that is, think for themselves?

The tombs of the greatest pretension at Kensal Green are mostly ranged at the sides of the central walk leading to and from the chapel. Here are, Dr. Valpy's, in the form of a Roman temple; the Rashleigh family's, of Mendabilly, consisting merely of flat and head stones, but of such gigantic size and rude structure, that one involuntarily thinks of primeval ages, and men like gods; whilst, opposite each other, at the junction of four principal walks, the most conspicuous objects in the most conspicuous part of the cemetery, stand St. John Long's, with a figure of the goddess of health raised on high within an open Grecian temple, and the prince of horsemen's, Ducrow's, in the shape of a large Egyptian building, with bronze sphynxes each side of the door, and surrounded by a garden with flowering evergreens, standard roses, and sweet-smelling stocks, with gravelled walks and bronze railings. Scattered about in other parts are many objects of interest or curiosity. Among the former may be included the memorials of the daughter of Sir Walter Scott; of Boaden, "a gentleman distinguished for his literary attainments;" and of the late Editor of the 'Times:' among the latter those of Julia S. Lamb, which has a lamb lying bound and helpless on the top (where the pun by no means enhances the pathos); and the gigantic monument of the Hygeist, as he delighted to be called, Morison, the alchemist of the pill-box, who found there what the elder simpletons looked for in the crucible; but, strange to say, did not find, what might have been more reasonably looked for from him; alas! for posterity, the Hygeist does not live for ever. There are some touching inscriptions and incidents, if we may so call them, to be found here. The words "I shall go to her, but she shall not return unto me," inscribed on the upper part of a stone, and, in more recent characters, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," on the lower, describe a common but moving history better than more laboured attempts; and the inscription on an infant, who died at the age of eight months, commences with a fine line—

"'Twixt two inviting worlds he stood"—

The best of the incidents to which we alluded is the care exhibited in the monument of Elizabeth Filipowitz, the celebrated violinist, and certain children of Polish refugees, where the fresh wreaths of everlasting flowers show the dead are not forgotten. Our space will only allow us to mention one other memorial, the lofty and elegant sarcophagus in the Gothic style, on the left of the walk leading to the Dissenters' Chapel, which is built in memory of a sculptor, and is as truly beautiful as artist's monument should be. Altogether the effect of the grounds is highly pleasing and satisfactory; one feels that they form what the word cemetery in the Greek implies—a place of *rest* or *sleep*.

Upwards of six thousand persons have been interred here since the opening—a circumstance that in itself shows how great was the want of such a place. Not one of its least advantages is, that every private grave is secured from disturbance, forming indeed a freehold which may be bequeathed by its owner. The system of mapping out the ground is ingenious and satisfactory. The whole is divided into squares of 150 feet by 100, for each of which a leaf of a very large massive-looking and iron-bound volume is set apart; here every grave in the square is numbered, and the occupied ones marked. This book, and printed plans of the squares, are always accessible to the parties concerned, so that mistakes and deceptions are alike guarded against. There are some points in which improvement may be made. When the cemetery companies obtained their respective acts of parliament, the dangers of burying near the surface, and of burying several bodies in the same grave, one above another, were not so well known as they have been since the publication of the Report of the Committee. Now, however, it appears many of the best informed men consider there should be no grave within five feet of the surface, whilst at Kensal Green, and no doubt at the other cemeteries, they bury within four feet.

Since the formation of Kensal Green, other cemeteries have rapidly followed;

[Norwood Cemetery.]

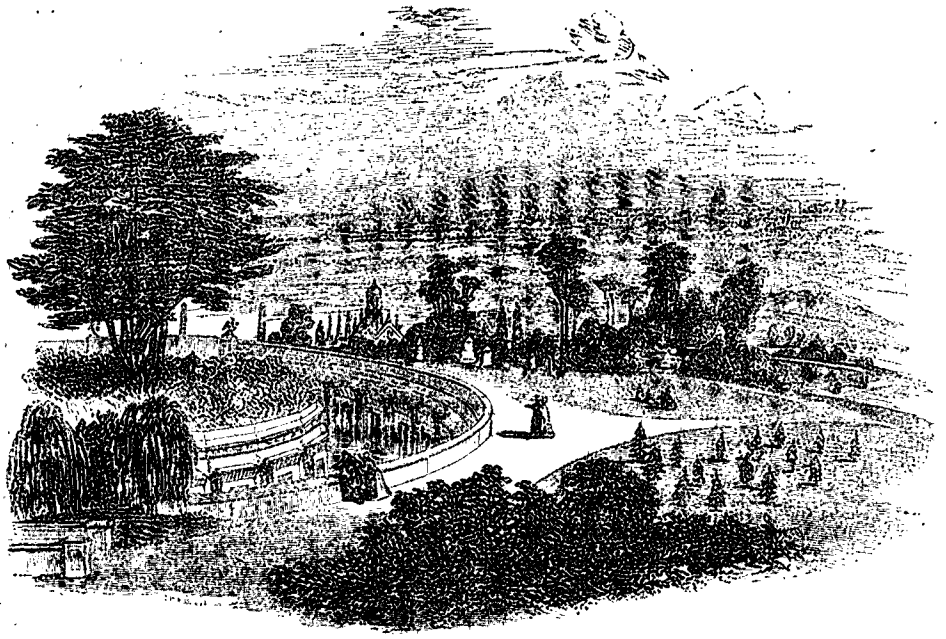
until they are to be found in pretty nearly all directions. Thus we have one at Norwood, another near Peckham Rye, a third at Brompton, a fourth at Stoke Newington, a fifth at Highgate, and a sixth at Mile End, each having its own peculiar advantages and claims to public support. Among these, Highgate is peculiarly fortunate in its position—the slope of a picturesque hill, with the beautiful parish church just above, appearing to form a part of it, and below, at a little distance, the mighty metropolis outspread. The cemetery at Stoke Newington, known as Abney Park, has some peculiarities which demand a brief notice. It is (using the words of the proprietors) "a General Cemetery for the City of London, and its eastern and north-eastern suburbs, which shall be open to all classes of the community, and to all denominations of Christians, without restraint in forms." There is no separating line, in this cemetery, between the parts appropriated to members of the Church of England and to Dissenters. Abney Park is associated with the memory of Dr. Watts. Here he lived many years in the mansion of his friend Sir Thomas Abney; and here he died. There is a tradition that the remains of Oliver Cromwell are buried in this spot; that he was not interred in Westminster Abbey, nor torn from his royal resting-place by impotent revenge; that Fleetwood, who lived here, secretly gave the body of the mighty man a resting-place in his own grounds. As a cemetery, this place has some natural features of great beauty and interest. It is remarkable for its fine old trees, amongst which there is a splendid cedar of Lebanon, of two centuries' growth. It has also a beautiful Arboretum, formed with great taste. The buildings are bold and effective, though of limited extent; and what is wanting in costliness has been more than compensated by the skill of the architect, Mr. W. Hosking, who has here shown how much may be effected by "that true simplicity which results from a few carefully-studied and well-finished features."

Since, then, all these places have sprung up at the bidding of private enterprise and intelligence, whence the necessity for the sitting of the Committee or the anticipated interference of the Legislature? Who, it may be asked, will much longer continue to bury in such places as Enon Chapel, or the grounds of Portugal Street or Drury Lane? The answer must be—the poor. Not that their sensibilities are more blunted than those of any other class, but that they are unable to do justice to them. Whilst the bad places are cheap and the good dear, it is idle to expect them to change. Even at present, it is painful in one sense, but most gratifying in another, to read of the difficulties and the anxieties they are constantly subjected to in their desire to commit their kindred decently to the earth. What, then, must be the case if the expenses were doubled or trebled, as they would be by burial in the present cemeteries? At Enon Chapel, for instance, from 12*s.* to 15*s.* included every expense, whilst at Kensal Green the cheapest grave costs (with use of chapel) 30*s.*;* and then there is the additional expense attending the distance, which is alone calculated at 20*s.*

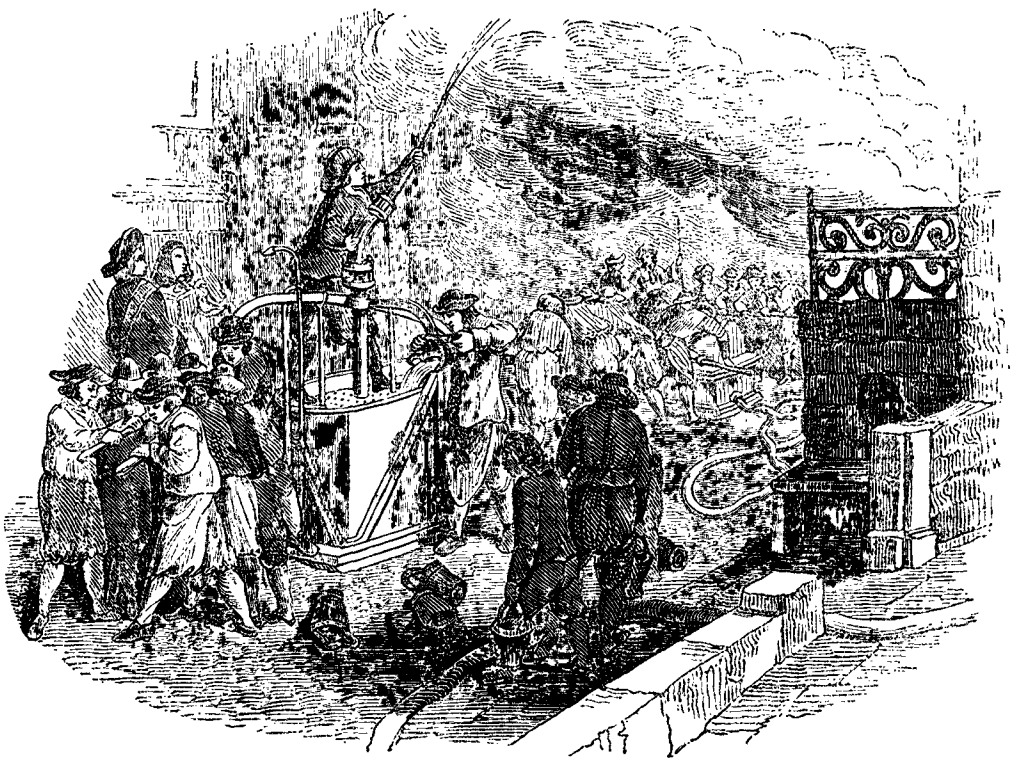
* This is not the case at all the cemeteries now established. We learn that the charge for a common interment at Abney Park (Stoke Newington) and at Mile End cemeteries is but ten shillings, including every expense; and it may be remarked that a commodious one-horse carriage adapted as a hearse and mourning-coach is coming into use, induced probably by the suburban cemeteries.

Hence a sufficient necessity for public cemeteries, were there no other. The rich may defend themselves from monopolies; the poor cannot. The mere promulgation of an abstractedly just and necessary law, prohibiting burials within our great towns, will not suffice. Better than that were it to adopt the Neapolitan system, and have a vault for each day in the year, to be opened in regular rotation for the bodies presented for burial, and consumed by the use of quicklime before the revolving year brings the same vault again into use. This method would at least secure the public health; and although somewhat revolting to our English notions, could hardly be more so than the appeal to the parish, which the other would too often necessitate. But it is pleasant to see what care has been taken of this in the Act at present before Parliament. We may not have much of that sentiment among us which gives rise to the touching and beautiful customs of Tuscany, where there are fraternities, numbering among their members people of the highest rank, who make it their express business to bury the poor, and where the Grand Duke himself has been known to attend in the usual garb, which entirely conceals the features of the wearer,—we may not, we repeat, have much of this sentiment, but it will be at least something to show that now the wealthier classes have escaped from the disgusting scenes of our London burial-grounds, they are anxious to enable the poor to do the same. The Act brought in by Mr. Mackinnon last session, and which now stands over to the next for consideration, provides that, after a period to be fixed, no future interments shall take place in churches, or within cities of a certain size. Committees of health are to be appointed in every parish, or by a union of parishes, who are to purchase land and build cemeteries, properly enclosed. Part only of each cemetery is to be consecrated, and the remainder carefully marked by boundary lines: in both divisions chapels are to be erected. With regard to the pauper poor, a portion of the ground is to be set apart, and for all other persons a table of fees is to be formed, in which, of course, the class we have especially spoken of (the independent poor) will be cared for by the most moderate possible charges. With regard to the other regulations, a valuable provision is embodied, to prevent the dead being kept too long unburied, and it is enjoined that graves are not to be opened twice within four years. The question of compensation seems to be skilfully got rid of, or made trifling; chiefly by the proviso that the rectors or incumbents, with the clerks and sextons, of parishes may elect to perform the duties of the cemetery in connexion with them, and receive the same fees as before, or such lower ones as they may find it advisable to fix. Lastly, we may notice a very agreeable portion of the Act, which promises in time to make the old burial-grounds as great an ornament, and of as great value to the metropolis, as they are at present the reverse. The churchwardens of the different parishes are empowered, after a certain time, to plant them with shrubs and trees, or to turn them to such other purpose as they may determine, providing the ground be not disturbed above a foot in depth for twenty years. Let us hope the builders are not then to come in. The places where so many generations of our forefathers have been buried ought not to be disturbed on any pretence short of the most absolute necessity, whilst here the necessities are all on the opposite side. We want more open spaces—let us not lose the few we have. And what

men are there lying in some of these grave-yards? Who would lightly break up such places as St. Saviour's, where Massinger lies buried, or Bunhill Fields, with its John Bunyan? Let us rather, as regards their aspect, transform those places too into cemeteries. Let green leaves and sweet-smelling flowers, fresh and beautiful as their own imaginations, wave around them; let us feel how sweetly they must "sleep," how serenely "rest!"



[Highgate Cemetery.]



[First Fire-engine.]

LXXXVII.—LONDON FIRES.

Of all the rallying words whereby multitudes are gathered together, and their energies impelled forcibly to one point, that of "*Fire!*" is, perhaps, the most startling and the most irresistible. It levels all distinctions; it sets at nought sleep, and meals, and occupations, and amusements; it turns night into day, and Sunday into a "working-day;" it gives double strength to those who are blessed with any energy, and paralyses those who have none; it brings into prominent notice, and converts into objects of sympathy, those who were before little thought of, or who were perhaps despised; it gives to the dwellers in a whole huge neighbourhood the unity of one family.

There are probably but few inhabitants of London who have not, at some time or other, witnessed a "fire," or experienced the awful emotions attendant on it. The wild cry which breaks the stillness of sleep, and arouses young and old in the dead of the night, is perhaps as terrible as the scene which the eye is afterwards called upon to witness; the uncertainty as to the locality of the catastrophe, and the probable suffering of those who are near and dear to us, gives to the first waking moment an undefined, but intense, terror. When we

gain the spot, perhaps only a few houses removed from us, we may see the glimmerings of light in an upper window, and perhaps a poor startled inmate entreating for succour. A crowd gradually collects, night-patroles or policemen assume the guidance below, and everybody calls out to everybody else to go somewhere, or do something, for the release of the sufferers. In a short time we hear an engine dashing through the neighbouring streets: perhaps it is a "half-pint" parish engine, eagerly urged on as a means of gaining the proffered reward for first arrival; but more probably it is one of the Fire-Brigade engines. The turncock is aroused, the hose of the engine applied to the plug, and men and boys (of whom there are always plenty at a fire) are hired at sixpence an hour to work the engine. Then does the bold fireman force an entry into the hapless house, and combat his fiery foe at close quarters—a notable improvement, by the bye, introduced by Mr. Braidwood; more hazardous, but more effectual, than the old method of pouring a stream from without through a window to fall whither it may. Then may we mark how the firemen, neglecting the mere furniture of the house, look first to the safety of the inmates, and then to the extinguishment of the fire itself; and we may contrast with this the senseless terror which prompts the in-dwellers, before the arrival of firemen, to turn everything literally "out of window;" to hurl looking-glasses, tables, chairs, to the ground, where they are of course dashed to pieces, without service being rendered to any one—unless, indeed, it may be of that kind which is called "spiting an enemy," the fire being considered as such.

The fire increases in intensity; the roused inmates find an asylum in the house of a neighbour; and a flood of water is poured on the burning materials. At one moment, when a portion falls in, the glare is deadened; at the next, the flame bursts forth with redoubled energy. More and more engines tear along to the lurid spot; more and more spectators assemble; every one asks, and no one can answer, how the fire arose? Are they all saved? Are they insured? As time progresses, so do the terrible apprehensions of the neighbours, each adjoining house becoming in turn the object of solicitude. As the bulk of ignited material increases, so does the distance at which the conflagration is visible, and so also the field of terror and solicitude.

There is a singular difference in the manner in which fires are regarded by the populace in different countries. Without alluding to the fatalism of the Turks, which lamentably damps their energies at such a time, we may notice a difference in this matter between the Londoners and the Parisians. Some few years ago the London correspondent of the French newspaper '*Le Temps*' gave the following paragraph:—"There is something imposing in the spectacle of a fire in this metropolis. The English people, commonly so phlegmatic, so slow, so morbid, seem, in the twinkling of an eye, wholly to change character. What self-possession, what order, under circumstances so painful and difficult! Accustomed as I have been to similar scenes in Paris, I could previously form no idea of the astonishing promptitude with which assistance the most efficacious was at once organized. I compared our wretched little engines, dragged with difficulty over the pavement of Paris by our brave *pompiers*, already half dead with that fatigue before the real occasion for their exertion begins—I compared those with the powerful pump-engines brought to the spot by four powerful horses at

full gallop, and the firemen sitting at their ease on the engines. I thought of the wild confusion of our chains—of the cries of all the workmen—of our leathern buckets brought empty to the engine,—while I saw before me the water pouring, the streets inundated, and the pipes, like brilliant *jets d'eau*, lit up by countless torches, and rising above the crowd as a symbol of safety to man in the midst of dangers from fire. With us every passer-by is stopped to work the engine; here, the difficulty is to prevent the people from so doing." Improvements have been made in the fire establishment at Paris since the above remarks were written.

The statistics of London fires are by no means devoid of interest, and the time may come when they will form an index to the social advancement of the people; for in proportion as houses are built more and more fire-proof, and habits of carefulness become more and more diffused, the number of destructive fires will assuredly lessen. That improved modes of building and regulating chimneys will lessen the liability to fires may be shown from the fact that in many recent years one-sixth of all the destructive fires have had their source in chimneys and flues; while the startling number of fires occasioned by the heedless use of a candle near bed-curtains show how much evil results from sheer negligence. From a few details with which we have been kindly furnished by Mr. Braidwood, the Superintendent of the London Fire Establishment, it appears that in the nine years from 1833 to 1841, both inclusive, there were 6587 fires and "alarms" of fire in the metropolis, for which the engines had to be called out; of these, nearly 1600 were chimney fires and "false alarms," and 5000 were real fires, yielding an average of 556 per annum, or about three in two days; out of every three, about two are entered as productive of "slight damage," leaving an average of one serious fire in every two days. It is only on an average of several years that a just estimate can be taken; for at particular times the devastation has been unusually great. Thus in 'The Times' of Aug. 21, 1835, there occurs the following paragraph:—"On a careful review made yesterday of the returns made from the twelve metropolitan stations to the head office since the 31st of July, a period of twenty days, they exhibit an astounding list, after omitting mere fires in chimneys and such minor accidents, of no less than 108 distinct houses or warehouses in London or its immediate environs that have been on fire, in the full sense of the word, within this brief period. Of these, no less than 39 were destroyed; 26 greatly damaged, many of these requiring large outlay before they can be made again habitable; and 43 that have been slightly damaged. The value of the property sacrificed must be immense; perhaps a quarter of a million sterling would be a moderate estimate."

It has been found, from an average of years, that, besides private houses, the number of conflagrations in buildings occupied by licensed victuallers, salesmen, bakers, and carpenters, has been greater than among any other classes. How far different months of the year, days of the week, or hours of the day, may be associated with the occurrence of fires, is an inquiry which may one day throw some light on the economical arrangements of the inhabitants of a great city; at present it has been ascertained, by comparing a few years together, that more fires have occurred in December, and fewer in April, than in the other months; more have occurred on Friday, and fewer on Saturday, than on the other days of

the week; more have broken out at about ten in the evening, and fewer at about seven in the morning, than at any other hour of the day. The number of years from which these averages have been struck is too small to justify any immediate deductions therefrom; but the very minute details now collected and recorded every year by the London Fire Establishment will by degrees increase the value of such averages.

It is a subject for melancholy reflection that many lives are yearly lost at these fires; and every one must be aware how great have been the efforts lately made to lessen the number, by providing "escapes" for the inhabitants of a burning house. If we take the five years ending with 1837, during which there were fifty-seven persons burned to death in London, as a fair average, we obtain about eleven per annum as the number for whom provision has to be made.

The fire-escapes constructed within the last few years, and submitted to public inspection, are almost innumerable; some being calculated to be used by the individual himself in escaping, and others by the assistance of persons from without. Many pieces of apparatus have been contrived in which the unfortunate person is expected to buckle and strap himself to complicated appendages, at a moment when he is ill fitted, by agitation and fear, for the observance of rules of conduct. The Society of Arts has given numerous premiums to ingenious persons for the construction of machines having the desired object in view. Sometimes the machine consisted of a series of ladders, sliding—telescope fashion—into one another, and supported by a platform beneath; sometimes a car, in which the person was to take his seat, and was to be lowered down a ladder by means of pulleys; sometimes a chair or settee was so constructed that, when a person got into it from a window, the chair would gently descend to the ground. In one case a premium was paid for a kind of rope-ladder, of which the rounds were so made as to be fitted to each other longitudinally, and elevated from the street in the form of a long straight rod, but without being detached from the ropes forming the two sides of the ladder; two hooks at the top of the apparatus were to be fastened to the window-sill; while a jerk at the bottom unfixed all the rounds from their vertical position, and allowed them to fall into their proper places.

But it is surprising—or rather perhaps it is *not* surprising—how few lives have been saved by any of these contrivances. The truth is, that most such require too much adjustment at the critical moment when their services are required; either they are in the hands and under the management of those who are too much agitated to do them justice, or they have to be brought from a distance, and to undergo a long process of adjustment. Many benevolent persons have formed themselves into a society for the preservation of life from fire, by providing, at different parts of London, machines intended to act as fire-escapes. Many may have seen, in front of the Foundling Hospital, and in other convenient localities, machines of rather a ponderous construction, destined to act as fire-escapes in time of peril; and the governing authorities in many of the parishes have provided machines for a similar object. Another kind of "escape," one of which is carried by most of the fire-engines, consists of ladders six or seven feet long, all of which are made exactly alike, the upper end being smaller than the lower: each end is furnished with a pair of iron loops or sheaths so contrived that

the top of each ladder can be inserted into the loops at the bottom of another, and thus several can be joined end to end. A lengthened apparatus can be thus put together in a very short time, and hoisted to the window of a burning house.

Mr. Leigh Hunt, in one of the papers in his 'Companion,' strongly urges the propriety of every one—who has aught to care for but himself alone—to provide some simple contrivance in a house, whereby its inmates might be lowered from a window in case of peril. He says, "a basket and a double rope are sufficient; or two or three would be better. It is the sudden sense of the height at which people sleep, and the despair of escape which consequently seizes them, for want of some such provision, that disables them from thinking of any other resource. Houses, it is true, generally have trap-doors to the roof, but these are not kept in readiness for use; a ladder is wanting, or the door is hard to be got up; the passage to it is difficult, or involved in the fire; and the roof may not be a safe one to walk on; children cannot act for themselves; terror affects the older people; and therefore, on all these accounts, nothing is more desirable than that the means of escape should be at hand, should be facile, and capable of being used in concert with the multitude below. People out of doors are ever ready and anxious to assist." True, but would the inmate always have nerve enough to manage the rope safely during the descent of the basket?

The arrangements for extinguishing a fire are much more extensive, and have been more successful, than those relating to the safety of the inmates: the house cannot help itself—the inmates may. In looking back at some of the devastating fires which have visited London in past ages, we must not fail to remember that the employment of bulky masses of timber in the construction of houses must inevitably have engendered a greater risk of conflagration than now exists. Every iron beam or bar, used as a substitute for one of wood, must lessen liability to destruction; and hence we may easily account for one cause of extensive fires in times when iron was rarely employed in house-building.

How our ancestors endeavoured to extinguish fires we can only guess from the nature of things. Buckets of water would be brought and thrown upon the flaming materials by the bystanders, or the thatch of a cottage would be pulled down, or one group of houses would be allowed to burn itself out, and others would be tended for. After a time, when the ingenuity of machinists enabled men to use some more effective means than mere buckets of water, a kind of syringe or squirt was employed, which seems to have been the first rudiment of a fire-engine known in England. Numbers of these were kept by the parochial authorities, as the small fire-engines now are. Their construction was very simple. Each squirt was about three feet in length, with an aperture at the lower end about half an inch in diameter, and a capacity of about half a gallon. It had a handle on each side, and was worked by three men, thus:—two men held the squirt by the handles and the nozzle, while a third worked a piston within it in the manner of a syringe; the aperture was held downwards in a vessel of water while the squirt was being filled; and when filled the nozzle was directed upwards, and the stream of water directed on the burning materials by the working of the piston. Whoever has seen a common schoolboy's "squirt" will easily understand the nature of the apparatus.

There is an allusion in Dryden's 'Annus Mirabilis' which might at first sight seem to apply to a common fire-engine; but it may, perhaps, considering the date of the 'Annus' (1666), relate to these large syringes, which, we are elsewhere told, were greatly increased in number after the Great Fire, but were shortly afterwards superseded by fire-engines. Dryden's stanza, descriptive of the customary usages at a fire in his day, runs thus:—

"Now streets grow throng'd, and busy as by day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire;
Some cut the pipes, and some the *engines* play,
And some, more bold, mount ladders to the fire."

It is to Germany that we owe the construction of the fire-engine, popularly so called. One Hautsch, a Nuremberger, constructed, in 1657, a machine, consisting of a water-cistern seven or eight feet long, drawn on a kind of sledge. It had arms or levers worked by twenty or thirty men, whose exertions propelled from the machine a stream of water an inch in diameter, and, as it is said, to a height of eighty feet. Hautsch distributed engravings of his new machine in different parts of Germany, and offered to make such engines for sale.

By the year 1672 the engines had received considerable improvements, chiefly through the ingenuity of two brothers, Van der Heyden. These persons, as Beckmann* informs us, were inspectors of apparatus for extinguishing fires at Amsterdam, and invented the flexible hose or pipes, which have ever since formed part of the fittings of a fire-engine. These flexible pipes enabled the stream of water to be carried in various directions, and thus brought to bear on parts of the burning mass which could not otherwise be reached. The inventors obtained an exclusive privilege for making and using these machines for twenty-five years; and they also published a work descriptive of their new engine, in which seven plates represent fires at Amsterdam at which the old engines (of Hautsch, probably) were employed, and twelve at which Van der Heydens' new engines were used.

When, or how, or by whom the fire-engines were introduced into England has not been clearly traced; but it seems probable that we may date the introduction shortly before the conclusion of the seventeenth century. In France, too, the same date may perhaps be assumed; for we find that, in the year 1699, Louis XIV. gave an exclusive right to Dumourier Duperrier to construct certain machines called *pompes portatives*, and he was engaged, at a fixed salary, to keep in repair seventeen of them, purchased for the city of Paris, and to procure and to pay the necessary workmen. In the year 1722 the number of these engines was increased to thirty, which were distributed in different quarters of the city; and at that time the contractors received annually twenty thousand livres.

By what steps the fire-engines of the seventeenth century assumed the form presented by those of the nineteenth, and on what principles of science their action depends, are matters which must here be passed over very briefly. It was some time ere the engines possessed what is termed an "air-chamber," that is, a space containing a certain quantity of air, which became compressed into a smaller space when water was contained in the engine: this compression increased the elasticity of the air, and this elasticity was, in its turn, made to

* 'History of Inventions.'

contribute to the forcible ejection of the water through the hose or pipe of the engine. The men who with such alacrity lend their services at a fire, and work two long arms or levers, are doing neither more nor less than working a pump, the valves of which are so arranged as to draw water into the engine from the reservoir, pool, or plug, thence into the air-chamber, and thence force it with considerable velocity towards the burning materials.

But it may now be asked, to whom have these engines belonged, and on what system has the fire-engine establishment been regulated? That the whole are now in the hands of Insurance Companies (with the exception of the small parish engines, and those possessed by private persons) is pretty well known; but we must look back to the period immediately subsequent to the Great Fire for the origin of the system. In an order of the Corporation of London,* the City was divided into four quarters, in respect of the suppression of fires; and the regulations enacted throw considerable light on the fire-police system of the times.

"*Item.* That every of the said quarters shall be furnished and provided, at or before the feast of our Lord God next ensuing, of eight hundred leathern buckets, fifty ladders, viz. ten forty-two foot long, ten thirty foot long, ten twenty foot long, ten sixteen foot long, and ten twelve foot long; as also of so many *hand-squirts* of brass as will furnish two for every parish, four-and-twenty pick-axe sledges, and forty shod-shovels.

"*Item,* That every one of the twelve companies provide and keep in readiness thirty buckets, one engine, six pickaxe-sledges, three ladders, and two hand-squirts of brass.

"*Item,* That all the other inferior companies provide and keep in readiness buckets and engines proportionable to their abilities, of which those least able, to provide portable engines to carry up-stairs into any rooms or tops of houses; the number of which buckets and engines to be from time to time prescribed and allotted by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen's direction.

"*Item,* That every alderman who hath passed the office of shrievalty provide four-and-twenty buckets and one hand-squirt of brass; and all those who have not been sheriffs, twelve buckets and one hand-squirt of brass, to be kept at their respective dwellings; and all other principal citizens and inhabitants, and every other person being a subsidy-man, or of the degree of a subsidy-man, shall provide and keep in their houses a certain number of buckets, according to their quality."

It will thus be seen that the provisions here made were, so far as extent is concerned, by no means trifling. The buckets and the ladders are most plentifully patronized, while some kind of "engine" seems to have been employed, but whether analogous to the modern fire-engine we have no means of knowing. Besides all this, however, the corporation made an extraordinary series of regulations—so extraordinary, indeed, that we may readily doubt whether they were ever acted on. For instance, it was ordered that every householder, upon cry of "Fire," was to place a "sufficient man" at his door, well armed, and hang out a light at his door; that every householder was to have a vessel of water at his door, in case of fire; that the several companies of carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, masons, smiths, plumbers, and paviours, should each

* 'An Act for preventing and suppressing of Fires within the city of London, and liberties thereof.' 1668.

provide thirty persons to attend on the Lord Mayor whenever a fire might occur; that all the porters and meters within the City should similarly attend; that all persons, during a fire, should keep within their own houses, unless expressly sent for by the Lord Mayor; that all the brokers on the Exchange should attend, to guard the goods and merchandise; together with other and more practical arrangements, such as the ringing of a bell at the occurrence of a fire, the patrolling of the streets by night, injunctions to the inhabitants to observe care in the management of combustible ingredients, &c.

As time wore on, and the recollection of the great devastation of 1666 became deadened, it is probable that many of these arrangements fell into disuse, and that the principal ones really maintained were those relating to the provision of fire-engines in every parish, and in the halls of the companies. When, however, the insurance companies (respecting which we shall say a few words in a future page) came into prominent notice, they wrought great improvements in fire-extinguishing machinery. In a parish such matters were, to use a common phrase, "everybody's business, and therefore nobody's business;" but the pecuniary success of the insurance companies was directly involved in the speedy extinction of fires, since the farther the fires spread the greater was the liability of the companies.

The various insurance companies had their own fire-engines, and maintained an establishment of firemen, independent of each other, until within the last few years. From a paper by Mr. Rawson,* we learn that so far back as the year 1808 Sir Frederick Morton Eden, the Chairman of the Globe Insurance Office, impressed with the inefficiency and expensive character of the separate engine establishments, entered into communication with the several offices for the purpose of inducing them to co-operate in the formation of a general fire-engine establishment. His proposition was, that each office joining the association should depute one or two members to form an engine committee, who should have control over the direction and expenditure of the establishment, but that no engine-houses or stables should be purchased or built without the concurrence of all the offices interested. Each office was, at the outset, to furnish a gang of twenty firemen, of whom ten were to be first-class men, who should receive allowances for all fires they attended; and ten second-class men, who were to be paid only when specially authorised to attend. Each office was to pay an equal contribution towards the expenses of the establishment. Only one office, however, entered into the views of Sir F. Eden, and the plan accordingly fell to the ground.

Seventeen years afterwards three of the offices, viz. the Sun, the Union, and the Royal Exchange, united their fire-engine establishments; the whole of their engines and men being placed under the charge of a superintendent. The Atlas and the Phœnix Companies subsequently joined this body.

At length, in the year 1833, most of the insurance companies, seeing the benefit of mutual co-operation, and the effectual working of a system which had been put in force in Edinburgh, joined in the formation of the present "London Fire-Engine Establishment." The companies were ten in number, viz. the Alliance, Atlas, Globe, Imperial, London Assurance, Protector, Royal Exchange, Sun, Union, and Westminster. Subsequently five others, the British,

* 'Journal of the Statistical Society of London,' vol. i., p. 283.

Guardian, Hand-in-Hand, Norwich Union, and Phœnix, joined the establishment; as did also two or three recently-formed companies; and there are now only two fire-offices in London not belonging to it.

The affairs of the new Association were placed under the management of a committee, consisting of a Director from each of the associated insurance companies, which subscribe towards its support in certain agreed proportions. London was divided into five districts, which may be briefly indicated thus:—1st. Eastward of Aldersgate Street and St. Paul's; 2nd. Thence westward to Tottenham Court Road and St. Martin's Lane; 3rd. All westward of the 2nd; 4th. South of the river, and east of Southwark Bridge; 5th. South of the river, and west of Southwark Bridge. In these five districts were established engine-stations, averaging about three to each district; at each of which was one, two, or three engines, according to the importance of the station.

Such were the general arrangements as to distribution.

Since the year 1833 various minor changes have been made, according as experience pointed out the necessity for them; and at the present time (November, 1842) the arrangements are nearly as follow: The establishment belongs to eighteen fire-insurance companies. There are fourteen stations, of which the most eastern is at Ratcliff, and the most western near Portman Square. At these stations are kept thirty-five engines, for whose management about ninety men are employed. The men are clothed in a uniform, and are selected with especial reference to their expertness and courage at fires; they are collectively known as the "Fire Brigade," and are all under the orders and direction of Mr. Braidwood, the superintendent of the establishment. A certain number of these men are ready at all hours of the day and night, and the engines are also always ready to depart at a minute's warning in case of fire. As a rule for general guidance, it is arranged that, when a fire occurs in any district, all the men and engines in that district shall repair to the spot, together with two-thirds of the men and engines from each of the two districts next adjoining to it, and one-third from each of those most removed from it; but this arrangement is liable to modification, according to the extent of a fire, or the number which may be burning at one time.

The general economy of the establishment, and the fearlessness of the brigademen, have won a large measure of praise from nearly all classes in the metropolis. If self-interest were the chief motive which led the insurance companies to the establishment of a system likely to reduce their own losses, there is anything but selfishness in the risks which the men encounter in saving lives and property, the poor as well as the rich, the uninsured as well as the insured.

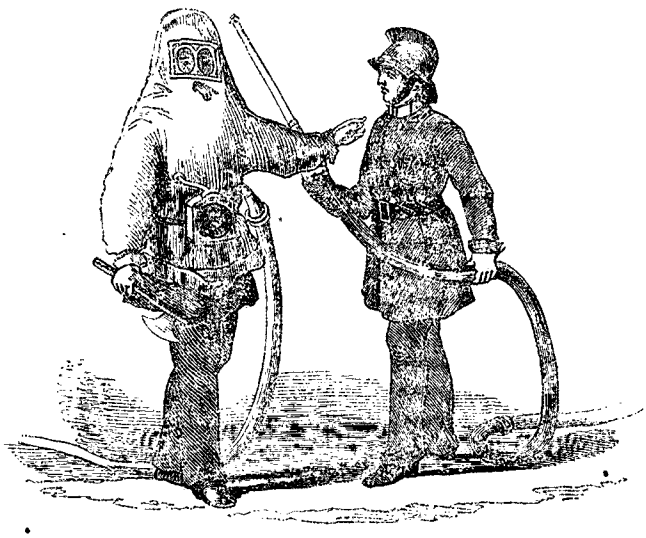
It has been often supposed that there are observatories on the roofs of the insurance offices or engine-houses, where watchmen are posted at all hours of the night to detect the appearance of fire, and to give notice to those below. This, if ever acted on, is not observed by the Fire-engine Establishment. There is an arrangement made by the Police commissioners, that a policeman, on observing a fire, communicates instantly to the nearest engine-station; and for so doing the Association gives him a gratuity of ten shillings. This, and a smaller gratuity to other persons who "call an engine," is found sufficient to command prompt information on the occurrence of a fire. It is true that the lovers of mischief so

far show their silliness as to give "false alarms," to an average extent of some sixty or seventy per annum; and that the brigade-men are sometimes tantalized by atmospherical phenomena. It has often happened, in reference to the latter point, that an *aurora borealis* has so deceived the beholders as to lead to the impression that a great conflagration has broken out; in such case the engines are sent for precipitately, and all is in commotion. Two remarkable instances of this occurred about six years ago. On the first of these, twelve engines and seventy-four brigade-men were kept in constant motion from eleven in the evening till six the next morning, in endeavouring to search out what appeared to be a large conflagration; some of the engines reached Hampstead, and others Kilburn, before it was found that the glare was the effect of the "northern lights." On the other occasion, a crimson glare of light arose at the north-east part of the horizon, at about eight o'clock in the evening, seemingly caused by a fierce conflagration; and the resemblance was increased by what appeared to be clouds of smoke rising up after the glare, and breaking and rolling away beneath it. Thirteen engines and a large body of men went in search of the supposed fire, and did not detect their error till they had proceeded far to the north-east. Subsequent accounts showed that the military and fire-patroles at Dublin, Leyden, Utrecht, Strasburg, Troyes, Rennes, and Nantes, had been similarly deceived by the atmospherical phenomena on the same night.

When, however, it is really a conflagration to which the attention of the brigade is called, there is an admirable coolness and system displayed in the whole proceedings. The water companies, by clauses in the Acts of Parliament regulating their foundation, are bound to furnish water freely in case of fire; and the hose or suction-pipe of every engine is speedily placed in connexion with the temporary pool of water derived from the street-plug. Then is observable a singular instance of the confidence which the firemen have that they shall obtain the aid of bystanders, for the firemen belonging to each engine are wholly insufficient to work it. The director or captain of each engine is empowered by the companies to pay—we believe at the rate of one shilling for the first hour, and sixpence per hour afterwards, together with a supply of "creature-comforts"—for the services of as many strangers as he may need. It requires from twenty to thirty men to work each engine; and so extensive is the service thus rendered, that, at one of the large fires a few years ago, more than five hundred temporary servants were thus engaged.

While the supernumeraries are thus engaged with the engines, the brigade-men are directing the stream of water on the destructive element which they have to combat. Clothed in a neat and compact dress, with a stout leathern helmet to protect the head, they face the fiercest heat, alternately drenched with water from the pipes of the various engines, and half scorched by the flaming materials. Over and under, through and around the burning house, they direct their energies, braving alike the fire itself and the dangers attendant on falling ruins. It is lamentable to think that men, while thus engaged in a work of humanity, should lose their own lives; but such is the case, although, on account of the judicious arrangements of the corps, not very frequently.

Many of the most serious dangers attendant on a fire arise from the suffocating influence of the vast body of smoke which usually accompanies it. It has been



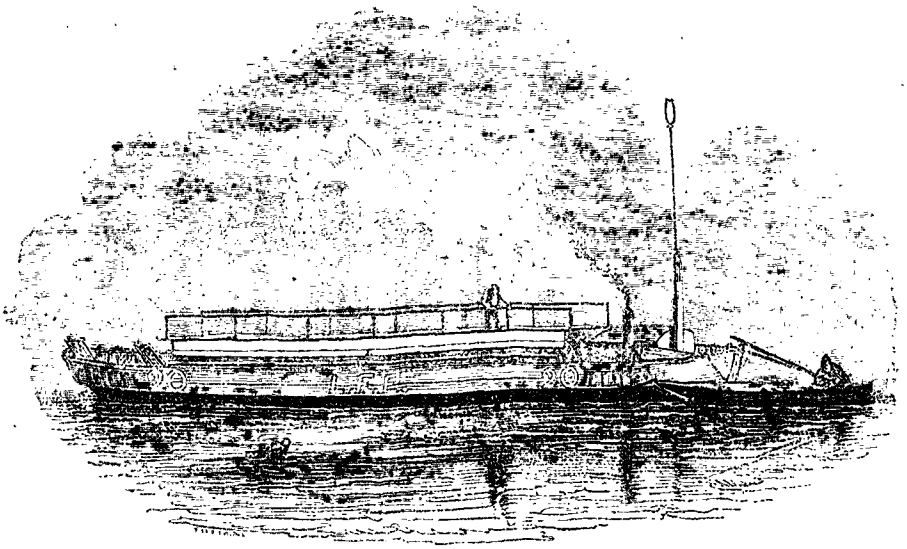
[Smoke-proof Dress.] [Dress of the Fire Brigade.]

thought, by those well qualified to form an opinion, that the calamity of being "burnt to death" rarely, if ever, occurs, in the strict sense of the expression; that the real cause of death is suffocation from smoke, the burning and charring of the corpse being an after effect. To rescue individuals enveloped in smoke is thus a matter of anxious solicitude, and, to facilitate the exertions of the firemen to this end, they are provided with a very ingeniously-constructed smoke-proof dress. This dress is nearly analogous in principle to that of Mr. Deane, the diver. It consists of a leathern jacket and head-covering, fastened at the waist and wrists, whereby the interior is made tolerably smoke-proof. Two glass windows serve for the eyes to look through; and a pipe attached to the girdle allows fresh air to be pumped into the interior of the jacket, to support the respiration of the wearer. Thus equipped, the fireman may dare the densest smoke, although the dress is not so formed as to resist flame. It may not be a worthless remark here, that, in an apartment filled with smoke, respiration is less impeded near the ground than near the ceiling, on account of the ascensive tendency of the smoke. Mr. Braidwood, in a small work which he published while superintendent of the Edinburgh fire establishment, states,—"A stratum of fresh air is almost always to be depended upon from six to twelve inches from the floor, so that, if the air be not respirable to a person standing upright, he should instantly lie down. I have often observed this fact, which is, indeed, well known; but I once saw an example of it which appeared to me to be so striking, that I shall here relate it. A fire had broken out in the third floor of a house, and, when I reached the top of the stairs, the smoke was rolling in thick heavy masses, which prevented me from seeing six inches before me. I immediately got down on the floor, above which, for the space of about eight inches, the air seemed to be remarkably clear and bright. I could distinctly see the feet of the tables and other furniture in the apartment; the flames in this space burn-

ing as vivid and distinct as the flame of a candle, while all above the smoke was so thick that the eye could not penetrate it."*

Besides the thirty or forty engines thus managed by the Fire-Brigade, the small engines kept in repair (or out of repair, as the case may be) by the several parishes, and those owned by private individuals, there are two powerful engines always floating on the Thames, and belonging to the London Fire Establishment. These are stationed near Rotherhithe and near Southwark Bridge respectively. They are so large as to require more than a hundred men each for working, and, when in full energy, pour forth a volume of two tuns of water per minute. They were intended for use in water-side fires, and have often rendered essential services. The steam fire-engines, of which one or two attracted public notice a few years ago, have not been retained in this country; they were purchased by the Prussian government.

In order not to break the continuity of the details, we have left untouched till now the subject of *fire insurance*, and the main object for which fire-offices were established. The great principle in all insurance is, the diffusion of a loss among a large number of persons, whereby the liability of each shall be trifling. The system of life insurance consists in the subscription of a large fund or stock, out of which advances are made, or lives insured, or annuities granted, based on the supposition that the favourable ventures may at least equal the unfavourable. So in marine insurance, the insurer or "underwriter," estimating from past experience the probable average number of wrecks among a given number of ships, ventures to insure any ship at a certain per centage. So likewise in fire insurance a company agrees to bear the burden of all losses by fire, on the payment of a certain premium, relying on the hope that the sum which will have to be paid to a few parties will be less than that received from the



[Floating Fire-Engine on the Thames.]

* 'On Fire-Engines and Apparatus,' p. 82. Edin. 1830.

many. In such a case the real operation is this, that all persons who are insured, but whose houses are *not* burned, pay for the rebuilding of those few which are; the company being merely the agents through whom the affair is managed, and who receive a remuneration for the agency.

This species of insurance has been practised in Great Britain more or less for a century and a half, and is now, notwithstanding the heavy duty imposed upon it, of very general use in our cities and large towns. In no other country of Europe is fire insurance so extensively practised as in England; indeed, not only are almost all descriptions of property at home and in the colonies insured, but foreign fire insurance has become a most important item in the transactions of some of the principal London establishments, a very considerable portion of their premiums being derived from insurances effected in foreign countries. Witness the late notable conflagrations at Hamburgh, and the enormous liabilities which accrued thereon in respect of two or three London companies.

The curious subject of Probabilities is involved, to a certain extent, in all the three kinds of insurance; that is, if we know no reason why events should not continue to occur as they have hitherto occurred, we form an estimate of the future by measuring the past, and we speak of the greater or less "probability" of an event according to its frequency of occurrence under similar circumstances in past times. It is thus, perhaps, that fire and life insurance became undertaken by the same offices. Mr. M'Culloch states,—"Insurance against fire and upon lives is of much later origin than insurance against the perils of the sea. The former, however, has been known and carried on, to some extent at least, for nearly a century and a half. The Amicable Society, for insurance upon lives, was established by charter of Queen Anne, in 1706; the Royal Exchange and London Assurance Companies began to make insurances upon lives in the reign of George I.; and the Equitable Society was established in 1762." Most of the fire-offices were also life-offices, and *vice versâ*, and so they continued till a few years ago, when many of them, including the Hope, the Eagle, the Albion, the Beacon, the British Commercial, and the Palladium Companies, relinquished the fire-insurance, and confined their transactions to insurances on lives. The principal fire-offices now in London are the Sun, Phœnix, Protector, Royal Exchange, British, County, Atlas, Alliance, Globe, Guardian, Hand in Hand, Imperial, Union, Westminster, and London; and those persons who are familiar with the busy thoroughfares of London will not fail to have remarked the magnificent structures which form the offices of many of these companies.

Among the metropolitan fire-offices some insure at their own risk and for their own profit, while there are others, called "Contribution Societies," in which every person insured becomes a member or proprietor, and participates in the profit or loss of the concern. The principles on which the ratio of premiums paid for insurance is determined are simply those which experience shows to be most equitable, according to the number of fires and the amount of property consumed on the average of a great number of years. If the premium is felt to be too high, the competition between different companies will generally bring it down to a proper level. The offices are accustomed to divide insurances into "common," "hazardous," and "doubly hazardous," according to the presumed

liability of fires in the buildings insured, and the rate of payment varies accordingly. The extent to which the system of insurance is carried is quite astonishing, and may be illustrated thus:—A duty of 3*s.* per cent. has been payable on all the property insured, which, in 1832, produced a revenue of more than 800,000*l.* sterling, thus indicating that the property insured is valued at more than 500,000,000*l.* sterling! One office alone, viz. the Sun, has frequently paid to Government more than 120,000*l.* per annum. Yet, notwithstanding this immense amount, Mr. M'Culloch thinks that almost as great a revenue would accrue from a 1*s.* duty as from one of 3*s.*, by a vast increase in the number and value of insurances. From a calculation made by Mr. Rawson it appears that, in the fires which occurred in London in 1836 and 1837, insurances had been effected on 11 per cent. of the houses, on 32 per cent. of the houses with the contained goods, on 17 per cent. in respect of the goods only, while 40 per cent. of the houses, amounting to two-fifths of the whole, were entirely uninsured.

It needs scarcely a word to show why the insurance companies keep up an engine-establishment. The smaller the number of serious fires, the smaller the sum drawn from the funds of the company; hence, as a mere pecuniary question, a considerable outlay for engines, firemen, &c., will effect a great saving in the end.

As improved social habits, by lengthening the average duration of human life, would gradually effect changes in the tables, the premiums, and the general calculations of life-insurance; so would improvements in the mode of constructing houses, fireplaces, chimneys, gas-apparatus, as well as improved habits of carefulness on the part of the people, work similar revolutions in fire-insurance. Hence those matters which bear on this subject form a notable feature in the subject of London Fires.

If we look back to early times, before fire-engines or insurance were known, we find that the *curfew* was deemed the most important preventive measure against fire. This curfew was the general name for a law made by William the Conqueror, and enforced by severe penalties, that at the ringing of a bell at eight o'clock in the evening, all persons should put out their lights, cover or rake up their fires, and go to bed. The name probably arose from the French "couvre-feu"—cover-fire, or fire-cover. Many writers have chosen to accept this as a symbol of the tyranny of William; among others Thomson, who says—

> "The shiv'ring wretches, at the curfew sound,
> Dejected sank into their sordid beds,
> And, through the mournful gloom of ancient times,
> Mus'd sad or dreamt of better."

But others have taken a different view of the matter, and have argued, like Voltaire, that "the law, far from being tyrannical, was only an ancient police, established in almost all the towns of the north, and which had been long preserved in the convents." Voltaire assigns this reason for the law—"that the houses were all built of wood, and the fear of fire was one of the most important measures of police."

The term "curfew," like many others, has had several significations given to it. Thus, as above noticed, the law enacted by William has been termed the curfew.

Then, again, the instrument by which the fires were extinguished has been similarly named; and it happens that there are the means in existence to ascertain the precise nature of this contrivance. Mr. Grose some years ago communicated to the 'Antiquarian Repertory' a drawing and description of an ancient curfew, or couvre-feu, in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Gosling. It was shaped something like a Dutch oven, being formed of pieces of copper riveted together. The dimensions were ten inches high, sixteen wide, and nine deep. Let the reader imagine the use of fire-hearths, before stoves and grates were known, and the raking together of the embers of a fire into a small group; let this curfew be laid on such a group, and it is not difficult to conceive that the fire would be soon extinguished.

There is yet another application of the term curfew, illustrated by the line—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

When the custom of ringing the curfew-bell at a certain hour in the evening ceased, many towns and large buildings were provided with a fire-bell, or curfew-bell, or curfew (for it was known by all these names); that is, a bell which, being rung only on the occurrence of a fire, constituted a signal unfailingly attended to by all within hearing. Vestiges of this custom still exist, as in the Fire-bell Gate at Barking, in Essex. A curfew-bell was, not many years ago, in existence at Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire; but its use had degenerated to that of a signal-bell on the morning of "pancake-day."

Many persons may still remember that, in the volunteering days of the last generation, the volunteers were wont to be roused up by beat of drum, on the occurrence of a large fire, in order that they might guard the scene of conflagration from tumult and depredation. Now, both curfew and volunteers are gone, and we safely depend, with more confidence than ever our ancestors could have done, on the vigilant police of our large towns. Still, however, this relates only to the detection of a fire when actually existing, and leaves untouched the means of prevention. These means have been proposed in great number within the last half-century, and consist chiefly in the use of materials less combustible than wood in the building of houses, or in the interposition of incombustible materials where practicable. For instance, seventy or eighty years ago a Mr. Hartley proposed to nail thin iron plates in many parts of the joisting and flooring of a house, as a check to the communication of flame. The Earl Stanhope of that period also proposed a method; but this consisted in coating various parts of a house with a thick layer of a peculiar cement, impervious to flame.

The present century has witnessed similar plans in abundance, of which we may allude to one proposed by Mr. Loudon, in his 'Encyclopædia of Cottage Architecture:'—"In rendering houses fire-proof, the next important object to using fire-proof materials is that of *having* all the walls and partitions, and even the steps of wooden staircases, filled in with such materials as will render them in effect solid. On examining into the causes of the rapidity of the spread of the flames in London houses when on fire, it will almost invariably be found that, whatever may have occasioned the fire to break out, the rapidity of its progress has been in proportion to the greater or less extent of the lath and plaster parti-

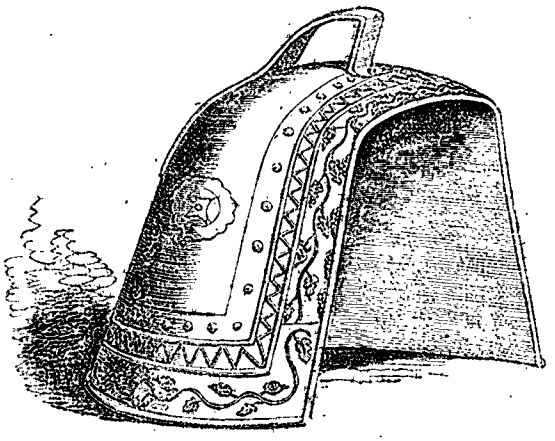
tions, the hollow wooden floors, and the wooden staircases." His proposition is to fill up all the vacuities behind such places with powdered earth or sand.

The recent legislative enactments respecting the construction of buildings and chimneys may be one step towards the diminution of destructive fires, and humanity may, perchance, be less and less frequently shocked with such scenes as Dryden thus depicts:—

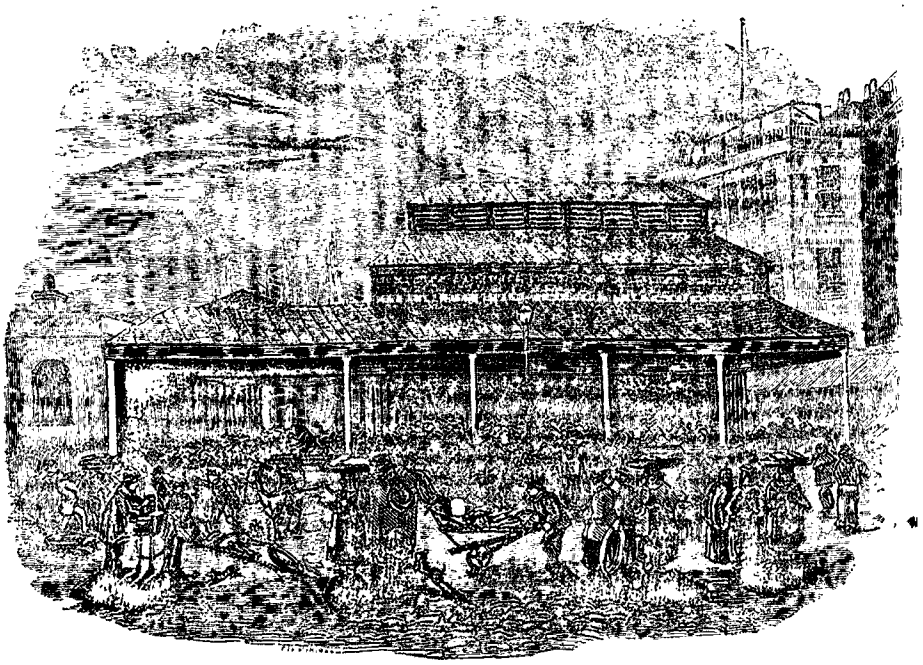
"Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wandering friends;
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends.

"Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require;
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

"The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrow drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store."



[Couvre-feu.]



[Billingsgate Market.]

LXXXVIII.—BILLINGSGATE.

THE passenger, as he crosses London Bridge, if he looks eastward, on the northern bank of the river, will notice a little copse of masts at the west-end of the Custom House. They indicate the situation of Billingsgate, the only wholesale market in the metropolis for the supply of fish. Billingsgate has been one of the "water-gates" or ports of the City from time immemorial. Geoffrey of Monmouth's fabulous history of the spot acquaints us that "Belin, a king of the Britons, about four hundred years before Christ's nativity, built this gate, and named it Belin's gate, after his own calling; and that, when he was dead, his body being burnt, the ashes, in a vessel of brass, were set on a high pinnacle of stone over the same gate." Stow very sensibly suggests that the name was derived from some later owner, "happily named Beling or Biling, as Somar's Key, Smart's Wharf, and others thereby took their names of their owners." When he was engaged in collecting materials for his 'Survey,' Billingsgate was "a large water-gate, port, or harborough for ships and boats commonly arriving there with fish, both fresh and salt, shell-fishes, salt, oranges, onions, and other fruits and roots, wheat, rye, and grain of divers sorts, for service of the City and the parts of this realm adjoining." Queenhithe, anciently the more important landing-place, had yielded its pretensions to its rival. Each gives its name to one of the City wards. We must here briefly notice Queenhithe, for the water-gate at which fish was landed had considerable influence in determining the

localities in which the fishmongers anciently carried on their trade. Between Billingsgate and Queenhithe the bridge intervened. This circumstance was, no doubt, greatly in favour of the former place. But in 1225, when the customs of Queenhithe were a perquisite of the Queen, Henry III. commanded the constables of the Tower to compel the ships of the Cinque Ports to bring their corn to Queenhithe only. Two years afterwards he ordered that all fish sold elsewhere than at the same place should be seized. With a view of rendering the receipt of customs as large as possible, an inquisition was held during the reign of Henry III. touching the ancient payments and customs of Queenhithe. Some time afterwards the bailiff of the Hithe complained that fourteen foreign vessels laden with fish had come to Billingsgate instead of to the Queenhithe. The penalty for this offence was in future to be forty shillings; but Stow says that the ships of the citizens of London were to arrive where the owners would appoint them. In 1464 the Queenhithe was still a favoured landing-place, though its ancient supremacy was affected by a regulation under which Billingsgate was entitled to enjoy some of the advantages of the rival key. It was ordered that, if only one vessel came at a time with herrings, sprats, eels, whiting, plaice, cod, mackerel, &c., then it should discharge at Queenhithe, and the cargo there to be sold by retail. If two vessels arrived, then one was permitted to discharge at Billingsgate; if three, two were to come to Queenhithe and one to Billingsgate, but always the larger number to Queenhithe. In one period, therefore, we have Queenhithe the great landing-place for fish; next, Billingsgate participates in this advantage, and afterwards Queenhithe decays, and Billingsgate attains the pre-eminence.

One of the peculiarities of old London, of which Stow gives many illustrations, consisted in different trades having their distinct localities, as we may see now in many large country markets. Keeping the market would better express the ancient practice of the old traders and craftsmen than the modern one of keeping shop. Partly, then, as a consequence of Queenhithe being the landing-place for fish, the fishmongers congregated in the streets leading from it, and were found in Old Fish Street and Old Fish Street Hill. Stow tells us that in this Old Fish Street is one row of small houses placed along in the midst of Knightriders Street or Old Fish Street, as he indifferently calls the place. "These houses," he says, "now possessed by fishmongers, were at the first but moveable boards or stalls, set out on market-days, to strew their fish there to be sold; but, procuring licence to set up sheds, they grew to shops, and by little and little to tall houses, of three or four stories in height, and now are called Fish Street. Walter Tuck, fishmonger, Mayor 1349, had two shops in Old Fish Street, over against St. Nicholas Church; the one rented five shillings the year, the other four shillings." On the northern side of this church there was of late built, says Stow, "a convenient cistern of stone and lead, for receipt of Thames water, conveyed in pipes of lead to that place, for the ease and commodity of the fishmongers and other inhabitants in and about Old Fish Street." Friday Street, adjacent, was so called, according to Stow, from fishmongers dwelling there, and serving Friday's market. Mr. Herbert, in his 'History of the Twelve Great Livery Companies,' says that "the old fish-market occupied a plot of ground extending lengthwise, or east and west, along Old Fish Street from Bread Street

to the church of St. Mary Magdalen at the Old Change; and breadthwise, north and south, from the ends of these two streets to the opposite south side of Old Fish Street, on which we still observe the street to have a much greater width than at any other part. Jurors return it to have been 'a void space' in 1413, as it was when the centre only was filled up with fish-stalls. In this state there would have been an open communication with Queenhithe, from which the fish could be brought up the hill to the middle of the market, next St. Nicholas Cold Abbey, where is now the narrow way of Old Fish Street Hill; whilst the north side of the market, connecting itself with the bakers of Bread Street, the fishmongers of Friday Street, and the king-minters in Shere Moniers Lane, or the Old Change; and then these again reaching to the goldsmiths, mercers, and other tradesmen of West Cheap, must have made the whole nearly one large open market. When tall houses began to supersede the original stalls in all these spots, the district became narrowed into streets, like other open parts of the city." In 1426 an inquisition was held to inquire upon oath, of free men, "where fish was sold of old time," and they return that from [in] ancient times it had been sold in the way of Old Fish Street, and not in other places adjoining or in the neighbourhood; but they found that the ancient place for the sale of shell-fish, and where alone it ought to be sold, was from the way of London Bridge towards the west, as far as the Church of St. Magdalen. The period here alluded to was probably earlier than the fourteenth century, for the Stocks Market, on the site now occupied by the Mansion House, was appointed a fish as well as a flesh-market about 1282, by Henry Wales, mayor, who built several houses on a vacant piece of ground there, where a pair of stocks had long previously been fixed. In 1322 this market produced a rental of 46*l.* In 1543 twenty-five fishmongers, who had boards or stalls in the market, paid 34*l.* rent, and eighteen butchers 41*l.*; but over the shops of the latter were chambers, which, altogether, were let for nearly 6*l.* In the reign of Edward II. (1307-27) some of the principal fishmongers appear to have established themselves in Bridge Street, which ran northward from the bridge, Fish Street Hill, a continuation of it, leading into Grass Church Market, so called from the herb market held there. Bridge Street is generally spoken of as New Fish Street. Stow says, "In New Fish Street be fishmongers, and fair taverns on Fish Street Hill, and Grass Street, men of divers trades, grocers, and haberdashers." The fishmongers in this quarter chiefly frequented Billingsgate, which was the nearest market for them. The rental paid by two of the New Fish Street dealers, in the reign of Edward II., is stated in one case to have been 14*s.*, and in another 12*s.* per annum. In 1399 we ascertain the situation in which the stock-fishmongers carried on their business. They had shops or stalls in a part of Thames Street, afterwards called Stock-Fishmongers' Row, which was halfway between the foot of the bridge westward and a water-gate called Ebgate formerly, and in Stow's time Eb Lane, now the spot known as the Old Swan Stairs.

Some of the regulations concerning the "mystery" of the fishmongers in old times are sufficiently interesting for a brief notice. In the reign of Edward I. the prices of fish were fixed—for the best soles 3*d.* per dozen; the best turbot 6*d.* each; the best mackerel 1*d.* each; the best pickled herrings 1*d.* the score; fresh oysters 2*d.* the gallon; the best eels 2*d.* per quarter of a hundred. In a

statute of Edward I. it was forbidden to offer for sale any fish except salt fish after the second day. By the City assize of fish the profit of the London fishmongers was fixed at one penny in twelve. They were not to sell their fish secretly within-doors, but "in plain market-place." Fish were not to be watered oftener than twice a-day, or to be sold when in an improper state for food; and for the third breach of any of these regulations the fishmonger was to be "jugyd to a payr of stockys openlie in the market-place." In 1320 a combination was formed against the fishmongers of Fish Wharf, to prevent them selling by retail, but Edward II. ordered the mayor and sheriffs to interfere, and the opposition was unsuccessful. The mayor issued his orders to these fishmongers of Bridge Street and of Old Fish Street to permit their brethren in the trade "to stand at stall, to merchandise with them, and freely obtain their shares of merchandise, as was fit and just, and as the freedom of the City required." In 1363 some of the fishmongers again endeavoured to effect a monopoly, but it was ordered that the "billestres," or poor persons who cried and sold fish in the streets, provided they buy of free fishmongers, and do not keep a stall or make a stay in the streets, shall not be hindered; and also that persons and women coming from the uplands with fish caught by them or their servants in the water of Thames or other neighbouring streams were to be allowed to frequent the markets. With these exceptions, none but members of the Fishmongers' Company were allowed to sell fish in the City, lest the commodity might be made dear by persons dealing in it who were unskilful in the mystery. Buyers for the King and the Lords (a polite name for purveyors) were to be served at first price, and no fish was to be sold until they had made their choice.

In the fourteenth century the Fishmongers' Company was one of the wealthiest and most powerful of the City companies. It ranked next after the Goldsmiths', Grocers'; and Drapers'; and, in some instances, surpassed them in wealth and liberality. In 1341 a great affray took place between the Fishmongers and Skinners in Cheapside for precedency, and several of the ringleaders were afterwards executed. Disputes of this nature were settled by the Court of Aldermen. Stow censures the Fishmongers' Company of his day as "men ignorant of their antiquities, not able to show a reason why or when they were joined in amity with the Goldsmiths." He does not explain the circumstance himself, but Mr. Herbert, in his 'History of the Livery Companies,' shows that it was in consequence of one of these decisions of the Aldermen, who, for the purpose of reconciling the two Companies, directed them to take precedence alternately, and *dine together*, &c. In 1509 the precedency of the Stock Fishmongers was settled by ordering that, in processions, they should go before the Dyers and after the Vintners; and that their places in St. Paul's should be next to the Grocers, "toward the image of our Lady of Grace." Mr. Herbert tells us that the Goldsmiths and Fishmongers of the present day do not commemorate their ancient amity, but the Skinners and Fishmongers, forgetful of former feuds, pledge each other at their respective halls when members of the other company are present. The Fishmongers were formed into a guild at a very early period. In 1290 the guild was fined five hundred marks for forestalling the markets. In 1298 Stow says that the Fishmongers, hearing of the victory of Edward I. over the Scots, "made a triumphant and solemn show through the city, with divers pa-

geants, and more than one thousand horsemen," &c. Their earliest charter of incorporation extant is of the date of 1364. It confirms a privilege, of which they are said to have been immemorially possessed, of choosing certain persons amongst themselves to govern their mystery. From 1350 to 1374 civic honours were thickly showered upon members of the Company. Stow speaks of "these Fishmongers having been jolly citizens." Six of them filled the office of Mayor in the above twenty-four years, one of whom, William Walworth (Mayor in 1370), has become historically famous, and is styled by Stow "the glory of their Company." There is a statue of him on the staircase of Fishmongers' Hall, in which he is represented in the act of striking Wat Tyler with the dagger; and on the pedestal is the following inscription.—

Brave Walworth, knight, Lord Maior, y^t^ slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes,
The king therefore did give in lieu
The dagger to the Citye's arms.
In the fourth year of Richard II., Anno Domini 1381.

On this point Stow had another fling at the "ignorance of antiquity" which the worshipful Company displayed. He disproved the common notion that the dagger was added to the City arms in consequence of Walworth's affair with Tyler. They also represented Walworth as having slain Jack Straw, and it appears that on Walworth's monument in St. Michael's Church, in Crooked Lane, the error was perpetuated.

In 1382 the privileges of the Company were attacked, and, through the interference of John Northampton, draper, who was mayor at the time, it was ordained that no fishmonger should be admitted Mayor of London. Stow says that the fishmongers "were greatly troubled, hindered of their liberties, and almost destroyed by congregations made against them." The case came before the Parliament, and Nicholas Exton, speaker for the fishmongers, prayed the King "to receive him, and his Company, into his protection, for fear of corporal hurt; whereupon it was commanded either part to keep the peace on pain of losing all they had." One of the fishmongers then rose and explained that the proceedings against them were in consequence of their having caused some of the exhibitors of the petition to be imprisoned for their misdemeanors in the previous reign, when the fishmongers filled some of the principal City offices. The conduct of John Northampton was investigated by the nobles assembled at Reading, and, being convicted of "seditious stirs," he was committed to perpetual imprisonment, and his goods were seized. Several others were condemned to the same penalty, "for certain congregations by them made against the fishmongers;" but they were afterwards pardoned. The fishmongers were restored to their full privileges. In 1433 they received a new charter, in which, for general purposes, the stock fishmongers and other branches of the trade were united into one body. In 1506 the stock fishmongers were dissociated from the general body, but in 1536 they were finally reunited. The two Companies had one hall each in Old Fish Street, New Fish Street, and in Thames Street.

The old churches of London in the immediate vicinity of the fish markets contained numerous monuments to fishmongers. This was the case with St. Nicholas Cold Abbey, in Old Fish Street; St. Nicholas Olave, Bread Street

Hill; St. Mary Mounthaw, on Old Fish Street Hill; St. Magnus, near the Bridge; St. Botolph, Billingsgate; St. Mary-at-Hill, on the hill leading from Billingsgate; St. George, Botolph Lane; St. Michael, Crooked Lane; and St. Peter, Cornhill. St. Michael's was the favourite burial-place of the stock fishmongers, and St. Peter's, Cornhill, for the "wet" fishmongers, as Stow calls the others by way of contradistinction. Lovekin and Walworth were both interred at St. Michael's. Lovekin was four times mayor, and rebuilt the church; while Walworth, who had once been his servant, enlarged it by a new choir and side chapel, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Sebastian. Lovekin also founded an hospital at Kingston-on-Thames. The fishmongers anciently maintained three priests, one more than the other companies, to officiate at the funeral ceremonies of members of their craft, and to pray for their souls on their obit days. The Company have at present a rich funeral pall, worked not long before the old religious ceremonies were disused. It is in good preservation, and a very interesting relic.

That the stock fishmongers, or dealers in dried or salted fish, should have formed so important a portion of the trade is deserving of notice as a peculiarity of the times. Lovekin and Walworth, who both acquired wealth, were stock fishmongers. The nature of the commodity was such as to render the dealers in it a superior class to the other fishmongers. A great store might be accumulated, and more capital was required than by the other fishmongers, who only purchased from hand to mouth. The fairs of Stourbridge, St. Ives, and Ely, described in a statute of 1533 as "the most notable fairs within this realm for provision of fish," were busy scenes of traffic in this article. The town of Lynn, in Norfolk, endeavoured to obtain a share of the advantages which these fairs conferred; and in 1537 letters patent were obtained for establishing a fair there, but the privilege was withdrawn in 1541, as a punishment for some irregular practices which were regarded, according to the prevailing notions of the day, as an unfair use of their new rights. In a statute of the above year they are accused of buying up "salt-fish, as ling, loob, cod, salt salmon, stock-fish, and herring, to the great loss and hindrance of many of the king's subjects that yearly have repaired and come to Stourbridge fair, Ely fair, and other markets and fairs in the counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon, and other shires, for the provision of salt-fish and herring for their households, and for the provision of divers other shires." The provisioning of a household with a store of salt-fish was an important object in these times. The alternative of diet was not from salt-fish to fresh meat, for in winter the latter was not commonly to be obtained, but meat, if eaten at all, was consumed in a salted state. Tusser, who, however, lived in the eastern counties, suggests a more thrifty practice than that of resorting to the fish-fairs. His recommendation to the husbandman is—

"When August is ended, take shipping or ride,
Ling, salt-fish, or herring, for Lent to provide;
To buy it at first, as it cometh to road,
Shall pay for thy charges, as thou spendest abroad.

Choose skilfully salt-fish, not burnt at the stone,
But such as be food, or else let it alone.
Get home that is bought, and go stack it up dry,
With pease-straw between it the safer to lie."

The use of fish was also an obligation sanctioned by the Church, as well as a necessary part of the domestic economy of the times. In 'February's Husbandry' Tusser says,

> "Now timely for Lent stuff thy money disburse,
> The longer ye tarry for profit the worse;
> If one penny vantage be therein to save,
> Of coastman or Fleming be suer to have."

The management of the store required some housewifely thrift, and he gives the following directions:—

> "Spend herring first, save salt-fish last,
> For salt-fish is good when Lent is past."

It cannot be doubted therefore that the London dealers in this article of necessary provision had reasonable chances of acquiring wealth. In 1314, from Michaelmas to Michaelmas, the consumption in the household of Thomas Earl of Lancaster was 6800 stock-fish, consisting of ling, haberdine, &c., besides six barrels of sturgeon, the whole costing 60*l*. The case was greatly altered after the Reformation, and several statutes were soon afterwards passed in order to keep up the consumption of fish and encourage the fisheries as a nursery for seamen. In 1548 we have "The Act for the Abstinence of Flesh," which imposed penalties on persons who ate flesh on fish-days. In an "Act for the Maintenance of the Navy," passed in 1562, the penalties were greatly increased. In 1593 John Erswick published 'A Brief Note of the Benefits that grow to this Realm by the Observance of Fish-Days.' At this period fish, in a great measure, had ceased to be one of the staple articles in the daily diet of the people. Erswick attributed the diminished consumption to "the contempt which in eating of fish is conceived."

Leaving these times, we come to the more modern history of Billingsgate, which we may date from 1699, when an act passed for making it "a free market for the sale of fish," although the very commencement of the preamble alludes to Billingsgate having been "time out of mind a free market for all manner of floating and salt fish, as also for all manner of floating and shell-fish." The necessity of a new act had arisen, as the preamble continues, from various abuses, one of which was, that the fishmongers would not permit the street-hawkers of fish to buy of the fishermen, by which means, as it is alleged, the fishmongers buy at their own prices. Another practice of the fishmongers of that day is specifically pointed out. They are charged with "employing one or two persons at the most to buy up all or the greatest part of the fish brought to the said market, and afterwards dividing the same amongst themselves by lots;" a practice which also unfairly oppressed the fishermen who supplied the market. Fish, one or two sorts excepted, caught by foreigners, was prohibited, except, indeed, it had been caught by "Protestant strangers." The extraordinary dream of making the country wealthy, and draining the ocean of its riches, by means of fisheries, had for above a century been one of the fondest illusions of the English people; and about the time when the above act was passed, "ways to consume more fish" were once more attracting the popular attention. Houghton, a Fellow of the Royal Society, in a periodical work which he published in 1703, suggested a plan for supplying fish to inland towns. "This," he observes, "may be done with

salt fish at any time, and with fresh fish to most parts of England, if a gang of horses were appointed at divers fisher-ports to carry those fish, as soon as landed, to their several markets, as is done from Hythe, Hastings, Chichester, and other places to London." Mr. Houghton thought that the London fishmongers might at least supply all the considerable towns within twenty miles of the metropolis; but if they were not disposed to do so, the inhabitants of Hertford and St. Albans, and other places of similar size within about the same distance from London, might form associations for introducing a supply of fish; and the carriages might perhaps be employed in carrying various commodities on their return to London, as a means of lessening the expense. Then he had another project for preserving fish without salting them. "In this manner," he says, "we may serve the inland counties with small flat-fish, and, for aught I know, with halibut and turbot." In 1749 an act was passed for making a free market for the sale of fish in Westminster: we shall have to report further concerning it. Mr. Houghton's plans were never carried into effect, but that did not prevent others of a similar character from being brought forward; and about sixty years afterwards we have 'A Plan for the better supplying this Metropolis with plenty of Fish from distant Seaports and Rivers by Land-carriage.' The price of fish at the time was said to be beyond the reach of the poor, and even of the middling classes; and for many days together the quantity received at Billingsgate was very inconsiderable. To remedy these evils, carriages were to be constructed to be drawn by two post-horses, and capable of containing from eight to ten cwt. of fish, which it was intended to bring from all the coasts of England, with the exception of that part between Harwich and the South Foreland, with which the patriotic projectors would not interfere. The fish-carriages were to travel at the rate of sixty or seventy miles in ten or twelve hours; and it was calculated that fish might be brought this distance at a cost of less than one penny per lb.; twice that distance for less than twopence; and even a distance of two hundred and sixteen miles in thirty-six hours at less than threepence per lb. The stables, warehouses, and yards which had belonged to a large inn between London and Westminster bridges, were taken as a depôt for sorting the fish before sending it into the market, which would never be done before nine o'clock in the morning, and the prices would always be placed over the stalls. The Society of Arts either advanced or promised a sum of 2000*l.* in furtherance of the above objects. But some thirty years ago we find the old complaints again current; and in 1813 a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen was held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's, at which one of the royal family presided, when a Fish Association was formed, the object of which was to ensure a better supply of fish to the metropolis. They commenced operations here under the belief that the increased use of fish in London would be a good example to other places. The association strongly denounced Billingsgate, on account of its small size and inconvenient situation. The object of the act establishing a fish-market at Westminster had never been accomplished. The impediments to the greater consumption of fish are attributed partly to the difficulty of circulating the commodity when it is plentiful, which rendered the fishermen cautious and checked the supply. The Association proposed "to assure to the fishermen certainty of sale, to a limited amount, and at a low price, of certain kinds of fish consumed by

the working classes, and which may be preserved by salt or vinegar;" and when the supply was large, it was recommended that notice should be given to the different parts of the town. This was the last of a long series of projects of the kind, and it is easy to perceive that it was unlikely ever to be long in operation. In 1830 the attempt to establish a wholesale fish-market for Westminster, was made at Hungerford Market, but it has totally failed, partly because the dues were very heavy, and partly because, when the dealers once get into their carts, they may as easily go to the best market as to one less amply supplied. If the business at Billingsgate should increase, the market may then require enlargement, but under the present regulations it is sufficiently large for every purpose. There is much truth in the reason advanced in 1360 against the increase of places for the sale of fish: "Forasmuch as great abundance of fish might be seen, to the end that better market in it might be."

Not many years ago Billingsgate Market commenced at three o'clock in summer and five in winter, but the time is now five o'clock throughout the year. No great exertion is necessary in order to reach the spot before the market opens, at any rate in summer. The novelty of the quiet streets, and the bracing freshness of the morning air, soon dispel sleepiness from the eyelids, even if the earliness of the hour be so unusual to some. We feel, on reaching some favourable point for obtaining a view of the city, how accurately Wordsworth has described the appearance of London in the early summer morning:—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at its own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

If the stranger visits Billingsgate in summer, many objects will engage his attention, but in a winter's morning the market alone. How solitary are the streets! and yet London is never entirely buried in sleep. At the most untimely hours the avocations of some classes of its busy population call upon them to be astir. The pause seems deepest from two to three o'clock. Riot, Profligacy, Want, and Misery have retired, and Labour is scarcely risen. As we approach Billingsgate the profound silence of the night is now and then broken by the wheels of the fishmonger's light-cart, who is proceeding to the same destination. The whole area of the market, brilliantly lighted with streaming flames of gas, comes into view. One might fancy that the place was arranged for a feast of rude plenty. The tables of the salesmen, which are ranged from one side of the covered area to the other, afford ample space for clustering throngs of buyers around each. Each range appears to form one table, but the portion assigned to each salesman is nine feet by six. Each salesman sits with his back

to another, and between them is a wooden board, so that they are apparently enclosed in a recess; but by this arrangement their pockets escape the pick-pocket, which was not the case when they were not separated from the crowd. There are about sixty fish-salesmen in London, and probably fifty have stalls in this market, for which they pay a comparatively trifling rent. Proceeding to the bottom of the market, we perceive the masts of the fishing-boats rising out of the fog which casts its gloom upon the river. The boats lie considerably below the level of the market, and the descent is by several ladders to a floating wharf, which rises and falls with the tide, and is therefore always on the same level as the boats. About twenty are moored alongside each other. The oyster-boats are berthed by themselves. The buyer goes on board the latter to make his purchase, as oysters are not sold in the ordinary market-place. The fishermen and porters are busily engaged in arranging their cargoes for quick delivery as soon as the market commences. Two or three minutes before five the salesmen take their seats in their enclosed recesses. At the lower end of the market, nearest the boats, porters stand with baskets of fish on their heads. Not one of them is allowed to have the advantage over his fellows by an unfair start, or to overstep a line marked out by the clerk of the market. The instant the clock strikes the race commences, and each porter rushes at his utmost speed to the respective salesman to whom his burthen is consigned. The largest cod are brought in baskets which contain four; those somewhat smaller are brought in sixes; and smaller sizes in dozens, and in still larger numbers, but always in baskets. All fish are sold by the tale except salmon, which is sold by weight, and oysters and shell-fish by measure. The baskets are instantly emptied on the tables, and the porters hasten for a fresh supply. It is the fisherman's interest to bring his whole cargo into the market as soon as possible, for, if the quantity brought to market be large, prices will fall the more quickly, and, if they are high, buyers purchase less freely, and he may miss the sale. The following case has often been quoted:—In May, 1807, the first Brighton boat-load of mackerel sold at Billingsgate for forty guineas per hundred—seven shillings each, reckoning six score to a hundred; while the next boat-load produced but thirteen guineas per hundred. Another reason for despatch is that supplies conveyed inland often arrive after the opening of the market, and, for some kinds of fish especially, a sudden fluctuation in price may be occasioned by a van from Hastings or Dover, or some other part of the coast. So the porters keep up an incessant run between the boats and the salesmen's stalls until they have brought forth their whole stock. Some of the heaps of fish would enchant a Dutch painter. The soles, just taken from the well-boat, gasp in their last agony on the stall, and the next moment are purchased and hurried off to the dealer's cart. The rich turbot, with its blushing fins, which in a few hours will be the cause of a thousand amenities, is treated with no more ceremony or respect than a maid or a plaice. It is chiefly the west-end fishmongers who buy up turbot, but in this market any person who chooses may buy just in the same way as the dealers themselves. All the sales are by Dutch auction, a mode which allows little time for either flourishing or disparaging phrases. The seller, according to this plan, puts up the commodity at his own price, choosing, one may be sure, a sum sufficiently high to begin with, and if he does not sell he soon mentions a lower sum. The buyer also

offers his price, and if a bargain be closed, it is usually by meeting each other, *i. e.* the buyer advancing and the seller coming down in price. Other purchasers surround the stall—perhaps they think they may do better elsewhere, and move off to some other salesman, and by making the round of the market the range of prices is soon tolerably well ascertained. The buyers are as good judges as the salesmen. Price alone engrosses attention. This system ought to give those who witness its daily operation a good lesson or two in political economy. Here, in the open market, competition places the buyer and seller on equal terms. No combination exists to obstruct these advantages. Such an artificial basis would speedily be demolished in the bustle and animation which characterize the proceedings. The buyers shift rapidly from one salesman to another, demanding only one thing—price; and this running about the market is striking to the eye, and interesting from its object, which is sure of being obtained. The money in the outstretched hand of one dealer, with a dozen other dealers around, quickly indicates to the salesman the price at which sales can be effected, and that it would be useless to stickle for higher ones. If the buyers were to give too high a price one day, their sales would fall off, they would buy less the next, and prices would fall. Simple as is the mode of sale, it does not follow that judgment and skill, and a ready wit, are not needed. The salesman who possesses these qualities in the highest degree will clear his stalls much more rapidly, and at the same time more advantageously, than one who possesses a smaller share of these gifts. There is not one of the markets of London which is so little exposed to the chances of collusion or any underhand conduct as that of Billingsgate. The proceedings of the retail dealers in their respective localities, where they are removed from the influences of the open market, may have nothing whatever to do with the principle on which it is certain the wholesale part of the trade is regulated. In one district the retail dealer gives long credit, often incurs losses, and he must therefore charge a high price. In another there may happen to be little competition, or, what is usually the same thing, a small demand, and price will here again be high, that is, comparing it with that which prevails at Billingsgate. It was recently the practice of a fishmonger in Lombard Street not only to advertise the prices of fish daily in the papers, and exhibit them in his shop, but also to employ men to carry placards with this information. It is the revival of a practice two thousand years old. The fishmongers of Athens were compelled to affix the prices in their shops. The uncertainty of the price is probably one very powerful reason why fish is purchased so seldom by many housekeepers. They cannot tell the price beforehand, as for beef and mutton. But in these discussions we are forgetting our real object, which is to attempt to give the reader some idea of the market. Does the visitor expect to witness scenes of coarseness and brutality? Nothing of the kind will meet his eyes. Why should they? When the market opens, the majority of the persons present are either the dealers themselves or their trustworthy servants. Soon after six there is a greater mixture of classes. The hawkers come to make their purchases, and Billingsgate has something of the appearance which it had previously assumed in our imagination, but there is nothing to disgust either in language or behaviour. The manners of Billingsgate have improved, and yet the standard phrase for abuse

either of the tongue or pen will probably never be altered, so that after-generations may forget that here once flourished that racy eloquence which was characterised by its warmth of style, its rude force, and coarse but telling points. Ned Ward, in his 'London Spy,' published at the close of the seventeenth century, describes the vulgar humours of Billingsgate, and it is only necessary to read them to feel convinced how much the place is improved. Ward mentions a place called the Dark House (not a house for insane persons), the frequenters of which seem to have combined the peculiarities of Wapping and Billingsgate. The site on which it stood is now called Dark House Lane. One feature of Billingsgate has been destroyed by the introduction of steam-boats. Before they existed, passengers embarked here for Gravesend and other places on the river, and there was a greater mixture of sailors with the dealers in fish, perhaps not much to the improvement of manners. The boats sailed only when the tide served, and the necessity of being ready at the most untimely hours rendered many taverns necessary for the accommodation of passengers. The opening of the market formerly at so early an hour as three o'clock was demoralizing and exhausting. Two hours are now gained, and the hours of rest are not unnaturally broken in upon. The refreshment now chiefly taken by persons who attend the market is coffee instead of spirits, and this circumstance alone has had a most favourable influence. The wholesale market is over about nine o'clock, and the only dealers who remain after that hour are a few retailers who have stalls, who are called in the market "bomarees," a word whose etymology we do not profess to have discovered.

Stow tells us that before 1569 the City ditch without the wall of the City, which then lay open, "contained great store of very good fish, of divers sorts, as many yet living, who have taken and tasted them, can well witness, but now (he says) no such matter." Sir John Hawkins, in his edition of Walton's 'Angler,' published in 1760, mentions that, about thirty years before, the City anglers were accustomed to enjoy their sport by the starlings of Old London Bridge. "In the memory of a person not long since living, a waterman that plied at Essex Stairs, his name John Reeves, got a comfortable living by attending anglers with his boat: his method was to watch when the shoals of roach came down from the country, and, when he had found them, to go round to his customers and give them notice. Sometimes they (the fish) settled opposite the Temple; at others at Blackfriars or Queenhithe; but most frequently about the chalk-hills [the deposits of chalk rubble] near London Bridge. His hire was two shillings a tide. A certain number of persons who were accustomed thus to employ him raised a sum sufficient to buy him a waterman's coat and silver badge, the impress whereof was 'Himself, with an angler in his boat,' and he had annually a new coat to the time of his death, which might be about the year 1730." Mr. Goldham, the clerk of Billingsgate Market, stated before a Parliamentary Committee that thirty years ago, four hundred fishermen, each of whom was the owner of a boat, and employed a boy, obtained a good livelihood by the exercise of their craft between Deptford and London, taking roach, plaice, smelts, flounders, salmon, shad, eels, gudgeon, dace, dabs, &c. Mr. Goldham said that about 1810 he had known instances of as many as ten salmon and three thousand smelts being taken at one haul up the river towards Wandsworth,

and fifty thousand smelts were brought daily to Billingsgate, and not fewer than three thousand Thames salmon in the season. Some of the boats earned 6*l*. a week, and salmon was sold at 3*s*. and 4*s*. the pound. The fishery was nearly destroyed at the time when this evidence was given, in 1828. The masters of the Dutch eel-ships stated before the same Committee that a few years before they could bring their live-eels in "wells" as far as Gallions' Reach, below Woolwich; but now (1828) they were obliged to stop at Erith, and they had sustained serious losses from the deleterious quality of the water, which killed the fish. The increase of gas-works and of manufactories of various kinds, and of filth disgorged by the sewers, will sufficiently account for this circumstance. The number of Dutch eel-vessels which bring supplies to Billingsgate varies from sixty to eighty annually. They bring about fifteen cwt. of fish each, and pay a duty of 13*l*.

A recent Parliamentary paper gives the number of sailing vessels registered at the different ports in England of above fifty and under fifty tons, and the greater proportion of the latter indicates those ports where fishing is extensively pursued. Thus at Faversham there are 218 sailing vessels registered under fifty tons, and only 42 above that burthen. The former average about 21 tons each. At the following ports, from which the chief supply of fish for the London market is furnished, the number of vessels under fifty tons is 1686, and, including 590 for London, there are 2276. At Yarmouth the number registered under fifty tons is 321; Faversham, 218; Southampton, 131; Maldon, 105; Rochester, 256; Colchester, 203; Dover, 91; Rye, 55; Ramsgate, 80; Dartmouth, 256. The operations of these fishing-boats, and of the fishermen and their families on shore, are very interesting to the visitor on the coast. When brought ashore the fish are laid in heaps and sold by Dutch auction. Such a scene is well described in the following extract:—"In the offing are some eight or nine good, stout, round-made fishing-boats—'hog-boats,' as they are called—which have been trawling during the night, and have now brought their catches to shore; between which and them ply a dozen or more boats, which receive the cargo from the vessels and bring it to the beach. It is a pretty sight enough, after a good catch, to see these boats hurrying to and fro. Directly they touch the beach they are surrounded by an eager crowd, who explore the contents and help to arrange it in heaps ready for sale on the beach. There cannot be less than four hundred or five hundred persons—men, women, and children—principally of the fishing class, and bearing on their arms the baskets with which they will soon set out to drive bargains with thrifty housewives all over the town. Up to six o'clock the work of landing, and arranging, and inspecting goes busily on. Fish of every description are thrown about as if they were worth nothing; but at last they are disposed into some order—some in heaps on the beach, others in baskets, and others upon tables. There is now a pause for a moment or two, for it is upon the strike of six. The salesmen look at the different lots around them, and the women with their baskets crowd around them. Jokes pass, and compliments are exchanged. Ten to one there is some wit of established repute, whose *bon mot* is sure to pass current, and the victim of whose satire must put up with the ridicule of his companions as he best may. The sale begins. Then ensues, perhaps, what is popularly called 'chaffing' between the suc-

cessful salesman and some less lucky neighbour—perhaps a fisherman selling on his own account, who has been slowly and reluctantly dropping his prices, as if every shilling was a drop of blood from his heart. 'Holloa, Bill! can't you sell 'em?' Bill gives a surly negative, and goes on with his bidding—'25*s*. for this lot—24*s*. for this lot—23*s*. for this lot.' 'Why, Bill, they won't have 'em at no price. Why don't you give 'em to 'em?' 'Leave Bill alone,' says some compassionate damsel, who has a design upon the fish of the unfortunate salesman, 'leave Bill alone; he'll sell by and by.' '22*s*. for this lot;' and, no customer responding, Bill vents his impatience in a quiet, fish-like oath. 'Don't be in a hurry, Bill,' cries his tormentor; 'don't you see that everybody else has only just finished? When they're all gone, you'll sell 'em fast enough.' A loud roar of laughter rewards the wit of the speaker, and adds to Bill's discomfiture, who, however, proceeds with his unvaried cry—'20*s*. for this lot—19*s*. for this lot,' casting about him at every reduced price most despairing looks. At last he has got low enough, and finds a purchaser in the compassionate young woman who took his part against the facetious salesman, and now takes possession of her bargain with a glee that discloses to the seller the extent of the loss he has suffered. Dozens of these scenes are passing around, and others of a more amusing nature, and most characteristic of the class assembled on the spot; and all in the midst of a tremendous bustle—new boats, perhaps, arriving, heaps of baskets packing up for the London market, purchasers making off with their loaded baskets, and others engaged in sorting and dividing their lots, which are spread in every direction over the beach, and which one expects to see at every moment trodden under foot by the numbers who are moving about. Men in huge boots, the crews of the mackerel-boats, from Hastings perhaps, stand about in their not unpicturesque dress that reminds one of the smugglers of olden days."*

What the exertions of patriotic persons failed in accomplishing, seems not unlikely to be effected by the railways. Fish is now received at Billingsgate from Liverpool, Bristol, Hartlepool, in Durham, and from other quarters, which were precluded from profitable communication with it when the means of transit were not sufficiently rapid for so perishable an article. The railways from London to the southern coast, especially, will increase the facility of supply, though some time may elapse before they are rendered fully available, as, when we visited Billingsgate on Saturday morning the 19th of November, 1842, two *coaches* arrived soon after the market opened, one from Dover and the other from Hastings. On the other hand, if a larger supply be received, the quantity taken off by the railways will be quite as great. The circle from which the dealers attend with their carts comprises Windsor, St. Albans, Hertford, Romford, and other places within a distance of twenty-five miles; but even now Billingsgate may be regarded as the best market for the supply of a much wider district.

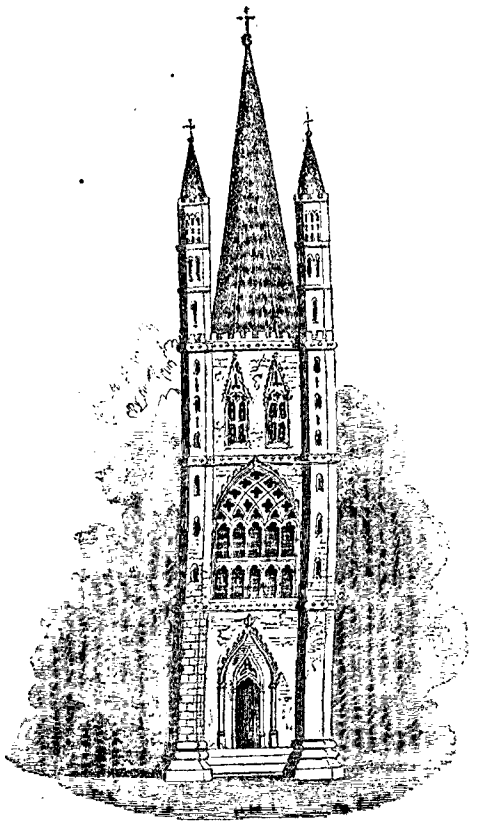
The very extraordinary change which has taken place in the supply of salmon for Billingsgate market since it has been brought by steam-vessels from Scotland in forty-eight hours may to some extent indicate the effect which the railways will have in extending the consumption of fish of all kinds in those parts of the country where hitherto it has been scarce and dear. Perhaps as many as ten salmon

* Brighton Herald, August 27, 1842.

are now taken in a year in the Thames; and Sir Humphry Davy, in his 'Salmonia,' says that a skilful angler may take about one in a week at Christchurch. If the supply from Scotland were stopped, salmon, instead of being three or four shillings the pound, as they were when three thousand were taken in a year in the Thames, would be as dear as turtle. A commission agent for the sale of salmon at Billingsgate, who was examined before a Parliamentary Committee in 1800, and who had been in the trade ever since 1750, said "There have been several changes in the mode of doing business in my time. We brought salmon on horseback about thirty years ago; since that, in light carts and other carriages; and now, by water, packed in ice." Previous to the last change the supply was inconsiderable, and a large proportion of it was derived from the rivers in England. The fish were then packed in straw. Pennant, in his 'British Zoology,' written seventy-five years ago, gives the following account of the salmon-trade at Berwick: "Most of the salmon taken before April, or to the setting in of the warm weather, is sent fresh to London in baskets, unless now and then the vessel is disappointed by contrary winds of sailing immediately. In that case the fish is brought ashore again to the cooper's offices, and boiled, pickled, and kitted, and sent to the London markets by the same ship, and fresh salmon put in the baskets in lieu of the stale ones. At the beginning of the season, when a ship is on the point of sailing, a fresh clean salmon will sell from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb.; and most of the time that this part of the trade is carried on, the prices are from 5*s.* to 9*s.* per stone of 18 lbs., the value rising and falling according to the plenty of fish, or the prospect of a fair or foul wind. The price of fresh fish in the month of July, when they are most plentiful, has been known to be as low as 8*d.* per stone; but last year (1768) never less than 1*s.* 4*d.*, and from that to 2*s.* 6*d.*" The trade in fresh salmon ceased by the end of April, as the increasing temperature of the season rendered it impossible to bring the fish to market in a proper state. In case the voyage from Berwick to London proved longer than usual, the vessel was run into the nearest port, and the cargo, which would have been spoiled had it been brought to London, was disposed of. The trade had nearly ceased at the time when it is now the most active, as the heat of the water spoiled the fish during a long voyage. In the Correspondence of the late Sir George Sinclair there is a letter from Mr. George Dempster, which relates the following history of the present mode of packing salmon in ice:—"One day, about the year 1784 or 1785, Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, a faithful servant to the East India Company, and I were shown into one of the waiting-rooms of the East India House. During our stay there, among other interesting matters respecting his voyages, Mr. Dalrymple told me the coasts of China abounded with snow-houses; that the fishers of China carried snow in their boats, and, by means thereof, were able in the heat of summer to convey fresh fish into the very interior parts of China. I took pen and ink, and on the spot wrote an account of this conversation to Mr. Richardson, who, as well as others, has been in the practice of conveying salmon in ice from the river Tay to London, and from Aberdeen, Montrose, and Inverness, places of five, six, and seven hundred miles. In Mr. Richardson I found a very grateful correspondent, for soon afterwards I received, on a New Year's Day, a letter from him, containing a draft on his banker for 200*l.* to purchase a piece of plate for Mrs. Dempster." Packed in boxes as soon as caught, and covered with pounded ice which froze into

a solid mass, salmon could be preserved in excellent state for six days, and the smacks were exclusively freighted with them. There were previously two branches of salmon traders in London, one depending upon land-carriage, and the other on the supplies by sea; but the former soon found their occupation gone after this discovery. Steam navigation has rendered the improvement perfect. The arrivals of salmon at Billingsgate average about 30 boxes per day in February and March, each box weighing about 1 cwt.; 50 boxes in April; from 80 to 100 in May; beginning of June from 200 to 300, and at the latter end of the month 500 boxes per day; which number gradually increases until it amounts during the end of July and the early part of August to 1000 boxes, and frequently more. The average price for the season is about 10*d.*, and is occasionally as low as 5*d.* and 6*d.*: it is lowest when the fish is in the greatest perfection. The quantity brought to Billingsgate in the season of 1842 was probably not less than 2500 tons. It is sent on commission to agents, who charge 5 per cent. and take the risk of bad debts. This business is in few hands, and those engaged in it are the most wealthy of all the dealers in fish.

A considerable period will elapse. before the use of fish becomes general in those parts of the country to which the facility of conveyance has only recently introduced it. There are thousands of families who never tasted any fish except a red herring. The number of persons employed as fish-dealers show that in many parts of England fish constitutes a very unimportant article of diet. In the metropolis, where the means of obtaining it are nearly perfect, there is one fish-dealer to four butchers, while in Warwickshire the proportion is as 1 to 27; in Staffordshire as 1 to 44; and taking even a large town, Wolverhampton, the proportion in 1831 was 1 in 46, for there was only one dealer in the place. In West Bromwich, with 36 butchers, there was not one fish-dealer, while in the borough of Southwark there were 2 fish-dealers to 7 butchers, or 1 to each 1500 persons. In the counties on the coast the proportion is about 1 fish-dealer to 10 butchers. It may be that in some of the inland counties there is not so great a paucity of fishmongers as the returns under the census imply, as with many persons it only makes a part, and that the least important, of their calling, the other being of so irregular a nature. Great facilities for obtaining food will not long exist without being made available, and producing dealers. Fish from Liverpool cannot long pass through Warwickshire and Staffordshire to London without the discovery being made that there are intermediate places which it may be profitable to supply. In Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham, during the summer of 1842, the supplies of fish, chiefly by the railways, were occasionally immense.



[Tower of St. Michael's, Cornhill.]

LXXXIX.—SOMETHING ABOUT LONDON CHURCHES AT THE CLOSE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

ANY one who repairs on a clear day to Waterloo Bridge, and turns his eye towards the City, will be struck with the close juxtaposition into which the church spires are huddled together in that direction. If, after taking this view, he turn his steps to the east, and begin to thread the narrow and tortuous thoroughfares within the circle on which the walls of London once stood, he will be reminded that the existing churches are only a portion of those which existed before the Great Fire. The numerous little grave-yards, with their couples of trees, feeble attempts at green-sward, and a few old dusky monuments which meet him at every corner, are "roses in the wilderness" of trafficking London, "left on their stalks to mark where once churches have been."

The train of thought thus suggested may move our imaginary rambler, if he be one who loves at times to saunter on without any more definite aim than to see what food for thought or fancy he may stumble upon, to allow his imaginings

to pierce below the soil, and there detect buried churches of a yet older time. "The remains of the parochial church of St. Michael," says Maitland, "are still to be seen under the house inhabited by Mr. Gilpin, an eminent chemist, at the south-east corner of Leadenhall Street, and measure thirty-six feet from north to south, and sixteen feet from east to west, with a Gothic arched roof supported by two handsome pillars, and built with square bricks, chalk, and stone, in the manner of the ruins of Rochester Castle." And we further learn, from the same author, that "under the corner house of Leadenhall and Bishopsgate Streets, and two houses on the east, and one on the north side thereof, was situate a very ancient church of Gothic construction, the principal part of which is still remaining under the said corner-house and the two adjoining in Leadenhall Street; but part of the north aisle, beneath the house contiguous in Bishopsgate Street, was lately obliged to make way to enlarge the cellar. . . . The roof of this ancient structure, which is a flattish Gothic arch, is at present only ten feet nine inches above the present floor; wherefore I am of opinion that this church originally was not above the height of seventeen feet within, which, together with three feet, the thickness of the arch, as lately discovered by a perforation, shows that the ground is very much raised in this neighbourhood. The walls of this church being so much decayed and patched with brickwork, I could discover neither door nor window therein; however, the entrance to the chief part thereof (A.D. 1738) is at Mr. Jones's, a distiller, opposite Leadenhall Gate. At the distance of twelve feet from this church northwards, is to be seen, under the house late Mr. Macadam's, a peruke-maker, in Bishopsgate Street, a stone building. . . . . It is covered with a semicircular arch, built with small pieces of chalk in the form of bricks, and ribbed with stones, resembling those of the arches of a bridge. What this edifice at first was appropriated to was very uncertain, though by the manner of its construction it seems to have been a chapel."

The City is now a place of mercantile business. The heads that conduct, the fingers that write, the brawny backs and arms that guide waggons, work cranes, and perform the toilsome tasks of porterage, seem to have it all to themselves. The genius of trade reigns paramount, and occupies the whole minds of men so long as they are within the walls. In former days wealthy merchants and shopkeepers, to say nothing of those they employed, had their dwellings in the City: but now the very Bank clerks have their residences in the suburbs; the waggoners and porters inhabit the precincts of the Tower, and the monotonous level of close-packed small houses between the Minories and the East India Docks, through which the line of the Blackwall Railway has been excavated, giving rich men an opportunity (which they rarely use) of seeing how poor men live. Human beings still toil in the City, but they scarcely have the appearance of living in the City. There is nothing there but shops and counting-houses. The airy courts and stately structures of City magnates of the days of Queen Anne are inhabited, not by men, but by firms—"Goosequill, Ledger, & Co." That unsubstantial abstraction "Co." possesses it entirely. At night the specious vacuum would tenant the City alone, but for the watchmen who patrol the streets; and during the day his human serfs who repair to the tenements he occupies are inspired by him alone—their thoughts are exclusively of pounds, shillings, pence, dry goods, bonds, debentures, and stocks.

One is almost tempted to ask the frequent churches what they do there. They are said to be opened on Sundays and sometimes during the week, yet there is a thick coating of dust upon them which almost appears to belie the report. They are scarcely more life-like than the vacant grave-yards, which, to the mind's eye, are filled by the ghosts of old churches, as Banquo's chair was by his unreal spectre, or than the old church of St. Michael's, or the nameless church and chapel of Leadenhall Street, buried themselves, instead of marking a spot where the more frail and transitory frames of men are buried. To one under the influence of such fancies existing churches appear as unreal as those which have passed away, and those which have been destroyed as real as those which survive. All London's churches, past and present, are visible to the imagination, and the city of traders and brokers is transmuted into the city of churches.

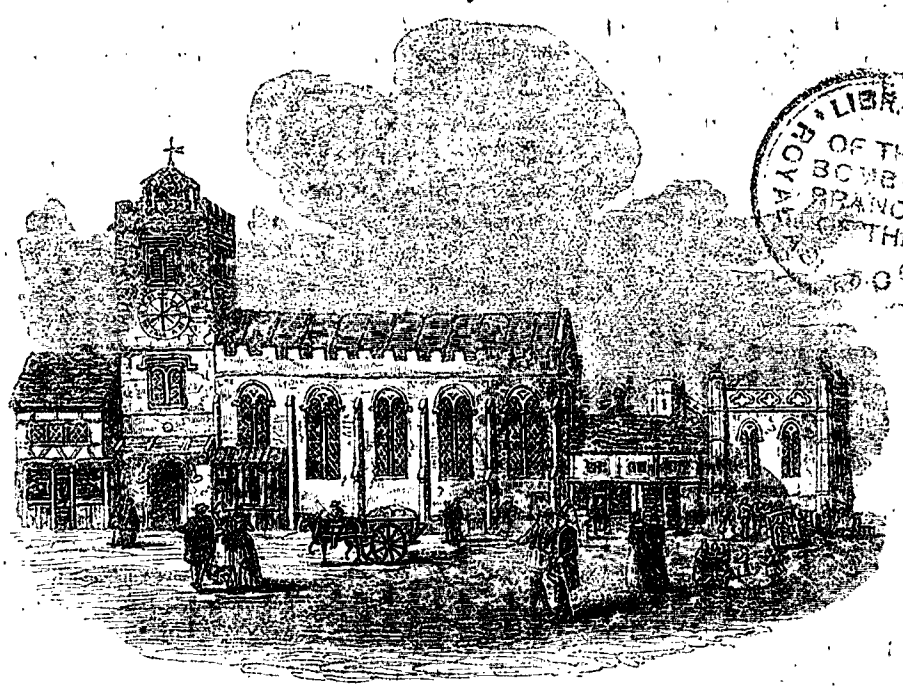
There is a strange jostling among these architectural spectres, as they rise one after another on "the mind's eye:" it looks like a hubbub, though all is silent. Not only churches rise where churches no longer stand, but old St. Paul's occupies the same place as new St. Paul's, and sometimes two churches of the olden time plant their corners on part of the area occupied by one of our own day. There must be a good and efficient police in the world of dreams: you could scarcely at any great spectacle—the Lord Mayor's procession, or the execution of a Fauntleroy, or the liberation of an Alice Lowe—persuade any two people of flesh and bones to occupy the same space, though thereby double the number could be comfortably accommodated, and yet these unintelligent works of man's head or hands do it at once without a murmur.

When the churches of eight or nine centuries are thus assembled together, it is clear that, like human beings, they stand in the relationship of ancestors and descendants to each other. The present St. Paul's is the lawful son and heir of Bishop Maurice's St. Paul's. Some families of churches (like that we have just named) have come in course of time to own and occupy broader lands than their forefathers did, exactly as the case is with human mortals. Other families, again, die out (as has been the lot of St. Paul's old neighbour, St. Gregory), and their property falls into the hands of strangers. These stone walls have their genealogical trees as well as the creatures who build them; some bourgeoning gaily, and with many branches growing broader as they rise (large parishes subdivided, and the portions settled as dowries upon filial churches and ci-devant chapels of ease); some going off in a leafless point, like a Scotch fir killed by a blight, or choked by the overshadowing of a lustier tree (as in the case of the aforesaid St. Gregory and the churches not rebuilt after the fire).

Great though the show made by the churches within the City wall be at present, it is nevertheless evident, from the remarks already made, that their numbers have fallen off from what they once were. The Great Fire thinned their ranks: many a stately spire toppled down in the midst of it, never to be rebuilt. And more than a century before that event the Reformation had wrought sad havoc in their ranks. If we were called upon to fix the time when churches most did flourish in the City—when the greatest number of contemporary churches were to be found within its wall—the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century is the period we should select. The church-building Church had then reached the highest development and culture it was destined to attain

in this country. It had raised the population from a state of savage life to a high degree of culture, spiritual and intellectual: like the soul of man, it had over-informed and worn-out its tenement, and had nothing for it but to die. It is wonderful how every form which social civilisation, civil or ecclesiastical, assumes, is created and destroyed by the same elements. The same disregard of the vulgar gauds of this world, and yearning after a higher and more spiritual existence, which animated the first monks of the Benedictine and Augustine orders, the first friars of the brotherhoods of St. Francis and St. Dominic, who built up the Romish Church as it existed at the close of the fourteenth century, animated the Wickliffes, Jeromes of Prague and Johns of Huss, Luthers, Calvins, and Knoxes, to whom it was given to destroy it, and rear their respective modifications of Protestantism on its ruins. Brother Jack himself (to borrow the phraseology of the 'Tale of a Tub') did not tear the tags, tassels, and embroidery from his coat with more reckless disregard of the rents he made in the texture of the good cloth upon which they had been sowed, than did his precursors the founders of the mendicant orders. And Hildebrand himself did not set his feet upon the neck of the civil power with a prouder or firmer tread than did at a later period, and within a narrower circle, Pope Calvin of Geneva. The forms and ceremonies of the Romish Church—the studies to which those ambitious of occupying the high places in her hierarchy were prompted—the morals and faith they taught the members of their congregations from the high-altar, the pulpit, or by the side of the sick-bed, created a new soul in men's bosoms; and that soul, when created, necessarily burst from within the scaffolding which had been employed in raising it, shattering mere forms in its onward and spiritual flight. It was not because they were bad that the forms of the old faith were trampled down, but because they had made men independent of themselves: the crutch of the invalid was an incumbrance to the healthy man. It was not because the ministers of the old faith had become less pure than their predecessors that a new race of teachers superseded them, but because, like Captain Bobadil, they had made every one of their pupils as good or nearly as good as themselves in spiritual fence, and more advanced teachers were required.

About the close of the fourteenth century (at least in England) the Romish Church was in the full flush of its power and usefulness. It had, aided by co-operating influences to which it is not at present necessary to advert, raised and improved men from what they had been, but not so far as to enable them to dispense with its services. It was incorporated with the domestic as well as with the public life of society; its influence was seen and felt everywhere. Its bodily presence was seen in church, chapel, and altarage, abbey, convent, and hospital: its spiritual presence was felt in the numerous links of guilds and confessorships, which bound every individual to his church and its ministers, making the national religion a part of his daily occupations. The market was held before the church-door, and the public fountains were placed near the church, that the water might be blessed. St. Giles Cripplegate had its "boss of clere water;" and St. Michael le Quern, at the west end of Cheapside, its conduit. Chaucer has put into the mouth of his Wife of Bath a playful picture of the omnipresence of the Church: it may have been meant as a sarcasm (for Chaucer lies under the suspicion of Lollardism), yet is it conceived in no harsh spirit, and is exactly the



[St. Michael le Quern.]

ludicrous manner in which a bold, spirited person would express her sense of a power which she could not help reverencing, though she did not feel herself much bettered by it :—

" In old days of the King Arthour,
Of which that Britons speaken great honour,
All was this land full filled of faerie :
The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,
Danced full oft in many a green mead.
This was the old opinion as I read ;
I speak of many hundred years ago ;
But now can no man see none elves mo,
For now the great charity and prayers
Of limitours and other holy freres,
That searchen every land and every stream,
As thick as mottes in the sunny beam,
Blessing halls, chambers, kitchens, and bowers,
Cities and boroughs, castles high and towers,
Thorps and barns, sheepcotes and dairies,
This maketh that there be no faeries ;
For there where wont to walken was an elf,
There walketh now the Limitour himself,
In the afternoons and in the morwenings,
And saith his matins and his holy things,
As he goeth in his limitation.
Women may now go safely up and down.
In every bush and under every tree,
There is no other incubus but he,
And he will do them no dishonour."

The good lady appears to regret that the father confessors have superseded the fairies, just as some sentimental souls regret that rectors have superseded the priests; and yet she would have been as loth to have the incubi brought back as her modern types would be to see "black popery" restored. It is curiosity that recommends the past, but present use that endears the good we really have. It may be necessary to explain the office and dignity of the "limitour," to whom the Wife of Bath attributes such power and universality. Chaucer shall do it for us. The poet's enumeration of the pilgrims in his company is constructed on the principle of placing the highest in rank foremost. The knight, the prioress, and the monk come first; after them, and before the merchant, the clerk of Oxford, the serjeant at law, and the franklin, comes the friar, who was a "limitour." This, we learn from the account given of him, was a friar who collected the alms by which his house was supported within a certain district—

> "He was the best beggar in all his house;
> And gave a certain farm for the grant.
> None of his brethren came within his haunt."

He was a licentiate of his order, had "much of dalliance and fair language," went well dressed,

> "Somewhat he lisped for his wantonness,
> To make his English sweet upon his tongue;"

had taste and talent for music, was familiar with franklins all over the country, and had influence over the wives of the better class of citizens. He could unbend in jolly company—

> "In his harping, when that he had sung,
> His eyen twinkled in his head aright
> As do the starres in a frosty night;"

and yet he never in his merriment compromised his dignity; for mine host of the 'Tabard,' who suited his address to every man's bearing, speaks to him with respect—"mine own master dear." This is a sarcastic, but scarcely unfair, picture of a choice spirit of the four powerful orders of mendicant friars.

At the close of the fourteenth century London was tolerably well stored with this class of ministers of religion. There were the Black Friars in the south-west angle of the city, whose church, built in 1726, by Robert Kilmarley, archbishop of Canterbury, occupied the area of the Castle of Mountfichet and two lanes adjoining. Where Christchurch Hospital now stands was the pleasant site of the Grey Friars. From John Iwyn, citizen of London, they had all his lands and houses in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles; the Mayor and commonalty gave them more; in 1225 the wealthy citizens clubbed to build them a house and church; in 1306 the consort of Edward I. began a stately and spacious church for them, which was twenty-one years a-building; and in 1421 Sir Richard Whittington built them a library, and laid out four hundred pounds in furnishing it with books. Not far from Blackfriars, although outside of the City walls, between the Temple and Salisbury Court, were the White Friars, who in the fifteenth century held a reputation for learning above any of the mendicant orders in England. At the south-east corner of Hart Street, in Aldgate Ward, was the house of the Crutched or Crossed Friars. The Friars Eremites of the order of St. Augustine, also mendicants, had a house, the site of which is still

kept in remembrance by Austin Friars in Broad Street. The poor brethren of St. Augustine Papey, at the north end of St. Mary Axe Street, the brotherhood of the threescore priests skilled in singing dirges, and others who attended solemn funerals, may fairly be classed with the mendicants. All England was their diocese, but doubtless so rich a field of it as London would not be left untilled—at all events it was the hive to which these busy bees duly brought home their gathered honey at certain seasons.

The monks, it would appear from Chaucer, were a more aristocratical race. The company which trudged to Canterbury, "the holy blissful martyr for to seek," was composed of the middle classes: but then, as now, these middle classes died, by insensible degrees, into the nobles at one end, and into the labourers at another. Chaucer's knight was a warrior to stand at a king's right hand; and Chaucer's monk was a fair companion for the knight. The limitour was good company for the jolly franklin; but the monk and knight, though it was no derogation to them to associate with him, belonged to a higher circle. A noble fellow was that monk. A scholar he was, after the fashion of his day, though his taste lay towards the belles-lettres, not to crabbed science. When his turn comes to tell a tale, he begins, like James or Bulwer in our day, with a preface intended to show his learning. He astonishes his hearers by telling how many books he has in his cell, and condescendingly explains that "tragedies"—

> "———ben versified communely,
> Of six feet which men clepeth hexamitron."

And then he launches into a high-flown moral illustration, in which Lucifer, Sampson, Holofernes, Nero, Count Ugoline, and Julius Cæsar figure—so sublime, and long-winded, and "allicoly," that Harry Bailey is obliged to stop him. Somewhat worldly-minded, our monk is as rich and dignified clergymen are apt to become; the gauds and vanities of time have more hold on his affections than is beseeming in a man whose business it is to point the way to eternity. But he is at bottom of good principles, a sound counsellor at need, and decorous in his conduct. He is painted by Chaucer with the rich power of a Titian or a Rubens:—

> "I saw his sleeves purfiled at the hand
> With gris, and that the finest of the land;
> And for to fasten his hood under his chin,
> He had of gold ywrought a curious pin:
> A love-knot in the greater end there was:
> His head was bald, and shone as any glass;
> And eke his face as it had been anoint.
> He was a lord full fat and in good point.
> His eyen steep and rolling in his head,
> That steamed as the furnace of a lade."

And then the state in which this jolly churchman rides!—

> "When he rode, men might his bridle hear,
> Gingling in a whistling wind as clear,
> And eke as loud, as doth the chapel bell
> There where this lord was keeper of the cell."

There is a dash of the voluptuous in the characters both of the friar and the monk; and yet how marked is the difference between them! There is a dignity

and *retenu* about the "steep eyen" of the "fair prelate," forming as strong a contrast to the eyes of the limitour, twinkling like stars in a frosty night, as could be wished, to distinguish the rich priest, who had "greyhounds as swift as fowl in flight," and who set his heart upon "pricking and hunting for the hare," from the plausible gentleman beggar, whose

> "Tippet was aye farsed full of knives
> And pins to give to fayre wives."

London was quite as well supplied with these stately pillars of the monastic order as with their more popular brethren. The priory of St. Bartholomew, next door to the Grey Friars, was founded by Rahere, "a witty gentleman, belonging to Henry I., about the year 1102," who was himself the first prior, and the establishment retained its courtly character to the last. What is now Sion College was a college of regular canons of the order of St. Augustin. East of East Smithfield was a Cistercian abbey, founded by Edward III., called the Abbey of the Graces, subject to the monastery of Beaulieu. The hermitage at the corner of Monkwell Street, called St. James's Chapel, or the Hermitage in the Wall, belonged to the Cistercian convent of Gerendon, in Leicestershire, who kept two of their monks stationed there; and many of the principal monasteries in England had similar permanent agencies in the capital. The Carthusian Monastery in Smithfield was founded in 1371. The power and pride of the Knights Hospitallers rendering them especially obnoxious to the populace, their magnificent house of St. John of Jerusalem was burned by the insurgents of Kent and Essex in 1381, but speedily rebuilt more splendid than before.

But of all these monastic princes none, in point of local dignity and importance, came near the Prior of the Holy Trinity at Aldgate. The origin of Portsoken (or the franchise at the gate) is lost in the meagre traditions of Saxon antiquity. A legend there is of its being won, by some stout Saxon warriors, in the days of King Edgar by knightly service in fenced lists, during a long summer day. The tale has a strong family resemblance to many other legends of chivalry, and has just as much or as little title to be believed as most of them. William the Conqueror and Henry I. are said to have confirmed the liberties of the heirs of these knights by special charters. Matilda, the Saxon wife of Henry I., founded the Priory of the Holy Trinity, within Aldgate, in 1108: it is said to have been the first house of regular canons established in England. In 1115 according to some, or 1125 according to others, the barons of London, who held the English Cnichten-gild, which lay without the walls of the City at Aldgate, and extended to the Thames, bestowed it upon the Church of the Holy Trinity, and took themselves the habit of the order. The parishes of St. Michael, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Catherine, and the Blessed Trinity, were incorporated into one; and the Church of the Priory was made the parish church. The Prior, powerful through the tithes of his large parish, powerful through his broad lands, was still more powerful from his being, as proprietor of Cnichten-gild or Portsoken, an Alderman of London. He sat and rode among the Aldermen of London in the same livery, only the prior's habit was in shape that of a spiritual person. Stow, who records the fact, mentions that he had himself, when a child, seen the Prior of the Holy Trinity in this array.

We pass over the nunneries, though the image of Madame Eglantine rises

up to detain us. Doubtless they, too, had Prioresses (at times) with foreheads "almost a span broad;" with "nose tretis and eyen grey as glass;" with French "after the schole of Stratford atte Bow;" with ladylike manners, and a brooch on which was "Amor vincit omnia;" and who, like that most elegant of devotion's handmaidens,

> "Pained them to counterfeiten cheer
> Of court, and ben estatelich of manner,
> And to ben holden digne of reverence."

And pleasant it would be to gossip of them, as the old chroniclers furnish occasion; but at present we have other game in view. They are here mentioned simply lest they should be left out from the estimate of the clerical element in London about and before A.D. 1400. The Black Friars backed by the White Friars, and the Grey Friars backed by the Priory of St. Bartholomew, with the minor stations of the Hermitage in the Wall, and Elsing Spital, may seem a tolerable ecclesiastical garrison for the west-end of the City of London of those days. But this was only a small part of the fortalices of the Church which bristled on the Capitoline hill of the spiritualities of Lud's Town. Almost the whole space between the Grey Friars and the Hermitage was occupied by the wealthy and independent collegiate church of St. Martin, with its surrounding sanctuary. And centrically placed within the ring formed by St. Martin's, the Grey Friars, and the Black Friars, was the metropolitan Church of St. Paul, with a body-guard of smaller churches rising round it. The Cathedral and its cemetery were encompassed with a wall by Richard, Bishop of London, in 1109. The wall extended from the north-east corner of Ave Maria Lane, along Paternoster Row, to the north end of the old Exchange in Cheapside; thence it ran southwards to Carter Lane; and, passing on the north side of that thoroughfare, it turned up to its great western gateway in Ludgate Street. About the beginning of the fourteenth century this wall became dilapidated, and to prevent irregularities, which took place in consequence, a grant was obtained in 1317 from Edward II. "to fortify the same in such a manner as effectually to put a stop to these wicked practices." At the south-west angle of the Cathedral was the parish church of St. Gregory; the vault under the choir was used as the parish church of St. Faith. Near the north-east angle was the church of St. Augustin; east of the Episcopal Palace, which occupied the north-west angle of the enclosure, was the Chapel of Pardon Church Haw; adjoining to Canon Alley, in the east, was the Charnel Chapel; nearly in front of it, in the middle of the churchyard, was the Cross where sermons were preached weekly. When one calls to mind that St. Martin's Ludgate, and St. Ewen's (near the north-east corner of Warwick Lane), were stuck in between the churches of the Black Friars and the Grey Friars; that St. Andrew's Holborn and St. Pulchre's kept up the line of communication between the White Friars and St. Bartholomew's; that there was a nest of churches, of two of which only the churchyards remain, immediately east of St. Martin's le Grand; and that all the churches now remaining between St. Paul's Churchyard and Ludgate Street and Hill on the north, and the Thames on the south, with a few more, as St. Anne's Blackfriars, were there in the fourteenth century, one is puzzled to imagine how any room could be left for any dwelling-houses on that sacred hill, except those which are known to have been inhabited

by the Bishop, Dean, Canons Residentiary and Canons Minor, and the members of the various religious orders.

The difficulty is not much lessened when one turns to look at the rest of the space within and immediately around the City walls. In order to show the full difficulty of conceiving how the dwelling-houses of the citizens could get wedged in among so many churches, we must recall to mind the appearance which London in those days presented. The great fen, in winter a lake, which Fitz-Stephen describes as lying in his time immediately north of the City, had undergone little alteration. It remained a marshy depression till the bones were emptied upon it from the Charnel-house at the Reformation, and the level of the soil raised and dried, that the archers might be enabled to walk over it dry-shod, that a mad-house might next be erected there, and that in due time the edifices of Grub Street might find a firm foundation. A small stream, rising on the east side of Smithfield, ran down into this marsh, crossing the line of the present Whitecross Street. The surplus water of the marsh was drained off by Walbrook, which ran down to the Thames nearly in the line of Princes' Street, Walbrook, and Dowgate. Near Aldgate rose another brook, or burn, which ran at first westward along Fenchurch and Lombard Streets, and then turning to the south before it reached the site of the Mansion House, ran down to the Thames parallel to Walbrook. The little valleys in which Walbrook and Langburn (or Sherburn) flowed were sunk considerably below the eminences which bounded them, although the building, destroying, and rebuilding of more than four centuries have almost raised them to the same level. At the western base of the eminence on which St. Paul's stands was the deep valley of the Fleet, in that part of its course parallel with Walbrook. The part of the City contained within the walls is well known; Fore Street, or London Wall Street, and two lines connecting their extremities, with the Tower on one hand and the junction of the Fleet and Thames on the other, mark its limits with sufficient exactness. But it must be remembered that all the ground within them was far from being built up. Large spaces were allotted to the houses and gardens of the nobility: the mansion subsequently called Devonshire House, where the square of that name now stands; Crosby Hall; the possessions of the Arundel family, where now is Tokenhouse Yard: Baynard's Castle took up a great deal of room; and so did the Tower Royal, and the factory of the Hanseatic merchants. The City had not spread itself over the Minories and the fields beyond them; the swamp above alluded to hemmed its progress in the direction of the north; Smithfield was still a free space for tilts and tournaments without the wall, as Cheapside was within it; only between the Temple and Chancery Lane, Holborn, the Fleet, and the Thames, a City without the walls appears to have grown up nearly as populous as the City within them—which does not, however, imply crowding houses or a dense population. Here the palaces of the bishops and their gardens occupied no inconsiderable space.

And now, keeping these things in mind, let us turn our attention to the number of parish churches and chapels which sprung up in this double City, in addition to the monasteries, the cathedrals, and the collegiate churches, during the latter part of the fourteenth century. A catalogue of them all would be a sad infliction on the reader's patience; and, after he had read it (or skipped it), he would scarcely have a more exact idea of the real state of matters than he can gain by

being told that in the comparatively little and straggling London we have been attempting to describe, there were quite as many churches, monastic establishments, hermitages, and some odd chapelries not included, as there were in London immediately before the Great Fire, and at least one-third more than are to be found within the same area at present. Some of these dated from the Saxon ages. St. Botolph's, St. Edmund's, and St. Ewen aforesaid, by their very names betray their origin. St. Alban's (north side of Love Lane, and east side of Wood Street) is said by Matthew of Paris to have been the chapel of King Offa; and a square tower, which was still standing near it in 1632, was imagined by some of our word-torturing antiquaries, who derived Addle Street from Ethel (noble) Street, to have been part of Athelstane's palace. St. Gregory's was in existence in 1010, when it gave shelter for three years to the remains of King Edward the Martyr, which were removed thither while the Danes were ravaging East Anglia. But by far the greater part of the churches of London are of a more recent date than the Conquest; and of the majority of them written contemporary records go no further back than the fourteenth century, while of many it is known with certainty that they were built in that century. It was a busy time in London, what with rearing new churches and furbishing up the old.

But something may be done to help to form a picture of the appearance and distribution of London ecclesiastical buildings as they then stood without running over the whole bead-roll of them. The clerical citadel on the hill of St. Paul's Cathedral has been portrayed above. To what has been said of the new town (such it was then) which overhung the Fleet on its west bank between Oldborne and the Thames, it is only necessary to add the churches of St. Bride (which had three rectors before 1362), St. Dunstan's in the West (the advowson of which was transferred from the crown to the Bishop of London in that year), and of the Temple. On the extremity of the ridge of ground which, stretching southward from Highbury, and forming the eastern bound of the great swamp below the north city wall, gave rise to the stream which ran where Fenchurch is on its west side, and to several rills which lost themselves in the marshes of Ratcliffe, were the Abbey of our Lady of Graces, the first approached by mariners ascending the Thames, built by Edward III. after he had encountered a tempest at sea; the Church and Hospital of St. Katherine's, near the Tower; the Abbey of the nuns of St. Clare, called the Minories; the House of the Crossed or Crutched Friars; the Church of St. Botolph's before Aldgate; the Priory of the Holy Trinity; the Hospital of St. Mary Spital. Along the eminence between the Thames and the upper course of Langburn, which extended from St. Katherine's near the Tower to the mouth of that rivulet, were the churches of St. Peter in the Tower, Allhallows Barking, St. Dunstan's in the East, and St. Magnus on the Bridge. On the side of the same rising ground, which sloped northwards to Langburn, were St. Katherine's Coleman, Allhallows Staining, St. Bennet Gracechurch, St. Michael's Cornhill, St. Gabriel's, &c. Parallel to this eminence was the high ground between the marsh below the wall and the shallow valley drained by Langburn. On it, proceeding westward from the Priory of the Holy Trinity, were the churches of St. Katherine Cree, St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Dionis Backchurch, Allhallows Lombard Street, St. Helen's Church and Monastery, the churches of St. Ethelburga, St. Martin's Abchurch, St Peter's, St. Bennet Finck,

St. Bartholomew Exchange, Allhallows on the Wall, and St. Christopher. On the tongue of land which stretched down from this ridge to the Thames between Langburn and Walbrook, were St. Mary's Woolchurch and St. Mary's Woolnoth, St. Mary Abchurch, St. Clement's Eastcheap, St. Martin Ongars, St. Stephen Walbrook, St. Swithin, Allhallows the Great, Allhallows the Less, and St. Lawrence Pountney. On the three declivities of the hill crowned by the Cathedral, towards the brook which crossed the line of Whitecross Street on its way to the marsh, to Walbrook and to the Thames, stood churches which it would be waste of time to recapitulate: St. Giles Cripplegate, St. Alphage on the Wall, St. Mary's Aldermanbury and Aldermary, St. Mary de Arcubus, or Bow Church, the great centre of Cockney-land, St. Martin's in the Vintry, and many more.

Having thus mapped out the local position of some of the leading churches, and indicated their relative positions, two things more are requisite to convey a just notion of their appearance, as their neighbourly spires towered up above the surrounding fields, in close juxtaposition, emulous each of rising nearer to heaven than its neighbours.. First, the straggling, semi-rural appearance of London in that age must be kept in mind. The brooks which channelled its surface were not embanked, much less vaulted over. Here and there was a wharf or bridge to be seen on the banks of the Thames, where the King's customs were collected, where the Hanseatic ships or Genoese galleys lay, but for the most part they were much as the washing of the river had shaped them, deformed rather than ornamented by human cutting and carving. The lanes or roads twisted and winded in the most unaccountable manner; few, if any of them, were paved, and all sorts of slatternliness lay ankle-deep in them, after the fashion of which we read in the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie.' Straggling groups of houses arose here and there within the area, with garden-grounds around and between them, overhung with trees, some tolerably cultivated, but all sufficiently slovenly. The houses of the nobility, the royal castles and towers, the sanctuary of St. Martin's, the precincts of the Cathedral, and most of the monastic houses, were walled and battlemented, and fit to stand a vigorous siege. The City wall gave a factitious unity to the section of the City which lay within it, but where it was not seen the area had more the appearance of a number of villages and fortalices crowding together than of a town such as modern notions picture it.

The next thing to be minded is to guard against imagining that all the churches we have named or hinted at were lofty, imposing, or even respectable specimens of architecture. Wren's report upon the construction of Westminster Abbey and old Paul's shows that, though the artistical taste of that age was tolerably developed, its mechanical skill was not great. The multiplication of churches was owing, in no small degree, to men's anxiety to have a church of their own—one dedicated to their favourite saint, one frequented by the inmates of the special cluster of houses in which they dwelt, or by the guild to which they belonged. A church would be often run up in haste in this manner without much forecast as to how itself or its ministers were to be kept upright and alive for the future. It would be small and unshapely, with no greater permanent fund than the scanty tithes of the little district the bishop was persuaded to allot to it and the inhabitants thereof. The zeal of its founders would be apt to cool, or at least their children would care less about it than they had cared. But the priest who was

placed in it, and his successors, would have an interest in keeping up the fabric. This is not said in the mere material or worldly sense of interest. Devotion to his saint, love for his flock, an allowable pride in keeping his church in good order or improving its appearance, the amiable vanity of keeping his congregation together, and laying down the law to it and amending it, would be so many spurs to such priests as are still to be found among the rude peasantry of Ireland (suggarth aroon !) to identify themselves with their church. It is amusing and something better at the same time to note, in turning over the old records of these edifices, the shifts to which the good fathers were often driven to keep up the foundation and to make ends meet with themselves. In one year we read of the parson of Allhallows, Bread Street, obtaining licence, in May, 1349, to receive a gift for himself and his successors of a piece of ground adjoining the chancel in Watling Street, of the length of twenty-seven feet and breadth of twelve; and in February, 1350, of his successor in office being permitted to appropriate a spot of ground, twenty feet long and eleven broad, for the building of a chapel contiguous to the church. Thus scantlings of land crept by degrees together and formed a tolerable field.

It was mainly by the foundation of chapelries and altarages that the parsons of those small parishes were enabled to subsist. And it was these altarages and the voluntary guilds of the citizens that so completely identified the Church with the whole domestic life of the citizens of London. The wealthy citizens of Chaucer are all members of a guild:—

"An Haberdasher, and a Carpenter,
A Weaver, Dyer, and a Tapiser,
Were all yclothed in one livery
Of a solemn and great fraternity.
Full fresh and new their gear ypiked was,
Their knives were ychafed, not with brass,
But all with silver wrought full clean and well;
Their girdles and their pouches every deal
Well seemed each of them a fair burgess,
To sit in a Guildhall upon the dais.
Every, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapely for to be an Alderman.
For chattels hadden they enough and rent,
And eke their wives would it well assent:
And eke certainly they were to blame,
It is full fair to be ycleped Madame,
And for to go to vigils all before,
And have a mantle royally ybore."

Such personal ornament, it may be thought, is inconsistent with the homely picture we have drawn of the London town of Chaucer's time; but without going so far as Persia or Turkey, where men expend all their money on gay apparel, and dwell within bare walls of no costly structure, we would remind our readers of what may be seen every Sunday in the moorlands of the low country north of the Tweed. There the cottages are still built of unhewn rag-stone, or of "wattle and daub," and thatched, it may be, with heather. The chimney is four upright posts, tied round with straw ropes; and more smoke finds its way out by the door and the broken windows than by the legitimate opening for its exit. The floor is trodden clay; the rafters, unconcealed by lathing and plaster, have derived

from the perennial smoke-cloud which enwreathes them a glossy jet-black hue equal to any japan. Before the window is a dunghill; before the door a pool containing its drainings; and against the gable of the hut a peat-stack. Here one would scarcely look for personal cleanliness, nor is it to be found on week-days; but on each recurring Sabbath the maidens of these unsightly dwellings issue from them, in apparel washed in the clear brook which murmurs near, and bleached on the flowery lea, pure and spotless as those in glistening raiment whom Bunyan saw in his vision.

The nature of the religious guilds, or "solemn and great fraternities," may be gathered from the regulations of the "fraternity of good men" begun in the year 1375 in the church of St. James Garlickhithe, "in worship of God Almighty our creator, and his mother St. Mary, and Allhallows, and St. James Apostle." The object of the association is declared to be "for amendment of their lives and their souls, and to nourish more love among the brethren and sistren of the brotherhood." The party admitted a member must "love God and holy Church, and his neighbours as holy Church maketh mention;" and "shall nothing of godless conditions and bearing." Members are to pay 6*s.* 8*d.* entry money; 2*s.* quarterly; and "every brother and sister, if he be of power, shall give somewhat in maintenance of the fraternity—what him liketh." Wardens are appointed to collect the contributions, and account yearly. "The brethren and sistren every year shall be clothed in suit, and every man pay for that he hath." Loose livers are to be expelled. Such as have been seven years members, and are overtaken by incurable disease, shall be allowed 14*d.* weekly for life. Such as are "imprisoned falsely by false conspiracy" shall have 13*d.* a-week during their imprisonment. "Also the brethren and sistren, at one assent, in suit beforesaid, shall every year hold together, for to nourish more knowledge and love, a feast; which feast shall be the Sunday after the day of St. James Apostle, and every pay their 20*d.*"

In the Charnel Chapel, on the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard, were two brotherhoods, one of which, the Fraternity of All Souls, was founded in 1379. "This fraternity," says Maitland, "on the eve of All Souls, met together in the chapel over the Charnel-house, and there Placebo and Dirge were said, with other orisons, for the souls of all the faithful departed. On the day of All Souls, at morning prayer, when the bell rung at seven o'clock, they came together to the church of the Holy Trinity, near Aldgate; and so from that place, with a slow pace, they walked to the aforesaid chapel, muttering their prayers as they went along, and their secret orisons, pouring them out *vultu cordiali*, with a serious countenance, for the living and the dead. And when they had finished that journey, they attended one mass for the dead, most devoutly, at which mass the brothers and sisters honourably performed oblations, and so returned home."

The influence of such unions for the exercise of benevolence, and for mutual defence against oppression, animated by the mystic enthusiasm of devotional feelings, may easily be imagined. The eagerness shown by kings and nobles to be received into them indicates the power of the fraternities. But it is with their influence on the citizens we have to do. It was they that made the burgess feel himself a limb of the church—that brought the church to sit by his fireside, and made it a partner in all his enterprises. This was the unheeded root of which

the visible stems were the chapels dedicated by mariners, the churches round which markets and fairs were held, the consecration of the great acts of the community. The "folkmote" of the citizens of London was held in the churchyard of St. Paul's. In time of war, the banner-bearer of the City came, with his personal "following," and his own banner displayed, to the great west door of St. Paul's, where he was met by the Mayor and aldermen, of whom the Prior of the Holy Trinity was one. There he received from the Mayor a horse, and money for his expenses, and the banner of St. Paul. The banner-bearer then directed the Mayor to choose a marshal for the host, and the Mayor and burgesses to warn the commons, and, taking in his hand the banner of St. Paul, he bore it to Aldgate, where the Mayor and he intrusted it to whom they thought proper. And when the banner and the host marched against an enemy, the Lord of the Banner named two sage persons out of every ward to look to the keeping of the City during their absence. These solemnities were imposing; but it was in the religious guilds that men were trained to feel and act thus on great occasions.

It was in this school, too, that the predilection for pilgrimages, if not contracted, was fostered. The pilgrimage made to Canterbury by the haberdasher and his guild-brethren was the necessary consequence of the tastes they acquired in their fraternity. There were many follies about these pilgrimages. The Wife of Bath, and still more the Cook of London, were not made much better by them—but were they made any worse? And the Knights' high-soaring thoughts had their wings strengthened, and the Franklin heard much edifying discourse, and Chaucer collected matter for his deathless poem.

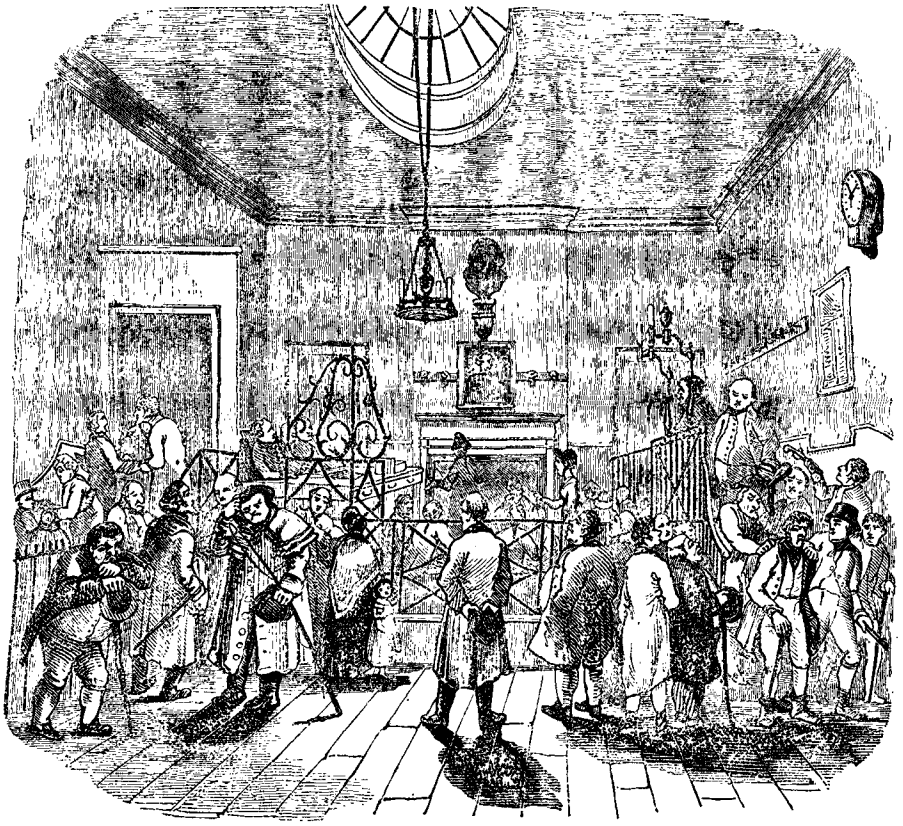
So with regard to the clerical establishments of London, it is not meant to attribute to them any Utopian perfection. Chaucer glances at those clergymen who

> "Set their benefice to hire,
> And left their sheep accumbered in the mire,
> And ran unto London, unto St. Paul's,
> To seek them out a chauntry for souls."

Nay, he has left us a picture of a cheat as well as a muckworm wearing the garb of a canon. And we learn from Maitland that when Robert de Braybrooke was appointed Bishop of London in 1381, he found that "a very bad and scandalous practice had for many years prevailed in this church, by the residentiaries not admitting a brother canon to residence unless he agreed to expend in the first year after his admission, in junketing and other excesses, at least seven hundred marks. This epicurean practice the Bishop had frequently attempted to remove, but without success; till at last he and the residentiaries agreed to refer the affair in dispute to the King's arbitration, who awarded that for the future the residence of the church of St. Paul should be regulated according to the statutes and customs of the church of Sarum." But these sad stories of the personal profligacy of priests, are mere illustrations of the truth that the flesh is weaker than the spirit which seeks to give law to it. But for the teaching of the priests the multitude would never have known that there was anything improper in such conduct as has been counted to them for a crime. Though *members of the Church* were guilty, *the Church* taught all men how to become virtuous, and made them more virtuous than they would otherwise have been. *The Church* is not to blame because, through occasional mistakes, rotten and unsound materials were

built into its walls. The Church was no more to blame because hypocrites occasionally wore the clerical garb, than because the houseless ruffians of London slept in St. Paul's churchyard in 1300, when the wall was dilapidated. The citizens might learn a spice of superstitious folly from their clerical instructors, but the good lessons preponderated on the whole. We must take the Londoners of the fourteenth century as men, and not despise their spiritual jewels because they are found imbedded in a matrix of earth.

[Porch of St. Alphage.]



[Interior of Bow Street Police Office about 1816.]

XC.—SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF CRIME AND POLICE IN LONDON.

We observed in a former paper on sharps and flats,* that, dexterous and accomplished as are the followers of the several varieties of illegal industry in London, perhaps above those of any other community in the world, their genius had not, at least in modern times, shone with any remarkable lustre in the inventive line. Their favourite modes of entrapping their prey seem to be nearly the same in the present day as they were two or three hundred years ago; coneys are still caught, if not with all the scientific formality and display described by Greene in the end of the sixteenth century, yet substantially by the same process; impostors of many aspects then, as now, cheated charity with their artificial infirmities; sweeteners and ring-droppers, and other artists of that class, may have lost some of their old designations, but have forgotten none of their ingenious stratagems; pocket-picking in all its forms was practised as cleverly, and taught as elaborately, in the London of the times of Elizabeth and James as by the

* No. LXXXV., Old London Rogueries.

Jew Fagin and his boys in the novelist's striking revelation of the hidden real life of our own day.* But probably the reason of this is really the excellence of these old tricks and wiles—their perfect serviceableness for their purpose, and nice accordance with the principles of human nature, as proved by the wonderful success with which they continue to be employed after having been in use for so long a series of years. Innovation is not to be needlessly ventured upon in pocket-picking any more than in politics (which, indeed, with its income-taxes and other ingenious contrivances, may be said to be in the main only a more respectable kind of pocket-picking). Time, however, is continually innovating, in spite of us, in all things; and if we look back over a few generations, we shall find that, while all other things have been moving, sometimes forward, sometimes, perhaps, backward, the character of London roguery and crime has also undergone important changes, of which some may have merely followed the general progress or varying circumstances of society, but the most marked have been brought about by the improved methods that have been adopted for the repression of particular offences.

The police of a state is, in reference to the lawless part of the population, what the army is against foreign enemies. In the case of both—in this and, probably, in all other countries—the old plan was to call upon every member of the community to take his turn in the service, which consequently had to be so regulated as that it should interfere as little as possible with each man's ordinary occupations. Thus, the landed proprietor took the field with his tenantry and their labourers after the seed was put into the ground, and might remain for a few months while the grain was germinating and ripening; but when it was ready to be cut down, the army necessarily broke up. Whatever conveniences or advantages in other respects this system may have had, it was very unfavourable to

* The readers of 'Oliver Twist' will recognise something like the seminary kept in the darkened old house near Field Lane, in the following account of a School for Thieves, discovered in 1585 by Fleetwood, the recorder, and reported by him to the Lord Treasurer:—"Among the rest they found out one Wotton, a gentleman born, and sometime a merchant of good credit, but fallen by time into decay. This man kept an alehouse at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate, and after, for some misdemeanor, put down, he reared up a new trade of life; and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses about the City to repair to his house. There was a school-house set up to learn young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up; one was a pocket, and another was a purse: the pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawk's-bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring-bell: the purse had silver in it; and he that could take out a counter without any noise was allowed to be a public Foyster; and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without noise of any of the bells was adjudged a judicial Nypper, according to their terms of art. A Foyster was a pick-pocket; a Nypper was a pick-purse or cut-purse."—Maitland's London, i. 269, from Stow's Survey. Or, take this curious sketch of the villainies of the eighteenth century from the Chronicle of the 'Annual Register' for 1765:—"March 25th. At an examination of four boys, detected at picking pockets, before the Lord Mayor, one of them, admitted as evidence, gave the following account. A man, who kept a public-house near Fleet Market, had a club of boys, whom he instructed in picking pockets and other iniquitous practices. He began by teaching them to pick a handkerchief out of his own pocket, and next his watch, by which means the evidence at last became so great an adept, that he got the publican's watch four times in one evening, when the master swore that his scholar was as perfect as one of twenty years' practice. The pilfering out of shops was the next art. In this, his instructions to his pupils were, that at such chandlers' or other shops as had hatches, one boy should knock for admittance for some trifle, whilst another was lying on his belly close to the hatch, who, when the first boy came out, the hatch remaining on jar, and the owner being withdrawn, was to crawl in on all fours, and take the tills or anything else he could meet with, and to retire in the same manner. Breaking into shops by night was the third article; which was to be effected thus. As brick walls under shop windows are generally very thin, two of them were to lie under a shop window as destitute beggars, asleep in appearance, to passers by; but, when alone, were with pickers to pick the mortar out of the bricks, and so on, till they had opened a hole big enough to go in, when one was to lie, as if asleep, before the breach, till the other accomplished his purpose."

the efficiency of a military force, and accordingly it early gave place to the practice of having armies composed of soldiers who had no other business or profession, and lived upon the pay they received for their services. In the department of police this improvement was everywhere much longer in being adopted. In its most extended meaning the police of a country may comprehend the entire establishment for the administration and execution of the laws—from the parish constable up to the Lord Chancellor inclusive. In ancient times, in our own and every other country, the functionaries employed in this work were, with scarcely an exception, persons who were chiefly engaged in other occupations, or whose proper profession was not that of the law; the Chancellor and other superior judges were sometimes clergymen, sometimes soldiers; the inferior magistrates were, as for the most part they still are, country gentlemen, merchants, and others, having generally no particular qualification, beyond a little leisure, for the discharge of their magisterial functions; the constables were, and continued in most places to be till very lately, anybody who could be got to serve the office. Whatever reasons not apparent upon the surface there may be (and we do not assert that there are not such) for leaving the ordinary administration of the law in rural districts in the hands to which it has been long confided, it is certain that a most objectionable state of things was engendered in the altogether different circumstances of large towns by this arrangement. Fielding has given us, in his 'Tom Jones,' a glimpse of the country magistrate of his day, the middle of the last century, in the chapter in which Mrs. Honour is brought before Squire Western by his sister to have "justiceship executed" on her for her unguarded words in the dialogue with her fellow-chambermaid. When the squire, on the suggestion of his clerk, and his recollection of the unpleasant consequences of some former decisions, declined to send the girl to Bridewell "only for ill-breeding," Mrs. Western, we are told, disputing his law, "named a certain justice of the peace in London who, she said, would commit a servant to Bridewell at any time when a master or mistress desired it." "Like enough," the squire is made to rejoin; "it may be so in London, but the law is different in the country." The situation of the dispenser of the law, at least, was entirely different. In London, where there was no game to protect, and little local influence to be acquired or maintained, the commission of the peace was without its chief natural or usual attractions; and the work of an acting magistrate was at the same time so much more laborious than in the country, that few were likely to undertake the office on any mere amateur principle. In these circumstances it could only follow that men would seek it in order to make a living out of it; and if that could not be done in one way it would be done in another. Hence the Basket Justices and Trading Justices of those times. The basket justices appear to have actually received presents or bribes from the parties who came before them; game, poultry, and other contributions, were dropped into the baskets from which they took their name, or perhaps were brought to the court, decently covered over we may suppose, in such receptacles by the generous and disinterested donors. However the matter was managed, this was perhaps no worse a substitute for a salary than the other mode that succeeded it, of making a revenue out of the fees. To some of the fees the magistrate may have been legally entitled; but of those also that of right belonged to the clerk, by an arrangement between them, with

which of course nobody had any business to interfere, a share, and that probably in many cases the lion's share, might easily be made to find its way into the pockets of his worship on the bench. The London trading justice has been drawn by Fielding at full length in his 'Amelia.' Jonathan Thrasher, Esq., one of the Justices of the Peace for the liberty of Westminster, before whom the watchmen brought Booth and their other prisoners, was utterly without legal knowledge, but, "if he was ignorant of the laws of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature"—that is to say, he made his own interest, wherever it was possible, the guiding principle of his decisions, and "was never indifferent in a cause, but when he could get nothing on either side." In the preface to his last work, his 'Voyage to Lisbon,' Fielding, who had himself, before his health broke down, officiated for a few years as a London police magistrate, says that one of his predecessors used to boast that he had made a thousand a-year of the place; but how this was done Fielding does not profess to understand. The prisoners that Mr. Thrasher had to deal with on that April morning being, as it would seem, every man and woman of them penniless and friendless, were all despatched to prison; after which "the justice and the constable adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse to take their morning repast"—in the hope, no doubt, that the afternoon might produce a better harvest. But, wherever it could be done, the plan of the trading justice was to make the party charged find bail: this bailing was the main stay and instrument of his trade. Among the witnesses examined by the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the state of the police of the metropolis in 1816 was the famous Bow-street officer, John Townsend; and his evidence is full of curious information, as well as richly characteristic. Townsend had then been an officer at Bow Street for above five and thirty years;* his acquaintance with the police system, therefore, went back to the year 1780, at which date the trading justices still flourished. "In those days," says Townsend, "before the Police-bill took place at all, it was a trading business; and there was a Justice this and Justice that. Justice Welsh, in Litchfield Street, was a great man in those days; and old Justice Hyde, and Justice Girdler, and Justice Blackborough, a trading justice at Clerkenwell Green, and an old ironmonger. The plan used to be to issue out warrants, and take up all the poor devils in the streets, and then there was the bailing them, 2*s.* 4*d.*, which the magistrates had; and taking up a hundred girls, that would make, at 2*s.* 4*d.*, 11*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* They sent none to jail, for the bailing them was so much better." The system, therefore, had been improved upon, and, we may say, carried to perfection, since Fielding's day. Yet it had not gone on without endeavours having been made to check it and put it down. The Police-bill that Townsend speaks of was the great measure of 1792, which established seven new public offices for the different districts of the metropolis, each with three magistrates; namely, those of Queen Square, Great Marlborough Street, Hatton Garden, Worship Street, Lambeth Street, Shadwell, and Union Street; forming the basis of the system that still exists. But daily petty sessions had been held at Bow Street under the superintendence of paid magistrates for a good many years before this. Henry Fielding had no salary; but his half-brother, Sir John Fielding,

* He says himself, "I think somewhere about four and thirty years; rather better;" but, as we shall find, he afterwards speaks of knowing the office at Bow Street in the time of Sir John Fielding, who died in 1780.

(he was knighted in 1761,) who succeeded him, we believe, had.* Sir John, who, although blind, was a most active and useful magistrate, presided at Bow Street till his death in 1780. "When I first knew it," says Townsend, "there were three justices at Bow Street,—Sir John Fielding and two others." Among the measures that were taken to give respectability to this bench was the following device, as recorded in the Chronicle of the 'Annual Register' for 1765:—"The magistrates for the city and liberty of Westminster, for the better securing of their persons, and to procure a more ready obedience to the laws, have lately been honoured with his Majesty's most gracious permission to distinguish themselves by wearing the arms of Westminster, with the emblems of magistracy, on a gold shield, fastened to a riband hanging down the breast."

What effect this decoration had, or whether it had any, in diminishing crime, we have not found recorded. But although the absolute quantity of crime appears to have been little affected by any of the improvements which the system of police underwent in the course of the last century, some of the changes in the laws, or in the means and modes of carrying them into execution, which were adopted from time to time, operated at least to alter the character of the prevailing description of offences. Thus, the trade in the restoration of stolen property, carried on from about the year 1712 by the famous Jonathan Wild, through a clandestine confederacy with all the regular thieves, burglars, and highwaymen of the metropolis, whose depredations he prompted and directed, received some check by an Act of Parliament passed in 1717, by which persons convicted of receiving or buying goods knowing them to have been stolen were made liable to transportation for fourteen years; and by another clause of which it was enacted, with a particular view to Wild's proceedings, that, whereas there were several persons who had secret acquaintance with felons, and who made it their business to help persons to their stolen goods, and by that means gained money from them, which was divided between them and the felons, whereby they greatly encouraged such offenders, any person taking money or reward under pretence or upon account of recovering goods that had been stolen, without apprehending the felon, and causing him to be brought to trial and giving evidence against him, should be guilty of felony; and, although Wild's ingenuity and audacity enabled him for some years longer to elude this new law, his conviction upon the last-mentioned clause, and execution in consequence at Tyburn on the 24th of May, 1725, appears to have effectually broken up and put an end to the iniquitous system which he had invented, and carried on for a time with such remarkable ability and success. Jonathan Wild really in one sense merited the surname of the Great, bestowed upon him by Fielding, in whose History of him, although the incidents are fictitious, there is no exaggeration of his talents and courage, any more than of his unscrupulousness and destitution of all kind of moral principle. Publicly, or to the world in general, it is to be understood, Wild professed to be the most zealous of thief-catchers; to ordinary observation the good man's life

* Townsend indeed asserts that Sir John Fielding was paid by the fees of office; but he does not appear to have had a clear recollection of the matter. When afterwards asked if Sir John had any salary, he replied, "Very trifling, if any; the chief magistrate used every Monday morning to settle with the clerk the account of those fees." We apprehend the three Bow Street Magistrates had salaries, though they may have also been partly paid by fees.

[Jonathan Wild.]

and strength appeared to be spent in the pursuit and apprehension of felons, and his zeal for the punishment and extirpation of all kinds of lawlessness to be quite insatiable. At his trial he had a printed paper handed to the jury, entitled "A List of Persons discovered, apprehended, and convicted of several robberies on the highway, and also for burglary and housebreaking, and also for returning from transportation, by Jonathan Wild;" and containing the names of thirty-five robbers, twenty-two housebreakers, and ten returned convicts, whom he had been instrumental in getting hanged. And this statement was probably true enough: in the accounts of the trials at the Old Bailey for many years before it came to his own turn, he repeatedly appears as giving evidence on the side of the prosecution, and in many cases as having taken a leading part in the apprehension of the prisoner. Here, for instance, is a portion of his evidence on the trial of Butler Fox, indicted for a highway robbery in December, 1721:—"Upon the information of Hawkins [an accomplice, who turned King's evidence] I went o' Sunday to the prisoner's house, and found him at home, with his two brothers and two other men. I knew him by his black eye, and by the buttons on his breeches, which Hawkins had described to me, and told me that they were the same they took from Sir Edward Lawrence [the prosecutor]. The prisoner, at first, was very obstropolous, and swore he would not go with me; but I pulled out a pistol, and swore as fast as he, that if they made any more resistance I'd fire among them; and with that he grew as quiet as a lamb." The records of these trials are at once the most authentic memorials we have of Wild, and the relics that afford us the most lively picture of his insolent, domineering, dare-devil character. In another case—that of the trial of John James, *alias* Eaton, *alias* John the Grinder, and two others, for a highway robbery—which came on in March, 1722, he said, "Upon Worrel's information I got a warrant against the Grinder for another robbery. I went to a house he frequented in Crown Court, in St. Giles's. Tom Eaves happening to see me before I got in, he thrust the door to, and stood against it. I swore, if they would not open it, I'd fire through, and clear the way directly. Upon this I was let in; and, searching the house, I found the Grinder under the bed, and so secured him and Eaves." After some dialogue, Eaves

(who, after all, was probably in league with Wild, and had been accessory to his own apprehension) observed that he could make himself an evidence. 'Can you so?' Wild says he replied, 'Very well!' And then he goes on:—"So I took care of my two chaps; and next day I went in quest of the other two, Picket and Avery, whom I knew to be old snatch-pockets, and it was not long before I met 'em in the street. 'So,' says I, 'where are you two gentlemen a-going?' They said they had heard the Grinder was taken, and they were going to inquire how he came off. 'Came off!' says I: 'he is not come on yet; but you shall go and see—I'll carry you to him.' No, they said: they were satisfied with what I had told them. 'But,' says I, 'he'll take it ill if you don't go; and why should you be against it?' 'Because,' says Picket, 'as we have sometimes been in his company, and drank with him, maybe he may swear some robbery upon us.' 'Maybe so too,' says I, 'and for that very reason I must take you with me.'" In these and other similar instances Wild is understood to have taken the course he did, either because the prisoner was not one of his regular troop, or had broken loose from his allegiance, and attempted to do business on his own account; or sometimes probably because, on a consideration of all the circumstances, it was deemed politic to let the gallows have the man merely to preserve appearances. Of course, in carrying on this trade of blood, he was occasionally turned upon by his betrayed, maddened, and desperate victim; but, whenever this happened, his matchless effrontery bore down everything before it, as effectually as his energy, determination, and fearlessness had done in the previous stages of the affair. In another trial—that of three persons indicted for several robberies in January, 1723—he gave the following account of his proceedings:—"Some coming (I suppose from the prosecutors) to me about the robbery, I made it my business to search after the prisoners, for I had heard that they used to rob about Hampstead; and I went about it the more willingly because I had heard they had threatened to shoot me through the head. I offered 10*l.* a-head for any person who would discover them, upon which a woman came and told me that the prisoners had been with her husband, to entice him to turn out with them; and, if I would promise he should come and go safely, he would give me some intelligence. I gave her my promise, and her husband came accordingly, and told me that Levee and Blake were at that time cleaning their pistols at a house in Fleet Lane. I went thither, and seized them both." The husband of the woman, it appears, had actually been a party in one of the robberies, though he now came forward to convict his associates, having been no doubt all along in league with Wild; and Blake (more famous under his other cognomen of Blueskin) also figured as King's evidence on this occasion, and frankly admitted that he had been out with the prisoners. They, the three unlucky parties, who found themselves placed in the dock, while their associates were thus preferred to the witness-box, "all," says the account of the trial, "vehemently exclaimed against Jonathan Wild;" but they were all found guilty, and swung in company, "upon Tyburn tree," a few days after. Jonathan, however, to do him justice, did not to their last moment altogether desert even those of his friends whom, in his bold and comprehensive views of the true policy of trade, he thus occasionally found it expedient to sacrifice for the general good of the concern. It came to Blueskin's turn to be tried for his life, convicted, and hanged, within two years after this.

Wild was to have been an evidence against him; but a day or two before the trial, when he went to pay a visit to his intended victim in the bail-dock, Blueskin suddenly drew a clasped penknife, and, falling upon Jonathan, cut his throat, though the blade was too blunt to do the work effectually. When the verdict was given, Blueskin addressed the Court as follows:—"On Wednesday morning last, Jonathan Wild said to Simon Jacobs [another prisoner, soon after transported], 'I believe you will not bring 40*l.* this time. I wish Joe (meaning me) was in your case; but I'll do my endeavour to bring you off as a single felon.'* And then, turning to me, he said, 'I believe you must die. *I'll send you a good book or two, and provide you a coffin, and you shall not be anatomized.*'" This is the most characteristic anecdote we know of Jonathan Wild: it conveys the whole man. The sublime of cool assurance, and the mixture of the ludicrous and the horrible, were never carried farther.

The reward of 40*l.* which Wild could not manage to make Jacobs bring "this time" was part of a system established by various Acts of Parliament, which assigned certain money payments to be made to persons apprehending and prosecuting to conviction highway-robbers, coiners, and various other sorts of delinquents. It amounted obviously to offering a premium for such evidence as would hang a man; and there can be no doubt that it operated in many cases to procure such evidence against persons not really guilty of the crimes with which they were charged. A great sensation was produced in 1755 by the detection of the practices of a confederacy of miscreants, who it was discovered had for nearly twenty years been making a regular trade of charging innocent parties with crimes and prosecuting them to conviction and execution for the sake of the rewards. Four of the gang, Berry, Salmon, Macdonald, and Gahagan, *alias* Egan, were tried and found guilty of the facts charged in the indictment; but on the special verdict of the jury being brought before the twelve judges, it was the unanimous opinion of their lordships that the said crimes did not fall within any statute by which they could be capitally punished—and the conviction consequently fell to the ground. The prisoners, however, were immediately indicted anew on a charge of conspiracy, and being found guilty were sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate for the term of seven years, to be each of them during that time set twice in the pillory, and on being let out of jail to find sureties for their good behaviour for three years. But the popular sense of justice was not altogether defrauded of its prey: when, on the 5th of March, Macdonald and Berry were exposed in the pillory for the first time in Holborn, near Hatton Garden, they were so severely handled by the mob that they with difficulty escaped with their lives; and when, three days after, the other two were brought out to make a similar exhibition in the middle of Smithfield Rounds, "they were instantly," says the history, "assaulted with showers of oyster-shells, stones, &c., and had not stood above half an hour before Gahagan was struck dead; and Salmon was so dangerously wounded in the head, that it was thought impossible he should recover. Thus, though the law could not find a punishment adequate to the horrid nature of their crimes, yet they met with their deserts from the rage of the people." It appeared that the plan usually followed by these villains was for one of them to entice two

* Crimes punishable only by transportation, whipping, imprisonment, &c., were denominated *single felonies*.

persons to join him in robbing an accomplice; a second accomplice then, taking care that the first should escape, apprehended the two dupes, and, having his evidence supported by another of the gang who had managed to purchase some of the articles of which their confederate had allowed himself to be robbed, found no difficulty in convicting them and securing the reward. But in some cases they appear to have gone the length of getting up a story of a highway-robbery or burglary which had never taken place even in appearance, and swearing away the lives of parties who were entirely innocent—if even that was really a more atrocious proceeding than first to seduce an unhappy wretch to commit a crime and then to get him sent to the gallows for it. When they received their money, it seems, it was divided at an entertainment which went among them by the significant name of the *Blood-feast.* Incredible as it may be thought, it is insinuated that some magistrates, for the sake of the grist in the shape of fees which the bloody trade brought also to *their* mill, knowingly patronised and encouraged these execrable proceedings; but what is unquestionable, and hardly less strange, is, that the mistaken legislation, which was found to be pregnant with so much mischief and iniquity, was allowed to remain unchanged, and in constant action, till another fearful revelation in our own day of the practices which it gave birth to and fostered again excited the public indignation and horror. In 1816, sixty years after the trial of the former thief-takers, Vaughan, the police-officer, and seven others were found guilty of the same offence, of inducing persons to commit burglaries that they might obtain the blood-money for their conviction. How long they had carried on this system, or how much farther they had gone than was actually proved—how many victims they had first drawn into crime and then handed over to transportation or the scaffold—to what extent they had screened and promoted the commission of minor delinquencies by parties whom they had, as it were, in training for felonies that would yield the Parliamentary reward—whether they had not in some cases sworn away wholly innocent lives—all this remains in darkness; but, having done what they did, we may be well assured that there was no inhuman wickedness they shrunk from upon which they thought they could venture with safety. Vaughan and his confederates were sentenced to five years' imprisonment in Newgate—for the law, armed as it was with so many death penalties against every-day offences, was still powerless to punish more severely such rare and enormous crimes as theirs; but soon after the whole of this system of rewards was repealed and swept away. If this step had not been taken by Parliament, it would have been difficult to have obtained the conviction of any person charged with a felony where the principal evidence, as often must be the case, was that of the officers of police by whom he had been apprehended. Juries would have smelt blood whenever such a witness presented himself. It is remarkable, however, how completely the former case of the same kind appears to have been forgotten while the public mind was occupied with that of Vaughan and his associates. There is no allusion to it either in the report presented next year (1817) by the Committee of the House of Commons on the Police of the Metropolis, the half of which is occupied with "the consideration of the subject of parliamentary rewards," nor, we believe, throughout the voluminous body of evidence thereto appended. Among the witnesses examined by the Committee

was the late Sir Richard (then Mr.) Birnie, the well-known Bow Street magistrate: upon being asked if he thought the case proved against Vaughan was of common occurrence, Mr. Birnie answered, "I think it is a very uncommon case; I never knew of any other;" and being further pressed to say if he did not think it probable that the same thing must have happened in many other instances which had escaped detection, he replied again, with the same resolute ignorance or dignity, "I must still say I think it was a new offence." Most people nevertheless will probably agree with the homely philosophy of sharp, unceremonious John Townsend, who, in his evidence before the Committee of the preceding session (1816), said on this subject, "I have, with every attention that man could bestow, watched the conduct of various persons who have given evidence against their fellow-creatures for life or death, not only at the Old Bailey, but on the circuits;...they (officers) are dangerous creatures; they have it frequently in their power (no question about it) to turn that scale, when the beam is level, on the other side—I mean against the poor, wretched man at the bar. Why? This thing called nature says profit is in the scale; and, melancholy to relate, but I cannot help being perfectly satisfied that frequently that has been the means of convicting many and many a man.....However we may be, in whatsoever state we are placed, nothing can be so dangerous as a public officer, where he is liable to be tempted; for, God knows, nature is at all times frail, and money is a very tempting thing; and you see frequently that much higher characters than police officers and thief-takers, as they are called, have slipped on one side and kicked over places."

This, then, is another offence which, it may be said, has been done away with by a change in the law. It was indeed one which the law may be fairly charged with having produced—which would not have existed but for the law. The same thing may be said of the train of offences that attended upon the State Lottery. Among other things there was a large trade driven in the insurance of tickets, which was for the most part illegal, and to a great extent one of sheer fraud and robbery. Writing of the manner in which this trade was carried on in 1796, Dr. Colquhoun says, "The offices are numerous all over the metropolis, and are supposed to exceed four hundred of all descriptions; to many of which there are persons attached, called *Morocco men*, who go about from house to house among their former customers, and attend in the back parlours of public-houses, where they are met by customers who make insurances. It is calculated that at these offices (exclusive of what is done at the licensed offices) premiums for insurance are received to the amount of 800,000*l.* during the Irish Lottery, and above 1,000,000*l.* during the English; upon which it is calculated that they make from 15 to 25 per cent. profit. This infamous confederacy was estimated, during the English Lottery of the year 1796, to support about 2000 agents and clerks, and nearly 2500 Morocco men, including a considerable number of hired armed ruffians and bludgeon-men: these were paid by a general association of the principal proprietors of these fraudulent establishments, who regularly met in committee, in a well-known public-house in Oxford Market, twice or thrice a-week, during the drawing of the lottery, for the purpose of concerting measures to defeat the exertions of the magistrates by alarming and terrifying, and even forcibly resist-

ing, the officers of justice in all instances where they would not be bribed by pecuniary gratuities; to effect which last purpose neither money nor pains were spared; and the wretched agents of these unprincipled miscreants were, in many cases, prepared to commit murder had attempts been made to execute the warrants of magistrates, as can be proved by incontestable evidence." Many attempts were made to put down this practice of insurance; but it survived as long as the state lottery itself did, in defiance of the law. It was one of the subjects inquired into by the Police Committee of 1816. Sir Nathaniel Conant, chief magistrate at Bow Street, stated to that committee that there were persons who had made forty or fifty thousand pounds by that traffic; and it appears from the evidence then received that, in addition to the evils described by Dr. Colquhoun, there had by this time arisen out of the practice an extensive system of trading in informations, from which a numerous class of persons derived a regular livelihood, in great part, it is not to be doubted, by perjury. A considerable reward, something between three and five pounds, was received, it seems, upon each information. All this, of course, was put an end to, along with much more immorality, when the lottery was discontinued—when the state declined any longer to raise a miserable twenty or thirty thousand pounds a-year by a process the same in principle with the thimble-rigging of our fairs and racing-grounds, only infinitely more mischievous.

We will notice only one other crime, formerly exceedingly prevalent, which an improvement in the police arrangements of the metropolis has also almost completely put down—that of highway-robbery. Here again we must have recourse to Townsend, who is very great upon this subject:—"There is one thing which appears to me most extraordinary, when I remember in very likely a week there would be from ten to fifteen highway-robberies. We have not had a man com-

[Townsend.]

mitted for a highway-robbery lately; I speak of persons on horseback: formerly there were two, three, or four highwaymen, some on Hounslow Heath, some on Wimbledon Common, some on Finchley Common, some on the Romford Road. I have actually come to Bow Street in the morning, and, while I have been leaning over the desk, had three or four people come in and say, 'I was robbed by two highwaymen in such a place;—I was robbed by a single highwayman in such a place.' People travel now safely by means of the horse-patrol that Sir Richard Ford planned. Where are these highway-robberies now?—as I was observing to the Chancellor at the time I was up at his house on the Corn Bill. He said, 'Townsend, I knew you very well so many years ago.' I said, 'Yes, my lord, I remember you first coming to the bar, first in your plain gown, and then as king's counsel, and now Chancellor. Now your lordship sits as Chancellor, and directs the executions on the recorder's report;—but where are the highway-robberies now?' And his lordship said, 'Yes, I am astonished. There are no footpad-robberies or road-robberies now, but merely jostling you in the streets. They used to be ready to pop at a man as soon as he let down his glass;—that was by banditties.'" But the cruelty with which highway-robberies used to be accompanied had decreased nearly as much, according to Townsend, as their frequency. In his early days the plan followed was to attempt to put down the ferocity of the highwayman by an application of the penalties of the law, still more unsparing and merciless. Townsend relates that Lord Chief Justice Eyre once went the Home Circuit, beginning at Hertford and finishing at Kingston, when crimes were so desperate, that in his charge to the grand jury at Hertford he told them to be careful what bills they found, for he had made up his mind, whatever persons were convicted throughout the circuit for capital offences, to hang them all. And he kept his word; he saved neither man nor woman. In one case seven people, four men and three women, were convicted of robbing a pedlar in a house in Kent Street. "They were all convicted," says Townsend, "and all hanged in Kent Street, opposite the door; and, I think, on Kennington Common eight more, making fifteen; all that were convicted were hung." And, generally, he observes in another part of his evidence, "With respect to the present time and the early part of my time, such as 1781—2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, where there is one person convicted now, I may say I am positively convinced there were five then: we never had an execution wherein we did not grace that unfortunate gibbet with ten, twelve, to thirteen, sixteen, and twenty; and forty I once saw at twice—I have them all down at home." But this wholesale slaughter seems to have done no good at all; the more hanging, there were only the more, and the more hardened and desperate, criminals to catch and hang: crimes of violence only decreased when the law began to restrain its own violence—as if the law and its administration were scarcely more operative in suppressing or checking crime than in giving to it its peculiar character and temper.

Still, what a standing reproof and opprobrium to our boasted civilization seems that one fact, the war between Law and Crime, that has gone on in every land without pause since the commencement of society, and that still rages with as little sure or distinct prospect of termination as ever! Be it observed, that

this is not a war in any figurative sense merely, but in the plainest and most substantial meaning of the word. It is a contest carried on by force of arms; and, to as great an extent as any other war, by all sorts of bodily inflictions and agonies, including the plentiful effusion of blood and destruction of life. It has all the characteristics of what have been called the worst of wars—it is a civil war, a war of classes, a war of principles. It is a rebellion subsisting in the heart of every community, which will not be put down. The utmost, judging by all experience, that can be done, is to keep it from making head, to preserve law and order from being absolutely overborne and submerged by the angry tide that is constantly beating against their bulwarks. These bulwarks, police institutions for the prevention and detection of crime, prisons, hulks, convict colonies, stripes, treadmills, pillories, gibbets, solitary systems, silent systems, and all other penal contrivances that have yet been thought of, seem to have no more power to diminish crime than the dykes of Holland have to drink up the German Ocean.

If crime has been, or is to be, diminished at all, it must be, apparently, through quite other means and influences. There is a notion which has got possession of many people's heads, that the proper use of our prisons and other places to which criminals are consigned is to serve as schools of reformation—that the primary or main end of punishment, in other words, is to reform the individual who is punished. The short-sightedness and confusion of thought which this notion involves might be shown in many different ways; but it may be enough here to remark, that, even if we could effectually reform all the criminals we can catch, we should do very little, if anything at all, by that proceeding alone, to diminish the amount of crime. If we could convert all our actual criminals into well-behaved ladies and gentlemen by animal magnetism or a harlequin's wand, we should not thereby extinguish crime, nor even lower its swelling surges for more than a moment. The springs of that *mare magnum* would not be dried up merely by the waters which they had discharged being thus pumped off; effectual draining, draining to any purpose, whether in agriculture or in social economics, is another sort of operation altogether. Make our prisons simply so many conduits for distilling or running off vice into virtue, the only effect would be to cause the fountains of crime to flow the faster in order to supply the draught thus kept up, just as the production of corn is promoted by other kinds of distilling.

Not, God forbid! that we would check or chill the philanthropy which seeks to train and reform, whether the inmates of our prisons or the blackguardism and profligacy of our streets. Assuredly there is no ignorance or debasement that cries louder upon our pity than that which exists among the lawless and criminal part of the community—than that which is at once the mother and, in great part also, the offspring of crime. None can have a stronger claim upon our best exertions to rescue and preserve them than those whom any cause, be it what it may, has reduced to be the outcasts of society, or has placed under the ban and iron heel of the law—whether what appears to us to be their own inherent viciousness, or the unfortunate circumstances amid which they have been thrown. If they are to be compassionated who are only helpless and desti-

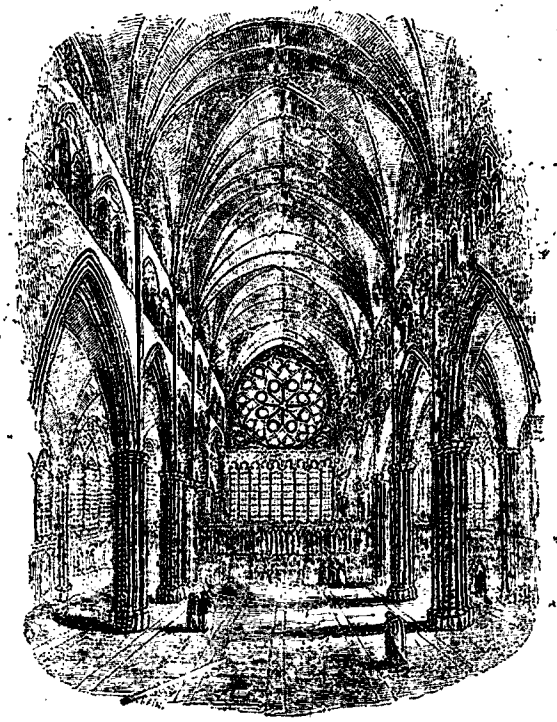
tute, how much more they who are all this, and demoralized and covered with disgrace besides—abandoned in all senses of the word? Let there be no doubt or hesitation therefore about the duty of taking up any such case of degradation and wretchedness when the opportunity presents itself, or even of endeavouring to apply a systematic moral and intellectual training as part of the discipline of our prisons and penitentiaries. We are at least bound to take care that those who may be consigned to these places of punishment shall not come out more depraved than they went in—that our prisons shall not be schools of vice and crime, normal seminaries or colleges, as it were, where the best education in the worst knowledge is provided at the expense of the state—where degrees are taken in the arts of dishonesty and plunder—whence a constant supply is kept up for town and country of the most accomplished practitioners and teachers of pocket-picking, swindling, and housebreaking. Perhaps the best way of preventing a prison from becoming all this, from being a school of crime and profligacy, is to make it a school of industry and virtuous instruction. But still we must not forget that, primarily and principally, a prison is not a school of any kind, but a place of restraint and punishment—an establishment devised and maintained for the purpose of deterring the breaker of the laws through the apprehension of something much more dreadful than the pains of learning to read and write. It may be advisable to provide criminals when in durance with the means of acquiring these accomplishments, just as it is expedient or necessary to provide them, on a moderate scale, with meat and drink; but a prison is not on that account to be regarded as mainly or properly a school, any more than it is to be regarded as an inn.

Alas! if, as some teach, the virtue of our actions lay always in their consequences, short-sighted humanity might better, in general, fold its arms and go to sleep than attempt to do good. An angelic intelligence might possibly manage to act upon this beautiful theory of consequences, but not the measure of faculty wherewith we have been gifted. Take what is perhaps the saddest of all the sights that deform our civilization, the fallen womanhood and beauty, for the most part not more steeped in sin than in sorrow, that nightly prowls along our streets, gliding like a long glittering serpent through the common crowd of passengers, by whom the touch or gaze of the noxious thing is deemed to be insult and contamination: is there any depth of wretchedness from which the heart would yearn more to deliver a fellow-creature than from this? Yet should we in this way do anything to diminish the evil? Is it not possible that every individual saved and reformed would only by her removal make room for a successor?—that the blind benevolence which rescues her may at the same time occasion the fall of another into the same state? It is indeed pretty evident that it must be so, seeing that it never has been pretended that all the exertions of philanthropy, public and private, in this way have in the least reduced the numbers of the unhappy class in question. But are these exertions, for all that, either mischievous or useless, and as such to be denounced and refrained from? It is impossible to believe that the promptings of our highest and purest feelings are so false and misleading. It were better, in that case, for ourselves and for all around us that we had been made calculating machines than men. Being constituted as we are,

our part seems to be, in such matters, to take up the case that is before us—to do good as we have opportunity—and not to regard consequences farther than we can clearly foresee them. Otherwise, in truth, we should not be capable of acting at all, for there is no movement we can make, of which the consequences are not infinite in number, in variety, in the time and space over which they extend, and in the interests which they affect—while all we can discern, or even by any force of speculation conjecture about them, is but as the little circle which a farthing candle might illuminate in the waste of universal night. Not being able to take in the whole range of these remote possibilities, what should we gain by attempting to regulate our conduct in reference to the insignificant portion of them which we think (but are never sure) that we do perceive and comprehend? How should we be safer proceeding thus than by turning away from that region of unfathomable amplitude and mystery altogether, and acting at once as the crying circumstances of the case before us, and the sympathies of the human hearts within us, call upon us to do? It is a leap in the dark (if you will have it so) in the one way as well as in the other. You may be as much misled, may be drawn in to act as detrimentally, by an imperfect consideration of possible consequences as by no consideration of them at all. But, in truth, this "thinking too precisely on the event," in the business and duties of life, is not only "vain wisdom all and false philosophy;" it is at bottom "a craven scruple—a thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom, and ever three parts coward." It is this in those who really feel it and act upon it, or rather who allow themselves to be deterred by it from acting: in others, it is a mere stupid theory; in others, perhaps, a convenient though dishonest profession. But it neither misguides nor perplexes any right-minded, earnest, courageous man or woman. To recur to the case with which we set out, who is there, with a heart in its right place, who, having the opportunity and feeling otherwise called upon to endeavour to rescue some poor outcast of the pavement from infamy and destruction, ever would be withheld from moving in the matter even by the apprehension that his humane act might possibly, operating both directly and in the way of example, contribute remotely, in the mysterious concatenation of all things, to the downfall of fifty or of five hundred other such victims? Be it so; better it should be even so, than that the virtuous action should not have been performed—the consequences of which in an opposite direction, we may be sure, will still overbalance this and all other incidental evil; if, at least, good and not evil be the life and governing power of the universe,—and that is a truth devoutly to be believed in by all who would believe anything.

From no part of the economy of our world, indeed, does this truth receive stronger illustration than from a right view of the great social phenomenon of which we have been speaking. At first sight it may seem that crime ought to be effectually put down under a proper constitution and administration of the law—that the law, if it put forth all its strength, ought to be able to prevent there being any such thing as crime. But the real wonder is, not that crime should continue to exist, but that law should ever have existed—not that the law should fail in completely vanquishing and extirpating crime, but that it should be at all able to keep crime under, and to hinder knavery and violence from

being the masters of the world. How is it that the sharp intellect and the strong hand have not everywhere asserted what appears to be their natural prerogative of lording it over the weaker and more timid part of mankind? It is, no doubt, a wise policy which has substituted the rule of law and equity for this natural dominion of force and violence; but the substitution surely has been brought about and is maintained by something more divine than policy and calculation. It has the appearance of being much more the result of a sentiment or instinct of justice inherent in mankind, than of any cunning perception of its expediency or deliberate balancing of its good and evil. Of that, in any such case, masses of men are, and have ever been, nearly as incapable as the waters of the ocean would be of determining at any time by their own will and choice in what direction they should flow. But influences from heaven lead and guide both; and so human society is sustained in life and power throughout its whole organization by a wisdom higher than its own, even as the tide is rolled to and fro by a force not within itself—a force that is seen only in its effects, and that is as irresistible as it is invisible.



[East Window, from the Choir.]

XCI.—OLD ST. PAUL'S.

In our account of Westminster Abbey we had occasion to notice the intimate connexion that exists between the history of some of our chief cathedrals and the history of the growth in England of the faith and the worship to which they were devoted. Foremost among such structures stands old St. Paul's. Here is a scene which there is every reason to believe took place in it, after the apparently complete establishment of Christianity in and around the metropolis by the erection of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey: Sebert, the founder of Westminster Abbey, was now dead. "He," says Bede, "departing to the everlasting kingdom of Heaven, left his three sons, who were yet Pagans, heirs of his temporal kingdom on earth. Immediately on their father's decease they began openly to practise idolatry (though whilst he lived they had somewhat refrained), and also gave free licence to their subjects to worship idols. At a certain time these princes, seeing the Bishop [of London, Mellitus] administering the Sacrament to the people in the church, after the celebration of mass, and being puffed

up with rude and barbarous folly, spake, as the common report is, thus unto him:—'Why dost thou not give us, also, some of that white bread which thou didst give unto our father Saba [Sebert], and which thou dost not yet cease to give to the people in the church?' He answered, 'If ye will be washed in that wholesome font wherein your father was, ye may likewise eat of this blessed bread whereof he was a partaker; but if ye contemn the lavatory of life, ye can in no wise taste the bread of life.' 'We will not,' they rejoined, 'enter into this font of water, for we know we have no need to do so; but we will eat of that bread nevertheless.' And when they had been often and earnestly warned by the bishop that it could not be, and that no man could partake of this most holy oblation without purification and cleansing by baptism, they at length, in the height of their rage, said to him, 'Well, if thou wilt not comply with us in the small matter we ask, thou shalt no longer abide in our province and dominions;' and straightway they expelled him, commanding that he and all his company should quit their realm." The church in which this remarkable scene is presumed to have taken place had been erected by Ethelbert, King of Kent, only some six years before, or, according to Bede, at the joint expense of that king and of Sebert, his nephew, the governor of this part of England under Ethelbert; and by whom it was dedicated to St. Paul, the apostle and doctor of the Gentiles. How many churches there may not have been prior to this one it is impossible to say, but in all probability there had been at least two or three, and the traditions and speculations concerning them are of no ordinary character.

Although Wren, as we have seen in the account of Westminster Abbey, was incredulous both as to the Temple of Apollo at Thorney (Westminster), and that of Diana on the site of the present St. Paul's, it appears he found no difficulty in believing a circumstance much more interesting, but, we must add also, infinitely more difficult. He observes, in the 'Parentalia,' "The Christian faith, without doubt, was very early received in Britain, and, without having recourse to the monkish tale of Joseph of Arimathea and other legendary fictions, there is authentic testimony of a Christian church planted here by the apostles themselves, and, in particular, very probably *by St. Paul.*" He does not, in words, state that the earliest metropolitan church was thus founded, but the inference is natural, and no doubt he meant it to be drawn. The evidences he adduces are not very forcible, consisting, first, of the well-known fact that the apostle spent several years "in preaching in divers places, but more especially in the Western countries," and, secondly, of the lines from Vanutius Fortunatus's poem on the life of St. Martin—

> "Transit et oceanum, vel qua facit insula portum,
> Quasque Britannus habet terras ultima Thule;"*—

circumstances too slight to be worthy of much consideration, when we consider how nearly the sacred writings enable us to follow the route taken by St. Paul on each of his principal journeys; and yet that we find there no indications of such a visit. The true period of the foundation of the first Christian church in London, and perhaps the first in England, and which there is little doubt was on

* And he crosses the ocean, wherever the island has a harbour or a Briton has lands, to farthest Thule.

the site of the present St. Paul's, seems to us to be pointed out by the story, partly fabulous and partly true, which the early monastic writers give of the introduction of Christianity among us. According to them, there was a King Lucius, sovereign of the whole island, who, having been baptized at the solicitation of the reigning Emperor of Rome, became so zealous a convert as to send to Eleutherius, Bishop of Rome, desiring spiritual assistance for himself and his people. Here we are among the fables. That no one king reigned over the whole island at the period alluded to, we may be tolerably sure from the tenor of all the records we possess; but, on the other hand, that some British prince may have been converted (perhaps, as it has been suggested, by fugitives from the Roman persecutions), and may have sought such assistance, is sufficiently credible, and may prevent our rejecting the circumstantial statements that follow. We are told that, about the year 185, Pope Eleutherius sent two "eminent doctors," Faganus and Damianus, to instruct the people of this country in Christianity, and to consecrate such churches as had been dedicated to divers false gods to the service of the true God. The island was in consequence divided into three parts, and placed under the jurisdiction of the sees of London, York, and Caerlon. Both direct and indirect testimony tend to corroborate the truth of this part of the story. Tertullian, writing about the year 209, remarks "that even those places in Britain hitherto inaccessible to the Roman arms have been subdued by the gospel of Christ;" and in 326 we find, among the ecclesiastical dignitaries met in council at Arles in France, Restitutus, Bishop of London. We may consider, then, the latter part of the second century as the period of the erection of the first great church in the city of London. This edifice is supposed to have been destroyed during the persecution of the Christians under the Emperor Dioclesian, then restored or rebuilt on the return of prosperity, to be subjected, in the fifth or sixth century, to a worse fate than destruction at the hands of the pagan Saxons and Angles, who were overrunning the country; for, according to the remarkable words of the ancient monk of Westminster,* Flete, then "was *restored* the old abomination, wherever the Britons were expelled their place: London worships Diana, and the suburbs of Thorney offer incense to Apollo." And this brings us to the tradition which Sir Christopher Wren so summarily dismisses, because he did not find any decisive indication of the said temple when he turned over the ground in preparing the foundations of his structure. In the paper on the Abbey before mentioned, we expressed, incidentally, a concurrence in his view, which farther examination does not warrant. His argument is simply a negative one. He found no remains of sacrifices—no fragments of cornices or capitals that might reveal the Roman handiwork—nothing to tell of a temple to Diana. To this it might be answered, that the repeated pullings down and buildings up which had taken place on the site, before he had anything to do with it, may have swept away the vestiges he sought. But did he discover nothing? What were those foundations, consisting of "Kentish rubble-stone, artfully worked, and consolidated with exceeding hard mortar, in the Roman manner"? His answer is to be found in his expressed belief that they were the

* See p. 66 of this volume.

foundations of the first Christian church, the one we have referred to as destroyed during the Diocletian persecution; but, as to the grounds of this belief, he leaves us entirely in the dark. He is satisfied these foundations are Roman, that they are anterior to the reign of Constantine (when he presumes they were again built upon), and yet he finds nothing to countenance the belief that there was a Roman temple of Diana ever standing here; whilst at the same time it is well known that circular erections, and more particularly for temples of the very kind in question, were common among the Romans, both as parts of or as forming entire structures! What, then, did stand upon these massive walls?—Why, we are to suppose a Christian church built by Roman hands, with a semicircular chancel, in imitation of the Roman basilicæ, a century or two before we hear of any such buildings even in the imperial city itself, and in the face of the fact that the merit (if it may be so called) of building the first of these Christian basilicæ is expressly assigned to Constantine. Let us now see what another writer, who is justly placed at the head of English antiquaries, and what his editor, say of the tradition. In Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden there is a peculiarly rich and romantic passage on this subject, which also opens to us other speculations connected with the early history of St. Paul's, that will be new to most of our readers:—"Some have fancied that the Temple of Diana formerly stood here; and there are circumstances that strengthen the conjecture,—as the old adjacent buildings being called in their records *Dianæ Camera* (*i. e.* the Chamber of Diana); the digging up in the churchyard, in Edward I.'s reign (as we find by our annals), an incredible number of ox-heads, which the common people at that time, not without great admiration, looked upon to have been Gentile sacrifices; and the learned know that the Tauropolia were celebrated in honour of Diana. . . . . But much rather should I found this opinion of a Temple of Diana upon the witty conceit of Mr. Selden, who, upon occasion of some ox-heads, sacred also to Diana, that were discovered in digging the foundations of a new chapel on the south side of St. Paul's (1316), would insinuate that the name of London imported no more than Llan Dien, *i. e. Templum Dianæ*. And against the foregoing conjecture it is urged, that as for the tenements called Camera Dianæ, they stood not so near the church as some would have us think, but on St. Paul's Wharf Hill, near Doctors' Commons;* and they seem to have taken their denomination from a spacious building, full of intricate turnings, wherein King Henry II. (as he did at Woodstock) kept his heart's delight, whom he there called Fair Rosamond, and here Diana. Of these winding vaults there remained some parts in Mr. Stow's time, as also of a passage underground from Baynard's Castle to it, which possibly might be the King's way to his Camera Dianæ, or secret apartment of his beautiful mistress." In conclusion, it is observed the opinion ought not "to be altogether rejected, since it receives confirmation from those pieces of antiquity dug up hereabouts, not only in ancient times, but also of late years; for in making the foundation of this new fabric, among other things they cast up the teeth of boars and of other beasts, and a piece of a buck's horn, with

* The writer must have been thinking of the modern rather than the ancient limits of the Cathedral buildings and walls, as will be seen in another page.

several fragments of vessels, which, by the figure, one would imagine to have been used in their sacrifices."* Upon the whole, it appears to us that, putting aside the consideration of what Sir Christopher did not discover, and remembering what his predecessors did—weighing the corroborative testimony of the tradition, which can be traced to a very distant period, and of the undoubted fact that it was not only a custom with the early Christians to convert the heathen temples into Christian churches, but that the very men, Faganus and Damianus, to whom we are probably indebted for the foundation of the earliest church here, were, as we have seen, especially sent to consecrate such buildings to the service of the true faith—we are surely justified in thinking it highly probable that the tradition is true enough, after all.

With Mellitus had fled also Justus, Bishop of Rochester; and Laurentius, Archbishop of Canterbury, Augustine's faithful disciple, was about to follow them, when, according to Bede, a miracle was vouchsafed to prevent so great a calamity to the worshippers of Christ in England. On the night previous to Laurentius' intended departure, he slept in a church, where, at midnight, one of the apostles appeared to him, and, after reproaching him for his lack of zeal, gave him a severe flagellation. In the morning Laurentius went to Ethelbert's son and successor, Eadbald, who had relapsed into idolatry, and, throwing off his cloak, displayed his bloody shoulders. The *ruse* succeeded, and Eadbald recalled the exiled bishops. To return to the cathedral; it appears that, though it was erected in the beginning of the sixth century, the disturbed state of the country, and the unsettled standing of the faith itself, did not at first permit much expenditure of time or money in its adornment. Erkenwald, the son of King Offa, the fourth bishop from Mellitus, was the first to supply the deficiencies. He not only procured privileges from the reigning kings of England, and from the Pope, but spent a considerable portion of his own estate in adding to the funds provided for the improvement of the fabric. Among other and subsequent benefactors may be enumerated Kenred, King of the Mercians, who ordained that it should be in all things as free as he himself desired to be in the day of judgment;† Athelstan, who endowed it with numerous lordships; Edgar and his Queen, Æthelred, Canute, and the pious Confessor. Then came the Conquest; and during the short struggle that preceded William's coronation as King of England, rude hands laid hold of some of its possessions; but the politic Norman had not come to war with the Church; so St. Paul's had everything restored, and received at the same time a charter from the hands of the King, dated the very day of his coronation, conferring the whole of its property to it in perpetuity. The Conqueror added his benedictions to all who should augment the revenues, and his curses on those who should diminish them.

During this reign the church was burnt, and a new one commenced by Bishop Maurice towards the close of the eleventh century. We need hardly observe that, since the erection of the previous edifice, architecture had made a great advance. Westminster Abbey (the Confessor's building) had just been erected;

* Edition folio, 1722, vol. i., p. 334.

† A similar passage occurs in one of the Conqueror's charters.

Lincoln was now in progress of erection by the able and indefatigable Remigius. The eminent ecclesiastics of that day appear to have been inspired with a noble spirit of emulation, each striving to outstrip his fellows in raising those architectural wonders which we gaze on with admiration and awe, but seem unable to rival, or even finely to imitate. Let us not be understood to mean that we attribute any considerable portion of the grandeur or beauty of those edifices to the rivalry, however honourable, of their builders. Never, in the history of the world, have there been works which speak more eloquently or unmistakably of the loftiness of the hearts and minds of their authors. For, if even the profusion with which rich men lavished their wealth, able men their skill, and poor men their labour, be liable to misconstruction as regards motives, there can be no possibility of mistake as to the influences that produced sublimity out of stone and marble, that made ranges of arches, tier upon tier, appear even to the dullest eye, when informed by faith, as

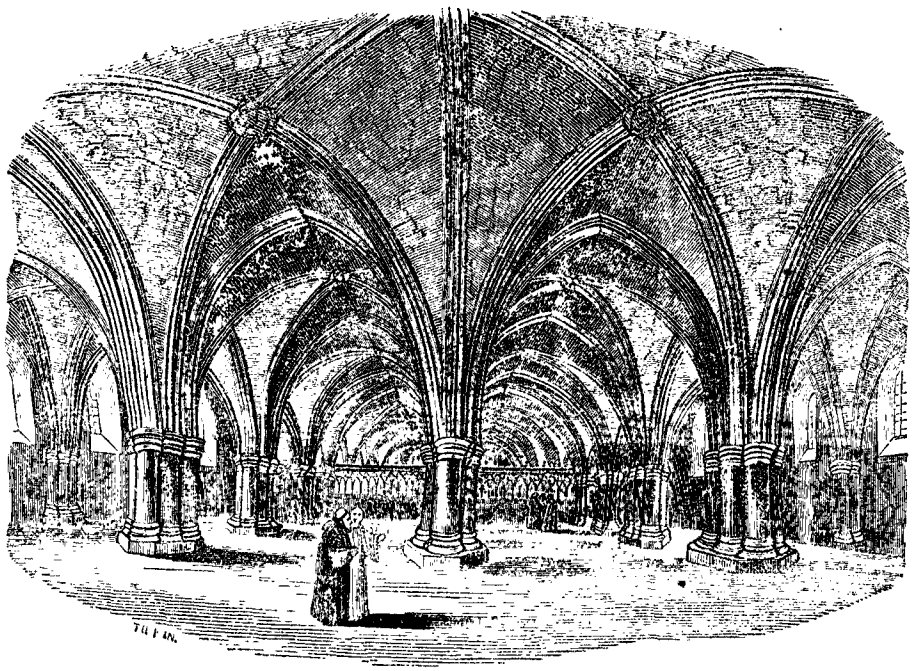
> " the spirit's ladder,
> That from this gross and visible world of dust
> Even to the starry world"

was prepared to lift them up. Indeed, were it possible to imagine all records of Christianity to have perished, except our cathedrals, from them alone how much of the faith might not be recovered! Bishop Maurice now felt in all its power the responsibility which the opportunity offered imposed upon him. His zeal is said to have been quickened also by the consideration of some injury he had earlier in life done to the church, for which he now desired to atone. In the same fire that burnt St. Paul's, the castle known as the Palatine Tower had suffered. In consequence, the materials were placed at Maurice's disposal. He now laid out his plan and began the foundations, which were designed for so extensive and magnificent a structure, that the good bishop could have hardly hoped to live to see the whole finished. But, in the language of Wordsworth—

> " They dreamt not of a perishable home
> Who thus could build."

So Maurice went patiently and courageously on for the twenty years he lived, and then left the completion as a noble bequest to his successors. William of Malmesbury about this time describes the church as being "so stately and beautiful that it was worthily numbered among the most famous buildings." Maurice was succeeded by Richard de Beaumeis, of whose character it may be sufficient to adduce one illustration: he bestowed the entire revenues of his bishopric on the edifice, and maintained himself and family by other means. His share of the work seems to have been the completion of the walls, enlarging the exterior space by the purchase and pulling down of houses that encumbered the pile, and the erection of a strong wall of enclosure, which extended as far as Paternoster Row and Ave Maria Lane on one side, and to Old Change, Carter Lane, and Creed Lane, on the other. Scarcely, however, does the entire edifice seem to have been completed before architecture had again made such progress, that a work a century old was no longer able to satisfy our magnificent-minded churchmen. As we find Henry III., through a considerable portion of his reign,

pulling down and rebuilding the Confessor's erection at Westminster, so do we find his subjects in various places imitating his example, and more particularly at St. Paul's. In 1221 a new steeple was finished, and in 1240 a new choir. This was dedicated in the presence of Henry, attended by Otto, the Pope's legate, and the most eminent of the English ecclesiastics. The mode in which the money was obtained for these works is an interesting part of the history of Old St. Paul's. The prime mover in and skilful designer of the whole business was Bishop Roger, surnamed Niger. Having no king or other great benefactor to depend upon, he formed the determination of obtaining what he wanted from the people of England and Ireland. Accordingly he induced the general body of British bishops to issue letters to the clergy and others under their jurisdiction, granting indulgences for a certain number of days to all those who, having penance to perform, and, being penitent, should assist the new work. Dugdale speaks of seeing a multitude of such letters written at the period and for the edifice in question. How cheerfully the people answered this and similar appeals we perceive in the completion, not only of the works mentioned, but of the addition of an entirely new portion to the east end, including the subterranean church of St. Faith, which was begun, in 1256, by Fulco Basset, the then bishop. Nor was this all. The adornment of the interior of a cathedral in the middle ages, with pictures, shrines, books, ecclesiastical habiliments, all more or less blazing with gold, silver, and precious stones, was a work scarcely less necessary to the prevalent ideas, and little less costly, than the erection of the edifice itself. How these matters had been cared for, we shall see in the glimpse of Old St. Paul's in



[St. Faith's.]

its greatest splendour that we shall now endeavour to obtain. The period we have in view is the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Let the reader imagine himself passing up the hill from the moderately broad and rapid Fleet River, with its numerous vessels riding quietly at anchor, then through Lud gate, and so to the entrance into the cathedral enclosure. The place is crowded with people, chiefly of the poorer classes, who are being fed by the ecclesiastical officers. It is evidently a day of high festival—no less, indeed, than the festival of the Conversion of the patron saint, Paul. Before we pass through the sumptuous western gates of the cathedral, let us cast a momentary glance at the Bishop's palace in the right-hand corner—a fit home for the prelate who has St. Paul's for his church. Here it was that Edward III. and his Queen were lodged after the great tournament in Smithfield; and, as Froissart tells us, "there was goodly dancing in the Queen's lodging, in presence of the King and his uncles, and other barons of England, and ladies, and damoiselles, till it was day, which was time for every person to draw to their lodgings, except the King and Queen, who lay there in the Bishop's palace." But we must pass on into the cathedral before the great business of the day begins. We enter, and are at once fixed in amazement at the scene of enchantment suddenly visible. An apparently endless perspective of lofty arches, lost in the distance in a luminous mist—a confused blaze of many-coloured streams of light—great numbers of persons, in all kinds of dresses, moving to and fro—sublime sounds—at once press upon and bewilder the attention. As we gaze more steadily, that wonderful perspective becomes gradually clear, until at last, for nearly *seven hundred feet*, we can follow the range—unbroken, from the tessellated marble pavement below, to the roof with its gilded groins above—of arches upon arches, and of the dim but richly-coloured painted windows at the top. The only, and that very slight, interruption is the low screen which crosses the pavement there, far down, probably about the centre of the pile. The glorious vista is terminated by a rose window of great size, but appearing from hence scarcely larger than the flower from which it borrows its name; whilst its colours, though revelling in the intensest of dyes, appear mingled into one glowing but nameless hue. As the eye wanders from this, the first impressive feature of the place, it falls upon the huge lighted tapers on the different altars that we see scattered about the nave and aisles, then to the kneeling people before them—here a large group, there a solitary individual. As we pace along the nave, and the transepts open on either hand, magnificent shrines lining the walls, tall crosses with tapers before them, and gorgeous pictures, are seen at every step. There seems no end to the wealth that has been lavished upon the place. Gold, silver, rubies, emeralds, pearls, begin even to lose their value from their profusion. A kind of low confused hum pervades the church, above which may be continually distinguished the voices of the priests, who are performing the duties of their respective chantries, scattered along the entire length of the nave, aisles, and transepts, seventy or eighty in number; whilst, grandly towering over all, we hear the chant and responses of the choral multitude. The cathedral is now rapidly becoming full. Noblemen, warriors, citizens, and labourers, arrayed in all kinds of materials—satin, damask, cloth of gold and silver, and the plain but good old English broad-cloth of wool of different colours—

their dresses exhibiting every variety of fashion, as little hoods, long gowns, short coats, long piked shoes, particoloured hose—and ornamented in so many cases with costly gems and embroidery, that, as Knighton observes, "it is impossible to distinguish the rich from the poor, the high from the low." Nor are the ladies generally less fantastically or less sumptuously arrayed, though, with the tact which seems seldom to desert them, they have taken care not to obscure their native gracefulness of form. Here is a group that is seen for a moment by

our side. Master Knighton's words are of course to be taken with a little allowance. There is no mistaking the very poor in any time, place, or country. It is pleasant, however, to see that their poverty is forgotten here by all—ay, even by themselves. The preparations for the coming festivity are now begun. Noiseless figures are gliding to and fro, setting up additional tapers in every part of the church where there is room and convenience for placing them; but a short time elapses, and hundreds of such lights are burning in every direction. Hark! the sound of horns blown more loudly than skilfully reverberates through the pile; and, as if it were some wizard's signal, there is a general cessation of the devotional business of the place. The devotee starts from his knees, the penitent sinner wipes the tears from his cheeks, the grave become gay, the gloomy look cheerful, as all eagerly press forward, and line the intercolumniations of the nave, first in a single row, then a second behind that, then a third, till both aisles are filled, and little more than a lane is left for the passage of the coming procession down the central part of the nave. The officers with their gilded staves have to bestir themselves even to keep that clear. Again and again blow the horns, the western doors are thrown back, and a strange procession enters, consisting of a group of horn-blowers, then a body of ruddy-cheeked yeomen and others, bearing, on a kind of frame raised aloft, the doe, which the family of Baud are bound yearly to offer in procession at the high altar on this day, in

addition to a buck on the summer feast called the Commemoration of St. Paul—both being in lieu of certain lands granted to Sir William Baud, in the third year of Edward I., by the Church, to be enclosed within his park of Toringham in Essex. Immediately before the doe-bearers marches proudly the keeper, or huntsman—a man who might have sat to the author of the 'Canterbury Tales' for the portrait in the prologue:—

"And he was clad in coat and hood of green,
A sheaf of peacock arrows bright and keen
Under his belt he bare full thriftily.
Well could he dress his takel yeomanly;
His arrows drooped not with feathers low,
And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.
A nut-head had he, with a brown visage;
Of wood-craft could he well all the usage.
Upon his arm he bare a gay bracér,
And by his side a sword and a buckler;
And on that other side a gay daggére,
Harnessed well, and sharp as point of spear;
A Christopher on his breast, of silver sheen.
An horn he bare, the baudrick was of green:
A forester soothly was he I guess."

On moves the procession towards the choir, which it enters, and so unto the steps of the high altar at its extremity. There it is met by the dean and chapter, arrayed in rich copes and robes, jewelled and embroidered, and wearing garlands of roses on their heads. The head of the doe is now divided from the body, and, whilst the body is at once sent off to be baked, the head is fixed on a spear, and borne before the cross in the usual daily procession, which now starts towards the western door. This reached, the keeper makes the whole neighbourhood ring again with his lusty horn, and, before the sound has well died away, it is answered from different quarters of the city by similar instruments. All the parties are now dismissed, with a small present in money, to their dinners, provided by the dean and chapter, whilst the keeper will also have to receive his customary five shillings and his loaf of bread, bearing the image of St. Paul, before he returns to his parks and chase. So ends this portion of the business of the day; but the most splendid is yet to come: the commemoration of St. Erkenwald's burial in the cathedral, where, we are told, his "glorious merits did shine forth miraculously." It will be only sufficient to mention, by way of testimony of the truth of this statement, that it is believed the very litter in which he was borne about during his last sickness continued for ages to cure feverish persons who merely touched it, and, when broken up, every chip became an infallible physician. Again, through the western door comes a procession, winding from the bishop's palace; this time the bishop himself at its head, preceded by two beautiful children bearing tapers, having the dean on his right hand, other distinguished officers of the church on his left, and followed by nearly all the clergy of his diocese; with all the customary paraphernalia of the Church processions during such high solemnities. The sumptuousness of their appearance beggars description. The bishop wears a long, snow-white robe, almost concealing his feet;

above which is another of ruby-coloured silk reaching a little below the knees, open at the sides, embroidered all over in the most exquisite manner with representations of animals, birds, and flowers, and having a deep border, which consists chiefly of rows of interlaced pearls. From the low, upright collar of this upper robe, down the centre of the front, to the bottom, extends a band formed of one entire mass of precious stones, of different colours, and arranged in a variety of close patterns. The golden mitre on his head, and the golden pastoral staff in his hand, are each similarly ornamented. Towards the shrine of St. Erkenwald slowly moves the procession, amidst the fragrant perfumes shed around by the incense-bearers from their silver censers; now up the nave, thence through one of the aisles, and so round to the shrine at the back of the high altar. This is the most gorgeous piece of combined architecture, sculpture, and decoration even in a cathedral so rich in such works. Rising from behind a kind of table covered with jewels and precious stones of all kinds, including small shrines, rings, and silver girdles, the gifts of the pious, appears a lofty, pyramidal, Gothic structure, in the purest and most exquisitely decorated style; the outlines formed by pinnacles rising one above another towards a single pinnacle in the centre at the top, and the central portion consisting of three slender windows side by side, and an exceedingly elegant one filling the triangular space above. A railing encloses the whole for the preservation of the invaluable treasures lying on the table within, or that have been used in the adornment of the shrine. Among the former we may find the sapphire stone which Richard de Preston, citizen and grocer of London, gave to be placed here for the curing of infirmities in the eyes, appointing at the same time that proclamation should be made of its virtues. Solemn masses for the repose of the dead are now said; the indulgences granted to all who visit the shrine, and to those who bring oblations, are explained. The words fall upon no dull or unheeding ears. They come pressing forward, rich and poor, lay and ecclesiastic, depositing their gifts of money or jewels, or whatever else the tastes or means of the owners instigate; the very poorest having at least a taper for their favourite shrine.

All is still at last. Prelates, clergy, choristers, have gone; the lights, save those which burn perpetually before the different chantries, shrines, and altars, are extinguished; the rich western window, lit up by a sudden burst of sunshine, seems to glow with preternatural radiance and splendour, and throws its warm light far along the pavement, and, catching the edge of the gilded crucifix raised aloft in the centre of the nave, makes it appear even more brilliant than the beams of the taper burning by its side.

Occasionally other processions occupied the public attention. In the reign of Edward III. the wondering spectators were surprised by the appearance of the Flagellants, who, spreading themselves all over Europe, arrived in London from Italy, to the number of about one hundred and twenty. "Each day," says Lingard,* "at the appointed hour, they assembled, ranged themselves in two lines, and moved slowly through the streets, scourging their naked shoulders, and chanting a hymn. At a known signal, all, with the exception of the last, threw themselves flat on the ground: he, as he passed by his companions, gave

* Hist. England, vol. iii. chap. 18.

each a lash, and then also lay down. The others followed in succession, till every individual in his turn had received a stroke from the whole brotherhood. The citizens gazed and marvelled, pitied and commended; but they ventured no further. Their faith was too weak, or their feelings were too acute; and they allowed the strangers to monopolise to themselves this novel and extraordinary grace. The missionaries made not a single proselyte, and were compelled to return home with the barren satisfaction of having done their duty in the face of an unbelieving generation."

At the close of these exciting exhibitions, some few persons may yet linger in the church—Wickliffites perhaps, who have looked impatiently upon the scenes we have described, and therefore stay to enjoy the natural influences of the place; with a mixture of the idle, who have yet an hour or two to spare; and of strangers from the country, who may be known by their gait, or costume, or at least by the busy air with which they walk round from chantry to chantry, tomb to tomb, to gaze on the wonders of which they have heard so much. We cannot do better than imitate their example. First, then, we have here on the right of the nave, as we approach the choir, the sculptured image of Our Lady, with its lamp constantly burning, and where the officers of the church are extinguishing the numerous small tapers which have been placed there by the pious during the day, claiming the remnant as their perquisite. The iron box for oblations under the feet of the statue seems to be nearly full of coins. Behind this statue is the low tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, one of the founders of the Order of the Garter, and a son of the renowned Guy Earl of Warwick. His effigy, in complete armour, lies on the top, and beautifully painted and sculptured shields decorate the front of the tomb below. A few steps farther, and we stand below the tower of the church, supported on four arches, that seem to spring as lightly upward as though they bore nothing, instead of a tower and steeple of almost incredible height. First, the square tower soars upwards for two hundred and sixty feet; then begins the spire (of wood covered with lead), which mounts two hundred and seventy-four more; or, in all, five hundred and thirty-four feet! In the south aisle, at the end against the chapel of St. Dunstan, which forms the extreme south-east corner of the building, are, side by side, the low tombs sunk in the wall, with a range of slender pillars supporting beautiful arches in front, and the effigies of Eustace de Fauconberge, Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of John, and Henry de Wengham, Chancellor to Henry III.—both Bishops of London. In St. Dunstan's Chapel is the tomb of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, a great benefactor to the cathedral, but better known to history as Edward I.'s able lieutenant in his Scottish expeditions. As a work of art this is perhaps the finest thing in the place. The effigy is evidently a portrait, and a most masterly one, of the simple, unadorned, but dignified warrior. The sides and ends of the tomb below are one mass of beautiful decoration consisting of a great number of figures in niches with Gothic canopies. The centre of the extremity of the church at this end we find occupied by Our Lady's Chapel, on the floor of which lies an exquisitely wrought representation of Bishop Braybrooke. But the chief object is the altar of Our Lady, with the seven tapers weighing each two pounds, which are lighted during all celebrations in the chapel, with the

ponderous silver chalice, and with the rich vestments for the officiating priests. A female is kneeling before it, come, no doubt, to avail herself of the forty days' indulgence granted to all penitents who here say a Pater Noster, or an Ave, or give anything to the altar. We cross now to the north aisle, where the first monument that attracts us is the one to the memory of Ralph de Hengham, Judge of the King's Bench in the reign of Edward I.; and next to whom is the monument of the distinguished knight, Sir Simon Burley. The melancholy fate of this accomplished man must not be passed over without a word. He was the friend of Edward III. and of the Black Prince, the guardian and tutor of Richard II., who, with his queen, Anne of Bohemia, held him in especial love and honour. During the intrigues and contentions for power between the King (acting secretly through his partisans) and his powerful uncle, Thomas Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of John of Gaunt, the Duke, in 1388, obtained a decisive triumph, and immediately sent to the scaffold several of Richard's chief advisers. Among these was Sir Simon Burley. Richard spoke warmly in his favour, but was told his crown depended upon the execution taking place. He was but twenty-one years of age, it should be observed, at the time. The Queen still more earnestly interceded in his favour, soliciting Sir Simon's life on her knees, but in vain. Even Henry of Bolingbroke, who had aided Gloucester in all the transactions referred to (possibly even then thinking of the crown that might be won in the confusion that seemed likely to ensue), was equally unsuccessful in his pleading. For this, indeed, the future King is said to have never forgiven his uncle. Further on in the same aisle we find the two most ancient memorials of St. Paul's, the tombs of two kings, Sebba and Ethelred, which tell in their very aspect of the rude age to which they belong. Sebba, we learn from the tablet close at hand, was King of the East Saxons, and converted by Erkenwald A. D. 677. His neighbour monarch in death is Ethelred the Unready, son of Edgar and the infamous Elfrida, Edgar's second wife, who prepared the way for her son to the throne by the murder of his elder brother, the righful heir, Edward the Martyr. Ethelred's reign was in accordance with the commencement. He has the honour of having systematised a lucrative branch of trade for our neighbours the Danes, that of landing on our territory whenever they were unusually poor or more than commonly covetous, and rewarding them for their pillages, and burnings, and slaughter, by a good round acknowledgment in the shape, the first time, of some ten thousand pounds of silver, before they went home again. Of course, when they did take the trouble to return hither, Ethelred could not but meet such attention to him and his people by increased rewards, so that the 10,000 became 16,000, on a third occasion 24,000, a fourth 36,000, a fifth 48,000. But the Danes, it must be acknowledged, were as ungrateful as foolish; like the boy in the fable, they could not be content without cutting up the source of their wealth; so Sweyn, their king, must be our king, and Ethelred becomes an exile. On Sweyn's death Ethelred is recalled, promises to be somewhat more of a hero, and Canute, Sweyn's son, for the time bends before the storm raised against his countrymen by the English. Scarcely a year, however, elapses, when Ethelred, sick in bed in London, hears of Canute's arrival at the very gates; and—dies. In the same tomb probably lie the remains of Ethelred's

grandson, Edward the Atheling, or the Outlaw, as he was called, son of Edmund Ironside, who redeemed the national honour which his father had degraded, and became one of the great popular heroes of Saxon England. Edward, who had lost the kingdom by the arrangement between his father and Canute, that whoever lived longest should succeed to the other's share of the divided kingdom, might probably have regained it, had his namesake, the Confessor, favoured his cause. He did send for him from his exile, to the great gratification of the people, but when he came would not see him. Whilst in this peculiar state of suspense, waiting to see whether he was to return to a joyless banishment, or stay to mount the throne of mighty England, he died in London—poisoned, it was thought, by Harold, though on no heavier grounds than suspicion. He was buried in St. Paul's.

Turning the corner from the aisle, we stand before the beautifully-decorated screen of the choir, and, ascending the lofty flight of steps, enter. Facing us, at the farther end, is the high altar, railed off by a broad and massive carved and gilded balustrade. The altar itself is a splendid piece of workmanship, and, like most of the other objects of interest and value that surround us, owes its chief features to private beneficence. That sumptuous tablet, covered with decorations in enamel, "variously adorned with many precious stones" and statues, the whole within a carved canopy of oak, and richly set out with curious pictures, was the gift of one Richard Pikerell, a citizen of Edward II.'s reign. Among the countless riches of gold, silver, and jewels on the altar, the four basons of gold offered by the French King John appear conspicuous.* Silver phials, silver candlesticks, lofty silver-gilt cups with covers, silver crosses, golden cups, illuminated missals, &c., are among the other contents of the altar.† To the right of the altar another and more pretending work of art challenges the attention. This is a great picture of St. Paul, richly painted, and placed in a beautiful "tabernacle" of wood, costing no less than 12*l.* 16*s.* of the money of the fourteenth century. On the left side of the choir are three monuments, all remarkable for their beauty or grandeur, and one of them also as belonging to a most remarkable man. The first is the shrine of the Bishop, Roger Niger, before mentioned; the second, the oratory of Roger de Waltham, a canon of the cathedral, of the time of the second Edward. This was founded by himself in honour of God, Our Lady, St. Lawrence, and All Saints, and adorned, as we now see, "with the images or statues of our Blessed Saviour, St. John Baptist, St. Lawrence, and St. Mary Magdalen; so likewise with the pictures (or paintings) of the celestial hierarchy, the joys of the Blessed Virgin, and others, both in the roof about the altar and other places within and without." The same tasteful canon erected that "glorious tabernacle" which we see in the opposite wall (in the southern aisle), and which contains the image of the said Blessed Virgin,

* This visit took place in 1360, and it appears that, besides an oblation of twelve nobles at St. Erkenwald's shrine and the bason of gold at the high altar, at his first approach to it, he laid down at the Annunciation twelve nobles; at the crucifix near the north door, twenty-six florin nobles; at the hearing of mass, after the offertory, to the dean then officiating, five florin nobles; and lastly, to the chapter-house, for distribution among the officers of the church, fifty florin nobles.—*Dugdale.*

† The mere enumeration of the wealth of the cathedral in such and similar articles of still greater value occupies twenty-eight pages of the last folio edition of Dugdale.

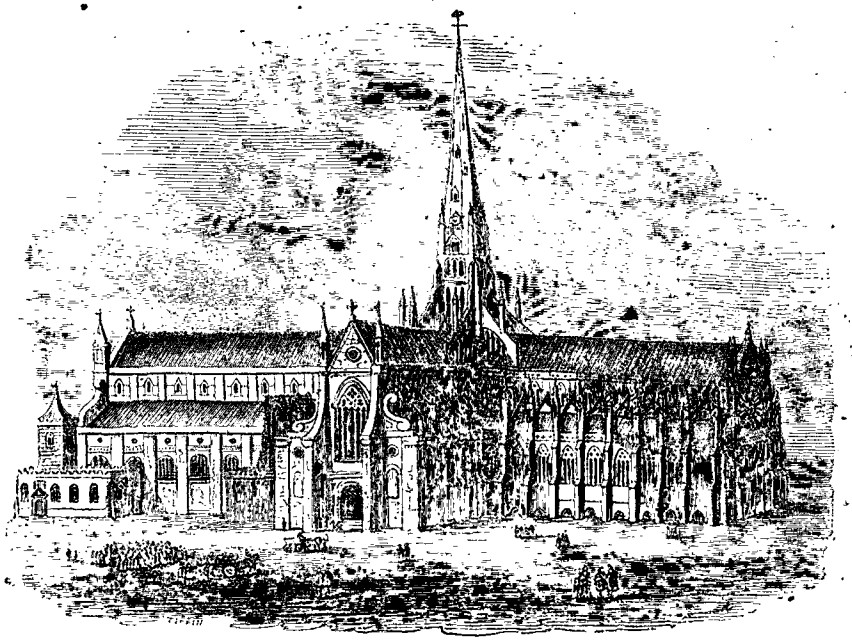
"sitting as it were in childbed; as also of our Saviour in swaddling clothes, lying between the ox and the ass; and St. Joseph at her feet:" above which is "another image of her, standing, with the Child in her arms. And on the beam thwarting from the upper end of the oratory (across the aisle) to the before-specified childbed" are seen "crowned images of our Saviour and his mother, sitting in one tabernacle; as also the images of St. Katherine and St. Margaret, virgins and martyrs." Lastly, we may observe that Roger de Waltham especially provided that no part of the oratory, not even its roof, should be without "comely pictures and images, to the end that the memory of our blessed Saviour and his saints, and especially of the glorious Virgin his mother, might be always the more famous; in which oratory he designed that his sepulture should be." He also founded a chantry in the oratory on the same magnificent scale, at which the dean and chapter were to officiate, coming in solemn procession, and arrayed as at all the great festivals. The other monument to which we referred is John of Gaunt's; interesting in itself, as a truly magnificent piece of Gothic sculpture —still more so from its connexion with the man, whose effigy, with that of Blanche his wife (the subject of Chaucer's grateful muse), lies beneath that exquisitely fretted canopy. Athwart the slender octagonal pillars hangs his tilting-spear, with his ducal cap of state, and his shield. But the great warrior, all-powerful noble, father, brother, and uncle of kings—nay, himself claiming to be a king (of Castile)—has a title still nobler as the friend and patron of the two greatest men of his age, Wickliffe and Chaucer.

St. Paul's witnessed a memorable scene in connexion with John of Gaunt's patronage of the Church reformer. On the 19th of February, 1377, Wickliffe was cited to appear before his ecclesiastical superiors, sitting in solemn convocation at St. Paul's, to answer certain charges of innovation and heresy. To the surprise of all parties not previously aware of what was intended, on the day appointed Wickliffe came with a magnificent train, comprising no less personages than John of Gaunt, the Earl Marshal—Percy, and numerous other persons, their friends or retainers. The Archbishop Sudbury presided, and Courteney, Bishop of London, conducted the prosecution; but this prelate, irritated at the arrival of such visitors, which augured ill for the success of his endeavours against Wickliffe, seems to have been in an irritable mood; nor did the opposite party fail to give him cause for irritation. An undignified but interesting and characteristic squabble took place, and the meeting broke up in confusion. But the business of the day unfortunately does not end here. Rumours had been circulated by the party opposed at once to the Duke in political intrigue, and to Wickliffe in religion, that a proposition had been just brought before Parliament by Thomas of Woodstock, the Duke's brother, and the Earl Marshal, to annul the institution of a mayoralty for the city of London, and to place the civic government in the hands of a captain under the Earl Marshal's direction. The credulous mob were further exasperated by the story told of a threat uttered by the Duke, that he would drag the Bishop out of the cathedral by the hair of his head. A meeting of the citizens, on the subject of their liberties, is said to have been called on the day after the citation; and while these were deliberating, the mob cut the matter short, in their usual decisive mode of arguing, by proceeding

in a body to the house of the Earl Marshal, where they forced the gates, set a prisoner at liberty, and searched the house for Lord Percy. He was not found, however; and they proceeded to the Savoy, the Duke's palace, where they committed similar outrages, and would probably have anticipated the destruction of that splendid building by Wat Tyler's followers, but for the interference of the Bishop himself, in whose cause they no doubt fancied they were very bravely exerting themselves. Courteney, by his remonstrances, induced them to withdraw, when they went and amused themselves by the more innocent pleasantry of hanging up the Duke's arms, reversed, traitor fashion, in different parts of London.

The last feature of the cathedral that we can notice in this hurried glimpse is a tablet hung up in the choir, on which is written in large characters the measurements of the edifice, as taken accurately in 1315; when the length was found to contain 690 feet, the breadth 130, the height of the nave 102, and the length of the same 150. The ball on the top of the spire (520 feet high) was large enough to contain ten bushels of corn, and had a cross on the top of that, making the entire height 534 feet. The space of ground occupied by the building was found to measure three acres and a half, one rood and a half, and six perches.

Such, in its palmy days, was Old St. Paul's.



[Old St. Paul's, before the destruction of the Steeple.]

XCII.—OLD ST. PAUL'S. No. II.

To the glimpse of the metropolitan church, on St. Paul's Day in the fifteenth century, given in the preceding paper, we must now add a notice of two or three extraordinary customs that prevailed in it, in connexion with other periods of the year. Of these, foremost in importance was St. Nicholas's Day, the 6th of December, when a boy was elected from among the children of the choir by themselves; the mitre of silver and gilt, with precious stones, placed upon his head, rings of similar materials on his hands, the alb, cope, and tunic upon his body, and behold the youthful bishop! armed with the amplest authority from that time forwards till Innocents' Day, the 28th of December. His companions, at the same time, put on the garb of priests, and, between them, during the whole period mentioned, performed all the ceremonies of the Cathedral, excepting only the Mass. Nay, it is even said that the boy-bishop's power was so complete, that he had the right of disposing of any prebends that happened to fall vacant during his rule, and if he died within the same period, was buried with episcopal honours and a monument erected to him in the Cathedral. Among the other duties of their position, which the boy-bishops were ambitious enough to attempt, was the preaching in regular course to the auditory. Even so late as 1518, Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, directs "that all these children shall, every Childermas Day, come to Paul's Church and hear the Child-bishop

sermon; and after, be at the High Mass, and each of them offer a penny to the Child-bishop, and with them the masters and surveyors of the school." Their sphere was by no means confined to the church. According to Bishop Hall,* they were "led with songs and dances from house to house, blessing the people, who stood girning in the way to expect that ridiculous benediction." The boy chosen appears to have been one of the handsomest and most elegantly-shaped of the choral band. The custom extended also to Monasteries. The Nunneries had for their mock-dignitary a little girl. Archbishop Peckham, in 1278, in an injunction to the Nunnery of Godstow, in Oxfordshire, directed that the public prayers should not any more be said in the church of that monastery by little girls on Innocents' Day. The custom was put down by a proclamation of Henry VIII., but again revived in Mary's reign, when the boy-bishop sang before the Queen, in her privy-chamber at St. James's, and, in the course of his song, panegyrized his royal mistress on her devotions, comparing her to Judith, Esther, the Queen of Sheba, and the Virgin Mary. The boy-bishops finally disappeared from St. Paul's in the reign of Elizabeth.

The theatrical representations of Old St. Paul's form another highly interesting feature. Pennant says, "The boys of St. Paul's were famous for acting of the Mysteries, or holy plays, and even regular dramas. They often had the honour of performing before our monarchs. Their preparations were expensive, so that they petitioned Richard II. to prohibit some ignorant and unexperienced persons from acting the History of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the clergy of the church." The idea of a cathedral turned into a theatre—the Bible into a play—seems somewhat strange in our days; and the manner of much of the performances is no less startling than the place or the matter. The stage in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries generally consisted of three platforms, one rising above and behind another, on the highest of which appeared a representation of God surrounded by his angels; the second presented bands of saints and blessed martyrs; the third was filled by those who performed the mere mortal characters intended to be exhibited. By the side of this platform opened the mouth of Hell, from which ascended fire and smoke, and the terrible cries of the damned. But our ancestors liked even their devils to be merry devils, so every now and then came bounding forth troops of the most jocund spirits that one could desire, bandying to and fro the jest, the repartee, and the practical joke. We are afraid that even the unfortunate sinners who fell into their hands were not half so much alarmed as they ought to have been at the sight of their future tormentors. What a strange medley of feelings must have possessed the bosoms not merely of the auditors at such spectacles, but of the clergy under whose auspices these representations were invariably got up in such places as St. Paul's! If the roars of laughter thus produced, and resounding through the pile long after the exit of the demons, are little calculated to find an echo with us, we can, perhaps, still less sympathise with the silence and reverent admiration that greeted the exhibition of the favourite *coup-de-théâtre* of Old St. Paul's—the descent of a white pigeon through a hole in the roof, to represent the third person of the Trinity, followed by a censer, which was swung to and fro the entire space of the choir, filling the air with its fragrant vapours.

* 'Triumphs of Rome.'

The presentation of the banner of St. Paul to Robert Fitzwalter, the Castellan of the City in the event of threatened attack by enemies, has been elsewhere referred to; we need, therefore, only transcribe the characteristic passage drawn up by one of the family, and presented in 1303 to the Lord Mayor, which introduces St. Paul's as the central object of the ceremony. "The said Robert ought to come, he being (by descent) the twentieth man-of-arms, on horseback, covered with cloth or armour, unto the great west door of St. Paul with his banner displayed before him, of his arms. And when he is come to the said door, mounted and apparelled as before is said, the mayor, with his aldermen and sheriffs, armed in their arms, shall come out of the said Church of St. Paul unto the said door, with a banner in his hand, all on foot: which banner shall be gules, the image of St. Paul, gold; the face, hands, feet, and sword, of silver: and as soon as the said Robert shall see the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs come on foot out of the church armed with a banner, he shall alight from his horse and salute the mayor, and say to him, 'Sir Mayor, I am come to do my service, which I owe to the City.' And the mayor and aldermen shall answer, 'We give to you, as to our bannerer of fee in this City, this banner of this City to bear and govern, to the honour and profit of the City, to our power.' And the said Robert, and his heirs, shall receive the banner in his hands, and shall go on foot out of the gate, with the banner in his hands; and the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs shall follow to the door, and shall bring a horse to the said Robert, worth 20*l.*, which horse shall be saddled with a saddle of the arms of the said Robert, and shall be covered with sindals * of the said arms. Also, they shall present to him 20*l.* sterling money, and deliver it to the chamberlain of the said Robert, for his expenses that day. Then the said Robert shall mount upon the horse which the mayor presented to him, with the banner in his hand, and as soon as he is up he shall say to the mayor, that he cause a marshall to be chosen for the host, one of the City; which marshall being chosen, the said Robert shall command the mayor and burgesses of the City to warn the commoners to assemble together; and they shall all go under the banner of St. Paul," &c. Then would be heard pealing forth its ominous voice the great bell of St. Paul's—a signal the potency of which in the middle ages we can only judge of by the feelings such sounds excite to this hour in the great towns of Spain, or by imagining ourselves in the position of some unhappy Jew of the metropolis, who never heard its terrible sounds without a shudder, remembering how often it had been heard above the shrieks of his dying countrymen. During a century or two of our history, no assemblage of armed men such as that bell was wont to call together could be looked on without fear by a Jew. Royalist or anti-royalist, all had an equal love of his gold, equal hatred of him, and an equally unscrupulous method of exhibiting both passions. When De Montfort, for instance, in 1264 called the Londoners together at the sound of St. Paul's bell to march against Henry III., they seem to have been unable to go forth till they had alike replenished their purses and satisfied their consciences by the plunder and massacre of some five hundred men, women, and children of the detested faith. Such was patriotism and Christianity in the thirteenth century!

* Probably *sendal*, a light woollen or silk stuff, worked with the arms.

Let us now briefly glance at the exterior of Old St. Paul's in the fifteenth century. The goodly dial on the tower, made "with all splendour that might be," with its angel pointing to the hour "both of the day and night,"* need not detain us, nor the bishop's palace before mentioned,† in the north-west corner of the inclosure, from the chapel of which we hear the voices of the priests chanting the masses for the souls of deceased bishops. We are approaching a more interesting place, Pardon-Church-Haugh, the name given to that venerable-looking chapel and surrounding cloister, founded in the reign of Stephen by Gilbert Becket, portreeve of London, father to the famous archbishop, and the subject of one of the most delightful stories or legends in English history. Gilbert, it appears, whilst following the fortunes of his lord in the Crusades, was taken prisoner by a Saracen emir, and thrown into a dungeon. The emir's daughter beheld the captive, pitied him, loved him, and at last freed him. Escaped from his dungeon by her means, Gilbert soon reached his own country. Wretched at his absence, love at last suggested what only love could suggest under such circumstances—the determination to seek him through the world, knowing only the name—Gilbert, the place—London. Hastening to the nearest port, she found one at least of those talismanic words understood, and she embarked in a vessel for England. In "London" at last, she wandered from street to street, with no friend to aid, knowing but one word of the language, "Gilbert," "Gilbert,"—and, oh! the world of wisdom often contained within such simple faith!—they met at last. With tears of joy was the stout yeoman seen hurrying away his beauteous infidel to be baptized in his own faith, preparatory to their immediate

[Baptism of the Mother of (Thomas à) Becket.]

marriage. The extraordinary nature of the circumstance, taken in connexion with the foundation of the chapel before us, where he lies, and no doubt his bride also, make it more than probable, supposing the story to be true, that the baptism took place in St. Paul's. After Becket's time the chapel and cloister

* This is curious, if it means, as it appears to do, that the dial was illuminated at night.

† By an oversight in the previous article the Palace is placed on the right of the top of Ludgate Hill.

appear to have become favourite places with the wealthy and the pious,—the one for the repose of their bodies, the other for securing the repose of their souls. The cloister is rich with monuments, but we must pass on to the picture we see there on the eastern wall, with the verses beneath, and the strange title, 'Death leading away all estates.' An inscription informs us that the whole was done at the charge of Jenkyn Carpenter, citizen of London, in imitation of the one in the cloisters adjoining St. Innocents' churchyard, Paris; whilst the verses are headed, "The Dance of Machabree; wherein is lively expressed and showed the state of Man, and how he is called at uncertain times by Death, and when he thinketh least thereon. Made by Dan John Lydgate, Monk of S. Edmunds Bury." An awful dance, indeed! A double line of figures, commencing in the left of the foreground, and continued away on the right till the apparently endless procession is lost in the distance; the one line led by a pope with his triple crown on his head, behind him an emperor, next a king, then cardinal, duke, archbishop, patriarch, baron, princess, bishop, squire, and so on regularly downwards through every condition of life; whilst the other line presents one dread but sublime uniformity—emperor and labourer, duke and citizen, monk and minstrel, are each led on by the same ghastly partner, a skeleton Death. Wonderful as is the conception of the picture, the execution is equal. The variety of expression given to the skeleton forms, in spite of the continual repetition —above all, the unearthly submissiveness with which the terrible procession of the highest and lowliest of the earth move on together, as though in a deep and awful dream which deprived all alike of the power of resisting—seem to us among the greatest triumphs of the art. In the verses, which extend to great length, we have the conversation which may be supposed to preface the dance; Death's invitation to each, and the answer, beginning with the pope and ending with the hermit. We transcribe a passage or two:

Death speaketh to the Emperour.

"Syr Emperour, lord of all the ground,
Sovereine prince and highest of noblesse,
Ye mot forsake of gold your apple round,
Sceptre and swerd, and all your high prowésse;
Behind letten your treasour and your richés,
And with other to my daunce obey;
Against my might is worth none hardinesse,
Adam's children all they musté deye."

The Emperour maketh answer.

"I note* to whom that I may appeal
Touching Death which doth me so constrein,
There is no gin† to helyen‡ my querél,
But spadé and pickoys my gravé to atteyne;
A simple sheet, there is no more to seyn,
To wrappen in my body and viság,
Whereupon sore I me compleyne,
That great Lordes have little auvantáge."

Machabree, the author of the original verses, was a German physician, who is supposed to have written them from the sight of the picture, which was found in

* Know not. † Wile. ‡ Heal.

many of the continental edifices about the latter part of the fourteenth century. The picture itself was probably first suggested by the wide-sweeping ravages of the plague, as we know that it was subsequently painted on the walls of churches to commemorate such occasions: as at Basle, after the plague which carried off so many persons during the fifteen years' sitting of the General Council which met in 1431; and, we may add, as in the cloister of St. Paul's, for the very name shows that this cloister and chapel had been in some way used for similar purposes with the Pardon Churchyard, Clerkenwell, where Sir Walter Manny bought ground for the interment of the victims of the pestilence. Lydgate is a somewhat free translator of Machabree's verses, we observe; for, among the other passages, we see that "Death speaketh to

"Master John Rikil, whilom Tregetour
Of noble Henry, King of Englónd,*
And of France the mighty conqueror;
For all the sleights and turning of thine hond,
Thou must come near, my dance to understond:
Nought may avail all thy conclusions,
For Death shortly nother on sea ne lond
Is not deceived by none illusions."

The Tregetour máketh answer.

"What may availe magike naturall,
Or any craft shewed by appearance
Or course of stars above celestiall,
Or of the heavens all the influence
Against Death to stonde at defence?
Legerdemain now helpeth me right nought:
Farewell my craft and such sapience,
For Death mo maistries† hath ywrought."

The moral of the whole is summed up toward the conclusion by

The King eaten of Worms.

"Ye folke that look upon this portrature,
Beholding here all estátes daunce,
Seeth what ye have been, and what is your natúre—
Meat unto worms: nought elsé in substánce.
And have this mirror aye in rémembrance,
How I lie here, whilom crowned king,
To all estátes a true résemblance
That wormes food is the fine of your living."

Among the other noticeable features of the exterior of St. Paul's on the north side are the library over the cloister and the chapel near the door leading into the north transept of the cathedral: the first furnished with books at a great cost, and the second built by Walter Shirvngton, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—a man of whom it is recorded he had in ready money at his death no less than the sum of 3233*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, kept in an iron chest in the vestry of the church, whereof 319*l.* were in groats, and the rest in gold. The charnel-house and chapel, a place of resort to pilgrims, is here also; and, above all, the famous St. Paul's Cross, near the eastern extremity.‡ The Bell Tower on the east, with

* Pronounced apparently as a trisyllable.

† Mysteries.

‡ The subject of No. III. of this publication.

its great bells used in old times to summon the people to the folkmote, with its tall spire and image of St. Paul on the summit, and the sumptuous chapter-house, and cloisters surrounding it, on the western side of the southern transept, are the only other objects demanding notice.

With the exception of an accident now and then, such as the injury done by lightning to the spire in 1444, which took a long time to repair, there is nothing of moment in the history of the edifice from the period of its completion down to that when the Reformation began to perplex hierarchies with fears of change even more than monarchs. From that time St. Paul's is a troubled history for the next one hundred and fifty years. We can only deal with the more salient points; and, first, here is a quiet little bit of correspondence going on between the authorities of the cathedral and Queen Anne Boleyn's Vice-Chamberlain. As yet, proceedings of the nature indicated had to be done very decorously; and our readers will own that the writer (Dr. John Smythe, canon-residentiary) was the very man so to do them:—"After my right hearty recommendations: whereas the King's grace, by instruction, hath in knowledge of a precious little cross, with a crucifix, all of pure gold, with a rich ruby in the side, and garnished with four great diamonds, four great emeralds, and four large ballasses, with twelve great orient pearls, &c., which cross is in our church among other jewels; and upon the King's high affection and pleasure of the sight of the same [Who does not see bluff King Hal standing before it with his mouth watering?], I, with others of my brethren residentiaries, had yesterday in commandment, by the mouth of Mr. Secretary, in the King's name, to be with his Grace with the same cross to-morrow. I *secretly* asserten you, and my loving master and trusty friend, that, by mine especial instruction, conveyance, and labours, his Grace shall have high pleasure therein, to the accomplishment of his affection in and of the same, of our *free gift*, trusting only in his charitable goodness always to be shewed to our church of S. Paul, and to the ministers of the same, in their just and reasonable causes and suits." And is this all?—By no means. The crafty canon-residentiary knows well enough that those who receive such kind of service are not unprepared to repay it in kind: so he goes on to point out that his "unkind brother, Mr. Incente," long time, as he understands, hath made secret labours to supplant him of some house he holds, and to obtain certain authority; and so a good word with the Queen's Grace is desired both for the house and the authority, backed by this persuasive piece of eloquence to Sir Edward Baynton, the Vice-Chancellor's own ears:—"If ye can speed with me," he says, "I shall give you two years' farm rent of my prebend of Alkennings, *and so forth, as I shall find your goodness unto me.*"

Turn we now to a somewhat more gratifying evidence of the progress of the Reformation—the sudden apparition, in or about most of the principal English churches, for the first time, of such a spectacle as this: Englishmen reading the Bible in their own language. The first announcement of the King's purpose was made known by his direction, in 1536, for a translation to be made. Coverdale had, the year before, completed his translation, which was now placed in the King's hands; and, as the translator himself told his audience one day at St. Paul's Cross, various opinions having been expressed as to its value, "Henry ordered divers bishops to peruse it. After they had had it long in their hands,

he asked their judgment of it: they said there were many faults in it. But he asked upon that if there were any heresies in it: they said they found none. 'Then,' said the King, 'in God's name, let it go abroad among my people.'" Cromwell accordingly directed a copy of Coverdale's Bible to be chained to a pillar or desk in the choir of every parish church. As soon as the new translation was completed in 1539, similar directions were issued with regard to that; and again in 1541, showing that the earlier orders had been but indifferently obeyed. Bonner was now Bishop of London; and, in obedience to the proclamation, he caused six Bibles to be set up in different parts of the Church, with a brief admonition attached, that they should be read humbly, meekly, reverently, and obediently; that no persons should read them with loud voices, or during divine service; and, more particularly, that the laity were not to dispute of the mysteries contained therein. But the awakening mind of man was preparing to accomplish mightier things than breaking through a bishop's injunction. Many a group might be seen about these chained Bibles, now listening in deep silence to the voice of one who read, now arguing hotly upon some disputed passage or point of faith it involved. Bonner was the last man to submit to this in peace. He threatened publicly to remove the Bibles if these abuses continued; whilst in private, he, with the other chief heads of the clergy, who viewed with alarm the growing schism, strained every nerve to undo what had been done, but with little or no effect.

The next evidence of the change going on, that we meet with in the history of St. Paul's, is the dissolution of the chantries in the first year of the reign of Edward VI.—an act which at once struck off fifty-four priests from the foundation, that being the number still employed in the daily performance of the celebrations at the different chantries, then reduced to thirty-five. This blow was followed, six years later, by another—the stripping the church of the long list of valuables which we have before referred to, leaving only, as if by way of mockery,

two or three chalices, basins, and a silver pot, a few cushions, towels, dresses, &c. Ruder hands were now laid upon the venerable structure. "In the time of King Edward VI.," says Dugdale, "and beginning of Queen Elizabeth, such pretenders were some to zeal for a thorough reformation in religion, that, under colour of pulling down those images here, which had been superstitiously worshipped by the people, as then was said, the beautiful and costly portraitures of brass, fixed in several marbles in sundry churches of this realm, and so consequently in this, escaping not their sacrilegious hands, were torn away, and for a small matter sold to coppersmiths and tinkers."* In the place of the images or statues thus removed, various texts of Scripture were affixed against the wall, condemnatory, or thought to be so, of the former practice. A curious passage in Strype's 'Ecclesiastical Memorial' shows us the state of feeling among the clergy of the cathedral. In 1549 Bonner had received an indirect reprimand from the King's Council on account of the performance of masses, said to be still kept up in some of the chapels of St. Paul's. It was directed that the Communion, under colour of which the masses had been said, should be said at the high altar only. Some months after that, when Ridley was bishop, the Communion was still celebrated with such superstition as though it were a mass. In consequence, the Council sent, on the 11th of October, 1550, three or four "honest gentlemen in London" to observe the usage at St. Paul's, who reported that the Communion was "used as the very mass." We may judge how joyously these parties must have received the news of Mary's accession to the throne. The continuator of Fabian tells us, "on St. Katherine's Day, after even song, began the choir of Paul's to go about the steeple singing, after the old custom;" whilst, on "St. Andrew's Day began the procession in Latin—the bishop, curates, parsons, and the whole choir of Paul's, with the mayor and divers aldermen, and the prebends in their grey ammes;† and thus continued *three days* following." And although Mary, for political reasons, issued almost immediately a declaration that she would constrain nobody in religious matters, her intentions were well known to the Catholic party; and too soon, unhappily, to every one else. It was a blessed thing for England that one of its "most terrible reigns should have been also one of the shortest."

The most important point in the history of St. Paul's during the reign of Elizabeth is the destruction of the tall steeple, in 1561. In the accounts published at the time, the damage was attributed to lightning during a tempest, "for divers persons, in time of the said tempest, being in the fields near adjoining to the city, affirmed that they saw a long and a spear-pointed flame of fire (as it were) run through the top of the broche or shaft of Paul's steeple from the east westward;" but a later writer, Dr. Heylin (1674), says, that a plumber had since confessed that it happened through his negligence in leaving a pan of coals and other fuel in the steeple when he went to dinner; and which, taking hold of the dry wood in the spire, had become so dangerous before he returned, that he kept his secret. The damage done was immense. Not only the entire steeple was destroyed, but the roof of the church and aisles. Many pious per-

* Sir H. Ellis's edition, 1818, p. 31; to which we may once for all express our acknowledgments for the chief materials of the present papers.

† Amices—the cloth worn by the priests in front under the albs.

sons no doubt were totally at a loss to understand the calamity; for in the cross there had been long deposited the relics of certain saints, placed there originally by Gilbert de Segrave, Bishop of London about 1315, for the express purpose of defending the steeple from all danger of tempests; but they were satisfied at last when they discovered that the evil was owing to the Reformation. A preacher at Paul's Cross thought it necessary to answer this hypothesis in a careful and learned manner. All parties, however, exerted themselves to remedy the mischance. By 1566 the roof was repaired; but it now began to be perceived that a general repair of the edifice was needed, and there was still the steeple to build. James I., on one occasion, came in splendid procession to give éclat to a new attempt to raise subscriptions. A commission also was issued, but nothing further done till Charles's reign, when, in 1633, Laud, then Bishop of London, laid the first stone, and Inigo Jones, the architect, the fourth. It would have been well for this great architect's fame if his connexion with St. Paul's could be altogether forgotten. After looking upon the elegant tracery and beautifully-pointed architecture of the old cathedral, and then on the monstrous additions made by him, such as Corinthian porticos, round-headed windows, balustrades ornamented with round stone balls along the top, one needs to remember the Banqueting House, Whitehall, to prevent something like a feeling of contempt for this fine artist. Strange that men like Inigo Jones and Wren, both able to do so much honour to their country by developing their own tastes and principles, should have been willing to meddle with works founded upon the tastes and principles of others, with whom evidently they had nothing in common. If the notion had ever crossed their minds that some restorer of the Gothic would one day be busily employed repairing St. Paul's or the Banqueting House on his own peculiar views, we suspect their equanimity would have been somewhat disturbed.

Many honourable instances of private zeal in the restoration of the cathedral have been recorded. Charles himself set the example by erecting, at his own expense, the portico on the west, whilst Sir Paul Pindar restored the beautiful screen at the entrance into the choir (the one single work that seems to have been done in the right spirit), and gave no less than 4000*l.* to the repair of the south transept. And thus, by 1643, the whole was finished except the steeple, at an expense of about 100,000*l.*, when the Civil War broke out; and men, in their struggle to prevent or to accomplish a reform of all the evils which political or religious institutions are heir to, became too much engrossed to attend any longer to the state of St. Paul's. In order that we may finally dismiss this part of our subject, we may observe that on the abolition of bishops, deans, and chapters, in 1642, the revenues and buildings attached to St. Paul's were seized, and much injury done to the interior of the cathedral by the quartering of horse-soldiers in the nave, and the erection of a wall between the nave and choir, in order to partition the latter off for divine service. Charles II. began the work of repair and restoration in 1633, but before any great advance was made came the Great Fire.

At the very beginning of the Civil War an eminent antiquary conceived and executed a scheme of no ordinary importance or toil, which he has thus described in the preface to his work on St. Paul's:—"The said Mr. Dugdale, therefore,

receiving encouragement from Sir Christopher Hatton, before mentioned, then a member of that House of Commons (who timely foresaw the near approaching storm) in summer, anno 1641, taking with him one Mr. William Sedgewick (a skilful arms painter), repaired first to the cathedral of St. Paul in the City of London, and next to the abbey church of Westminster, and there made exact draughts of all the monuments in each of them, copied the epitaphs according to the very letter, as also of all arms in the windows or cut in stone; and having so done, rode to Peterborough in Northamptonshire, Ely, Norwich, Lincoln, Newark-upon-Trent, Beverley, Southwell, Kingston-upon-Hull, York, Selby, Chester, Litchfield, Tamworth, Warwick, and did the like in all those cathedral, collegiate, conventual, and divers other parochial churches, wherein any tombs or monuments were to be found, to the end that the memory of them, in the case of that ruin then imminent, might be preserved for future and better times." A more interesting passage, or a more gallant deed than this, we shall nowhere find in the annals of antiquarianism. And whatever the amount of the danger apprehended and the mischief done to our cathedrals during the Civil War, one event of infinitely greater moment, that he could not anticipate, the Great Fire, has left us almost entirely dependent upon what Dugdale did at this period for our knowledge of Old St. Paul's. In the vaults beneath the present cathedral are the remains of some half-dozen monuments dug up out of the ruins of the former edifice, and this is nearly all we should have known of the sumptuous structures already described, but for his labours. The amount of destruction wrought in our great religious edifices during the Civil War, we believe, has been much exaggerated, and the error has probably arisen from overlooking the handiwork of the first reformers themselves during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. Henry, at one cast of the dice, knocked down the Bell Tower before mentioned, with its goodly spire and bells, or at least his fellow-gamester Sir Miles Partridge, who was the winner of the throw, did for him. Then as to Edward's and Elizabeth's reigns, we have already transcribed a passage from Dugdale showing that the "images," forming nearly the whole of the beautiful sculpture, and many of the beautiful and costly portraitures of brass, chiefly of bishops, of whom no less than twenty-four had been buried in the cathedral, were then destroyed. But in Edward's reign private rapacity did greater injury even than any yet specified. The Protector Somerset, then busy erecting Somerset House in the Strand, swept away the chapel and cloisters of Pardon Church Haugh, with the Dance of Death, and all the beautiful monuments; also Shirington's Chapel, and the Charnel-House and Chapel, in order that he might have the materials. Let us now see what were the principal memorials among those which remained when Dugdale set to work, and which have not been already described in the preceding paper. Among the tablets were one to Linacre, the great physician and founder of the College of Physicians, who was buried here; another to Sir Philip Sidney, with an inscription, beginning—

> "England, Netherlands, the Heavens, and the Arts,
> The soldiers, and the world, have made six parts
> Of noble Sidney;"

who was interred in St. Paul's, in January, 1586, amidst so deep and universal a

grief as has seldom greeted the remains of poet or warrior; indeed for months afterwards it was considered an infringement of decency for a gentleman to appear at court or in public except in mourning. Among the monuments were plenty of those cumbrous, tasteless pieces of magnificence which choke up the aisles and chapels of Westminster Abbey to this day. Such, for instance, were the monuments of the noticeable triad of men—Sir Christopher Hatton, Elizabeth's favourite Chancellor, with a long inscription in verse attached, detailing his descent and history at large,—Sir Francis Walsingham, her eminent Secretary, who, Pennant says, "died so poor that his friends were obliged to steal his remains into the grave, for fear lest they should be arrested"—and lastly, Sir Nicholas Bacon, her Keeper of the Seals, the father of the great Chancellor, and himself a distinguished and excellent man. "He was," says his son, "a plain man, direct and constant, without all finesse and doubleness, and one that was of a mind that a man in his private proceedings and estate, and in the proceedings of State, should rest upon the soundness and strength of his own courses, and not upon practice to circumvent others." His solidity of character was by no means inconsistent with the lighter graces of the intellect. When Elizabeth came to visit him at Gorhambury, the size and magnificence of the place seem to have drawn from the Queen, who evidently had a jealousy of the power of her nobles, the satirical remark, that "his house was too little for him." "Not so, Madam," was the happy answer, "but your Majesty has made me too great for my house." The Earl of Pembroke's monument was also a work of great size and magnificence in this style. Lastly, there was here a large memorial of the founder of the school, Dean Colet, with a skeleton reclining at full length on a mat under a canopy, and a bust of the Dean in a niche at the top. The poet Donne's effigy, still preserved, we reserve for mention in our account of the existing structure. In St. Faith's, also, were many monuments and inscriptions. Perhaps the most memorable of them is that which stated—

> "Lo, Thomas Mind, esquire by birth, doth under turned lie,
> To show that men, by nature's law, are born to live and die!"

The imagination starts back in awe as it asks, what would have been the consequences had this gentleman been unwilling to be made such an example of?

Apart from the history of the Cathedral itself, using the word in its strictest sense, there are a variety of events which belong to that history as having taken place within its walls. The Church and the State have each for many centuries used it occasionally for peculiar purposes—the one, for instance, for great ecclesiastical assemblies, proclamations, and trials of heretics—the other for pageants on occasions of public prayer or thanksgiving. Lastly, the people themselves managed, as we shall see, to turn Old St. Paul's to a variety of uses, none of them very consistent with the objects of the building. To begin with one of its miscellaneous religious or ecclesiastical memories. Here, in 1213, John's acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Pope was publicly read, in consequence of which acknowledgment the Church suddenly changed sides in the contest between the king and his barons, and wanted the latter to do the same. The event

next to be mentioned was of vast importance, no less than the degradation of the first English martyr, William Sawtre, from the priestly order, by stripping him, in regular succession, of all the distinctive articles of his dress, preparatory to sentencing him to the stake at Smithfield, where he was burnt in March, 1401. This terrible act took place under the primacy of Arundel, and was performed with the view of putting down Lollardism at once and for ever. If, as in some systems of theology, the shades of the authors of this fatal proceeding could but have been allowed to revisit the earth, and watch for the next one hundred and fifty years the progress of the principle they had established in St. Paul's—have summed up the amount of misery and agony inflicted, and the amount of success obtained, they would have received a punishment adequate even to such a crime. The name of the Lollards' Tower, applied to one of the turrets of the western front, and below which was the parish church of St. Gregory (at the S. W. corner of the pile), shows that Sawtre's case is not the only one, perhaps by hundreds, of the early Church Reformers, whose persecutions were carried on within the walls of the Cathedral. The Lollards' Tower here, as at Lambeth, was the bishop's usual place of confinement for the heterodox, but enjoys a pre-eminence of guilt to which the other cannot pretend. Its walls were reported to be stained with the blood from many a midnight murder, and one case that has come down to us prepares us to believe any tale of horror in connexion with it. In 1514, Richard Hunne, a merchant tailor of London, had a dispute with the parson of a country parish in Middlesex, who demanded a bearing-sheet as a mortuary privilege accruing through the death of an infant child of Hunne's in his parish. Hunne objected, it is supposed, through his inclination to the new doctrines, and was sued in the Spiritual Court, when, by the advice of his counsel, he adopted a daring course, that of taking out a writ of premunire against the parson for bringing the King's subjects before a foreign jurisdiction—a Spiritual Court sitting under the authority of the Pope's Legate. The clergy were in a state of frenzy at such bold questioning of their power, and, as the speediest method of reaching him, charged him with heresy. He was arrested and thrown into the Lollards' Tower. Hunne was frightened, and whilst acknowledging the partial truth of the charges brought against him, recanted in due form. But he would not give up his writ against the parson. Instead, therefore, of being discharged, as he was entitled to demand he should be, he was sent back to his prison; two days after he was found dead, hanging suspended from a hook in the ceiling. Of course he had hung himself, according to the officers of the prison, but, unfortunately for them, a coroner's inquest came to a different conclusion. Burnet says, "they found him hanging so loose, and in a silk girdle, that they clearly perceived he was killed; they also found his neck had been broken, as they judged with an iron chain, for the skin was all fretted and cut; they saw some streams of blood about his body, besides several other evidences, which made it clear that he had not murdered himself: whereupon they did acquit the dead body, and laid the murder on the officers that had the charge of that prison; and, by other proofs, they found the bishop's sumner (summoner) and the bell-ringer guilty of it; and, by the deposition of the sumner himself, it did appear that the chancellor, and he, and the bell-ringer, did murder

him, and then hung him up." It seems scarcely credible that, with the suspicion of such an atrocity hanging over them, the bishop and his clergy should have begun a new process of heresy against the dead body; yet they did so, and actually caused it to be burnt at Smithfield. Even this boldness, however, could not conceal the motive—it was too transparent; their show of conscious innocence availed nothing. Finally, after strong endeavours to stop the course of justice, Chancellor Horsey succeeded in escaping direct punishment, but not the odium which was universally raised against him. Parliament interfered in favour of Hunne's children, and compelled the restitution of his property, which had been seized on the conviction of his dead body for heresy. But even this act of atrocity was not worse than many performed with all due form and ceremonies in the same cathedral:—here is one related by Stow as to the fate of some poor people of Holland, who had taken into their heads they had a mission to reform the state of religious belief, and came to this country to make the experiment. In May, 1535, there were examined in St. Paul's nineteen men and six women born in Holland, whose opinions were that in Christ is not three natures; that Christ took neither flesh nor blood of the Virgin Mary; that children born of infidels shall be saved; that baptism of children is of no effect; that the sacrament of Christ's body is but bread only; that he who after his baptism sinneth wittingly, sinneth deadly, and cannot be saved. Fourteen of them were condemned: one man and woman burnt in Smithfield, the other twelve sent to different parts of the country to receive the same punishment. Such was the treatment of reformers under the rule of a reformer; when they did not happen to wait his good time, and make their opinions square exactly with his.

The state pageants or exhibitions here might well furnish interesting matter for many pages: we must dismiss them in a few lines. The taking possession of the English throne under peculiar circumstances seems to have been accompanied in old times by a splendid procession to St. Paul's. Thus when Louis of France came into London in 1216, amidst the greetings of the barons and citizens, who were ready to welcome any one so long as they got rid of the tyrant John, he was conducted with great pomp and ceremony to St. Paul's, where all those present swore fealty to him. Henry VI. and Edward IV. each came here after particular successes. At other times events of this nature were marked by a different kind of exhibition, showing who had lost, instead of those who had gained kingdoms. Richard II.'s body was exhibited at St. Paul's, and, says Stow, "had service, where King Henry was present." Henry VI. before mentioned, and the great King-maker, were also publicly shown here after their death. Henry's corpse is said to have bled on the occasion. One very sumptuous state pageant that took place in St. Paul's was the marriage of Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., to Catherine of Arragon, afterwards the unhappy wife of Arthur's brother Henry. They were lodged for the time in the bishop's palace. Among the prayers and thanksgivings before alluded to, the most remarkable are those offered in 1555 for the preservation of Mary and *her infant*, the Queen having made an awkward mistake; and those in 1588 for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

The words "Paul's Walk" at once revive recollections of the uses to which

the public were accustomed to turn the nave and aisles of the Cathedral. "No place has been more abused than Paul's has been," says the author of a tract on the burning of the steeple in 1561, "nor more against the receiving of Christ's Gospel: wherefore it is more marvel that God spared it so long, rather than that he overthrew it now. From the top of the steeple down within the ground no place has been free. From the top of the spire at coronations, or other solemn triumphs, some for vainglory used to throw themselves down by a rope, and so killed themselves vainly to please other men's eyes. At the battlements of the steeple sundry times were used their Popish anthems, to call upon their gods with torch and taper in the evenings . . . . . The south alley for usury and popery, the north for simony, and the horse-fair in the midst for all kind of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies; and the font for ordinary payments of money, are so well known to men as the beggar knows his dish." It is curious how early the traffic in benefices at St. Paul's has been noticed. Chaucer's Parson is described as one who

> "—— sette not his benefice to hire
> And lefte his sheep accombered in the mire
> And ran unto Londón, *unto St. Poul's*
> To seeken him a chanterie for souls," &c.

Whilst Bishop Hall corroborates the author before quoted, not only as to the fact, but the part of the Cathedral where such business was transacted:

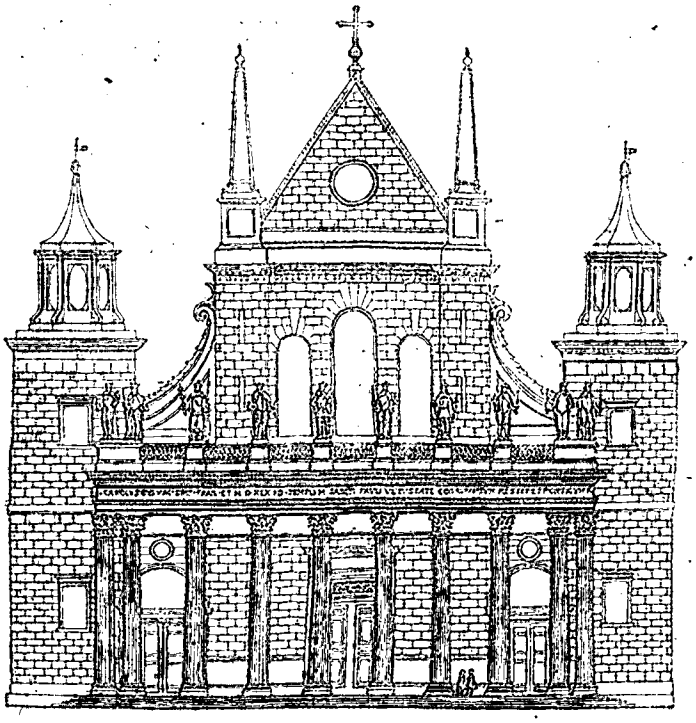
> "Come to the left side alley of St. Poul's,
> Thou servile fool: why couldst thou not repair
> To buy a benefice at Steeple-fair?"

The middle aisle was the famous Paul's Walk, which between eleven and twelve in the morning, and three and six in the afternoon, was the resort of persons of all ranks of society, and a pretty medley it seems they formed. "At one time in one and the same rank, yea, foot by foot, and elbow by elbow, shall you see walking the Knight, the Gull, the Gallant, the Upstart, the Gentleman, the Clown, the Captain, the Appel-squire, the Lawyer, the Usurer, the Citizen, the Bankrout, the Scholar, the Beggar, the Doctor, the Ideot, the Ruffian, the Cheater, the Puritan, the Cut-throat, the High-men, the Low-men, the True man and the Thief: of all trades and professions some: of all countries some. Thus whilst Devotion kneels at her prayers, doth Profanation walk under her nose in contempt of religion." * We mentioned in our former paper the monument of Sir John Beauchamp; it was this it appears that, being mistaken for the monument of good Duke Humphrey, buried at St. Albans, led to the popular phrase among the poor idlers, who here whiled away their time, of dining with Duke Humphrey, when they knew of no better host.

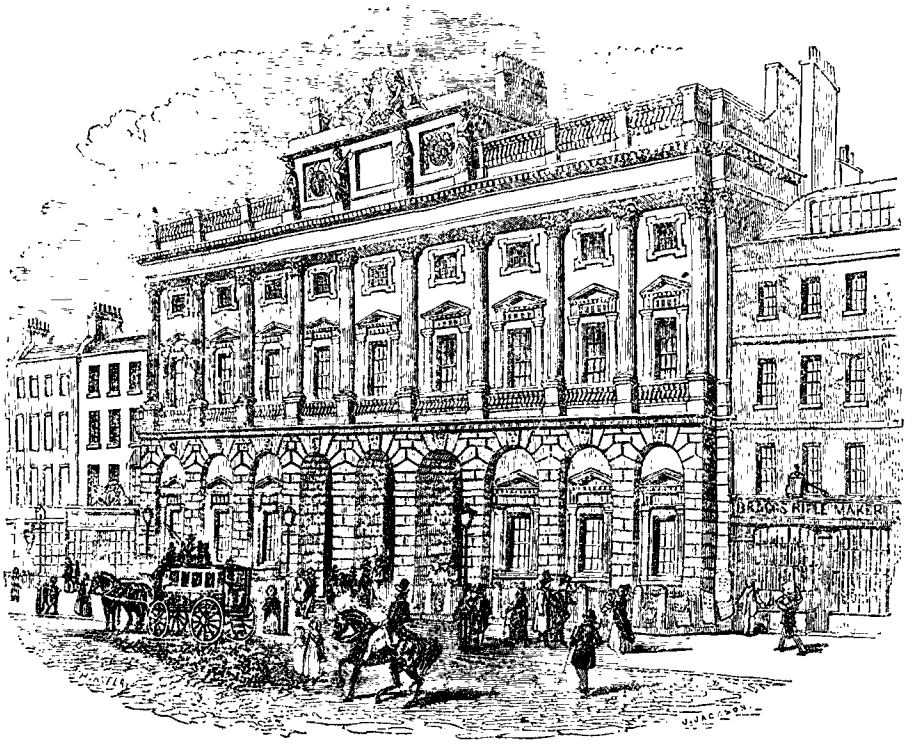
The exterior was an equally popular place for various public proceedings. The first lottery of which we have any record was drawn before the western doors in 1569. It included 10,000 lots, at 10*s.* each lot; the prizes consisting of plate. It began on the 11th of January, and continued, Stow says, "day and night" till the 6th of May. What a picture of national passion for gambling is

* Dekker's 'Dead Tearme, or Westminster's Speech to London,' 1607.

given in these few words! The profits of the lottery were applied to the repair of the havens of England. Another lottery was drawn in 1586, when the prizes consisted of rich and beautiful armour; and, for the convenience of all parties, a wooden house was erected against the great door of the Cathedral. We may add that one of the objects of the erection of the great portico at the west end was to relieve the interior from the nuisances pointed out.



[Inigo Jones's Portico, St. Paul's.]



[Somerset House, Strand Front.]

XCIII.—SOMERSET HOUSE.

If the splendour of royalty only now illumines the City at rare and uncertain intervals, there was once a time when the citizens were more familiar with regal movements and processions, and when the numerous city mansions of the nobility attested the empire of the court over its narrow and crowded streets. The Tower, as the eastern seat of royalty, held the palatial pride of Westminster in check. In the fifteenth century, when the great nobles visited London, they came not to their mansions with the unobtrusiveness of private citizens. In 1485 the Earl of Salisbury rode with five hundred horsemen, all wearing his livery, to his house in the Herber, or Erber. And where was the mansion fit for the reception of so ostentatious and princely a retinue? The exclusive who affects ignorance of the locality of Bloomsbury Square will blush to hear that it was "a great old house" by Dowgate. It was successively held by John Neville, Lord of Raby, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, then by Neville, the Earl of Salisbury above mentioned, and afterwards passed into the possession of George, Duke of Clarence, by gift from Edward IV. When Stow wrote, the old mansion had been recently pulled down, and the house erected on

its site was the residence of Sir Francis Drake. In the same year of 1485 Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, rode with six hundred men in his livery to his house in Warwick Lane. Strange sights these would be for the citizens of the present day. Up to the commencement of the sixteenth century the nobility not only lived in the City, but even at that time built houses for themselves in this part of the town. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Marquis of Winchester erected a large mansion on the spot now known as Austin Friars. Here the Augustine Friars had a house, cloisters, and gardens, the site of which the Marquis appropriated, converting a part of their church into places for storing corn and coal, and for other household purposes. Some of the old city churches contained numerous monuments of the nobility, and we are told that the Marquis's heir sold the monuments of many noblemen who had been interred in the Friars' Church. At the end of the sixteenth century the more ancient mansions of the nobility were either pulled down or in a state of decay, and occupied by very different tenants. The house of Earl Ferrers, in Lombard Street, had become a common hostelry, called the 'George.' Northumberland House, near Fenchurch Street, which had been a town residence of the Percies in the fifteenth century, had for some time been deserted by them, and its gardens were converted into bowling-alleys, and other parts into dicing-houses, "common to all comers for their money, there to bowl and hazard." The town-house of the Earls of Worcester, in Vintry ward, was in Stow's time divided into many tenements; and a great house built of stone, called Ormond Place, in Knightriders Street, and which had belonged to the Earls of Ormond, had, he tells us, lately been pulled down. Another great house, for the most part built of stone, on Fish Street Hill, where, in the fourteenth century, the Black Prince was accustomed to lodge, had become a hostelry at the end of the sixteenth century, and was called the 'Black Bell.' The history of the 'Pope's Head' tavern on Cornhill puzzled our city antiquary. The place, with other houses adjoining, strongly built of stone, had evidently formed one tenement at some remote period. The royal arms, as they were quartered before the reign of Edward III., showed that it was erected before the fourteenth century. "Some say," remarks Stow, "this was King John's house, which might so be;" but he could find no proof of the fact. The nobility gradually removed from the City to the west end of the town. Northumberland House, at the western extremity of the Strand, is the only noble mansion which now stands so far eastward. It possesses a different character from most of the houses of the nobility, and its *porte-cocher* and solid front give it something of the appearance of a mansion of the olden time. But even in Evelyn's time, now nearly two centuries ago, when manufactories were less numerous along the banks of the river, it was often wrapped in a murky veil of smoke. "I have," he says, "strangely wondered, and not without some just indignation, when the south wind has been gently breathing, to have sometimes beheld that stately house and garden, belonging to my Lord of Northumberland, even as far as Whitehall and Westminster Abbey, wrapped in a horrid cloud of smoke issuing from a brew-house or two contiguous to that noble palace, so as, coming up the river, that part of the city has appeared a sea where no part of land was within ken."

Besides the royal residence at the Tower of London, the Kings of England had other places, in the heart of the city, at which they were accustomed to

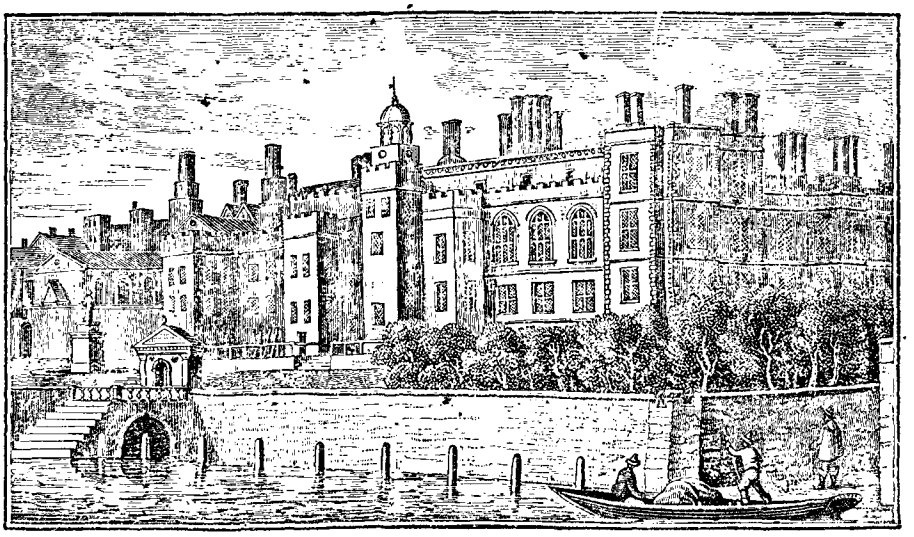
lodge occasionally, or to take up their temporary abode. One of these places was Baynard's Castle, a very ancient edifice, which gives its name to one of the City wards. It was repaired in 1501 by Henry VII., or rather he rebuilt it, "not embattled, or so strongly fortified castle-like, but far more beautiful and commodious, for the entertainment of any prince or great estate." During his reign he frequently lodged there. He received at this place the ambassadors from the King of the Romans; and the King of Castile lodged here while on a visit to this country. The council at which it was resolved to proclaim Queen Mary, during the brief reign of Lady Jane Grey, was held at Baynard's Castle. Tower Royal, in Vintry ward, was another royal residence, and at an earlier period. During his contests with the Empress Maude, King Stephen lodged here, "as in the heart of the city, for his more safety." In the reign of Richard II. this place was called the Queen's Wardrobe. During Wat Tyler's rebellion Richard's mother fled hither from the Tower, so that it must have been a place of some strength. As soon as the heat of the rebels was quenched, he visited his mother, who had been in a state of alarm during three days and two nights, and bid her thank God, "for," said he, "I have this day recovered mine heritage, and the realm of England, which I had near hand lost." In Stow's time this place was converted into separate tenements. In the fifteenth century Henry VI. had an ancient mansion which he styled his "principal palace in the Old Jewry," and which a century afterwards was known by the name of the Old Wardrobe. It was a large stone building, very ancient, and when Stow wrote the outer stone walls had been gradually taken down and good houses built upon the site. No notice occurs of its having been used as a royal residence. The Palace of Bridewell, just without the city walls, the site of which is well known, was occasionally much used by Henry VIII., especially during the discussions respecting his divorce from his first wife, which were carried on at the Black Friars. In the next reign this palace was converted into a House of Correction. In its further migration westward, royalty rested for a time at Somerset House, of which place we will now give a brief history.

In 1536 the rising fortunes of Edward Seymour were crowned by the marriage of his sister to Henry VIII. He was immediately created a peer by the title of Viscount Beauchamp. On his sister giving birth to a prince in the following year, Seymour was elevated to the earldom of Hertford; and, four years afterwards, was elected a Knight of the Garter, and next appointed Lord Chamberlain for life. The attainders in former reigns had so thinned the ranks of the nobility, that, a little before his death, Henry proposed creating new peers and elevating in rank those who were already in his favour. On this occasion the Earl of Hertford was nominated for a dukedom, and the extinct titles of Somerset, Exeter, or Hertford, were offered for his choice; but the King died before the new patent could be made out, and he left instructions in his will for carrying his intentions into effect, so far at least as the Earl of Hertford was concerned. On the 1st of February, 1546, four days after the King's death, he was elected by the Privy Council Governor of the young King Edward VI., his nephew, and Protector of his realms, until he should attain the age of eighteen. On the 10th of February he was appointed Lord High Treasurer; on the 16th created Duke of Somerset; and on the 17th he was made Earl Marshal. It seems probable

that he already possessed property on the site of Somerset House. The whole of Covent Garden and its neighbourhood, and Long Acre, comprising seven acres of valuable ground, belonged to him. The desire to possess a residence suitable to his high station was natural, and he determined to build a palace on the site of the present Somerset House. To obtain space and building materials he was guilty of some infringements of public and private rights, which were urged against him in the hour of his adversity. An inn of Chancery, called Strand Inn or Chester's Inn, the Episcopal houses of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and of the Bishops of Worcester and Llandaff, and the church and churchyard of St. Mary-le-Strand, were demolished for the site of his new house. The common mode of building was still with timber and rubble, bricks not being generally used, and only the mansions of the nobility were built of stone, which was necessarily brought by sea, so that the most expeditious plan of obtaining the materials for new buildings of stone was to pull down old ones. With this object he caused the charnel-house of Old St. Paul's, and the chapel over it, to be demolished; also a large cloister on the north of St. Paul's, called Pardon Churchyard, which contained a greater number and more curious monuments than the church itself. The 'Dance of Machabray,' or 'Dance of Death,' commonly called, says Stow, the 'Dance of Paul's,' was painted in a part of this cloister. Nothing was left of it but a bare plot of ground. He also pulled down the steeple and part of the church of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem. Burnet, alluding to the Protector's rapacity, admits that "many bishops and cathedrals had resigned many manors to him for obtaining his favour;" though he adds, "this was not done without leave obtained from the King." Bishop Babington, appointed in 1591 to the see of Llandaff, which had suffered from the spoliations of his predecessor in Somerset's time, said that he was only Bishop of "Aff," as "Land" had been dissevered from his see. Burnet also accuses the Protector of selling chantry lands to his friends at easy rates, for which it was concluded he had great presents. The flagrant proceedings of the previous reign had, however, blinded men to the sacredness of this species of property; and this consideration, though it does not excuse the Protector's acts, is in some sort a palliation of them. But the rise of Somerset House exposed its owner to the reflection, "that when the King was engaged in such wars, and when London was much disordered by the plague that had been in it for some months, he was then bringing architects from Italy, and designing such a palace as had not been seen in England." While he was thus pursuing these false means of aggrandisement, now sending his brother to the block for caballing against him, and, within two or three weeks afterwards, ordering the demolition of Pardon Churchyard, which was commenced on the 10th of April, 1549, his own downfall was rapidly approaching, and, on the 14th of October following, he was committed to the Tower. One of the grounds of dissatisfaction exhibited against him was his ambition and seeking of his own glory, "as appeared by his building of most sumptuous and costly buildings, and specially in the time of the King's wars, and the King's soldiers unpaid." He did not fall with much dignity; and his private appeal to Warwick, his great rival, to save him, was treated with neglect. Warwick, though without the title, succeeded to the real power of the Protectorate, and Somerset was reduced to such insignificance that he was released from the Tower, and even allowed to sit at the

Council. Whether he attempted to regain his former position, or Warwick, now become Duke of Northumberland, felt uneasy so long as Somerset lived, does not appear; but, in December, 1551, the ex-Protector was again placed in confinement in the Tower on treasonable charges, and in January, 1552, he was beheaded. The marriage of his daughter to Warwick's eldest son did not save him. His nephew, Edward VI., mentions his uncle's death in the following laconic manner in his Diary:—"Jan. 22. The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Tower Hill between eight and nine o'clock in the morning." The people who witnessed the execution were more accessible to feelings of pity. A circumstance occurred during the preparations which led them to believe that Edward had granted his uncle a pardon, and a general shout arose of "Pardon! Pardon!" and "God save the King!" many persons throwing up their caps. They were exempt from the feelings of ambitious rivalry which had hurried him to the scaffold.

It is very probable that Somerset House was never inhabited by the Protector. He commenced the building in March, 1546-7, and in October, 1549, up to which period it was in constant progress, his political life may be said to have terminated. According to the scale of a print in Strype's 'Stow,' the site occupied an area of six hundred feet from east to west by five hundred north and south. The principal architect is believed to have been John of Padua, an Italian, who was appointed "Deviser of his Majesty's buildings" in 1544. Old Somerset House was the first building of Italian architecture executed in this country. The engraving shows the general appearance of the river front of the old edifice.



[Old Somerset House.]

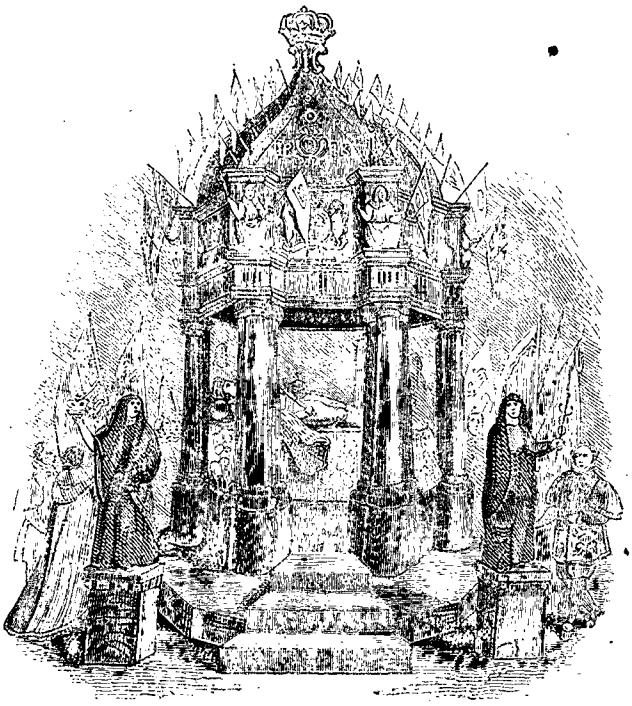
On the death of Somerset his palace came into the possession of the Crown, and Edward appears to have assigned it to his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, for her use when she visited the court. It is spoken of at this period as "her place, called Somerset Place, beyond Strand Bridge." When she came to the throne she seems always to have given the preference to Whitehall and St. James's. In

the first year of her reign some partial restoration of Somerset's property was probably made, as the Dowager Duchess lived in Somerset House. When the Queen visited the new Bourse in 1570, and gave it the name of the Royal Exchange, she is described as coming "from her house at the Strand, called Somerset House." In the reign of her successor it became the residence of Anne of Denmark, queen of James I. He kept up three palaces at one period—White-

[Anne of Denmark.]

hall for himself, Somerset House for the Queen, and St. James's for his son, Prince Henry; and each on an expensive scale. In 1606, when the Queen's brother, Christian IV. of Denmark, visited England, her Majesty expended a considerable sum in preparing her residence for his reception, and after his return she affected to call it Denmark House, under which name it is frequently alluded to about this time. James was so lavish in his expenditure during the visit of his brother-in-law, that he expended in feasting and entertainments nearly the whole of a subsidy of 453,000*l.* granted by Parliament for the necessary and urgent demands of his household. The royal Dane was so well pleased with his visit, that he repeated it rather unexpectedly in 1614, and this time about 50,000*l.* was squandered in feasting and riotous living. Both kings were addicted to intemperance, and even drunkenness; and in his cups Christian acted with gross indignity to some of the ladies of the court, one of whom, the Countess of Nottingham, addressed the Danish ambassador on the subject. Her letter to him may be seen in Harris's 'Life of King James.' Anne of Denmark died in 1618, and her body laid in state for some time at "Denmark House," which she is stated to have "beautified, repaired, and improved," by "new buildings and enlargements," for which Inigo Jones furnished the designs. The principal state apartments were in the central part of the edifice. She also caused a supply of water to be brought to it

from Hyde Park. James I. died in 1625, and his body laid in state at Somerset House from the 23rd of April to the 17th of May.



[James I. lying in State. The Canopy, &c., from a Design by Inigo Jones.]

Denmark House, or, as we shall now call it, Somerset House, was settled for life on Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., and was fitted up for the reception of herself and household in 1626. According to the terms of her marriage-settlement, she was allowed pretty nearly the free exercise of her own religion, and soon formed a little ecclesiastical establishment within the walls of the Palace, and built a chapel for herself from designs by Inigo Jones. The subsequent events of her husband's reign drove her out of England for a time. During the Protectorate an Act was passed for selling "several tenements in the Strand, parcel of the possessions of Charles Stuart and Henrietta Maria, late King and Queen of England, belonging unto Somerset House," the money being wanted for the payment of the army. The Restoration brought Queen Henrietta to England again. She was now Queen Dowager, or Queen Mother, as she was then called. Granger says that on re-entering her Palace, she exclaimed that if she had known the temper of the English some years ago as well as she now did, she need never to have left that house. Her marriage-jointure was 30,000*l.* a-year, to which her son, now Charles II., added an equal yearly sum. Much as she had formerly disliked the country, she now began to enjoy herself in England. One of her first objects was to put her palace in a state of repair. Cowley wrote some verses "On the Queen's repairing Somerset House," from which we take the following lines:—

"Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
Which still with waves of crowding people flows;
And every day there passes by my side,
Up to its western reach, the London tide,
The spring-tides of the term. My front looks down
On all the pride and business of the town.
* * * * * *
And here behold, in a long bending row,
How two joint cities make one glorious bow;
The midst, the noblest place, possest by me,
Best to be seen by all, and all o'ersee:
Which way soe'er I turn my joyful eye,
Here the great court, there the rich town I spy.
On either side dwells safety and delight,
Wealth on the left, and power upon the right."

The rest are a continuation of the conceit (the Palace *loquitur*), with courtly compliments to Henrietta. Evelyn mentions that the Queen Mother made considerable additions to Somerset House, and here she brought into use, for the first time in England, the mode of inlaying floors with different coloured woods. Pepys, the contemporary gossip of the time, frequently mentions Henrietta's Court. On the 7th September, 1662, he was taken into her Majesty's Presence Chamber, and here he saw for the first time the Queen Consort, Catherine of Braganza, of whom he says, "though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look which is pleasing." "Madam" Castlemain, the King's mistress, and Mr. Crofts, one of his illegitimate children, were present. By and bye the King arrived. He tells the Queen Mother that his wife is with child, which she denies. The only English words that Pepys heard her utter were, "You lie," in answer to his Majesty's badinage. Charles tried to teach her the words, "Confess and be hanged," which she would not repeat. Such were the humours of the "Merry Monarch." In December of the same year, Pepys met with "a little, proud, ugly, talking body," who, he says, "was much crying up the Queen Mother's Court at Somerset House above our own Queen's, there being before her no allowance of laughing and the mirth that is at the other's;" and Pepys adds, "Indeed it is observed that the greatest Court now-a-days is there." In February, 1663-4, he hears that "the Queen Mother hath outrun herself in her expenses, and is now come to pay very ill or run in debt, the money being spent that she received for leases." On the 24th, being Ash-Wednesday, he makes the following notes in his Diary:—"To the Queen's Chapel, where I staid and saw their mass, till a man came and bade me go out or kneel down; so I did go out. And thence to Somerset House, and there into the Chapel, where Monsieur d'Espagne, a Frenchman, used to preach. But now it is made very fine, and was ten times more crowded than the Queen's Chapel at St. James's, which I wonder at. Thence down to the garden of Somerset House, and up and down the new buildings, which, in every respect, will be mighty magnificent and costly." In October he again visited Somerset House, and saw the Queen's new rooms, "which are most stately, and nobly furnished." In January following (1664-5) he was again there, and was shown the Queen Mother's chamber and closet, "most beautiful places for furniture and pictures;" from thence he "went down the great stone stairs to the garden, and tried the brave echo upon the stairs,

which continues a voice so long as the singing three notes, concords, one after another, they all three shall sound in concert together a good while most pleasantly." In June both the Court at Whitehall and Somerset House were preparing to leave town in consequence of the plague. Queen Henrietta went to France, and did not again return to this country, but died in 1669. In 1670 the body of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, laid in great state at Somerset House for several weeks. On the death of Charles II. in 1685, it became the sole residence of Catherine of Braganza, now Queen Dowager, and she lived here until her return to Portugal in 1692. It had previously belonged to her as Queen Consort, and during the ultra-Protestant furor, which exhibited itself for some years prior to the Revolution, attempts were made to implicate her household in the pretended Popish plot of the time, and to connect the mysterious murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey in 1678 with persons in her service. In September, Titus Oates had made depositions concerning his 'Plot' to Sir Edmondbury, who was an active justice of the peace. He deposed that the Pope had taken measures for assuming the ecclesiastical sovereignty of these kingdoms; that Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, had engaged to poison the King, the Queen being privy to the design. Many persons suffered imprisonment and death through the accusations of Oates; and though it is now placed beyond a doubt that the plot which he pretended to reveal was an infamous fabrication, yet events contributed to its apparent corroboration. One of these was the sudden and violent death of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, the magistrate who had taken Oates's depositions. The general conviction at the time was, that he had been murdered by the Catholic party out of revenge, and partly to aid the escape of the conspirators. The body was discovered on the sixth day after he had been missing, in a ditch near old St. Pancras Church: it was pierced through and through with his own sword, but there was a mark around his neck showing that he had been strangled. His shoes were clean, as if he had not walked to that country spot, and his money was in his pocket. The funeral was attended by seventy-two Protestant divines, and medals were struck to commemorate the murder. A Catholic and silversmith named Prance, who, it was alleged, had absented himself about the time of the murder, was apprehended and charged with being privy to it, though it was proved that he had gone from home a week before. It is said that he was put to the torture, and in a few days he confessed his knowledge of the murder, and charged three obscure persons employed about the Queen's chapel at Somerset House with being accomplices. He stated that Sir Edmondbury had been decoyed into Somerset House and there strangled, and his body was afterwards taken at night to the place where it was found. As a writer of the time, Ralph, observes, "A strong faith in the plot was the test of all political merit; not to believe, was to be a political reprobate; and according to the zeal was the cruelty of the times." The consequence was, that the three pretended accomplices were executed at Tyburn, and died with solemn asseverations of their innocence. Cruelly neglected by her husband, and an object of the popular prejudice in one of its worst moods, the childless Catherine of Braganza must have left behind her few endearing ties in a country in which she had occupied so high a station for more than thirty years.

From the period of Catherine's departure, Somerset House ceases to possess any interest in its palatial character. It still continued to be an appurtenance of successive queens, until, on the 10th of April, 1775, Parliament was recommended, in a message from the Crown, to settle upon Queen Charlotte the house in which she then resided, formerly called Buckingham House, but then known by the name of the Queen's House, in which case Somerset House, already settled upon her, should be given up and appropriated "to such uses as shall be found most useful to the public." The demolition of the old buildings was commenced as soon as an act could be passed to carry into effect the royal message. Soon afterwards the street aspect of the old house is alluded to in the following terms:—"There are many who recollect the venerable aspect of the court-way from the Strand, as well as the dark and winding steps which led down to the garden, for years suffered to run to decay, and where the ancient and lofty trees spread a melancholy aspect over the neglected boundary, by no means unpleasing to the visitor, who, in a few moments, could turn from noise and tumult to stillness and repose." Sir William Chambers was appointed architect of the new building, and in 1779 one of the fronts was completed. From a Parliamentary return printed in 1790, it appears that a sum of 334,703*l.* had been then expended, and a further sum of 33,500*l.* was still required. The site occupies an area of eight hundred feet by five hundred, being a few feet less than the area of Russell Square. The front towards the Strand consists of a rustic basement of nine arches supporting Corinthian columns, and an attic in the centre with a balustrade at each extremity. Emblematic figures of Ocean and the eight principal rivers of England in alto-relievo adorn the key-stones of the arches. Over the three central windows of the first floor were once medallions in basso-relievo of George III., Queen Charlotte, and the Prince of Wales. Statues of Justice, Truth, Valour, and Moderation, divide the attic into separate portions; the summit being crowned by the British arms supported by Fame and the Genius of England. Opposite the entrance, in the court, is a bronze statue of George III., and at the foot of the pedestal a bronze figure emblematic of the Thames, by Bacon. The terrace towards the river is raised on rustic arches, and again we have an emblematic figure of the Thames, of colossal size. The view from this terrace is perhaps the finest on the banks of the river, the grand features being St. Paul's and Blackfriars Bridge, on one hand, and, on the other, Waterloo Bridge and the Abbey; and over the opposite bank may be seen the Surrey Hills. The scenery of the river itself is full of interest and animation, and the eye is gratified with variety of motion. The crowded steamers pass rapidly up and down the stream in quick succession, the light wherry skimming the water, and the cumbrous river-barge moving sluggishly along; and there are keels from the up-country, and even from the Humber and places on the coast, which hoist their sails to catch the favouring breeze. It is rather a matter of surprise that so few noble mansions, and not one royal palace, overlook the broad stream which is one of the principal sources of London's greatness. From either Blackfriars or Waterloo Bridge, but particularly from the latter, Somerset House is seen to great advantage, and appears truly a magnificent pile.

One of the earliest purposes to which the present Somerset House was appropriated was for the annual exhibition of paintings by the Royal Academy. The

first Somerset House Exhibition was opened on the 1st of May, 1780, and continued annually until the erection of the National Gallery. The use of apartments for the meetings of the Royal Society was also granted in the same year, and the Fellows met here for the first time on the 30th of November. The Society of Antiquaries, having obtained a similar privilege, met for the first time at Somerset House in January, 1781. Two other learned bodies, the Royal Astronomical and the Geological Societies, have also had apartments assigned to them: a great public building could scarcely be appropriated to a better purpose. The entrance on the western side of the vestibule leads to the apartments used by the Board constituting the University of London; and by the same staircase we ascend to the rooms appropriated to the School of Design, instituted by the Government within the last few years, for elementary instruction in drawing, modelling from the antique and from nature, and in the use of oil and water colours. Another section of the course comprises instruction in the historical principles and practice of ornamental art, embracing the antique styles, the styles of the middle ages, and of modern times. There is also an important division of instruction which is intended to improve the arts of design as applied to manufactures. In this department the student has the opportunity of studying practically the processes of several branches of manufacture, as silk and carpet weaving, calico-printing, paper-staining, &c. The morning school is open five hours daily, for a payment of only four shillings a month; and the evening school for about half this time for a fee of two shillings a month. In connection with the School of Design there is a female drawing-school under the same superintendence, one chief object of which is to instruct females in drawing and designing patterns for those branches of manufacture which seem best adapted to their tastes and pursuits, as the lace manufacture, embroidery, &c. Drawing on wood and wood engraving, lithography, porcelain-painting, the manufacture of artificial flowers, with other descriptions of ornamental work, are also taught. The merit of first suggesting popular schools of instruction in this country in the art of design, particularly as applied to manufactures, seems to be due to the Bishop of St. Asaph, who strongly recommended them to be established, in a note to a sermon which he preached in 1741. The whole of the left wing of Somerset House was left incomplete by Sir W. Chambers: but in 1829 this part of the edifice was completed from the designs of Sir R. Smirke, and it now forms King's College. About three hundred students in medicine, natural philosophy, and general literature attend the courses of instruction, and in the junior school nearly five hundred pupils are instructed. The collegian's cap and gown, seen within sound of the traffic of the Strand, may fail to inspire the place with the air of study and retirement, but they indicate in some measure that in our time the highest attainments are cultivated for the active business of life.

We have only at present pointed out the parts of Somerset House which are appropriated to science, learning, and the arts. Next come the uses to which it is applied for several departments of the Government. Passing by the offices belonging to the Duchy of Cornwall, there are those connected with the Navy, which are subordinate to the central Board of Admiralty in Whitehall. First is the Admiralty Civil Department, the Transport Office, the Victualling Office,

and the Sick and Maimed Seamen's Office. In one of these departments is the Model Room, where most of the articles used in the naval service are kept for inspection by those who undertake the naval contracts. The Audit Office for the Public Accounts and the Civil List Audit Office are also at Somerset House. The only Board of Revenue which has its seat here is that of Stamps and Taxes. Its offices are chiefly in the southern front. The probate and legacy duties, the land tax and assessed taxes, and now the income tax, are collected under the management of this Board. Seven hundred persons are employed in this branch of the public service, and the amount of revenue collected in 1841 was nearly 12,000,000*l.*, or between a fourth and fifth of the total public revenue. The land and assessed taxes produced 4,715,000*l.*, and the stamp and stage carriage duties 7,270,000*l.* Of the latter sum the probate and legacy duties amounted to more than 2,000,000*l.*, collected on a capital exceeding 41,000,000*l.* The other principal items of this department of revenue produced in Great Britain in 1841 the following sums:—Bills of exchange, 549,000*l.*; receipts, 171,000*l.*; bankers' notes, 110,000*l.*; fire insurances, 965,930*l.*; marine insurances, 286,000*l.*; newspapers, 227,000*l.*; advertisements, 121,900*l.*; gold and silver plate, 91,000*l.*; medicines, 30,000*l.*; stage carriages, 460,000*l.*; hackney carriages, 50,000*l.*; licences and certificates, 222,000*l.*; deeds not included under the foregoing heads, 1,580,000*l.* In several of these cases, as in advertisements, the revenue is not obtained by the use of a stamp being enforced. The salaries of officers on the establishment do not amount to 60,000*l.* a-year, and less than 50,000*l.* is paid as poundage to the stamp-distributors in the country. No other branch of the revenue is collected at so small a per centage, being only 2*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, while the Excise costs 6*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* There is little or no opportunity for fraud and collusion, though in the Customs and Excise there can be little doubt that large sums are lost to the revenue by these practices. The assessed taxes are not of course so cheaply collected, but they are obtained at a cost not exceeding 4*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* per cent. The salaries to the officers of this department are 60,000*l.* a-year; 86,000*l.* is allowed as poundage to the collectors; and in 1841, the sum of 20,000*l.* was charged for travelling expenses. The two great items of receipt in this branch are, the land tax, 1,214,000*l.*, and the window tax, 1,664,000*l.* The remainder is chiefly collected on servants, carriages, horses, dogs, and game certificates. The hair-powder still contributes a sum amounting to nearly 5500*l.* a-year. The number of persons charged with this duty in 1820 was 29,199, and in 1839 only 5329. The business of each of the different departments of the Stamp Office is transacted in separate rooms. Thus there is the Hair-Powder Office, the Medicine Licence and Stamp Office, the Pawnbrokers' Licence Office, the Stage Coach Duty Office, the Receipt Stamp Office, the Dice Stamp Office, the Hawkers' and Pedlars' Office, the Allowance Office for Spoiled Stamps, the Attorneys' Certificate Office, &c. &c.; and each is frequented by a distinct class of persons. Some of these rooms are two stories below the level of the court, and here the mechanical operations are conducted. The legal and commercial stamps are impressed by hand-presses, and the newspaper stamps by hand without any mechanical aid. In 1827, when the stamp was four-pence, the number of sheets stamped for newspapers in England and Wales was under twenty-six millions; and in 1841, with the penny stamp, nearly fifty millions. The inking-box is close to the right hand, in which the operator holds

the stamp, and his left is employed in turning up the corner of each sheet as soon as it has received an impression. The movement of the hand from the ink to the paper is a simple operation, performed with great rapidity, and a single person can stamp six or seven thousand sheets a-day. The name of each newspaper has been inserted in the die, in moveable type, since the reduction of duty in 1836, and by this means a register is obtained of the circulation of every newspaper in the kingdom. In the basement story are presses moved by steam, one of which is employed in printing medicine labels, another for printing the stamp on country bank-notes, and four or five are employed in stamping the embossed medallion of the Queen on the postage envelopes. The two former are compound presses—that is, they produce an impression in different coloured inks. The plate is engraved as if it were intended only to receive one colour, and that part of the plate which is to give an impression in a second colour is then cut out. When the press is in operation, each receives its particular colour from a separate inking apparatus; and, this being done, the one is brought by the action of the machine into that part of the plate from which it had been cut out, and when thus placed on a level, so as again to appear one plate, the impression is taken. Of course great ingenuity is required to produce these complicated operations, and to render them rapid and successful. But by far the most interesting display of the beauties of mechanism is to be seen in the machinery for stamping the postage envelopes. The space occupied by a single press is not more than two feet square, and the manner in which it performs the operations assigned to it is so elegant and perfect, that it seems almost possible to forget that we are watching an inanimate body, but seem impelled to the idea that its exquisite performance is the result of its own intelligence. The inventor is Mr. Edwin Hill, one of that class of minds to whom this country is indebted for its superiority in automatic machinery. Somewhat similar to the machinery for coining at the Mint, these presses nevertheless differ from them in consequence of the necessity of providing for the working of an inking-table before a coloured impression can be taken, and the power exerted is, of course, much less. The paper for the intended envelope has a thin thread running through it, introduced during the manufacture at the mill, and the contractor sends it already cut up into a diagonal form, a certain number of sheets being assorted together. These are counted over in a room adjoining the presses. The boy who counts the sheets spreads them in a fan-like form, and, holding them up to the light to see that they are separate from each other, he tells them rapidly off into parcels, containing each a uniform number. These parcels are then taken to the press-room, and delivered to a boy who feeds the press, another boy, on the other side of the press, taking them off the instant the impression is given. The working of the press is so regular that no hurried movements are required from those who attend upon it, but merely vigilance and quickness, and yet the number of impressions is fifty-two per minute. When the experiment was first tried, not so many as twenty were produced. The sheets are made up into envelopes by the contractor on his own premises.

In another part of this mass of public offices are three departments which have been organised within the last few years, and whose functions are of a very important character. These are the Poor Law Commission, the Registrar-General's

office, and the Tithe Commission. Three centuries ago the gates of bountiful men in London were thronged with poor persons, and those who were charitably disposed fed them out of their abundance. Stow mentions the names of several of the nobility who, in his youth, were accustomed to observe the "ancient and charitable custom of liberal relief of the poor at their gates." The late Earl of Derby, he says, fed above sixty aged persons twice a-day, and all comers thrice a-week; and every Good Friday he gave meat, drink, and money to two thousand seven hundred persons. At the gate of Thomas Lord Cromwell, Earl of Essex, he had often seen two hundred persons fed twice a-day, "with bread, meat, and drink sufficient." The Marquis of Winchester gave "great relief at his gate." In 1532 the Bishop of Ely "daily gave at his gates, besides bread and drink, warm meat to two hundred poor people." Such were the means practised in London and elsewhere in the sixteenth century for diminishing the sufferings of poverty. Unhappily the growth of pauperism and its attendant evils soon became too great to be relieved by the hand of charity, and then compulsory alms-giving was enforced, and each parish was compelled to provide for its own poor. The evils which grew up under this system at length became so intolerable, that all parties united in promoting measures for diminishing them, and, with this view, the Poor Law Commission was appointed in 1834 as a Central Board for regulating the mode of administering relief to the poor. Local administrative boards of representatives were created in place of irresponsible and generally inefficient bodies. "The Central Board may be described as an agency necessary for consolidating and preserving the local administration, by communicating to each board the principles deducible from the experience of the whole; and, in cases where its intervention is sought, acting so as to protect the administration being torn by disputes between the members of the same local board, between a part or a minority of the inhabitants and the board, and between one local board and another, and in numerous other cases affording an appeal to a distant and locally disinterested, yet highly responsible authority, which may interpose to prevent the local administrative functions being torn or injured by local dissensions."*

Adjoining the offices of the Poor Law Commission is the Registrar-General's office, a department created in 1836 by the passing of an act for registering all births, marriages, and deaths in England and Wales, after the 30th of June, 1837. In the year ending 30th June, 1840, there were registered 501,589 births, 350,101 deaths, and 124,329 marriages; altogether 976,019 cases. It is the business of the Registrar-General to see that every arrangement connected with the business of registration is strictly carried into effect by the different persons on whom it devolves. The whole of England and Wales is divided into convenient districts, over which there is a Superintendant Registrar, to whom the clergy of the Establishment and other ministers of religion, and the subordinate registrars, transmit quarterly returns of all the births, marriages, and deaths which have occurred during the preceding three months. These returns are collected from upwards of 14,000 persons, and are finally transmitted to the central office at Somerset House. Here they are examined and arranged, and indexes are formed of the names. Erasures, interpolations, informalities, omissions, errors, or defects of any kind are detected, and the person who registered the defective

* Evidence of Edwin Chadwick, Esq., before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, 1838.

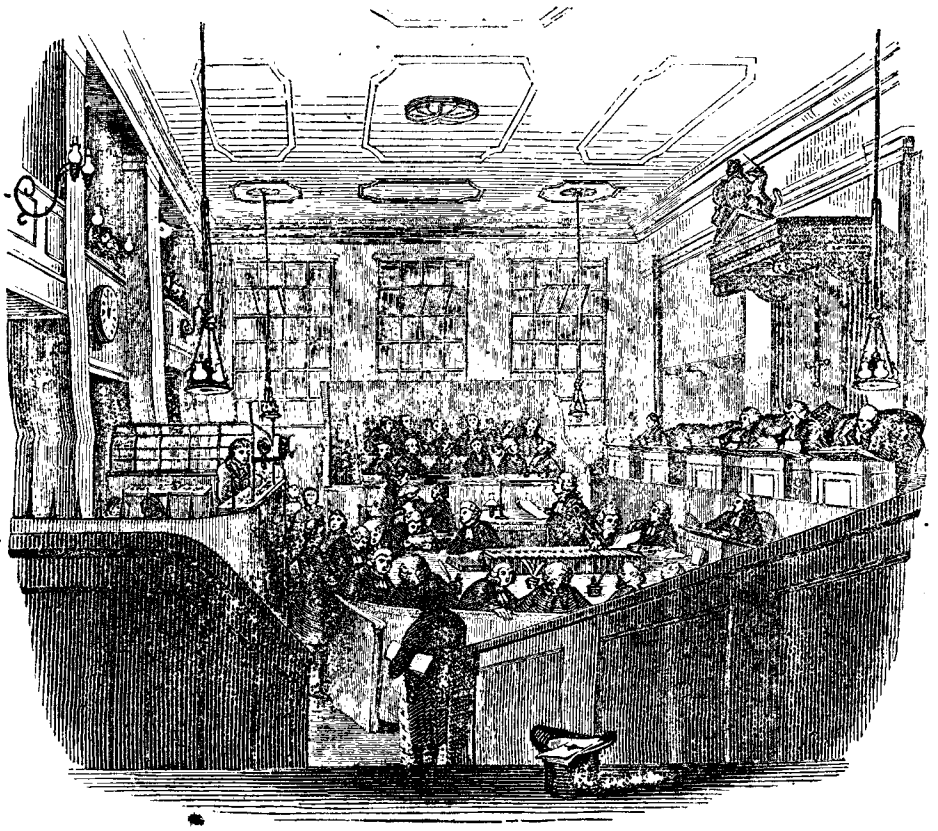
entry is immediately referred to, and his explanatory letter is filed for reference in connection with such entry. Separate alphabetical indexes are made for reference to the births, marriages, and deaths of each quarter, being twelve separate indexes for each year. To each entry there is a reference to the district from which the certified copy was made. Various other means are adopted to render the registration complete and easy of reference. Already these indexes contain the names of nearly three million persons who have been born, married, or have died, since June, 1837. The information collected by the Registration Office will throw light on a variety of questions relating to public health and the social condition of the people, and will be the means of preventing much future litigation. Cases have occurred where the register of a birth, marriage, or burial being required for legal purposes, it has been impossible to ascertain, first, whether the registration had ever been made, and, next, in which of the parishes of England it was to be found. It has happened that, after hunting through ten thousand registers, the search has been given up in despair. At the Registration Office a few minutes only would be required to find the name sought after. Parish registers were first ordered to be kept in 1538, on the dissolution of monasteries. Cromwell's injunction to the clergy to this effect created great excitement at the time, as it was surmised that the registry was preliminary to a new levy of taxes. The ancestor of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe "scrybelyd in hast" to Cromwell, telling him that the king's subjects in Cornwall and Devonshire "be in greate feer and mystrust, what the Kyngg's hyghness and his Conseyll schulde meane, to give in commandement to the Parsons and Vycars off every parisse, that they schulde make a book, and surely to be kept, wherein to be specifyyd the namys off as many as be weddyd, and the namys off them that be buryd, and off all those that be crystynyd." Mr. Rickman* says that one-half of the registers anterior to A.D. 1600 have disappeared. Previous to the Census of 1801 there existed no official returns of the population of this country; and the only plan of obtaining the movement of the population was by ascertaining the difference between the births and deaths. But as many persons neglected to avail themselves of the system of voluntary registration, the data thus obtained were imperfect. Instead of conjecture we now possess full information as to the ages and number of the population, its annual rate of increase, the influence of occupations and local causes upon the rate of mortality; and a number of important facts are indicated which cannot be passed over with neglect, as might have been the case when all these points were undetermined. The Registration Office may be regarded as an instrument which enables the statesman to take a wide survey of the condition of the great mass of interests whose welfare it is his duty to promote. The Population Returns under the Census of 1841 are now preparing for publication at this office.

The Tithe Commission has its offices in the same line of building as the Registration Office, and it likewise has been created to work out a valuable legislative improvement, which has placed property in tithes on an unobjectionable basis. The process which the Tithe Commissioners were appointed to superintend is the commutation of tithe into a rent-charge, fluctuating in value with the

* Preface to Population Returns, 1831.

septennial price of wheat, barley, and oats. For example, if the tithe of a parish be settled by agreement or award at 300*l.* a-year, the mode of ascertaining its subsequent annual value is by supposing one-third of this sum invested in wheat, one-third in barley, and one-third in oats, at the prices of these commodities for the preceding seven years, and the result gives the amount due in money to the titheowner. By this means, the objection which Paley urged—that the tithe-owner stepped in to participate in profits realised by the outlay of capital he had never advanced—is completely obviated. The Commission has completed about one-half of its work.

[Medal struck to commemorate the Murder of Sir E. Godfrey.]



XCIV.—THE OLD BAILEY.

ONE of the most essential of the reforms so long demanded by our eminent law-reformers—*speedy justice*—has certainly been obtained at last at the Court which forms the subject of the present paper. Whilst justice through the country generally continues to hold the even tenor of its way—sitting in due course, at long intervals, to try prisoners, many of whom, even if guilty, may have already suffered a greater punishment than their crimes deserved, and if innocent, have endured irreparable wrong and misery,—whilst thus justice, in mockery of its own name, moves sluggishly on out of London, we find in London a striking contrast. One may pass many times through the Old Bailey without discovering that the greatest of English criminal courts is ever shut. Month after month invariably presents the same scene,—the narrow street, covered with straw to deaden the noise of the vehicles (till the recent introduction of the wooden pavement), having on the one side the solid granite walls of Newgate, divided only

from the lofty building (with that gigantic ventilator on the top) containing the famous courts of justice, by the open area through which prisoners pass from confinement in the former to their trial in the latter, and on the other side, waggon-yards, public-houses, and eating-houses, filled with a heterogeneous assemblage similar to that in the street before us. Merchants and professional men, fretting at the loss of their valuable time and the uncertainty of the period when they may be wanted; country farmers looking anxious and puzzled, and gaping rustics appearing even more foolish than ever; small tradesmen, whose Sunday's coats are evidently donned for the occasion, and the many varieties of that extensive and peculiarly London genus, the costermonger, who, acting on the poet's precept, "beauty unadorned," &c., pay as little respect to dress as to many other social conventionalisms; these, with a plentiful admixture of policemen in their neat blue clothes; females, chiefly of the poorer classes; thieves of every gradation, from the member of the aristocratic swell mob down to the area sneak, curious to know how matters are going with their friends and associates, and with a small spice of curiosity as to any little revelations that may come out affecting themselves; and, lastly, the frequent apparition of a bustling, sharp-faced attorney, of Old Bailey notoriety, gliding like an eel through the press, or of that much more imposing-looking member of the law who delights in flowing gown and powdered wig, the barrister: such are the ordinary staple of an Old Bailey crowd on court days. And how much insight into men may not one derive here from half an hour's silent but attentive examination! Mark the meeting of that policeman and that dashing youth with the long-flowing hair, the fashionable loose coat, so carefully velveted—collar, wrists, and pocket-holes—and the large diamond in his gay stock; see how exactly they understand each other in that exchange of most significant glances: the face of the one a little flushed, but gay and assured—the policeman knows him, but has just now no case against him; and of the other—quiet, penetrative, and full of meaning: "I shall have something to say to you some day, my fine fellow, depend upon it:" and so for the present they part. Look again at that group of miserable women surrounding one who is passionately telling, for the twentieth time, the story of her boy apprehended and condemned, to her surprise and horror, for some petty felony, and who, she now declares, in a voice almost choked with emotion, is sure to leave his prison at the twelvemonth's end a confirmed thief. In the corner there, apart from the crowd, you may read a history in the attitude, gestures, and faces of those two men; it is a prosecutor and his chief witness preparing for the crucifying cross-examination which they well know awaits them. Move a few yards and it is a fair chance you meet with the fellow of the picture—witnesses fortifying themselves to swear very hard for the defence: yet with their courage oozing out, not, like Acres', at the fingers' ends only, but at every pore of their body, as they think of that unpleasant feature of the law, prosecutions for perjury: "They would do much for Jem, but—" One group more and we have done. See where, opposite the entrance into the chief court, a body of policemen are handing out of a coach a tottering, most venerable-looking old man, with his silver hair falling about his shoulders. What does he here? Why at such a period of life is he brought from the quiet privacy of his fire-side in a remote agricultural county? Alas! he comes to-day to find a long-lost brother

in the felon's dock, and to mitigate, if he can, his punishment by speaking as to his former character.

Frequent, however, as are the trials at the Old Bailey, there is a pause. Justice, probably, must nod sometimes, and therefore it is as well to provide for fitting repose elsewhere than on the judgment-seat. The sittings of the Central Criminal Court are held monthly, but as the whole of the month is not occupied in the trial of the list of prisoners on the calendar, the spare time forms a vacation, and such are the only vacations at the Old Bailey. In consequence, trials frequently take place which illustrate with a kind of practical epigrammatic force the advantages of that speedy justice to which we have referred; such, for instance, as the apprehension of a prisoner for theft one day, his committal by a magistrate on the second, and his trial, conviction, and sentence at the Old Bailey on the third or the fourth. This state of things dates from 1834, when the Act was passed for the establishment of a Central Criminal Court, for the trial of offences in the City of London, the County of Middlesex, and those parts of the adjoining counties which lie within a certain distance of the metropolis: Woodford, in Essex; Woolwich, in Kent; and Richmond, in Surrey, are all within the jurisdiction of the New Court. It will thus be seen that no inconsiderable portion of the entire population of England enjoys the benefit it has conferred. Under the general title—Central Criminal Court, are joined two courts of trial, both sitting at the same time for the greater despatch of business, the one the scene of most of the events which readers of the Newgate Calendar delight in, as well as of events which give a deeper and purer interest to the history of the Old Bailey; whilst the other, called the New Court, has been used only of recent years. Crimes of every kind, from treason down to the pettiest larceny, are tried by the tribunal in question; even offences committed on the high seas, formerly tried at special sessions by the judges of the Admiralty Court, are now submitted to its judgment. The judges of the Central Criminal Court are, the Lord Mayor, the Lord Chancellor (such is the order in the Act), the judges, the aldermen, Recorder, and Common Serjeant of London, and such others as the sovereign may please to appoint by way of assistants. Of these, the Recorder and the Common Serjeant are, in reality, the presiding judges at an immense proportion of the cases brought hither for trial, a judge of the law only assisting occasionally—when, for instance, unusual points of law are involved, or when conviction affects the life of the prisoner. As to the juries, they are summoned indiscriminately from London, and from the neighbouring counties over which the sphere of the Court extends. Let us now take a glance at the interior. The Old Court will be, in every point of view, the most interesting, that being the one to which the well-known words "Old Bailey" were so long exclusively applied. The name, we may observe in passing, is supposed, according to Maitland, to be "a corruption of Bail hill, *i. e.* the place of trial for prisoners (by the bailiff); as now we retain the name of the Bail Dock for a certain part of this court, in which the malefactors are confined till called up for trial;"* whilst, in the 'Penny Cyclopædia' (article 'Ballium'), we find the phrase derived from the Ballium, or outer walled court, supposed to have existed here in connection with the old city wall, which ran along at the back of

* 'History of London,' vol. ii., p. 989.

the present street, where traces of it are yet to be found. To which source we are to attribute the name, therefore, is unknown, both being so likely; but it is highly probable there was a ballium at this part of the wall, and that that was also used from a very early period as a place of trial: at all events the judicial sittings here are of such antiquity, that we have lost all records of their commencement. Passing through a door in the wall which encloses the area between Newgate and the courts, we find a flight of steps on our right leading up into the old court; this is used chiefly for prosecutors and witnesses. Farther on in the area, another flight of steps leads through a long passage into a corridor at the back of the court, with two doors opening into the latter, by one of which the judges and sheriffs reach the bench, and by the other, the barristers their place in the centre at the bottom. Both doors also lead to seats reserved for visitors. We enter, pause, and look round. The first sentiment is one of disappointment. The great moral power and pre-eminence of the Court makes one, however idly or unconsciously, anticipate a grander physical exhibition. What does meet our gaze is no more than a square hall of sufficient length, and breadth, and height, lighted up by three large square windows on the opposite wall, showing the top of the gloomy walls of Newgate, having on the left a gallery close to the ceiling, with projecting boxes, and on the right the bench extending the whole length of the wall, with desks at intervals for the use of the judges, whilst in the body of the Court are, first, a dock for the prisoners below the gallery, with stairs descending to the covered passage by which prisoners are conveyed to and from the prison, then just in advance of the left-hand corner of the dock, the circular witness-box, and in a similarly relative position to the witness-box, the jury-box, below the windows of the Court; an arrangement that enables the jury to see clearly, and without turning, the faces of the witnesses and of the prisoners, that enables the witness to identify the prisoner, and, lastly, that enables the judges on the bench and the counsel in the centre of the Court below, to keep jury, witnesses, and prisoners all at once within the same or nearly the same line of view. We need only add to these features of the place, the formidable row of law-books which occupies the centre of the green-baized table around which are the counsel, reminding us of the passage in the 'Beggars' Opera'—

> "The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
> The judges all rang'd, a terrible show."

the double line of reporters occupying the two seats below us; the sheriff in attendance for the day, looking so spruce in his court suit, stepping noiselessly in and out; and lastly, the goodly personage in the blue and furred robes and gold chain, who sits in the centre on the chief seat, with the gilded sword of justice suspended over his head against the crimson-lined wall. Some abstruse document, apparently, just now engages his attention, for he appears utterly absorbed in it, bending over his desk. It must surely be the Lord Chancellor come to try some great case, thinks many an innocent spectator; but he rises, and we perceive it is only an ex-Lord Mayor reading the newspaper of the day. But we forget: Hazlitt said that a city apprentice who did not esteem the Lord Mayor the greatest man in the world would come some day to be hanged; and here everybody apparently is of the same opinion. Who, then, is the judge? one naturally asks; when, looking more attentively, we perceive, for the first

time, beyond the representative of civic majesty, which thus asserts its rights, some one writing, taking frequent but brief glances at the prisoners or the witnesses, but never turning his head in any other direction, speaking to no one on the bench, unspoken to—that is a judge of the land, quietly doing the whole business of the court. We are fortunate: there must be some case of more than ordinary import. As we listen, and begin to understand what passes, we find that it is one which, whilst in a legal sense it is of little general interest, in other points may well deserve attention. And not only is there a judge of the land on the bench, but we perceive the Attorney-General among the counsel conducting the prosecution.

The prisoners at the bar are an aged widow, her son, her son-in-law, and two other persons. The charge against them is thus stated by the Attorney-General. The mother of the widow some years since left 2000*l.*, the interest of which the latter was to receive during her life, and the principal to be divided at her death among her children. Some little time since the mother and her children desired, for purposes of business, to draw out some portion of the capital, which could only be done by all the parties joining in a petition to the Court of Chancery. One of the sons, however, had gone to sea, and had not been heard of for many years. Under these circumstances the son-in-law, anxious for his wife's share, and no doubt in concert with the others, unfortunately allowed himself to be tempted by the idea of getting some one to personate the missing son. This was done, the petition signed and presented, the money obtained. Now it does seem most probable, from the circumstances stated even by the prosecutor himself, that these misguided persons intended no injury to any one by their deception; they may have felt sure the absent man was dead, in which case his share became theirs, and if he were not, enough money remained in Chancery to pay him all that he would be entitled to, on proving that he had not joined in the former petition; at the same time the apparent and possible effect was a fraud upon the Court of Chancery. The mode in which the court obtained cognizance of the case is one of the most curious parts of the trial, and suggests still greater excuses for the prisoners. As the trial proceeds we learn that the solicitor, a gentleman of high respectability, through whom the application to Chancery was made, occasionally employed as clerk a man who had been a hosier. He, it appears, had frequent interviews with the more active of the prisoners (the son-in-law and the two stranger confederates), and acknowledged in his cross-examination that he "*had his suspicions*" *even before the money was obtained* that there was a personation—"he had his eyes open of course," yet said nothing to any one. This same person further acknowledges that, having determined to write to the proper parties to give information, he called on one of the prisoners two or three days before he did so write, sat down and drank with him for two hours, and that when he left him he called upon another. Such was the case. For the widow's son it was pointed out by counsel that he had never been concerned in any way in the affair, further than being present when the personation took place on the receipt of the money, and that although he did not, for his mother's sake, interfere, he had a right to be there to receive his own unquestioned share; whilst for all the prisoners it was alleged that they had been inveigled, without evil intention, into a criminal act, by the chief witness, the

hosier-clerk, who had only informed against them on their refusing to submit to his extortionate demands for money. This is the compassionate view of the case. The jury, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, found the whole guilty. What a terrible moment to a prisoner must the pause after such an announcement be! Look to the dock, there is a slight commotion—one of the prisoners faints and falls. It is the widow's son. Sobbing and wringing her hands, the wretched woman assists her companions in raising him, when the court suddenly rings again with the exclamation, "I am innocent!" "I am innocent!" A female cry now bursts from the gallery over head, followed by the dull, heavy sound of a fall: that is the son's wife. But let us close the scene. The sentence subsequently pronounced was transportation against the son-in-law and the personator, and imprisonment against the others. We had forgot to add, among the other noticeable features of the trial, that the principal witnesses against the man who personated the absent son were his own brothers.

Whilst the crier, with sepulchral voice, is calling for the silence which he the most disturbs, our thoughts, reverting to the past, people the dock in rapid succession with the shades of some few of the chief persons who have stood there:—Fauntleroy (1824); the Cato Street conspirators (1820); poor Eliza Fenning (1815), universally believed to be innocent of the crime for which she suffered; Bellingham, the assassin of the statesman Perceval (1812); Dr. Dodd (1777); Elizabeth Canning, a case of inexplicable mystery (1753); the poet Savage (1727); Jonathan Wild (1725); Jack Sheppard (1724); the infamous Colonel Francis Charteris, on whom was written the famous epitaph commencing "Here lieth the body of Colonel Don Francisco, who, with an inflexible constancy and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmity, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempting him from the first, and his matchless impudence from the last." Although our space will not admit either of our extending the list, or dwelling upon the trials generally of those we have mentioned, we must make an exception in favour of the hero of so many poems and pantomimes, sermons and satires, farces and farcical essays, in his own day, and who has lately been revived for the similar edification of ours;—what novelist or dramatist but anticipates the name Jack Sheppard? On looking over the 'Annals of Newgate,' by the 'Reverend Mr. Villette, Ordinary of Newgate, and others,' we find the following story, told to the clerical functionary by a friend in the following words:*—"One Sunday evening," says he, "as I was returning home from the other end of the town, I somehow missed my way, and, passing by a porch, I heard the sound of a preacher's voice, upon which I turned back and stepped in. He was pretty near the conclusion of his sermon. What I heard was so small a part, and so remarkable, that I believe I can repeat it almost verbatim. These were his words, or at least to this effect:—'Now, my beloved, what a melancholy consideration it is that men should show so much regard for the preservation of a poor perishing body, that can remain at most for a few years, and at the same time be so unaccountably negligent of a precious soul, which must continue to the ages of eternity!.... We have a remarkable instance of this in a notorious

* Vol. i., p. 269.

malefactor, well known by the name of Jack Sheppard. What amazing difficulties has he overcome, what astonishing things has he performed, for the sake of a stinking, miserable carcass, hardly worth hanging! How dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail! How manfully burst his fetters asunder, climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him, till he got upon the leads of the prison; and then, fixing a blanket to the wall with a spike he stole out of the chapel, how intrepidly did he descend to the top of the turner's house, and how cautiously pass down the stairs, and make his escape at the street door! *O that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!* Mistake me not, my brethren: I don't mean in a carnal, but in a spiritual sense; for I purpose to spiritualise these things.....Let me exhort you, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope; take from thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strongholds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourself to the leads of divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the church; let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility: so shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner the devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.'" Surely the accomplished author of 'Jack Sheppard' was unaware how completely his object had been previously achieved in this eloquent passage, which leaves nothing to be desired, either as to the pointing of the moral or the adorning of the tale. An incidental passage in the history of the Old Bailey may here be mentioned. During the sessions of May, 1750, the gaol fever raged so violently in the neighbouring prison, that the effluvia entering the Court were so powerful as to cause the death of Baron Clark, Sir Thomas Abney, Judge of the Common Pleas, and Pennant's "respected kinsman," Sir Samuel Pennant, the Lord Mayor, in addition to various members of the bar, and of the jury and other persons.

It is painful to reflect that any circumstances should bring into the place chiefly notorious for its connection with men of the Sheppard stamp, the actors in the terrible but elevated and noble war of principles which have made the seventeenth century one of the most momentous in English history; yet thus it was: at the Old Bailey were tried, in 1669, immediately after the Restoration, such of Charles I.'s judges as were alive, and, confiding in the promised bill of indemnity, remained in England; and, a quarter of a century later, in the same reign, the nobleman whose name has become as a household word with English patriots—in connection with his illustrious friend Sidney—Lord William Russell.

The trial of the "regicides" commenced on the 9th of October, before thirty-four commissioners, among whom were the Chancellor Clarendon, Monk Duke of Albemarle, and several other noblemen, the Lord Chief Baron, and several other judges, every one of them men who had been engaged in the mighty struggle, which had for the time so completely overwhelmed them, but who now, by a new turn of fortune, were to sit in judgment upon their former opponents. Nay, several of them had actually been engaged on the same side as the prisoners at the bar, after actual war had broken out. Such were Mr. Denzil

Hollis; the Earl of Manchester, whose name is so frequently met with as an active parliamentary general in the civil war; Mr. Annesley, a member of the Parliament itself; Lord Saye and Sele; and Sir Anthony Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, both determined opponents of Charles. Above all, Monk himself, the restorer, had been released from prison by the party to which the prisoners belonged, and employed by Cromwell in the most important matters. The very appearance of such men against such men, told what was to come. After overleaping that difficulty any others would be light. The prisoners were twenty-nine in number, and included Sir Hardress Waller, Major-General Harrison, Colonel Carew, Cook, Hugh Peters, Scott, Harry Marten, Hacker, and Scroop, among other scarcely less noticeable names. Waller was first called, who pleaded guilty, and thus escaped the scaffold. The next was Harrison; and surely no Englishman, whether he may condemn or applaud the political act for which he was brought to the bar, can *now* read his address to the court without deep sympathy and admiration for the high principle and courage of the man. "My Lords," said he, calmly, "the matter that hath been offered to you, as it was touched, was not a thing done in a corner. I believe the sound of it hath been in most nations. I believe the hearts of some have felt the terrors of that presence of God that was with his servants in those days (however it seemeth good to him to suffer this turn to come on us), and are witnesses that the things were not done in a corner. . . . . I do profess that I would not offer, of myself, the least injury to the poorest man or woman that goes upon the earth. What I have humbly to offer is this, to your Lordships—you know what a contest hath been in these nations for many years: divers of those that sit upon the bench were formerly as active "——Here he was interrupted; but the interruption spoke even more significantly than the words he was debarred from utterance. When he was allowed to go on, he said—"I followed not my own judgment; I did what I did as out of conscience to the Lord. For when I found that those that were as the apple of mine eye, to turn aside [he alludes to Cromwell and his supporters], I did loathe them, and suffered imprisonment many years rather than to turn, as many did that did put their hands to this plough; I chose rather to be separated from wife and family than to have compliance with them, though it was said, 'Sit on my right hand,' and such kind of expressions. Thus I have given a little poor testimony that I have not been doing things in a corner or from myself. May be I might be a little mistaken; but I did it all according to the best of my understanding, desiring to make the revealed will of God in his holy Scriptures as a guide to me. I humbly conceive that what was done was done in the name of the Parliament of England,—that what was done was done by their power and authority; and I do humbly conceive it is my duty to offer unto you in the beginning, that this Court, or any court below the high court of Parliament, hath no jurisdiction of their actions." To rightly estimate the heart and mind of the speaker during the utterance of these memorable words, we must not forget that he knew that every sentence took him in all probability a step nearer that frightful death, of which the executioner by his side, *with a halter** in his hand, was a significant symbol. He was sentenced to death,

* This seems to have been a new reading, got up for the occasion, of the custom of placing an executioner with an axe by the side of prisoners at the bar for treason.

and retired saying he had no reason to be ashamed of the cause in which he had been engaged. Colonel Carew exhibited equal enthusiasm and courage, and fought with still greater pertinacity when interrupted, as he was continually. At last he said, "I have desired to speak the words of truth and soberness, but have been hindered;" and so listened in quiet to the bloody sentence. Colonel Scroop, who had surrendered under the King's proclamation commanding all persons concerned directly or indirectly in the late King's trial to surrender themselves within fourteen days, and had in consequence received the King's pardon, was now convicted and sentenced, for having subsequently said to Major-General Brown, in a private conversation, that there would still be a difference of opinion among men touching the execution of the late King. Harry Marten defended himself essentially in the same spirit as Harrison and Carew, but made even still clearer the violation of all law in the legal proceedings then carrying on against him and his companions. The Solicitor-General having said, "I am sorry to see in you so little repentance," Marten replied, "My Lord, if it were possible for that blood to be in the body again, and every drop that was shed in the late wars, I could wish it with all my heart; but, my Lord, I hope it is lawful to offer in my own defence that which, when I did it, I thought I might do. My Lord, there was the House of Commons as I understood it: perhaps your Lordship thinks it was not a House of Commons, but it was then the supreme authority of England; it was so reputed both at home and abroad. My Lord, I suppose he that gives obedience to the authority in being *de facto* [from the fact], whether *de jure* [from the law] or no, I think he is of a peaceable disposition and far from a traitor. My Lord, I think there was a statute made in Henry the Seventh his time, whereby it was provided that whosoever was in arms for the King *de facto*, he should be indemnified, though that King *de facto* was not so *de jure*; and if the supreme officers *de facto* can justify a war (the most pernicious remedy that was ever adjudged by mankind, be the cause what it will), I presume the supreme authority of England may justify a judicature, though it be but an authority *de facto*. My Lord, if it be said that it was but a third estate, and a small parcel of that, my Lord, *it was all that was then extant*. I have heard lawyers say that if there be commons appurtenant to a tenement, and that tenement be all burnt down except a small stick, the commons belong to that one piece, as it did to the tenement when all standing." But he must have been something more than human who could have convinced the Old Bailey jury and judges of that day. Marten also was condemned. Among the other prisoners, *every one of whom was found guilty*, we can only briefly refer to the cases of Cook and Hugh Peters. Cook was the lawyer who had conducted the prosecution. As he himself observed, he had neither been accuser, witness, jury, judge, nor executioner, but simply counsel; placed in his post by a public order, and could not be said to have acted maliciously, or with a wicked intention, as set forth. Further, that, if it were accounted treason in counsel to plead against the King, it must also be felony to plead against any man that might be unjustly condemned for felony. Cook was not only sentenced, but it was decided that he should be the first to suffer. But, perhaps, the case above all others that shows the animus of the prosecution and the judges—the utter absence of any high guiding principle

—is that of Hugh Peters, the preacher, who was not one of the King's judges, but merely, like some of those who sat on the bench before him, an active, but not, like them, a time-serving partisan of the Commonwealth. The executions began on the 13th of October, and ended for the time on the 18th, the fate of the ten who had suffered in the interim having, there is no doubt, produced an effect that seriously alarmed the more prudent royalists. "The King," says Burnet, "was advised not to proceed further." And no wonder; for, from the first victim to the last, these men (on the abstract character of whose acts we desire to express no opinion) exhibited, in their endurance of the sufferings those acts brought upon them, a heroism which in no age nor country has been surpassed. Harrison, and not Cook, was the first. As he was drawn along towards the place of execution, at Charing Cross (so as to be within sight of Whitehall, where Charles had been executed), some one called out in the crowd, "Where is your good old cause now?" "Here it is," said Harrison, smiling, and placing his hand upon his heart; "and I am going to seal it with my blood." We scarcely dare to shock our readers with the details of the scene on the scaffold, even although it be a scene that Charles II., the merry, good-natured monarch, stood to look on. The brave enthusiast was cut down from the gallows alive, his bowels torn out and thrown into the fire, and the body then quartered. Two days after Carew underwent the same fate, saying that, if what he had done were to do again, he would do it. Cook and Hugh Peters were brought out on the 16th, and *the head of Harrison* was placed in Cook's hurdle, with the uncovered face turned towards him. As for Peters, the devilish ingenuity of his executioners had devised even a still more awful enhancement of the punishment that awaited him. He was placed within the rails of the scaffold, whilst the whole of the revolting barbarities already described were performed on Cook. It is enough to make one shudder to think that *men* could witness, much less perform, or cause to be performed, such atrocities. It is strange, but undeniable, that the only gentleness, or sense of humanity, that these proceedings ever exhibit, comes from one or other of the sufferers by them. Thus Peters, perhaps formerly the most violent of Commonwealth-men, seems, on this day, to have completely changed his character. Whilst prepared to endure the double torture allotted him, with such courage and constancy, that he should die at last with a smile upon his face, the spirit of his great Master, in all its meekness and gentleness, was evidently at work with equal vigour. To a man who upbraided him in opprobrious words with the King's death, he said, "Friend, you do not well to trample upon a dying man: you are greatly mistaken; I had nothing to do in the death of the King." Another incident is exquisitely touching and beautiful. On the way to the scaffold he had espied an acquaintance, who being permitted to come to the hurdle, Peters took a piece of gold, bent it, and gave it to him, desiring him to go where his dear daughter lodged, and carry that piece of gold as a token, letting her know that his heart was as full of comfort as it could be; and that, before that piece should come to her hands, he should be with God in glory. Colonel Scott suffered on the last day but one of the executions, and, although prevented by repeated interruptions from speaking freely to the people as the others had done, yet succeeded in making that policy as untenable as the

former. "Surely," said he, as he resigned himself at last to silence and the executioner, "it must be a very bad cause which cannot suffer the words of a dying man." On the following day these ghastly scenes suddenly terminated.

Twenty-three years later (1683) occurred two trials, one of which at least had a close political connection with those we have described. The history of the Ryehouse Plot is so involved in obscurity, that it is impossible to tell with any certainty what were the exact objects of those concerned, or supposed to be concerned, in it. We know that the Duke of Monmouth, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Essex, Lord Russell, and Algernon Sidney, were all opposed to the government, "the designs of the *most moderate* of whom certainly extended to such a change of government as would have amounted to a revolution;" * what, then, must the others have aimed at? Sidney's last words give a sufficiently decisive answer. He who had fought the battles of the Commonwealth with Harrison and the others, who had sat as one of the King's judges, had subsequently gloried in having so acted, thus wrote in a paper which he delivered to the Sheriff before his execution (the passage forms the conclusion of a prayer):— "Grant that I may die glorifying Thee for all Thy mercies, and that at the last Thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a witness of Thy truth; *and, even by the confession of my very opposers, for that old cause in which I was from my youth engaged.*" But it is with the trial of his friend Lord William Russell, arrested at the same time, and on the same grounds, that we have now to speak. This trial commenced on the 13th of July. As in the case of Harrison and his associates, there is no doubt the jury was packed by the Sheriffs. Russell was charged with conspiring the death of the King, and consulting how to levy war against him. Having desired the postponement of the trial unto the afternoon merely, on account of the non-arrival of some witnesses from the country, and on account of some mistake that had been made in the list of the jury, the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Sawyer, corruptly assuming his guilt as already proved, answered in this brutal manner: "You would not have given the King an hour's notice for saving his life; the trial must proceed." Having obtained pens, ink, and paper, and permission to use certain papers he had brought with him, the prisoner, desiring to have notes of what might pass, asked if he might have assistance. "Yes, a servant," said Sir Robert; and Chief Justice Pemberton added, "Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you." "My Lord," was the answer, "my wife is here to do it." Well may those who were present say a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly when they beheld the prisoner's wife, the daughter of the estimable Earl of Southampton, rise to assist in such a scene. The evidence adduced was not only contradictory in many points, but utterly insufficient. Still there seems no doubt that Lord Russell had attended a meeting where a general rising was spoken of, and the feasibility of seizing the King's guards discussed; but it was not shown that he had approved of either scheme, much less that they had been determined upon. The incident already mentioned was not the only one by which this trial was to be signally commemorated. Whilst the principal witness against Russell, the infamous Lord Howard, whose conduct on the occasion in turning against his

* 'Penny Cyclopædia,' article 'Sidney.'

associate to save his own life is said to have been the least exceptionable part of his history, was speaking, it was observed that his voice at a certain period began to falter, and the jury said they could not hear him. "There is," said he, in answer, "an unhappy incident which hath sunk my voice: I was but just now acquainted with the fate of my Lord Essex." The news, indeed, had but just reached the Court of the suicide of that nobleman in the Tower, who lay there under the same charge as Russell and Sidney, of whom he was a mutual friend. Who would suppose that the lawyers for the prosecution could be capable of turning such an event to the prejudice of the prisoner? "My Lord Russell," observed Sir Robert Sawyer, "was one of the council for carrying on the plot with the Earl of Essex, who has this morning prevented the hand of justice upon himself." Evelyn expressly says this news was "said to have had no little influence on the jury;" Lord Russell was found guilty and sentenced to death. He was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields. On his way he passed the paternal home of his admirable wife, Southampton House, and the tears were seen to start to his eyes. He died with perfect fortitude.

Quitting the court, and noticing, as we walk along the corridor, the various conveniences for the judges, sheriffs, and others, as robing-rooms and rooms for refreshment, we are reminded of a custom thus described in an amusing passage in the 'Quarterly Review' for 1836:—"If we are not misinformed, the fiat has gone forth already against one class of City dinners, which was altogether peculiar of its kind. We allude to the dinner given by the sheriffs, during the Old Bailey sittings, to the judges and aldermen in attendance, the Recorder, Common Serjeant, City pleaders, and occasionally a few members of the bar. The first course was rather miscellaneous, and varied with the season, though marrow-puddings always formed a part of it; the second never varied, and consisted exclusively of beefsteaks. The custom was to serve two dinners (exact duplicates) a-day, the first at three o'clock, the second at five. As the judges relieved each other, it was impracticable for them to partake of both, but the aldermen often did so, and the chaplain, whose duty it was to preside at the lower end of the table, was never absent from his post. This invaluable public servant persevered from a sheer sense of duty, till he had acquired the habit of eating two dinners a-day, and practised it for nearly ten years without any perceptible injury to his health!" If such a fiat did go forth, it must have been recalled very speedily, for the Old Bailey dinners yet flourish. Probably the time when their fate hung poised in the balance, and many a civic functionary awaited anxiously to see the result, was the same as that when, owing, we are told, to some remarks about the expense which the Bar thought uncalled for, the pleaders, and other favoured barristers, withdrew in offended dignity, and have never returned. One feature of the dinners not mentioned in the above passage is the earliness of the hour at which they break up. Precisely as the clock strikes eight, the Lord Mayor, who presides, remarks, apologetically, "You know the rule, gentlemen"—or some such words; and the hint is immediately acted upon.

Returning into the area before mentioned, additional horrors of the old criminal law throng upon the recollection, in connection with the name of the spot, the "Press Yard." To many of our readers the meaning of these words

will be unknown. The advancing spirit of civilisation has swept away the fearful custom that gave the appellation, along with the torture, the browbeating of witnesses, twisting of law into any shape a government might desire, corrupt judges, and packed juries. The custom to which we allude is that of *Peine forte et dure* (the strong and hard pain), a torture applied to persons who refused to plead when called upon at the bar, with the view of thereby saving their property, which would be forfeited to the crown on conviction for the crimes charged. Our best legal writers differ as to the origin of this custom, some believing it to have been in use before the reign of Edward I., others that it dates from that reign, when it was declared, in the statute usually known as the Statute of Westminster, that "such persons as will not put themselves upon inquests of felonies at the suit of the King shall be put into hard and strong prison, as those which refuse to be at the common law of the land." For a considerable period the punishment appears to have remained of the character here indicated, being simply imprisonment of a "hard" nature; that is, the prisoner was barely kept from perishing of cold and hunger. But a most important alteration had obtained by the reign of Henry IV., when we find from the 'Year Book' that the judgment upon persons standing mute, according to the advice of all the judges, was "that the marshal should put them in low and dark chambers, naked except about their waist; that he should place upon them as much weight of iron as they could bear, *and more*, so that they should be unable to rise; that they should have nothing to eat but the worst bread that could be found, and nothing to drink but water taken from the nearest place to the gaol, except running water; that on the day in which they had bread they should not have water, and *e contrà*; and that they should lie there till they were dead." And this was the custom that continued down to the last century, with the mere alteration, from humane motives, of making the weight sufficient to ensure death speedily, the placing a sharp stone or piece of wood under the back with the same view, and the addition of a preliminary process of tying the thumbs with whipcord, in order to compel the culprit to plead without resorting to the more terrible infliction. By the statute 12 Geo. III., it was provided that persons refusing to plead, when arraigned for felony or piracy, should be convicted of the same. One of the latest cases of the operation of the old law at the Old Bailey appears to have been in 1734. Previous instances at the same place are very numerous. In April, 1721, Mary Andrews refusing to plead, had her thumbs tied with whipcord, but remained so firm under the infliction that three several cords were broken before she would plead. In the same year Nathaniel Hawes suffered in a similar manner, without giving the slightest evidences of a faltering resolution. In consequence, he was placed under the press, where he bore, for seven minutes, the weight of 250lbs. before he submitted. But the most interesting case we have met with is the following:—

In 1659 Major Strangeways was placed at the bar charged with the murder of his brother-in-law, Mr. Fussell. The father of Strangeways left him in possession of a farm, an elder sister of the latter being executrix. Here they lived together, it is said, very happily till the sister formed an acquaintance with Fussell, a respectable lawyer. The brother appears to have been from the first

greatly averse to this connection, and once swore, "if ever she married Mr. Fussell, to be the death of him, either in his study or elsewhere." They parted, and in parting quarrelled about their property. This led to litigation; Fussell, after his marriage with the sister, prosecuting certain suits against Strangeways. One day, whilst the former was in London, engaged in this and similar business, he was suddenly struck, where he sat in his lodgings, by two bullets, and fell dead. Suspicion fell on Strangeways, who was taken into custody. On the day of the inquest he was conveyed by a guard "to the place where Mr. Fussell's body lay, where, before the coroner's jury, he is commanded to take his dead brother-in-law by the hand, and to touch his wounds; a way of discovery which the defenders of *sympathy* highly applaud—on what grounds, here is no place to dispute. But here the *magnetism* fails; and those effusions which, according to their opinion, being part of the *anima media*, tenaciously adhere to the body, till separated by its corruption, being the same that, by united atoms becoming visible, conjure those spectrums that wander about the cenotaphs and dormitories of the dead; and do, when hurried from the actions of vitality by a violent death, as endeavouring to revenge its wrongs, fly in the face of the murderer, and, though in such minute parts as are too subtle for the observation of sense, keep still hovering about him, and when he is brought to touch the murdered body which was its former habitation, by the motion of sympathy, calls from the sally-ports of life some of those parts of her life, which yet remains within it; who, that they may flow forth to meet it, are conveyed in the vehiculum of the blood."* This sage expedient having failed, the foreman of the jury proposed that all the gunsmiths' shops in London and the adjacent places should be examined, to see what guns had been lent or sold on the day of the murder. The jury mostly thought this proposition impracticable, and one of them, who was a gunmaker, a Mr. Holloway, said decidedly the thing was not to be done from the great number of his profession; adding that he, for one, had lent a gun on the day in question, and no doubt many others. Strange to say, that was the very gun with which the murder had been committed, and by its means Strangeways was discovered to be the murderer. Overcome by the extraordinary nature of the proof, he confessed his connexion with the alleged crime. The day of trial was February 24th, when, on being asked to plead, he said, "that if it might, on his being tried, be admitted him to die by that manner of death by which his brother fell, he would plead; if not, by refusing to plead, he would both preserve an estate to bestow on such friends for whom he had most affection, and withal free himself from the ignominious death of a public gibbet." Persisting in this resolution, he was sentenced by Lord Chief Justice Glynn to be "put into a mean house, stopped from any light, and that he be laid upon his back, with his body bare; that his arms shall be stretched forth with a cord, the one to the one side, the other to the other side of the prison, and in like manner shall his legs be used; and that upon his body shall be laid as much iron and stone as he can bear, and more; and the first day shall he have three morsels of barley-bread, and the next day shall he drink thrice of the water in the next channel to the prison-door, but no spring or fountain

* From a very curious pamphlet printed in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. iv., giving an account of the trial.

water: and this shall be his punishment till he die." On the Monday following, at eleven in the forenoon, the sheriffs and other officers came to the Press Yard, whither the miserable prisoner was presently brought. He wore a mourning cloak, beneath which he appeared clothed in white from head to foot. By the sheriffs he was conducted to a dungeon, where, after prayers, "his friends placed themselves at the corners of the press, whom he desired, when he gave the word, to lay on the weights." This they did at the signal of "Lord Jesus, receive my soul:" but, finding the weight "too light for sudden execution, many of those standing by *added their burthens* to disburthen him of his pain." He died in about eight or ten minutes. The press used on this occasion was of a triangular form, and so constructed as to press upon the breast of the sufferer, about the region of the heart, as the speediest mode of relieving him from his agony.

In order to furnish some idea of the extent of the business transacted at the Old Bailey, we append a table extracted from the Parliamentary papers published in 1838 (no later document of the kind has appeared, we believe), showing the number of prisoners convicted, acquitted, or against whom the bills were ignored, from the years 1831 to 1837. The following returns are given from the annual statements published by the governor of Newgate. We may premise that an immense proportion of the cases are larcenies unaccompanied by violence; in the returns for 1835, for instance (in which year the extended jurisdiction of the Criminal Court came into operation), of the 1918 convictions, 1561 are for petty larceny.

Year.	Convicted.	Acquitted.	Ignored.
1831	1957 Of these 217 had been previously convicted, and 478 previously imprisoned.	514	357
1832	2223 274 previously convicted, 628 ,, imprisoned.	542	291
1833	1254 169 previously convicted, 434 ,, imprisoned.	383	123
1834	1579 118 previously convicted, 409 ,, imprisoned.	435	153
1835	1918 137 previously convicted, 465 ,, imprisoned.	627	261
1836	2190 204 previously convicted, 697 ,, imprisoned.	594	331
1837	2292 214 previously convicted, 763 ,, imprisoned.	564	176
1838	2442	559	223
1839	2710	560	153
1840	2566	473	198
1841	2625	501	229

During the last nine years thirteen of the convicts have been executed, a

smaller number than in many a single year not more than a quarter of a century since.

To render the view as complete as possible, we give the statement for 1841 of the classification of crimes, and of the punishments awarded :—

Offences.	
Accessory before the fact to felony	4
Arson	1
Bigamy	6
Burglary	41
Cattle Stealing	1
Coining	5
Cutting and Wounding, with intent to Murder, &c.	16
Embezzlement	70
Forging and uttering forged Instruments	35
Horse Stealing	13
Housebreaking and Larceny	57
Larceny, Larceny Person and Larceny Servant	2010
Larceny in a Dwelling House above 5*l.*	61
Letter, Stealing from the Post Office a	11
Letter, sending threatening	1
Manslaughter	9
Misdemeanour	226
Murder	3
Perjury	1
Rape	2
Receiving Stolen Goods	26
Robbery	15
Sheep Stealing	7
Shopbreaking and Larceny	2
Transportation, returning from	2
	2625

Sentences.		
To Death, or Death recorded (2 executed)		5
Transportation for Life		20
— for 15 years		72
— for 14 years		46
— for 10 years		217
— for 7 years		387
Imprisonment in *Newgate* and *the Houses of Correction* :		
for 2 years	38	
for 18 months	22	
for 1 year	203	
for 9 months	98	
for 6 months	473	
for 4 months	90	
for 3 months	497	
for 2 months	93	
for 6 weeks	36	
for 1 month and under	284	
		1834
Whipped and discharged		1
Judgment respited		18
Fined		2
Discharged on Recognizance		13
Total		2625

[Gang of prisoners being conveyed to trial ; from an original drawing.]

[Coffee Stall.]

XCV.—PUBLIC REFRESHMENT.

THE spirit of the age is marked in a signal manner by the prevailing customs of London respecting clubs, taverns, coffee-houses, eating-houses, &c. The progress of Metropolitan society, whether for better or for worse, is closely connected with the features which such places present. Whether for the highest or the humblest classes of society, they all have a tendency to render comforts cheap through the principle of co-operative economy.

The description given by Addision, in one of the early numbers of the 'Spectator,' of the origin of clubs, may have been coloured to raise a laugh, but it doubtless affords a clue to the nature of the clubs existing a century and a quarter ago: "Man is said to be a social animal, and as an instance of it we may observe, that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I knew a considerable market-town in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could

make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted of but fifteen persons, weighed above three tons."*

The Isaac Bickerstaffs and Will Honeycombs of Anne's reign introduce us to many clubs, in which oddity, good fellowship, and eating and drinking seem to have gone hand in hand. Thus the Beef-steak club and the October club convey in their names sufficient indication that the genius of good living was worshipped by the members. The 'Kit-Cat Club' affords a curious instance of the transmission of a *name*. The members of this club met for the purpose—one among many, we may charitably suppose—of eating mutton-pies; and as the maker of these pies was named Christopher Cat, the club became known by a familiar abbreviation of this name. The club was originally formed in Shire Lane, about the time of the trial of the seven bishops; and in Queen Anne's reign it comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank, all friends to the Hanoverian succession. The portraits of all the distinguished members were painted by Kneller, in one uniform size, which has ever since been known among portrait-painters as the 'Kit-cat size.'

When we come down to a later period of the last century, to the days of Johnson, of Goldsmith, of Reynolds, of Burke, and of other bright names in the intellectual world, we find clubs still existing, or starting into existence, among men removed from the humble stations of society; but still widely different from the clubs of our own day. They were clubs, not for exclusive orders of society or exclusive professions, not for breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, but attractive foci or centres, to which orators, poets, statesmen, painters, and composers tended. Of the general nature of such a club we may meet with abundant evidence in Boswell, or in such a paragraph as the following, from Prior's 'Life of Goldsmith:' "In order to increase the opportunities of social intercourse between persons formed to delight general society and each other, the 'Literary Club' was formed; a name not assumed by themselves, but given to the association by others, from the talents and celebrity of its individual members. The proposers were Johnson and Reynolds, who selected Burke, Goldsmith, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Nugent (a physician, and father of Mrs. Burke) as associates; to whom, in consequence of the frequent absence of Mr. Beauclerk and Sir John Hawkins, were added Mr. Chamier and Mr. Dyer: the former Under Secretary-at-War and well known in the first circles of London; the latter a man of general erudition, a friend of the Burkes, and formerly a Commissary in the army. They agreed to sup together every Monday evening, afterwards changed to Friday, at the 'Turk's Head,' in Gerrard Street, Soho."

What were the precise steps by which the clubs of the Johnson era gave way to those of the present day, need not be catalogued:—war, commercial enterprise, manufacturing invention, education—all have acted a part in bringing about social changes which have affected clubs as well as other institutions. The clubs of the working men do not come within the scope of the present

* 'Spectator,' No. ix.

article; they are, in fact, insurance associations, often based on wrong principles, and often held, unfortunately, at places where a temptation to drink is afforded; but still, they are for prospective advantages. The clubs of the West End present features in which the social club of the last century is combined with the hotel of the present. Each club elects its own members by ballot, so that no one can gain admission without the free good-will of a prescribed majority of the members already admitted. Generally speaking, too, the members have, either in opinion or professional avocation, something which serves as a bond of union, and which distinguishes one club from another. Thus the 'Carlton Club' and the 'Conservative Club,' the 'Reform Club,' 'White's' and 'Brookes's,' are governed by an implied unity of political feeling among the members of each. The 'United Service,' the 'Junior United Service,' and the 'Guards,' indicate pretty nearly, by their names, the kind of members who belong to them. The 'University' and the 'Oxford and Cambridge' clubs likewise tell their own tales, while the 'Travellers' and the 'Athenæum,' and some others, are more general in the qualifications of their members. Altogether there are about thirty of these clubs at the Court end of the town, of which two-thirds are located either in St. James's Street or in Pall Mall. There is scarcely any feature in London more remarkable than the growth of magnificent club-houses on the south side of Pall Mall, where the most distinguished are situated, within the last few years. The old houses in Pall Mall have been demolished one by one, or rather group by group, and replaced by elegant and imposing structures.

But it is in reference to their hotel-like regulations that we chiefly notice these clubs here. Every member, when elected by ballot, pays an entrance fee, and afterwards an annual subscription, for which he has the full use of all the advantages afforded by the club-house. Then all the refreshments which he has, whether breakfast, dinner, supper, wine, or any other kind, are furnished to him *at cost price*, all the other expenses of the system being defrayed out of the annual subscriptions. Perhaps we cannot do better than describe the working of this system in the words of the late Mr. Walker, in his 'Original:'

"One of the greatest and most important modern changes in society is the present system of clubs. The facilities of living have been wonderfully increased by them in many ways, whilst the expense has been greatly diminished. For a few pounds a-year, advantages are to be enjoyed which no fortunes except the most ample can procure. I can best illustrate this by a particular instance. The only club I belong to is the 'Athenæum,' which consists of twelve hundred members, amongst whom are to be reckoned a large proportion of the most eminent persons in the land, in every line—civil, military, and ecclesiastical, peers spiritual and temporal (ninety-five noblemen and twelve bishops), commoners, men of the learned professions, those connected with science, the arts, and commerce, in all its principal branches, as well as the distinguished who do not belong to any particular class. Many of these are to be met with every day, living with the same freedom as at their own houses. For six guineas a year every member has the command of an excellent library, with maps, the daily papers, English and foreign, the principal periodicals, and every material for writing, with attendance for whatever is wanted. The building is a sort of

palace, and is kept with the same exactness and comfort as a private dwelling. Every member is a master, without any of the trouble of a master. He can come when he pleases, and stay away as long as he pleases, without anything going wrong. He has the command of regular servants, without having to pay or to manage them. He can have whatever meal or refreshment he wants, at all hours, and served up with the cleanliness and comfort of his own house. He orders just what he pleases, having no interest to think of but his own. In short, it is impossible to suppose a greater degree of liberty in living. Clubs, as far as my observation goes, are favourable to economy of time. There is a fixed place to go to; everything is served with comparative expedition, and it is not customary or general, to remain long at table. They are favourable to temperance. It seems that when people can freely please themselves, and when they have an opportunity of living simply, excess is seldom committed. From an account I have, of the expenses at the 'Athenæum' in the year 1832, it appears that 17,323 dinners cost, on the average, 2*s.* 9¾*d.* each; and that the average quantity of wine for each person was a small fraction more than half a pint."*

Since Walker wrote the essays which constitute his very clever 'Original,' Pall Mall has been enriched by a club-house surpassing all the others in magnificence and grandeur. This—the 'Reform Club House'—more resembles an Italian palace than any other building in London, with the single exception, perhaps, of the Banqueting House at Whitehall. The area covered by the building is very large; the four parts present façades of great architectural beauty; and the interior fittings are appropriately splendid. But it is to the economy of the establishment, as a place of refreshment, that our attention will be chiefly drawn here. The Club—whose name sufficiently denotes the recent period of its formation, and the political tenets of its members—consists of about sixteen hundred noblemen and gentlemen, who, by entrance fees and annual payments, maintain this magnificent establishment. The payments are now, twenty-five guineas as an entrance-fee, and ten guineas annual subscription. For these payments each member has the use of dining and drawing rooms, billiard-rooms, library, news-rooms, reading-rooms, baths, &c.; and he may, at all hours of the day, have any kind of meal or refreshment.

In all these matters the Reform Club very closely resembles the other distinguished clubs at the West End: but it is by the possession of its famous *kitchen* that this club has gained a peculiar notoriety; a kitchen which baffles the conception of those who are accustomed only to ordinary culinary arrangements. The "genius loci" is M. Alexis Soyer, whose occupation is that of chief cook to the club, and whose invention the general arrangement of the kitchen seems to have been. The gastronomic art, certainly, never before had so many scientific appliances at its disposal. We have seen many large factories, where furnaces and boilers are largely employed; but, with one single exception, we know of none which can rival this kitchen in the arrangements for *economizing heat.* The arrangement is somewhat as follows: —

The kitchen, properly so called, is an apartment of moderate size, surrounded on all four sides by smaller rooms, which form the pastry, the poultry, the

* 'The Original,' by T. Walker, No. xvii., 1835.

butchery, the scullery, and other subordinate offices. There are doorways, but no doors, between the different rooms; all of which are formed in such a manner that the chief cook, from one particular spot, can command a view of the whole. In the centre of the kitchen is a table and a hot closet, where various knick-knacks are prepared and kept to a desired heat, the closet being brought to any required temperature by admitting steam beneath it. Around the hot closet is a bench or table, fitted with drawers and other conveniences for culinary operations. A passage, going round the four sides of this central table, separates it from the various specimens of cooking apparatus, which involve all that modern ingenuity has brought to bear on this matter. In the first place there are two enormous fire-places for roasting, each of which would, in sober truth, roast a sheep whole. The screens placed before these fires are so arranged as to reflect back almost the entire of the heat which falls upon them, and effectually shield the kitchen from the intense heat which would be otherwise thrown out. Then, again, these screens are so provided with shelves and recesses as to bring into profitable use the radiant heat which would be otherwise wasted. Along two sides of the room are ranges of charcoal-fires for broiling and stewing, and other apparatus for other varieties of cooking, which will easily be conjectured by those who are learned in such matters. These are at a height of about three feet, or three and a half feet, from the ground. The broiling fires are a kind of open pot or pan, throwing upwards a fierce but blazeless heat; behind them is a frame-work by which gridirons may be fixed at any height above the fire, according to the intensity of the heat. Other fires, open only at the top, are adapted for various kinds of pans and vessels; and in some cases a polished tin reflector is so placed as to reflect back to the viands the heat which would otherwise be an inconvenience. Under and behind and over and around are pipes, tanks, and cisterns in abundance, either for containing water to be heated by the heat which would otherwise be wasted, or to be used more directly in the multitudinous processes of cooking. A boiler, adjacent to the kitchen, is expressly appropriated to the supply of steam for cooking various dishes by the method of "steaming," for heating the hot closets, the hot iron plates, and similar apparatus which everywhere abound.

If we go to the adjacent rooms from the central kitchen, we find that—so effectually is heat economized—all are cool, and fitted to the object for which they are intended. In one small room the butchers' meat is kept, chopped, cut, and otherwise prepared for the kitchen. In the pastry all the appliances for making the good things which its name indicates are conveniently arranged around. In another room there are drawers, in the bottoms of which a stratum of ice is laid; above this a light covering; and above this such small articles of undressed food as require to be kept perfectly cool.

To tell how bright the pots and the pans and the cups are, and how scrupulously clean is every part of the range of rooms, and how quietly and systematically everything is conducted, and how neat are all the persons employed therein—is more than we can attempt; but the system of operations between the cooks and the consumers pertains so closely to our present object, that it must be noticed. In one corner of the kitchen is a little compartment or counting-house, at a desk in which sits the "clerk of the kitchen." Every day the chief cook

provides, besides ordinary provisions which are pretty certain to be required, a selected list, which he inserts in his "bill of fare"—a list which is left wholly to his own judgment and skill. Say three or four gentlemen, members of the club, determine to dine there at a given hour; they select from the "bill of fare," or order separately if preferred, or leave altogether to the choice of M. Soyer, the requisite provisions. A little slip of paper, on which is written the names of the dishes and the hour of dining, is hung on a hook in the kitchen on a blank board, where there are a number of hooks devoted to different hours of the day or evening. The cooks proceed with their avocations, and by the time the dinner is ready the clerk of the kitchen has calculated and entered the exact value of every article composing it, which entry is made out in the form of a bill—the cost price being that by which the charge is regulated. Immediately at the elbow of the clerk are bells and speaking-tubes, by which he can communicate with the servants in the other parts of the building. Meanwhile a steam-engine is "serving-up." In one corner of the kitchen is a recess, on opening a door in which we see a small square platform, calculated to hold an ordinary-sized tray. This platform or board is connected with the shaft of a steam-engine, by bands and wheels, so as to be elevated through a kind of vertical trunk leading to the upper floors of the building; and here servants are in waiting to take out whatever may have been placed on the platform. What will the steam-engine be made to do next?

If now we leave clubs, professedly so called, and notice the *taverns* of different periods, we find that they have not altered quite so much in their character; for a tavern at the present day, as well as a century ago, is a place where almost all kind of refreshments may be procured. And yet there is sufficient difference observable at different periods. The taverns were formerly distinguished each for its particular class of visitors; and though no formal subscription seems to have been paid, yet it would appear that a sort of ballot decided the introduction of a new visitor to the social circle. Thus, Colley Cibber says that a sort of interest and introduction was necessary before he could make one among the visitors at Wills's in Govent Garden. Here the acknowledged wits and poets of the day met. The politicians met at the St. James's Coffee House, from which many of the political articles in the 'Tatler' were dated. Many men of education were wont to meet each other at the 'Grecian' in Devereux Court; while young and gay sparks patronised Locket's in Gerard Street, and Pontac's, where they used to dine. At an earlier hour of the day, "chocolate-houses" seem to have been frequented, which were deserted at about three or four o'clock (the fashionable dinner-hour of those times), and the tavern then became the place of rendezvous.

The modern taverns, with some few exceptions, are either downright public-houses, or else they combine the qualities of inns and provide accommodations for the traveller or the temporary visitor to London. Indeed the terms tavern, hotel, and inn, are not easily distinguishable in London. All taken together are about five hundred in number; while the public-houses amount to about seven times as many. Some of the hotels are analogous to furnished apartments, where families or gentlemen may take up their abode temporarily or for a continuance; and where all are admitted whose appearance and purses are adequate.

Such are the aristocratic 'Long's,' and 'Warren's,' and 'Mivart's,' and several others whose names are familiar to the readers of "fashionable arrivals" and "fashionable departures," in the daily newspapers. The two principal qualities of these hotels are, that an inmate can get almost everything he can want, and that he pays handsomely for all that he gets. Others, less noted among the fashionable world, are conducted on the same principles, but at a somewhat lower rate of charge. Others again, such as the 'Gloucester Coffee House,' the 'White Horse Cellar,' the 'Saracen's Head,' &c., comprise almost all the features of inn, hotel, tavern, and coach-office, and some of them those of public-house likewise. The traveller who has just come to London, and who does not intend to remain long enough to render the hire of a furnished apartment desirable, and he who makes it a temporary resting-place ere he trudges to seek his friends, both "put up" here and obtain what refreshments they need. The railway system has started some splendid establishments of this nature. But there was never any want of truly comfortable accommodation in the old hotels, such as the 'Hummums,' the 'Tavistock,' and many others, whose names are familiar to the London visitor.

It is when we descend to the middle and humble classes of society, and to those who reside continuously in London, that the details respecting refreshment-houses become most worthy of note, because such details furnish a more exact index to the social condition of large bodies of men. We may put such a question as this—How do those commercial and working men, who take but few meals at their own homes, procure their breakfast, and dinner, and tea; and into what society are they thrown? The answer to this question takes us at once to the "dining-rooms," the "eating-houses," the "chop-houses," the "ham and beef shops," the "alamode-beef houses," the "oyster-rooms," the "coffee-houses," &c., which form such a notable feature in London trade at the present time.

The allusions to London houses of refreshment, in past times, evidently relate to liquid rather than to solid food—to the "flowing tankard" and the "generous bottle;" yet there are occasionally passages which refer more or less to cooked provisions, vended either in the open street or in shops close at hand. Thus Fitzstephen, who wrote an account of London more than six centuries ago, says:—"The several craftsmen, the several sellers of wares, and workmen for hire, all are distinguished every morning by themselves, in their places as well as trades. Besides, there is in London upon the 'river's bank' a public place of cookery, among the wines to be sold in the ships, and in the wine-cellars. There every day ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried, or sodden; fish both small and great; ordinary flesh for the poorer sort, and more dainty for the rich, as venison and fowl. If friends come upon a sudden, wearied with travel, to a citizen's house, and they be loth to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat, let the servants give them water to wash, and bread to stay their stomach, and in the mean time they run to the waterside, where all things that can be desired are at hand. Whatsoever multitude of soldiers, or other strangers, enter into the City at any hour of the day or night, or else are about to depart; they may turn in, bait here, and refresh themselves to their content, and so avoid long fasting, and not go away without their dinner. If any desire to set their dainty tooth, they take a goose; they need not to long for the fowl of Africa; no, not the

rare gadwit of Ionia. This is the public cookery, and very convenient for the state of a city, and belongs to it. Hence it is we read in Plato's 'Gorgias,' that next to the physician's art is the trade of cooks, the image and flattery of the fourth part of a city."

Then again, Lydgate, who wrote his 'London Lyckpenny' in the first half of the fifteenth century, gives two stanzas which may be worth quoting:—

"Then to Westminster gate I presently went,
When the sun was at high prime;
Cooks to me they took good intent,
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine;
A fair cloth they 'gan for to spread,
But, wanting money, I might not be sped."

"Then I hied me unto Eastcheap:
One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie;
Pewter pots they clatter'd in a heap;
There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy;
Yea, by cock! nay, by cock! some began cry;
Some sung of Jenkyn and Julyan for their meed,
But, for lack of money, I might not speed."

The luckless fellow, who, "for lack of money," was thus tantalized with good things which he could not purchase, has not told us whether they were open stalls or shops in which the provisions were sold. "Minstrels" seem to have attended much on the same principle as fiddlers now do at public-houses.

The fortunes of Roderick Random and his companion Strap show that, in Smollett's time, there were *cellars* in London attended as eating-houses, down which many a man was wont to "dive for a dinner." When Roderick and Strap arrived in London, and had taken a cheap and obscure lodging near St. Martin's Lane, they asked their landlord where they could procure a dinner. He told them that there were eating-houses for well-dressed people, and cellars for those whose purses were somewhat of the lightest. Roderick said that the latter would better suit the circumstances of himself and his companion; whereupon the landlord undertook to pilot them to one of these cellars:—"He accordingly carried us to a certain lane, where stopping, he bid us observe him, and do as he did; and, walking a few paces, dived into a cellar, and disappeared in an instant. I followed his example, and descended very successfully, where I found myself in the middle of a cook's-shop, almost suffocated with the steams of boiled beef, and surrounded by a company consisting chiefly of hackney-coachmen, chairmen, draymen, and a few footmen out of place or on board-wages, who sat eating shin-of-beef, tripe, cow-heel, or sausages, at separate boards, covered with cloths which turned my stomach. While I stood in amaze, undetermined whether to sit down or walk upwards again, Strap, in his descent, missing one of the steps, tumbled headlong into this infernal ordinary, and overturned the cook as she was carrying a porringer of soup to one of the guests. In her fall she dashed the whole mess against the legs of a drummer belonging to the foot-guards, who happened to be in her way." How the drummer swore, and the cook rubbed his leg with salt, and Roderick recommended the substitution of oil, and how Strap made his peace

by paying for the soup and treating the drummer, need not be told. The cook's-shop in the cellar is sufficiently depicted.

It is probable that itinerant piemen, such as Hogarth gives to the life, have for centuries formed one class of London characters, and that various other eatables, and drinkables too, have been vended about in a similar manner, time out of mind; but by what steps the modern cook's-shop, or eating-house, has reached its present condition, it is not perhaps easy to say. There are, it appears, about two hundred places in London which can fittingly come under the denomination of eating-houses, occupying a place between the hotels on the one hand and the coffee-rooms on the other. At all of these places joints of meat are dressed every day, depending for variety on the extent of business done, but generally including boiled beef and roast beef, as well as the necessary appendages for the formation of a dinner. In some of these houses the quantity of meat dressed in a week is quite enormous; and it seems pretty evident that the greater the sale the better the quality of the articles sold—or perhaps we may take it in an inverse order, that the excellence of the provisions has led to the extent of the custom.

Some of these dining-rooms are the scenes of bustle during only a few hours of the day; while others, either from the extent of their trade, or the different classes of their visitors, present a never-ceasing picture of eating and drinking. Some, such as a celebrated house in Bishopsgate-Street, are frequented almost entirely by commercial men and City clerks, who, during a few hours in the day, flock in by hundreds. Then again others, such as Williams's boiled-beef shop in the Old Bailey, and a few in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, are frequented almost entirely by lawyers' clerks, witnesses, and others engaged in the law or criminal courts. In all such cases there is a "best" room for those whose purses are tolerably supplied; and a more humble room, generally nearer to the street, for such as can afford only a "sixpenny plate." Again, on going farther westward, we find, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden and the Haymarket, dining-rooms in great plenty, the visitants at which are altogether of a different class. Here we may see actors, artists, paragraph-makers, and foreigners, most of whom seem in much less haste than the City diners. In this quarter of the town there are many French restaurateurs, whose rooms present the agreeable variety of ladies dining without any restraint from the observation of the male visitors.

It is observable that in some houses the waiter gives the diner a long detail of the good things which are "just ready," while in others there is a printed bill-of-fare placed before him. The latter is certainly the most systematic method; for, by the time the nimble waiter has got through his speech, we almost forget the first items to which he directed attention. In the "bill of fare" all the dishes customarily prepared at the house are printed in certain groups, and the prices are *written* opposite those which are to be had hot on any particular day, so that a customer can at once see what provisions are ready, and how much he shall have to pay for them. In the opposite case, where the visitor knows nothing of the matter but what the waiter tells him, the routine of proceedings may be thus sketched:—The guest, perhaps a man of business who has but little time to spare for his dinner, enters the room, takes the first seat he can find (the one nearest the fire in cold weather), takes off his hat, and asks for the 'Times' or the

'Chronicle.' While he is glancing his eye rapidly over the daily news, the active, tidy waiter, with a clean napkin on his left arm, comes to his side, and pours into his ear, in a rapid but monotonous tone, some such narrative as the following:—"Roast beef, boiled beef, roast haunch of mutton, boiled pork, roast veal and ham, salmon and shrimp-sauce, pigeon-pie, rump-steak pudding." The visitor is perhaps deep in the perusal of 'Spanish Scrip' or 'Colombian Bonds,' or some other newspaper intelligence, and the waiter is obliged to repeat his catalogue; but, generally speaking, the order is quickly given, and quickly attended to. A plate of roast beef, which may be taken as a standard of comparison, is charged for at these places at prices varying from 4*d.* to 10*d.*, generally from 6*d.* to 8*d.*; and other articles are in a corresponding ratio. When the meat and vegetables have disappeared, the nimble waiter is at your elbow, to ask whether pastry or cheese is wanted; and when the visitor is about to depart, the waiter adds up, with characteristic rapidity, the various items constituting the bill. "Meat 8*d.*, potatoes 1*d.*, bread 1*d.*, cheese 1*d.*," &c., are soon summed up; the money is paid, and the diner departs.

At the alamode-beef houses the routine is still more rapid. Here a visitor takes his seat, and the waiter places before him a knife, a fork, and a spoon; and gives him the choice among sundry lumps of bread kept in an open basket. Meanwhile the visitor asks for a "sixpenny plate;" and it may happen that two other customers ask at the same time, the one for a sixpenny and the other for a fourpenny plate. Out goes the waiter, calling, in a quick tone, for "two sixes and a four;" a brevity which is perfectly well understood by those who are to lade out the soup from the cauldron wherein it is prepared. Presently he returns with a pile of pewter plates, containing the "two sixes and a four," and places them before the diners. There is a house near the theatres where this scene of operation continues almost uninterruptedly from twelve o'clock at noon till an hour or two after the theatres are over in the evening; some taking soup as a luncheon, some as an early dinner, some as a late dinner, some as a substitute for tea, and the remainder as a supper.

There is a lower class of soup-houses, where persons to whom sixpence is even too much for a dinner may obtain wherewithal to dine. Whoever has had to walk through Broad Street, St Giles's, or down the northern side of Holborn Hill, may have seen shops, in the windows of which a goodly array of blue and white basins is displayed, and from which emanate abundant clouds of odour-giving steam. Around the windows, too, a crowd of hungry mortals assemble on a cold day, and partake (in imagination) of the enticing things within. A poor fellow, all in tatters, with a countenance which speaks strongly of privation, gazes eagerly through the window at what is going on within, and thinks how rich a man must be who can afford to pay twopence or threepence for "a basin of prime soup, potatos, and a slice of bread;"—for it is at some such charge as this that the viands are sold. As for the quality of the soup, we should, perhaps, only be just in supposing that it is good enough for the price. One thing is certain, that the quantity sold every day at these houses is extremely large.

The "chop-houses" in the City form a class by themselves. They are neither eating-houses nor taverns, nor do they belong to classes hereafter to be noticed. The solid food here to be procured is chiefly in the form of a steak or a chop, with

such small appendages as are necessary to form a meal. There is no hot joint from which a guest may have a "sixpenny" or a "ninepenny" plate; nor are there the various dishes which fill up the bill-of-fare at a dining-room. Every guest knows perfectly well what he can procure there. If a chop or a steak will suffice, he can obtain it; if not, he goes to some house where greater variety is provided. With his chop he can have such liquor as his taste may prefer. There are some of these houses which have been attended by one generation after another of guests, comprising merchants, bankers, and commercial men of every grade. The portrait of the founder, or a favourite waiter, may perhaps be seen over the fireplace in the best room; and the well-rubbed tables, chairs, and benches tell of industry oft repeated. Sometimes the older houses exhibit a waiter who has gone through his daily routine for half a century. There is a dingy house in a court in Fleet Street where the chops and steaks are unrivalled. Who that has tasted there that impossible thing of private cookery—a *hot* mutton chop, a second brought when the first is despatched—has not pleasant recollections of the never-ending call to the cook of "Two muttons to follow?"

At most of the respectable eating and chop houses it is a pretty general custom to give a penny or twopence to the waiter when the "reckoning" is paid. This is a bad system. It would be much better to pay an extra penny for the price of the dinner, and let the waiter be paid by the master; instead of, as is at present the case, the waiter giving the master a *douceur* for permission to hold the situation. But whether such a change would change the characteristics of a waiter, we cannot say; certain it is that a London waiter is quite a character. Here is Mr. Leigh Hunt's picture of one:—"He has no feeling of noise, but as the sound of dining, or of silence, but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf; it is so many 'breads.' His longest speech is the making out of a bill *vivâ voce*—'Two beefs—one potatoes—three ales—two wines—six and twopence,'—which he does with an indifferent celerity, amusing to new comers who have been relishing their fare, and not considering it as a mere set of items."

Many houses have what is termed in France a *table-d'hôte*, or in England an *ordinary;* that is, a dinner ready for all comers at a fixed hour in the day, and at a fixed charge. The host determines on the choice of good things to constitute the bill of fare; and the diner partakes of such as may best accord with his palate. Some of these places are attended day after day by nearly the same persons, while others see a constant succession of new faces. There is one such house near or in Billingsgate, celebrated for the excellence of the *fish*, which forms a component part of the cheer; and which is, on this account, much frequented by the connoisseurs in fish. Nay, we have heard that so far does the demand for table-room exceed the supply, that the "knowing ones" have their seat at the table half an hour before the prescribed dinner-time, as the only way to be prepared for the fish by the time the fish is prepared for them. A public-house (really one) in a street near Covent Garden has an ordinary of three courses, which the lovers of economical good eating, who cannot dine without fish and pastry, delight to haunt. But there are few of these. The *ordinaries* of the days of Elizabeth have left few successors.

Besides the dining-rooms and chop-houses, properly so called, there are many places where a man can get a dinner by a sort of indirect arrangement. Not to

mention oyster-rooms, which are frequented rather for suppers than dinners, or pastry-cooks' shops, which are rather for lady-like delicacies than for stout hearty food which will enable a man to buffet through the world, or Garraway's, and one or two similar houses, where a sandwich and a glass of wine or ale may be rapidly swallowed, there are public-houses where a *gridiron* is kept always at hand for cooking a steak or a chop belonging to a customer. If we draw a circle of a few hundred yards radius round the Royal Exchange, we shall find more than one place of which the following is a sketch. A butcher's shop within a door or two of a public-house supplies a purchaser with a steak or a chop at a reasonable price. He carries it into the public-house (or tavern, if the name be preferred) and places it in the hands of a waiter or servant, who speedily dresses it on an enormous gridiron, the bars of which are so constructed as to save a great portion of the fat from the meat. For this service the small sum of *one penny* only is charged, in addition to an equally moderate charge for bread, potatoes, and whatever drink may be called for.

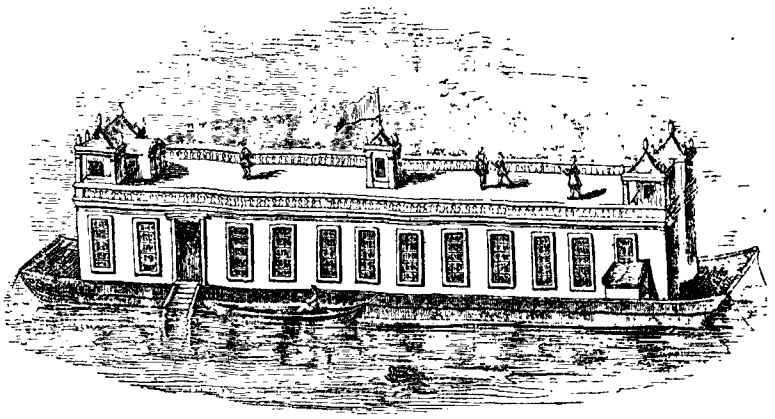
Some of these houses are celebrated for the "fine old cheese," or the "baked potatoes," or the "mutton pies," which they provide for their customers; each place having a reputation for some one or other welcome dish. In humble neighbourhoods, again, all such dainties as "sheeps' trotters," "sheeps' heads," "pigs' faces," "faggots," &c. are to be had hot at certain hours of the day; but these are not supplied by the owners of public-houses; they are procured at shops adjacent, and very often demolished in the tap-rooms of the public-houses.

Let us next direct our attention to the remarkable features presented by the coffee-rooms and coffee-shops of London. These differ from the places hitherto noticed principally in the kind of beverage supplied, but partly in other matters likewise, which present points of considerable interest.

The first coffee-house established in the vicinity of London is said to have been the so-called 'Don Saltero's Coffee-house,' in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Many of those who have lately availed themselves of the little fourpenny steamers have, probably, seen a house still called by this name, near one of the steamboat piers at Chelsea: this was the identical house. This Don Saltero was a cunning fellow, half barber, half antiquary, named Salter, who having attracted many visitors to his house by virtue of the antiquarian trifles with which it was stuffed, sought to make it a kind of lounge by introducing ready-made coffee as an article of sale. Steele gives a sketch of the man, his curiosities, his fiddle-playing and other characteristics, in one of the early numbers of the 'Tatler.'

In the time of Addison and Steele, besides the coffee-houses and chocolate-houses which were attended by the gay and the rich, there was a "floating coffee-house" near Somerset House, a print of which was engraved at the time. This house was a lounge for idle pleasure-seekers; but the company frequenting it grew, by degrees, so disreputable, that the affair was frowned out of existence.

Throughout the eighteenth century coffee-houses were abundant in London; but they more nearly resembled taverns than the modern coffee-shops: they were beyond the reach of the humbler classes. About thirty or forty years ago, when coffee was, for a temporary period, enormously dear, a beverage called



[Floating Coffee House on the Thames.]

saloop was vended both in houses and street-stalls. This saloop was a kind of infusion of sassafras, served hot with milk and sugar in the same manner as coffee, and was sold at from one penny to sixpence per cup, according to the style in which it was served. This beverage has now wholly given way to that which is connected with so many social features at the present day—coffee.

On the 5th of May, 1840, the House of Commons directed a Committee to inquire into the operation of the Import Duties; and in the Report which the Committee made to the House on the 6th of August in the same year many curious details occur respecting coffee-houses, coffee-house keepers, and the class of persons who frequent coffee-houses. The evidence arose out of the consideration of the duty upon coffee; but it involves statistical details of a highly curious character, and closely connected with the subject of our paper.

On one of the days of meeting, five coffee-house keepers, residing in as many different parts of London, gave evidence before the Committee. It was there stated, by Mr. Humphreys, that the gradual increase of coffee-houses in London may be estimated at nearly a hundred per annum; that twenty-five years ago there were not above ten or twelve coffee-houses (of the kind now under consideration) in the metropolis; but that they had since increased to sixteen or eighteen hundred. The following are two of the questions put to Mr. Humphreys, and the answers given to them:—

"Has the charge for coffee, to the consumer, been reduced, in consequence of this competition (between rival coffee-house keepers)?"—"Very materially. About twenty-five years ago there was scarcely a house in London where you could get any coffee under sixpence a cup, or threepence a cup; there are now coffee-houses open at from one penny up to threepence. There are many houses where the charge is one penny, where they have seven or eight hundred persons in a day. There is Mr. Pamphilon, who charges three halfpence per cup; and he has from fifteen to sixteen hundred persons a day."*

"It is the particular beverage that you sell which is the great attraction to

* Report of the Import Duties Committee, p. 209.

the persons that come to your house?"—"Yes; I have, on the average, four to five hundred persons that frequent my house daily; they are mostly lawyers' clerks and commercial men; some of them are managing clerks, and there are many solicitors likewise, highly respectable gentlemen, who take coffee in the middle of the day, in preference to a more stimulating drink. I have often asked myself the question, where all that number of persons could possibly have got their refreshment prior to opening my house. There were taverns in the neighbourhood, but no coffee-house, nor anything that afforded any accommodation of the nature I now give them; and I found that a place of business like mine was so sought for by the public, that shortly after I opened it I was obliged to increase my premises in every way I could; and at the present moment, besides a great number of newspapers every day, I am compelled to take in the highest class of periodicals. For instance, we have eight or nine quarterly publications, averaging from four shillings to six shillings each; and we are constantly asked for every new work that has come out. I find there is an increasing taste for a better class of reading. When I first went into business, many of my customers were content with the lower-priced periodicals; but I find, as time progresses, that the taste is improving, and they look out now for a better class of literature."

There are other places, more generally designated "coffee-shops," where working men mostly congregate; and it is interesting to know that among this class also the growth of a taste for refreshing beverage and sober decency has been by no means slow. Mr. Letchford, one of the witnesses examined before the Committee, keeps a coffee-shop in a densely populated and humble part of the metropolis. When this shop had been established seven years, there were from seven to nine hundred persons visited it per day, most of them hard-working men. He has three rooms, in which the charges for a cup of coffee are respectively 1*d.*, 1½*d.*, and 3*d.*, according to the kind of customers for which they are intended. The cheapest room is that which is most frequented, and which has a constant influx of customers from four in the morning till ten at night. To the question, "Does a man come there and get his breakfast?" Mr. Letchford replied, "Yes; he comes in the morning at four o'clock and has a cup of coffee, and a thin slice of bread and butter, and for that he pays 1½*d.*; and then again at eight, for his breakfast, he has a cup of coffee, a penny loaf, and a pennyworth of butter, which is 3*d.*; and at dinner time, instead of going to a public-house, at one o'clock he comes in again, and has his coffee and his bread, and brings his own meat. I do not cook for any one." It was stated that nine newspapers were provided for these numerous but humble customers.

Another feature strikes the observer, in glancing over the evidence given before this Committee, viz., that the coffee-rooms have in many cases become also *dining*-rooms, and not merely places where breakfast or tea is taken. Mr. Humphreys stated that latterly the coffee-house keepers have been compelled to sell meat ready cooked. Persons became so desirous of having their meals in houses of this description, that they have gradually got into the habit of dining there, as well as of purchasing the beverage for which the houses were originally established. "I now sell," said Mr. Humphreys, "about three cwt. of cold ham and meat every week. I was first compelled to sell it by persons going to a

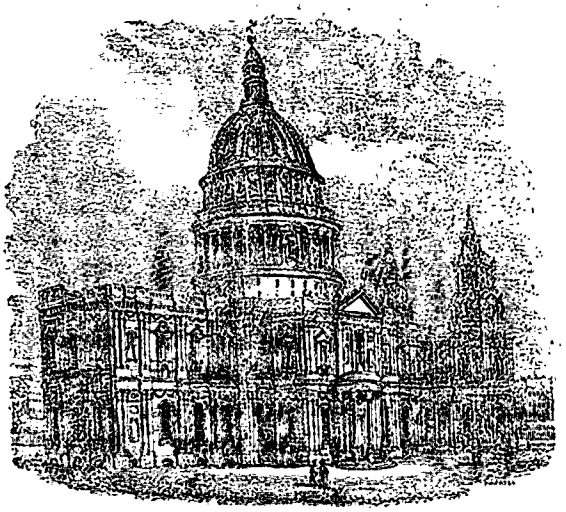
cook's shop, and buying their meat, and bringing it in and asking me for a plate; and I found it a matter of some little trouble without any profit. It occurred to me that I might as well cook; and I have myself now, in consequence of that, a business during the whole of the day. A number of gentlemen come in and have a plate of beef for 4*d.*, a cup of coffee for 2*d.*, and a loaf of bread; and for 6*d.* or 7*d.* they have what is for them a good breakfast. In fact, a gentleman may come to my house and have as good a breakfast for 8*d.* as he can have in any hotel for 1*s.* 6*d.*" To the same effect was the statement of Mr. Pamphilon. He said that a large middle-day trade had sprung up among coffee-room keepers, in consequence of the pursuance of this system; and that he had often had a hundred people dining in his rooms in the middle of one day, off cold ham, and beef, and coffee. Mr. Hare, also, who keeps a first-class coffee-room in the City, gave evidence corroborative of the same view. He said that bankers' clerks, and mercantile men of a similar description, were constantly in the habit of having steaks and chops at his house, coffee being the beverage: he explained this latter point by saying that men of this class find that they can transact their afternoon's business better after coffee than after malt liquor. The same witness stated that when he commenced business, nine or ten years previously, he did not cook anything; the custom had its origin in the request, as a matter of favour, on the part of some of the gentlemen who took coffee at his house, that he would furnish them with the means of partaking of a chop or a steak without going to a tavern. He did so; and thus arose a custom which has now become very prevalent in the majority of the coffee-houses of London. As an item in the economy of London refreshment, confessedly brought into existence within the last dozen years, this is not unworthy of notice.

The cigar-divans and chess-rooms are modifications of the coffee-room. They are for those who require something more than coffee and reading, and yet at the same time wish to have those luxuries. The owners of these rooms are not so much accustomed to supply meals as evening refreshment. Your true chess-player can sit many hours without eating or drinking largely: his "checking," and "castling," and "mating," absorb nearly all his attention; and he has only time to whiff his cigar and sip his coffee once now and then. At some of the places here indicated the guest pays a shilling on entrance, for which he receives a "fine Havannah" and cup of coffee; while at others he pays for what he may purchase, without paying for admission.

In closing this paper we must not forget the old woman who serves hot coffee to the coachmen and labourers at four in the morning; or the 'Baked tato' man, whose steaming apparatus glistens before us; or the 'Ham-sandwich' man, who encounters us on leaving a theatre. Respecting the first, it may suffice to say, that there are many labouring men abroad in the morning at an hour too early to find coffee-shops open; and for the supply of such customers with an early breakfast, a table is laid out *al fresco*, with sundry huge slices of bread and butter, an array of cups and saucers, and a vessel full of hot coffee—all served, we have no doubt, at a very small charge. The baked potato dealer is a merchant of modern growth; he sprang up somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. George's Fields, and has since spread his trading operations to every part of London. His apparatus is really a very ingenious and smart-looking affair, and,

when lighted up at night constitutes a locomotive cook-shop, of which the last generation could have had no idea. How the man takes out a steaming potato, cuts it open, seasons it with butter, pepper, and salt, and exchanges it for a half-penny—every apprentice boy in London knows; and it must be owned that this is a ha'p'orth which would comfort many a hungry stomach. As for the ham-sandwich man, he is a nocturnal dealer: he puts on his white apron, lays his sandwiches in a small handbasket, which he holds before him, and takes his post opposite the gallery-doors of the theatres, where, at or near midnight, he attracts the notice of his customers by the cry of "Ham-sandwiches, only a penny!"

[Baked Potatoes.]



[View of St. Paul's from the North-east.]

XCVI.—NEW ST. PAUL'S. No. I.

"In the beginning of the new works of St. Paul's," writes Sir Christopher Wren, in the 'Parentalia,' "we are told an incident was taken notice of by some people as a memorable omen: when the surveyor in person had set out upon the place the dimensions of the great dome, and fixed upon the centre, a common labourer was ordered to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish (such as should first come to hand) to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons: the stone, which was immediately brought and laid down for that purpose, happened to be a piece of a gravestone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but this single word in large capitals—*Resurgam*" (I shall rise again). How much the architect himself was struck by the circumstance, we see by the decorations of the pediment over the northern portico, where an exquisitely sculptured Phœnix rising from the flames, with the motto "Resurgam," has been placed in accordance with the idea suggested by the incident. And St. Paul's has indeed risen again in consummate beauty and grandeur. Surrounded as it is on all sides with the countless structures which the religion, trade, commerce, amusements, and luxuries of the first capital of the world have required, many of them separately deserving and enjoying our high admiration, who ever thinks for a moment of comparing any of them (Westminster Abbey excepted) with St. Paul's; who ever, indeed, thinks of them at all, when the eye, casually glancing over the mighty panorama of which they form a portion, is so completely occupied by the one sublime object, soaring upwards so far into the skies, the far-famed dome of the Cathedral. The man who was born within the sound of its bell, and can scarcely remember when he overpassed those limits—the stranger from the country on a brief visit, who obtains perhaps but a single view—the foreigner, familiar with the architectural marvels of other climes—the old and the young, the ignorant and the enlightened, alike feel this wondrous pre-eminence, which makes St. Paul's seem

not so much a feature, however great, of London, as an embodied idea of London itself. Can any one fancy London without it? In the absence of this grand central object, toward which, as in a picture, everything around appears to tend, and grow regular and coherent from that very connexion, the British metropolis would certainly look like the "great wen" that Cobbett calls it. For this reason it may be said, somewhat paradoxically, that the finest view of St. Paul's is obtained from a spot where a considerable portion of it cannot be seen, namely, Blackfriars Bridge; for the body of the structure being hidden, the dome, in consequence, with its pilastered basement and colonnaded pedestal, really seems to rest as it were upon the City; and we can imagine nothing more magnificent than the effect. Wren, it must be owned, was most fortunate in the site for his work. It is true that it is sadly shut in on all sides, but we can amend that matter whenever we please; on the other hand, the advantages of the spot are inestimable. It is in the very heart of the metropolis, and so elevated, that—if we may trust the inscription on the curious little piece of sculpture with a naked boy in the neighbouring Panyer Alley:—

"When you have sought the city round,
Yet still this is the highest ground."

Above all, it stands in the midst of the busiest of London thoroughfares, where thousands daily, as they hurry along with the press, must look upon it; and who shall say how often many of these may not have carried away with them some impression of its beauty, majesty, and power, which may open, however unconsciously, the door to a thousand other refreshing and elevating influences? The chief view of the Cathedral obtained by such passers by—that from Ludgate Hill—was of course an object of great solicitude with Wren; forming too, as he saw it would, the only good view that could be afforded within any calculable period of the building generally. And, certainly, a thing to be remembered is the first ascent of that hill, the first sight of the glorious façade which rises directly before us, with its double range of sumptuous columns, windows and arches rising some ninety feet, then the superb campanile towers at each corner, whose gilded pines at the top are not less than 208 feet from the ground; and lastly, between the two, and over the richly-decorated pediment of the front, with its colossal apostolic figures, the gigantic dome with its lantern, ball, and cross, mounting to the giddy height of between 300 and 400 feet;* and of which a distinguished critic says, "It may be safely affirmed that for dignity and elegance no church in Europe affords an example worthy of comparison." † Grand as is the aspect of this western front, Wren designed something that would have been still grander, had it been practicable; but he had forgotten, for the moment, that if there are no limits to the power of genius to conceive, there are very decided and narrow ones as to the means by which its conceptions are to be executed. Instead of the existing lower order, with its Corinthian pillars, and an upper with composite, Wren

* The differences which pervade the published accounts of the dimensions of most of our cathedrals are more than usually striking at St. Paul's. Thus the 'Parentalia' gives the height of the "cupola and lantern" at 330 feet; Maitland the height to the top of the cross at 340; other authorities make the entire altitude 360; whilst the 'Guide' sold in the Cathedral gives the same at 404 feet. Part of this discrepancy seems to arise from the measurement being sometimes made from the pavement of the church, sometimes from the ground-line of the exterior.

† Mr. Gwilt—Britton's 'Public Buildings in London.'

intended to have had but one range of pillars, ascending from the ground without interruption to the height of both the present ranges; but there was no finding blocks of stone large enough to form the cornice to such a portico. So that idea, with many others equally cherished, was abandoned. The decorations of this façade are chiefly by Bird, an artist who occupies a certain position in the history of art during the early part of last century, for we learn from his works how low must have been the state of sculpture among us, when such were its chief fruits. He is the author of the monument to Sir Cloudesley Shovel in Westminster Abbey, a work which has positively grown interesting from the wit and ridicule lavished upon it by Addison, Washington Irving, and others. Yet it is but justice to add that Dr. Busby's monument in the Abbey is also by him, a piece of sculpture so different from his other acknowledged productions as to warrant the suspicion that he had received assistance of some kind. Bird's chief performances at St. Paul's consist of the sculpture in high relief on the pediment of the west front, representing the Conversion of St. Paul, the bas-reliefs over the doors in the portico below, the centre having for its subject St. Paul preaching to the Bereans; and lastly, the statue of Queen Anne in the area before the Cathedral, with the four attendant figures at the corners of the pedestal typifying Britain, France, Ireland, and America. The sculptor of the colossal figures which adorn the top of the pediment and the base of the campanile towers does not appear to be known. The figure on the apex of the pediment is of course St. Paul; St. James is known by his pilgrim habit to the right, and St. Peter by the cock to the left. The figures of the Evangelists at the sides may be similarly recognised. The statue of Queen Anne, of which a lunatic a century ago broke the nose and shattered the sceptre, suggests some interesting recollections. Here, during the brilliant career of Marlborough, was the Queen accustomed to come year after year to return thanks for his successes. The procession on these occasions seems to have been very imposing. Our space will only allow us to mention the visit in January, 1706-7, when there were two individuals present who must have given unusual éclat to the spectacle. After the Members of the House of Commons, headed by their Speaker, the Masters of Chancery, the Judges, and the Peers of the realm, in their curious low coaches (such as we see represented in the prints of the period, illustrating some of these public processions to St. Paul's, and from which the following is extracted), came the Queen in her state equipage, drawn by eight horses, and having

by her side the Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of the conqueror, and her Majesty's early and bosom friend. The streets through which the procession passed were lined by the Westminster militia and the City trained bands; the balconies and windows of the houses were hung with "fine carpets and tapestry," and crowded with spectators. The Queen was received at St. Paul's by the peers, and preceded into the choir by the great warrior himself—Marlborough, carrying the sword of state. Two years later Queen Anne came to St. Paul's again for a similar purpose; and four years after that dismissed the man to whom she owed so much from all his employments, and left him as helpless as it was possible to meet the charges of peculation which his enemies had brought against him. The "dear Mrs. Freeman," as the Queen delighted to call the Duchess (she, herself, assuming the name of Mrs. Morley), was now, also, as much hated as she had been previously loved; though with some reason: there is no doubt the masculine-minded spouse of Marlborough endeavoured to advance his interests and the interests of his party with too high a hand, and in a kind of reckless forgetfulness of her mistress's own very decided political principles. So a new favourite came in: the existing ministry was broken up and another formed, who gave the nation one reason, at all events, for the disgrace of Marlborough: they showed they did not want him, but treated for peace, which they obtained—many thought, at no small sacrifice of honour—by the famous Peace of Utrecht. One of the dissatisfied persons we have alluded to has left his opinions on record in connection with the statue before us; and whatever may be thought of the soundness of his views, there can be no question as to the wit displayed in their exhibition. Thus writes Sir Samuel Garth:—

"Near the vast bulk of that stupendous frame
Known by the Gentiles' great Apostle's name,
With grace divine great Anna 's seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes.
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there;
Britain and Ireland seem to owe her grace,
And even wild India wears a smiling face.
But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
The sad attendant of so good a queen.
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon
All that great Anna for thy sake has done:
When, sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws,
For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword,
For thee she broke her general—and her word:
For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone,—what could she more?—
She lost the honour she had gain'd before;
Lost all the trophies which her arms had won,
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son);
Resign'd the glories of a ten years' reign,
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
For thee in annals she's content to shine
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line."

We must add to these verses, a striking evidence of the effects of the party spirit of the time: Voltaire says, that whilst he was in England, he heard Marlborough called a coward, and Pope a blockhead!

'Though not only the dome, but the entire exterior of St. Paul's, has received the highest praise that could be lavished upon it—it has been held, for instance, superior to its mighty rival at Rome—yet, it must be owned, this success has been obtained at some sacrifice. Not only does the real dome, such as it is (as seen from the interior), bear but a small proportion to the apparent one, but the height of the cathedral walls all round is a splendid deception. It consists, like the front, of two stories, of which the lower one only shows the real height of the aisles of the church within, the upper being a mere mask to the roof of the aisles and the buttresses which support the vaulting of the nave and choir. With that exception, the exterior of St. Paul's challenges the warmest admiration. In walking round it we may observe, among many other admirable features, the art with which Wren has repeated the idea of the dome in various parts of the building: thus both the northern and southern porticoes are domed, as well as the upper part of the campanile towers; the effect being a material enhancement of the harmony that pervades the different parts of the structure. The sculptured Phœnix, before mentioned, on the pediment of the south portico, is by Cibber, who received, it appears from Malcolm, 6*l.* for the model and 100*l.* for the work. One may wonder that the author of the two famous statues at the Bethlehem was not more extensively employed at St. Paul's; but Bird, no doubt, was the fashionable sculptor—so whilst he was working away at the highest departments of the art, Cibber, immeasurably his superior, had to be content with the lowest. Before we enter the Cathedral, we may observe there is a building nearly opposite the northern portico, which is seldom noticed, even by curious observers, and which yet recalls the memory of a passage in modern ecclesiastical history, not without interest. That tall, substantial, but somewhat dingy-looking mansion, is the Convocation or Chapter House of the Cathedral, and was repaired by Wren during the rebuilding of St. Paul's. Many of our readers will be aware that a kind of clerical parliament, or Convocation, as it is called, is summoned with every new parliament of the kingdom. The writ of the sovereign is directed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, commanding him to summon the bishops and lesser clergy. When they meet, which is usually in St. Paul's, they form the two Houses, and nominate their Speakers; but—the conclusion is rather ludicrous—the moment they proceed to business, the Convocation is prorogued, to meet no more, except under similar circumstances and for a similar termination. But there was a period when the clergy turned restive under this treatment, and made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to turn their nominal powers into real ones. During the reigns of William and Anne, the clergy of the establishment became divided into two parties—the one looking with the deepest mortification and disgust on the principles of toleration in religious matters which were secured by the Revolution, and not hesitating to extend their hatred to the government of the Revolution itself; the other, holding sentiments as nearly as possible diametrically opposite. One of the modes adopted by the former party in the pursuit of their objects, was an attempt to restore to a state of speech and action their ecclesiastical parliament, which had been muzzled by repeated prorogations from the time of the meeting just after the Revolution, when the King perceived but too clearly their hostile spirit. The last year of William's reign gave them a favourable opportunity. A Tory

ministry came into power, and one of the stipulations attending that event was, that a Convocation should have leave to sit. Accordingly, on the 10th of February, 1701, the day of the opening of parliament, the two Houses of Convocation met in St. Paul's, and then adjourned to the neighbouring building.

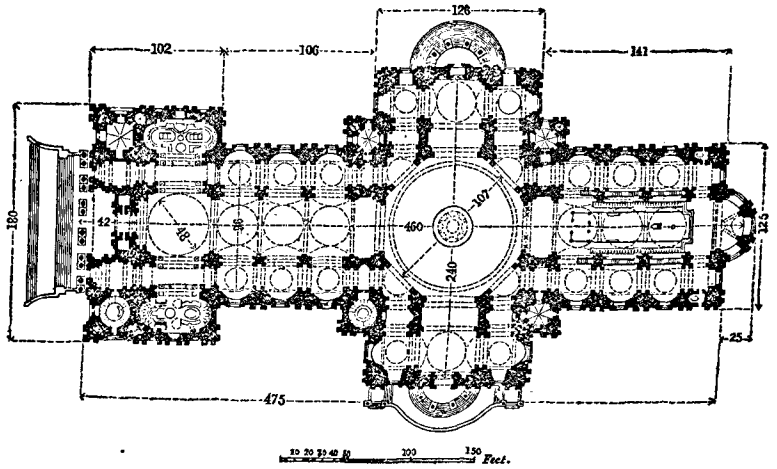
[Convocation or Chapter House, St. Paul's. From a print of 1701.]

And now they went to work in a most vigorous style. Their mortal enemies, the old Commonwealth men, might have been their exemplars. They asserted that they had a right to sit whenever the parliament sat, and could only be prorogued when that was prorogued; and when the Archbishop, on the third day of their sitting, February 25, prorogued them, they continued to sit in defiance of the order, for some time, and then *adjourned themselves* to the day named in the Archbishop's prorogation. At one of their subsequent meetings, they asked for another of the privileges of parliament, and one seldom resorted to even by that potential assembly—a free conference with the Upper House, which did not participate in its violence: the request was, of course, refused. Open war between the Houses now broke out. The Lower House again defied an order of prorogation: severe recrimination took place. One of the bishops, Burnet, was officially attacked for the doctrines he had put forth in his 'Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles,' and the whole business grew daily more and more embroiled, and was, at last, only put an end to for the time by a royal writ directed to the Archbishop, at the period of the dissolution of Parliament. The accession of Anne, with her known Tory principles, made the Lower House, at their subsequent meetings, bolder than ever, and, in consequence, made their pretensions less dangerous from their extravagance. With all the Queen's desire to support them, she was obliged more than once to reprove them in a marked man-

ner, and although the contest continued through several interesting phases for the next few years, it was at last effectually stopped in 1717: from that time the Convocation have never been allowed to proceed to any business. It is to this period, and these divisions in the Church, that we owe the designations—the first of which, at least, is still in vogue—the High and Low Church parties.

With so many cathedrals in the Gothic style existing in this country, the erection of a similar building in a style as much opposed to the Gothic as it could well be was and yet is an interesting experiment. And it will no doubt be generally conceded that no better existing type could be chosen for the new building than the magnificent architecture of imperial Rome afforded,—no worthier artist than Wren, a man of high genius, and full of veneration for that particular school. Yet we must own that, if the excellence of the two styles be measured by what appears to be the highest standard, those old pointed arches and windows, those irregularities of transept and chapel, and massive buttresses, with their continual play of light and shade, the contemned "crinkle-crankle" of Wren, are to this hour not only the more beautiful, but the more appropriate. In Westminster Abbey the devotional feeling predominates over every other—the sense of the unrivalled beauty and grandeur all around you is absorbed in the higher sense of Him to whom that beauty and grandeur are dedicated: in St. Paul's, on the contrary, as we now enter, we perceive that the beauty and grandeur, and not the devotional spirit, are paramount. You are prepared for a church, or you would certainly see a Pantheon. The very statues, so wretchedly unsuitable to the place in every other point of view, have a strikingly mischievous significance in this. A great mistake, it seems to us, has been made in ecclesiastical architecture since the decline of the Roman Catholic religion. Artists have thought and talked so much about the ritual of the old form of worship, and the adaptation of the Gothic cathedrals to that ritual, as at last to have believed, or at least to have acted as though they believed, that the ritual and the essential sublimity of the style had some indivisible connexion; and, consequently, that in the abolition of the ritual the style must be abolished too. Others probably thought, and with greater truth, that the associations of the Gothic with the Roman Catholic worship had, for the time at least, rendered that style distasteful to Protestants; and this feeling no doubt might have been a permanent one, if the value of our cathedrals had really depended upon their peculiar adaptability to a particular time and form of Christian faith, instead of being, as they are now pretty generally once more acknowledged to be, the grandest, and in all essential respects the most suitable of Christian temples. There is one reflection connected with this subject suggested by the foregoing remarks. Quitting the high ground of principle for expediency, with how many buildings have not architects studded the country, which, if they suggest anything at all, suggest the most remote and discordant associations. Thus, one class of churches reminds us of Greek and Roman temples; another has some indefinable connexion with Egypt and Egyptian theology; a third—but we need not multiply examples already familiar to every one: such has been the success of our architects in avoiding the Gothic, in order to avoid jarring associations. On the other hand, time passes on, the heats of religious contest subside, and Protestant and Catholic alike perceive that the associations of our cathedrals are

after all their most precious wealth: they remember how intimately those buildings were connected with the early history of the faith; when their forefathers, before words of division were known, and, instead of Catholics and Protestants, there were only Christians, worshipped in common together at their fanes: above all they remember, with no unnatural pride, that these wonderful buildings first sprung from Christianity, and have ever been devoted to its service. But, we repeat, the experiment of a new style was and is an interesting one, and even the lovers of the old cannot regret that it was made. The plan of St. Paul's is



[Plan of St. Paul's.]

essentially that of most other cathedrals, a cross, formed one way by the nave and choir, and the other by the transepts. Over the circular space, where the nave, choir, and transepts join, rises the dome, supported by eight great piers, forming as many semicircular arches, disposed in an octagonal form. The view enjoyed by a spectator standing directly below the dome is truly magnificent. The imposing circle of lofty arches, which seems to enclose the charmed gazer, or to open only that his eye may range along the vistas of the nave or choir, and enhance his sense of what he sees by a consciousness of how much still remains to be seen, becomes still more imposing as he looks upward, and sees how grand a duty has been allotted to them—that of bearing, now and for ever, the glorious concave which more peculiarly makes "St. Paul's" an honoured name through the civilised world; and which, suddenly rising to the mental vision of the far-off traveller, sick and friendless in inhospitable climes, or the tempest-tossed and despairing mariner, must have many and many a time given fresh heart and hope, new impulses and energies, enabling them to reach the home of which that dome would be the most appropriate symbol. Another fine view of the structure is obtained from the western doors, though in St. Paul's, as at Westminster Abbey, you must pay to see it. From thence you look along the nave, across the circular space below the dome, and, when the doors of the choir are open, through that also, an arched perspective in all of 500 feet, the nave alone measuring 340 feet. In still closer imitation of our Gothic cathedrals than Wren desired, the nave has its side aisles, a measure forced upon him, and, it is sup-

posed, through the influence of the Duke of York, then secretly planning the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion, when the "long-drawn aisles" would have been again in requisition. The architect is said to have shed tears when yielding to a measure which he conceived so objectionable. Although we cannot quite agree with the author of the 'Guide' before mentioned, that the "shields, festoons, chaplets, cherubims, and other devices" give St. Paul's "a richness and grace which are wanting in all buildings of Gothic construction," yet there is no doubt Sir Christopher was sedulously attentive to the important subject of decorations; and, whilst he has in consequence left us some valuable works of this nature, we also know how much more he would have done had he been more liberally supplied with funds. We cannot, however, adduce the "shields, festoons," &c., as any remarkable example of refined elegance in the art, or as any striking proof of Wren's taste; nor need we dwell upon the handsome marble pavement, "paved alternately with dark and light-coloured marbles, the dark slabs forming a complete mariner's compass, exhibiting the thirty-two points with the half and quarter points complete;" nor on the "beautiful screen of wrought-iron, the workmanship of Monsieur Tijou:" for, passing through the gates of that screen, we behold in the carved wood-work of the choir something of a much higher character. On those flowers and fruit, and on those more ambitious works the Caryatidal figures, which adorn the stalls, the different thrones or chief seats, and the organ gallery, we recognise the unmistakeable impress of the hand of genius: these can but be by one man—Gibbons. Evelyn's account of his first drawing this fine artist from obscurity, and of the narrow escape he had, for the time at least, of being sent back to it, is very interesting. He found Gibbons in a cottage at Deptford, carving his famous work, the Stoning of St. Stephen, after Tintoretto; and immediately determined to introduce him through his work to the court. "The King," says he, "saw the carving at Sir R. Browne's chamber, and was astonished at the curiosity of it, but was called away, and sent it to the Queen's chamber. There, a French peddling woman, who used to bring baubles out of France for the ladies, began to find fault with several things in it, which she understood no more than an ass or a monkey. So, in a kind of indignation, I caused it to be taken back and sent down to the cottage again." Charles, however, appreciated the skill exhibited, and placed Gibbons in one of the government offices, and, what was better still, employed him in his own way: of course he soon grew famous, and was extensively employed. For his work in the choir of St. Paul's he received the sum of 1333*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.* To all this richness of decoration, and general grandeur of the building decorated, the high altar, which should be the most sumptuous part of the whole, offers a melancholy contrast. It is to be hoped that some liberal and munificent-minded dignitary of the Cathedral may hereafter remember what Wren's intentions were, and endeavour to have them carried into effect. "The painting and gilding of the architecture at the east end of the church over the communion-table was intended only to serve the present occasion, till such time as materials could have been procured for a magnificent design of an altar, consisting of four pillars wreathed, of the richest Greek marbles, supporting a canopy hemispherical, with proper decorations of architecture and sculpture; for which the respective drawings and a model were prepared. Information, and particular

descriptions of certain blocks of marble, were once sent to the right reverend Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, from a Levantine merchant in Holland, and communicated to the surveyor, but, unluckily, the colours and scantlings did not answer his purpose: so it rested in expectance of a fitter opportunity; else probably this curious and stately design had been finished at the same time with the main fabric." *

Choral service is performed here twice a day (at a quarter to ten in the morning and quarter past three in the afternoon), and few things can be more deliciously soothing to the "o'erwrought spirit" than to step out of the ceaseless turmoil, the petty cares and strifes of the world's daily business, into the holy quiet of this place—a quiet only broken by the divine harmonies which we hear rising every now and then, in tones of solemn and almost unearthly grandeur and beauty. It may be here mentioned that on the north side of the nave, near the western extremity, there is a morning-prayer chapel, where divine service is performed every morning (Sundays excepted) at seven in summer and eight in winter. This chapel, with the Consistory Court on the opposite side of the nave, forms a kind of lesser transept, of the same breadth as, and connected with, the western front, so that from the exterior it hardly looks like a transept. The organ of the choir is justly reputed one of the finest instruments in the country. It was erected by Schmydt about the close of the seventeenth century, who received 2000*l.* for it.

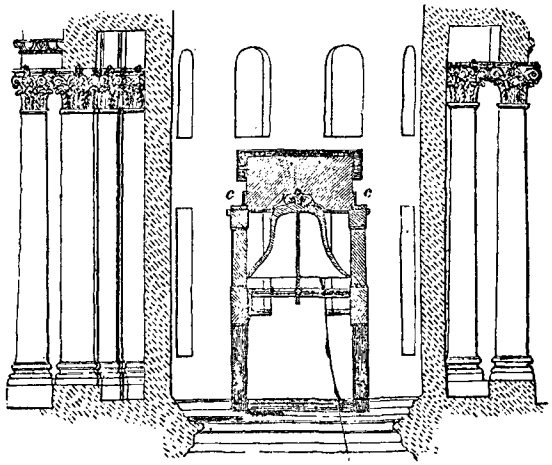
Interesting as St. Paul's is in its general and more essential features to all persons of whatever amount of taste or knowledge, yet it must be owned that a few of its adjuncts enjoy at least their fair share of attention and admiration. Nay, we fear the numbers are somewhat considerable who think a great deal less of the dome than of the ball at the top, into which they themselves have actually ascended—who are much more anxious to appreciate the wonders of the clock-work than of the architecture—whose amazement is more readily called into action by the size of the great bell than by the statement of the dimensions of St. Paul's—who would be infinitely better pleased by being able to distinguish the friendly whisper across the famous gallery, than to listen in awful silence to the voice of their own heart, which such a scene is calculated to call forth, and with the happiest effects. And if we do not participate in such views, there is no doubt all these, with the other curiosities of St. Paul's, are deserving of notice. Before we ascend to the upper portion of the building, where these curiosities are to be found, we may mention two assemblies which annually draw a considerable share of the popular attention to the Cathedral. These are the musical meeting for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy in May, and the meeting of the great body of the charity children of the metropolis (connected with the established church) in June. The origin of the former is thus described. In 1655 the Rev. G. Hall preached a sermon for the relief of the sons of such of the clergy as had been reduced to indigence for their Nonconformist principles. The appeal was so successful, that a similar one was made annually, and during the reign of Charles II. a charter was granted to the promoters of the charity, which then took the form that it still holds, of a charitable establishment for the relief of the widows and orphans of poor clergymen. The house is situated at

* 'Parentalia.'

St. John's Wood. The performances consist of a miscellaneous selection of sacred music from our great writers, Handel, Boyce, and others. The collections average nearly 1000*l.* The other meeting is one of still greater attraction. The circle beneath the dome is now formed into an amphitheatre of seats for the five or six thousand children present, the members of the choir are placed against the organ, the area in the centre is filled with persons of rank, fashion, and intellectual distinction, whilst the nave accommodates that portion of the public which can obtain tickets of admission. One feature of the day is certainly very touching and beautiful—the sound of so many youthful and infant voices when they join in the choruses and other portions of the service. It may be useful to add, that to these meetings, as well as to the previous rehearsals which take place on each occasion, any one can obtain admittance to the body of the church by making a contribution to the charity, which is expected to be not less than half-a-crown. Let us now ascend. A door in the south aisle, close to the circle, opens to a staircase winding upwards, and which presently conducts us to the long galleries over the aisles of the Cathedral, with their massive timber rafters overhead and along the right side. In the southern gallery we find the Library, founded by Bishop Compton, whose portrait adorns the walls. Here are preserved some manuscripts belonging to old St. Paul's, and on the table facing us as we enter is an open book of ancient music, with square notes, and written on four lines only. The decorations of the room are very beautiful: the gallery is supported by exquisitely carved oaken brackets of great size, and the floor consists of small pieces of variously-coloured oak disposed in geometric patterns. As we glance around the shelves we see that Chrysostom, Cyril, Gregory, and Thomas Aquinas are somewhat more tolerant than usual as to their company—the golden dreamer, Plato, is amongst them. At the end of this gallery is the geometrical staircase, built by Wren, for the convenience of access to the Library. In the northern gallery is the model of the first design for St. Paul's, which, however, is so badly situated, that to judge of the character of the proposed building is almost impossible. Here hang some of the tattered flags which formerly desecrated the dome. Returning to the southern gallery, a very narrow circular staircase in the southern campanile tower leads up to the bell and clock works. A strange mistake has been made with regard to the bell. It is continually said to be the same, only recast, as that which, from the reign of Edward I., hung in the bell-tower in front of Westminster Hall, and which was at first known as Edward of Westminster, and then as the Great Tom. It is true that this bell was given by William III. to St. Paul's, and re-cast by one Wightman, but proved so faulty, that "Sir Christopher employed Mr. Phelps (an honest and able bell-founder, as appeared by several specimens and testimonials) to make a bell proper for the clock, all of new metal; and the agreement was so ordered, that this new bell should be delivered and approved before he was paid anything for it; and that he should accept the bell cast by Wightman, in part of payment towards the new one, so far and at so much as the weight produced at the price of old bell metal; and Wightman's bell was likewise to remain at the Church till the new bell was approved. And there were all other due and necessary cautions used in the agreement with Mr. Phelps, as may be seen by it, at the office of the works at St. Paul's. This new

bell, then, after trial, being found good, and approved of, Wightman's faulty bell was delivered to Mr. Phelps, for the balance of his account."* But we do not need a six-centuries' character to enable us to know that the bell of St. Paul's is a truly magnificent instrument: we are not even obliged to believe the story of the soldier, at Windsor, who saved himself from capital punishment by hearing St. Paul's strike thirteen, when it was alleged he was asleep, to teach us how far and wide its voice may be heard as it continues, hour after hour, to record the steps of Time; or when, still more grandly, it announces the death of some distinguished personage—for on such occasions alone is Great Tom called upon to put himself in positive action, the hour being merely struck upon the bell. Its weight is 11,474 lbs., its diameter nine feet. As the mode in which it is hung is considered a good example of the methods adopted for supporting heavy bells, we subjoin a

[Section of the Belfry of St. Paul's.]



c c, gudgeons on which the bell swings.

As to the clock, when we state that the dial on the exterior, the guide of innumerable minor satellites, is 57 feet in circumference, and the minute-hand 8 feet long, it will be tolerably evident the works behind must be of no ordinary calibre. If, in descending the narrow staircase, the visitor should happen to hear the hour struck, as we did, he will not speedily forget it.

Returning towards the Dome and again ascending, we reach the uppermost of the two galleries which encircle it, known as the Whispering Gallery, from the circumstance that a whisper uttered in one spot may be heard right across the vast circle, to the spot directly opposite. The Whispering Gallery had formerly a higher purpose. From hence was enjoyed the best view of the paintings, by Sir James Thornhill, in the cupola above, but which are no longer distinguishable. The space is divided into eight compartments, devoted respectively to subjects illustrative of the different events of the life of St. Paul. Sir James was paid for this work at the rate of forty shillings a square yard. It was whilst engaged in these paintings that he had so narrow an escape from instant destruction. Stepping backwards, one day, painter like, to observe the effect of

* Wren's Answer to the Tract 'Frauds and Abuses at St. Paul's.'

his finishing touches upon the head of one of the Apostles, he gradually came close to the undefended edge of the scaffold. Fortunately a friend was with him, who, with admirable presence of mind, snatched up a brush and hastily smeared the picture. "Bless my soul," said the artist, rushing forward, "what have you done?" "Only saved your life," was the reply, and there did not need many more words of explanation. Whatever the character of Sir James Thornhill's works may have been, they are, in effect, worthless now (through the damp), and thus another opportunity is afforded of decorating the Dome in the manner designed by Wren, and on which he had evidently set his heart. He says: "The judgment of the surveyor was originally, instead of painting in the manner it is now performed, to have beautified the inside of the cupola with the more durable ornament of mosaic work, as is nobly executed in the cupola of St. Peter's, in Rome, which strikes the eye of the beholder with a most magnificent and splendid appearance; and which, without the least decay of colours, is as lasting as marble or the building itself. For this purpose he had projected to have procured from Italy four of the most eminent artists in the profession; but as this art was a great novelty in England, and not generally apprehended, it did not receive the encouragement it deserved: it was imagined, also, that the expense would prove too great, and the time very long in the execution; but though these and all objections were fully answered, yet this excellent design was no further pursued."

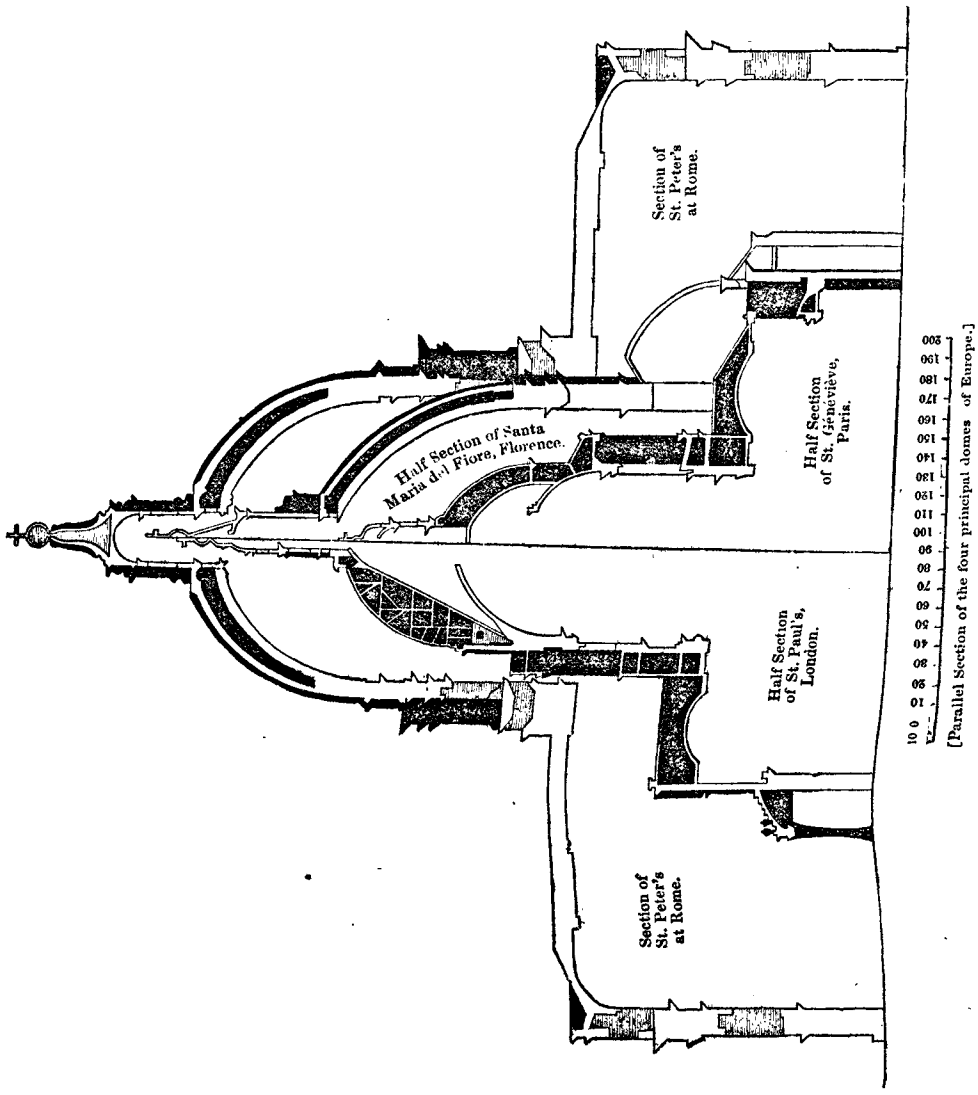
Before we again begin to ascend towards the top of the dome, we may say a few words on the construction of that great work, which, as we stand in the whispering-gallery, appears to terminate at no considerable height above us, but the very base of which, as it appears on the exterior, we can hardly fancy we have reached. On inquiry, therefore, we learn that the dome may be said to consist of no less than three domes, the inner one being that which is seen from the interior; the second, of brick-work, rising over this in a conical form and supporting the lantern, ball, and cross; and the third, surrounding the second, of wood covered with lead, which is the dome seen from without. The acccompanying cut shows the outlines of these several domes or cupolas, and is further interesting as showing the relative forms and dimensions of the four chief cupolas of modern times: the cupolas of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence; of St. Peter's at Rome, from which the idea of that of St. Paul's was borrowed; and lastly, of St. Généviève at Paris, which had St. Paul's for its exemplar.*

The cone-shaped dome of brick is strengthened with girdles of Portland stone, around the lower part of which is inserted in a channel an immense iron chain, doubled, weighing nearly five tons. We are now once more *mounting*: the stairs, at first so broad, and so gentle in their elevation, become narrow and steep, and as we step out into the first gallery, the one *encircling* the base of what we have called the great "colonnaded pedestal" of the dome, we see we are already considerably above the level of the tallest houses around. The

* Their respective external dimensions and heights are as follows:—

	External Diameter in Feet.	Height from the ground-line.
Santa Maria del Fiore . . .	139	310
St. Peter at Rome	139	330
St. Paul's	112	215
St. Généviève, or the Pantheon, Paris	67	190

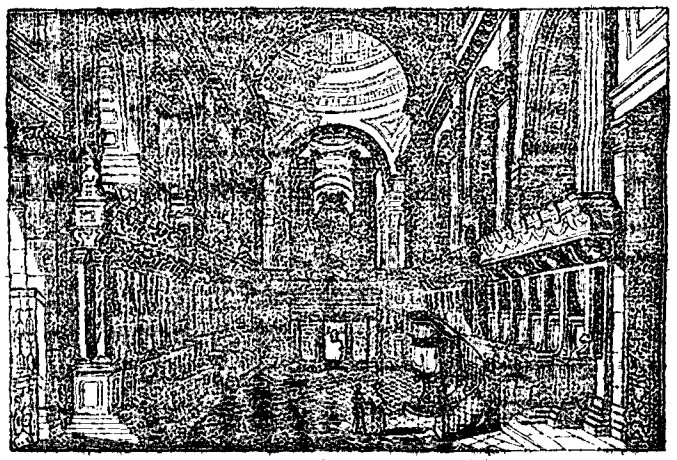
To this we may add that the circular gallery just above the external dome of St. Paul's is 274 feet 9 inches above the pavement of the nave.


Section of St. Peter's at Rome.
Half Section of Santa Maria del Fiore, Florence.
Half Section of St. Geneviève, Paris.
Half Section of St. Paul's, London.
Section of St. Peter's at Rome.
[Parallel Section of the four principal domes of Europe.]

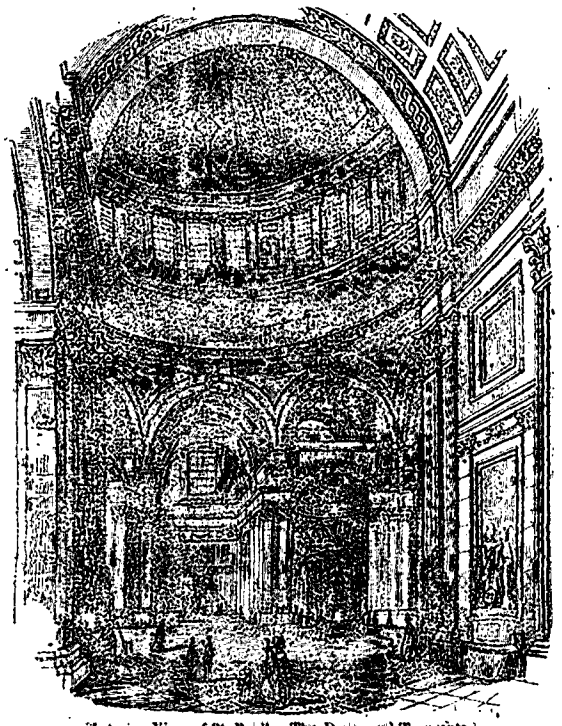
figures on the pediment of the western front here appear of the gigantic stature they are, eleven feet, and the beautiful towers display their graceful outlines and decorations in an almost startlingly clear manner. But the wind is blowing with such violence that we can hardly maintain a footing: so after a moment's pause in the enjoyment of the shelter of the doorway, listening with closed eyes to the sound, which seems like that of a tumultuous ocean, we again follow the apparently interminable circle for some time. Another pause; a door is opened, and we are in the second gallery, which, though still below the dome, lifts us above the tops of the lofty campanile towers, as well as of the innumerable surrounding spires. The houses around the base of the pile are with difficulty separately distinguishable; the occupants of the streets begin, like the fishermen in Shakspere's well-known passage, of which we are instinctively reminded, to "appear

like mice." But we must not lose time. We have as yet accomplished little more than half our journey. A narrow door in the external wall now opens for our admission, and our way lies through the almost impenetrable gloom of the interior of the chief dome. All about us are gigantic ribs of the vast body of the dome, looming through the darkness. Now in this direction, now that, shoots upward through the whole the felt but unseen staircase. At every turn there is a kind of unpleasant suspicion of the possibility of finding some unguarded spot, some accidental opening in the low rails, through which one may plunge suddenly into the unfathomable abyss. But there is no fear. Ah, light again! Another door, and gallery; but how small the circle it makes! yes, we are above the dome. We must look down for the western towers. As to London, it seems little else than one dense mass of house-tops, chimneys, and spires, shutting in the Cathedral on all sides, and extending to beyond the scope of our vision, the whole seen but dimly through the thick atmosphere. The Thames, however, has become a conspicuous object from its form and colour, and we know that those dark lines across at intervals are the different bridges. The rest of our way lies through the upper portion of the brick cone before mentioned, and the elegant lantern it supports. It is well that our fair readers can accompany us in these pages, for we should otherwise have to part company speedily. The ascent, growing more and more difficult, is at last accomplished only by perpendicular ladders rising from one stage to another. The last of these ladders admits us through a little square aperture to a narrow chamber in the small dome immediately below the open support of the ball and cross. Forcing ourselves with difficulty into the circle of slender iron pillars in the centre of the chamber, we must now advance merely by the assistance of the small projections placed against the masonry on one side, and by our grasp of two of the pillars. The top of this reached, we pass through a circular opening just large enough to admit a man of ordinary bulk, and we are suddenly standing in a place open on all sides to the sky from the feet upwards, and scarcely large enough to admit of any companionship. Above us we look into the dark ball. We would fain look down, but such a place and such a height require a little time to habituate ourselves to both, as well as a powerful vision to enjoy the prospect. We may add, also, firm nerves are useful. With these requisites, the view from hence during the clear and serene mornings of summer, before a natural or artificial cloud of any consequence rests on the sky above, or on the sleeping and wonderful world below, must be such that it would be difficult to parallel either in its physical or moral features. Who has not read and enjoyed the description of the mornings spent in this way by the painter of the Diorama now in the Colosseum? Who that has seen that work—as faithful as it is beautiful—but must be struck with the change which the same panorama presents to our view at this season and hour, as, with a foot on each side of the circular aperture below, we turn round in our narrow and gilded cage, and look down—but our head grows dizzy—speculations as to the solidity of these bars which alone hem us in will intrude—we begin half to doubt whether, if one of them were suddenly to fall, we should not yield to that strange fascination which most persons must have felt on looking from some great height, and try a less

tedious mode of descent than the actual one. That consideration is quite enough to quicken our departure. As we descend we suddenly catch the sound of the organ, pealing upwards in tones of inexpressible beauty: it is the afternoon service; we shall yet be in time to be present, and allow the mind to re-assume the feelings which more fitly harmonise with the objects of the structure.



[The Choir.]



[Interior View of St. Paul's—The Dome and Transepts.]

XCVII.—NEW ST. PAUL'S. No. II.

STANDING the other day before one of the monuments in this Cathedral, and allowing our thoughts to glide insensibly into the train suggested by the "classic" character of the sculpture, we could not help wondering what would be the nature of the impressions made upon the mind of a Grecian sculptor of the age of Praxiteles or Phidias, could his shade be allowed to revisit the earth, and to wander awhile among the monuments of St. Paul's. The fancy seemed a pleasing one; and pursuing it, we fell into a kind of reverie, in which, whilst we gradually lost all consciousness of time and of the gazers moving to and fro, the monuments, on the contrary, seemed to stand out from their alcoves and recesses unusually sharp and distinct both in their general outlines and in their minuteness of decorative detail. Presently we became aware of two figures by our side, who were engaged in an animated conversation. The little of their dialogue we could catch ran to something of the following purport:—

"And what has been the effect on Art of all these marvellous changes you describe in the religion, morals, and manners of the world, during these two or three thousand years; and, more particularly, in my own department, sculpture? Art, to be true to its own first principle—*Truth*—must be an exponent of what it *sees* of beauty or sublimity in the double world around it,—nature and man.

These materials by its own inherent powers it idealises—making the beauty more beautiful, the sublimity still more sublime. The new work then returns to the people, from whom so much of it was derived: their sympathies—nay, their vanities are excited by the partial reflection of themselves; and thus the artist obtains a vantage-ground to raise them to the contemplation of higher things—to bring them, in a word, nearer to his own level. From their improvement he again derives fresh strength; and thus Art and the enjoyers of Art act and re-act upon one another, to their constant and mutual improvement. In this we see but the beautiful harmonies and reciprocities of Nature generally—the ceaseless circle she so delights in; with the difference—glorious privilege of Man!—that he at the same time goes forward. These considerations render me unable even to guess what new form sculpture can have assumed to be worthy of what you tell me of the greatness of your country. I can only fear *our* works must have faded from your recollection, from the difficulty of making any practical use of them in a state of society so essentially different."

"Hem! hem! Why, no, we have managed that pretty well. If you look round, you will see that a forgetfulness of either Grecian or Roman sculpture is the last fault with which we can be chargeable. Here, for instance, is the monument to a zealous and intrepid soldier, Major-General Hay, where we have introduced a naked figure of Valour to support the dying man, although he is in his proper military uniform as an officer of the nineteenth century, and the rank of soldiers there, with the short square-tailed jackets, are in theirs. I flatter myself that does not look like forgetfulness."

"You jest; this medley must be caricature."

"Jest? If you read the inscription, you will see it was erected at the 'public expense' of a people not at all remarkable for levity, more particularly where thousands of pounds are concerned."

"I must see further before I ask for any explanation of the many difficulties that crowd upon me. Yet there is one question I should be glad to have answered. How do the people—having, as you before explained, lost the faith which with us made these impersonations of Valour and other deities a stirring impulse to the hearts and minds of those who gazed upon them—how do they relish such (to them) cold abstractions; or, rather, how do they know this figure means Valour at all?"

"We tell them so."

"Ah, that is indeed an answer! You open a melancholy prospect; but go on."

"Well, here is a monument by a mightier hand. This is by Banks, in memory of a naval hero who fell in one of our great victories, the battle of the Nile; a locality marked, as you perceive, by the sphynxes and palm-trees, and by the river god himself. The hero is falling into the arms of Victory"——

"Who is almost thrown off her balance by the weight, and, instead of keeping him up, seems likely to fall herself, and in a not very dignified or decorous manner. The idea, however, is ingenious—the fall of so great a man overpowers for the moment even Victory; and the sculptor has exhibited considerable tact in choosing the precise moment that shows this, and yet leaves it to be inferred and hoped that the goddess may recover herself. Are these the only kind of monuments that I am to expect?—for, if so, I will not trouble you any further."

"Pause one moment before this, and then perhaps I may better satisfy you. The ship's prow and other devices on the base show you it is a naval monument. The hero is Captain Faulkner, who fell in maintaining a contest for five hours with a much stronger French frigate."

"Do your English captains, then, like our athletæ of old, go naked into battle?"

"Excuse a smile at your question: they do not. But we consider the costume of our own time too suggestive of a matter-of-fact spirit; and we imitate you—we desire to cultivate the ideal."

"Imitate us!—the ideal!—is it possible? Why, my friend, this figure is positively revolting to me, from the absence of anything not mischievous that my imagination can take hold of. It is simply and truly a colossal piece of nudity, only the more striking for the paltry strip of drapery that hangs from one shoulder, and from the prim garb in which Victory is arrayed as she presents the sword."

"I fear you are right; for about the period of its erection it is said that certain parties were so struck by this effect, as to induce them to apply to the artist to add a little to the breadth of the drapery. But come, here at least, in the southern aisle, is a work better calculated to please your somewhat fastidious taste. This is the monument to Lord Collingwood, by Westmacott. I will read you the description of it given in the 'Guide Book.' 'The moment chosen by the sculptor for illustration in this monument is, the arrival of the remains of the Admiral on the British shore. The body, shrouded in the colours torn from the enemy, is represented on the deck of a man-of-war; the sword of the hero, which he used with so much glory to himself, and to a grateful country, is in his hand. In the foreground, attended by the genii of his confluent streams, is Thames, in a cumbent posture, thoughtfully regarding Fame, who from the prow of the ship reclines over the illustrious admiral, proclaiming his heroic achievements.'" &c.

"The pervading principle of Grecian sculpture was simplicity; but then, it is true, we had not the 'Guide Book.' How much we had to learn! The general grouping of this work I admire; the separate figures are excellent; that of Thames, when you can manage to forget the associations raised by the babes playing about his knee, has a lofty and severe air, in which I recognise something kindred to the old spirit; yet, with us, the general effect of a work—the sentiment expressed at once by it to the mind of ordinary spectators—was so pre-eminently the object of the sculptor's toil and ambition, that a compliment to any of the lesser points, whilst that was passed by in significant silence, would have been the signal for the artist instantly to break up his work, and re-task his energies for a race where success was indeed glory. What sentiment, at once simple and forcible, does this convey? That exquisite bit of workmanship there on the latter part of the ship is, for this reason, to me, worth all the rest. The delicate continuous scroll enveloping the different phases of the story suggests but to the eye—what the examination of each confirms to the mind—the beauty and completeness of the thought. We do not need your Guide Book here to tell us the meaning of the boyish form gazing upon the movements of the 'Nautilus' in one compartment; or of his trusting himself so doubtfully to a frail bark with a flowing streamer, in imitation of the 'Nautilus's' sail in the next, or the rude support for the sail he has raised in a third, whilst looking upwards to the stars

that guide his course; or of the compass in his hands in the fourth; or, lastly, of the weapons he finds it necessary to forge for defence in the fifth. In that space of three or four feet long by only a few inches broad, you have a history of Navigation,-which Art may be proud of."

"Under the window there, at the farther end of this transept, is another work by the same artist, Sir Ralph Abercromby's memorial."

"Aye, this is truly a step upwards. Here we can understand an entire work without the aid of the 'Guide.' The death-wound given in the moment of conflict—the fall from the horse into the arms of an attendant soldier, and the scene—Egypt—marked by the sphynxes on each side, express at least an interesting fact in a vigorous and truthful manner. But it does more than this. The choice of these Egyptian symbols is truly artistical. Remaining to this hour one of the most characteristic features of that ancient kingdom, the mind at once acknowledges the propriety of their presence, as a means of marking the scene of the event commemorated; and then gazing upon their passionless yet high and solemn countenances, imbibes an influence felt, but indescribable, which affects the aspect of the whole work: the sculptor, in short, has idealised it by their means. What is that monument which caught my eye to the right of the entrance into the innermost part of the structure?"

"You mean Flaxman's memorial to Nelson, our great naval hero. There it is."

"I begin now to perceive you *may* have a great English school of sculpture, if your sculptors will but understand their deficiencies. Cut away this feeble moral on the one side, Britannia and the two boys she is bidding to look up to their exemplar, do the same with the still feebler allegorical lion on the other, and you have a truly great work—a representation of your hero as simple and austere as it is grand and expressive. It is very unlike a Grecian hero, it is true—and there lies one of its merits—the artist is not ashamed of his own country, but shows us, as he ought, an English warrior in an English garb. Yet neither this nor the other monuments of merit I see here and there around us speak to me as they ought of the acknowledged genius of your country. You tell me of the superiority of your religion and morals to those we cherished—of our love for physical and yours for mental and moral beauty and grandeur; surely that superiority should evidence itself in your arts. Yet what is there among these productions, which include, it appears, some by all your best artists, that can possibly be to your posterity, two thousand years hence, what ours, you tell me, are still to you? You are silent. Well, let us change the subject. I see, from the great number of the monuments to naval and military men, that we must be in a temple dedicated in some way or other to their worship, or, pardon me, to their honour. If I might venture to guess its name, I think I should not be far wrong. There must be some latent idea in the great number of shapes I see representative of the God of Victory—is it not some kind of Temple of Victory?" With the echoes of a loud burst of laughter ringing, as it seemed, in our ears, the reverie was broken.

The monument before which we had been standing, whilst fancy had been so busy, was Chantrey's striking work to the memory of Major-General Houghton, where the dying General is seen rising for a moment to direct his men in a suc-

cessful charge, but which is deformed by the eternal conceit of a Victory, or some mythological personage, appearing in the field of battle to crown the fallen warrior. But—the consideration is forced on us—what have such works to do with a place of religious worship? There must be something indeed inexpressibly shocking to a pure and devout mind, filled with the spirit of Him who came to preach "Peace on earth, good will among men," to find the records of deeds of violence and slaughter intruded upon his notice, in the very temples where he might least expect to find such associations. War may be necessary, and, as a consequence, some form of "hero-worship;" but it is truly humiliating to find a Christian country and a Christian government so inconsistent as to make every pier and window and recess in our chief Cathedral repeat the same melancholy story of war—war—still everywhere war. There are now about forty-eight monuments in St. Paul's, of which there are but seven devoted to other than naval and military men. The recklessness with which such monuments have been determined on is no less striking; we have had in half a century forty-one heroes, or we have, in many cases, expended our money and degraded the art in cutting in stone "paragraphs of military gazettes," to use Flaxman's phrase. And if, as it often happens, there be in the lives of such men some delightful incident which would really render their memory dear to us, that, be sure, is forgotten. Here is a signal instance in this monument by Rossi, where Victory and Fame, seated at the two corners, in a posture as unbecoming as it must be uncomfortable, are placing medallions of Captains Mosse and Riou on the front of the work. The inscription does tell something more, for it records an act of intrepidity of Riou's, in the preservation of a ship under his command, not unworthy of remembrance. But this friend of Nelson's, this seaman of whom Southey, alluding to his death, says, that "except it had been Nelson himself, the British navy could not have suffered a severer loss," was something better and higher still. Before the fleet left our shores for Denmark in 1801, some Danes in Riou's frigate, the 'Amazon,' learning the place of their destination, went to him, and entreated that he would get them exchanged into some other ship not included in the proposed expedition. They assured him they had no wish to quit the British service; but begged most earnestly that they might not be sent to fight against their own country. "There was not," says Southey, "in our whole navy a man who had a higher and more chivalrous sense of duty than Riou. Tears came into his eyes while the men were speaking. Without making any reply, he instantly ordered his boat, and did not return to the 'Amazon' till he could tell them that their wish was effected."* During the tremendous battle of Copenhagen, Riou, whilst endeavouring to obey Sir Hyde Parker's signal of retreat, was exposed to a most murderous fire. Although he had been already wounded in the head, he took his place upon a gun to encourage his men. First, his clerk was killed by his side; then several of the seamen, who were hauling in the main brace, were swept away. "Come then, my boys," was Riou's address to the others, "let us all die together." The words had scarcely left his mouth, when he fell dead, cut in two by a raking shot. We must dismiss the remaining monuments of the class in question, by merely recalling to the recollection of those who have seen them, or suggesting as worthy of examination to those who have not, the noble

* 'Life of Nelson,' in 'Family Library,' p. 228.

figure of Lord Duncan by Westmacott, Chantrey's powerful battle-pieces, the Cadogan and Bowes memorials, and the recently erected statue of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, by the same artist. The more ambitious works we have passed unnoticed speak very loudly for themselves.

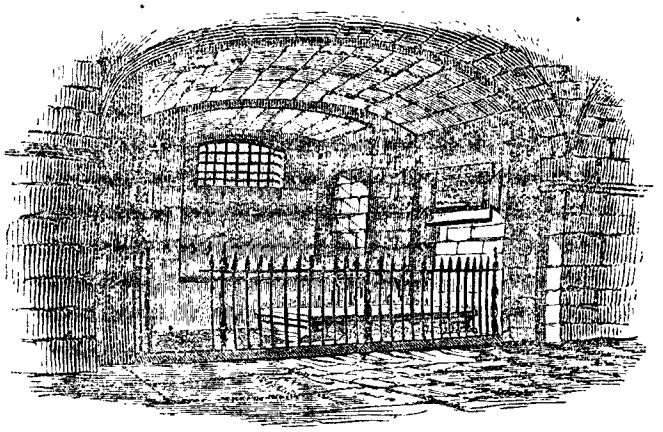
Among this host of heroes, seven men of pacific eminence have been condescendingly admitted, and very ingenious and thoughtful seem to have been the arrangements. Thus we have two bishops, Fanshaw Middleton and Heber, a considerate compliment to the church in which the heroes have been so kindly treated; one philosopher, Johnson; one philanthropist, Howard; one artist, Reynolds; one physician, Babington; and as a mere poet would have been, perhaps, too greatly honoured in being chosen, a kind of medley of all the foregoing, added to some poetical reputation, makes up the seventh in Sir William Jones. Of these the memorials of the three first alone demand notice. Johnson's, by Bacon, is often the subject of high praise; and, no doubt, if it were the memorial of some Stoic of the earlier ages of the world, or of some bulky philosopher of the woods, it would be indeed a masterly performance; but—the desire may be a very foolish and inartistical one—we confess we would rather see *Johnson* in a representation of the author of the 'Rambler' than all the Stoics of ancient Greece. Howard's and Reynolds' statues are among the finest works in the whole Cathedral—the first, from the perfect and impressive manner in which the history of a life is told in the simplest manner, by the key in his hand, the chains at his feet, and the dungeon scene in the bas-relief of the base; and the second, for the graceful, serene dignity which so happily represents the original, as well as for the unobtrusive manner in which we are reminded of him who was little less than an object of idolatry with Reynolds, Michael Angelo, by the medallion-portrait on the pedestal, to which our great painter's fingers seem, as they rest on the latter, unconsciously to point. The sculpture is by a kindred spirit, Flaxman.

If, for the reasons before given, the sculpture in St. Paul's be little else than a desecration of the sacred edifice to the devout, and a barbarism from its inapplicability to every man of refinement, there is an incident in the history of the edifice, the mere remembrance of which may well make both classes doubly impatient: the what is is so strikingly contrasted with the what might have been. The reader will remember Wren's intentions (as pointed out in our last number) with regard to the sumptuous altar-piece and the mosaic dome: let him suppose these views carried out, and then the views developed in the following passage from Northcote's 'Life of Reynolds,' and imagine what a scene of splendour St. Paul's would have become: "The Chapel of Old Somerset House, which had been given by His Majesty to the Royal Academy, was mentioned one evening at the meeting [of the members] as a place which offered a good opportunity of convincing the public at large of the advantages that would arise from ornamenting cathedrals and churches with the productions of the pencil: productions which might be useful in their effect, and at the same time not likely to give offence in a Protestant country. The idea was therefore started, that if the members should ornament this chapel, the example might thus afford an opening for the introduction of the art into other places of a similar nature, and which, as it was then stated, would not only present a new and noble scene of action that might become highly ornamental to the kingdom, but would be in some measure

absolutely necessary for the future labour of the numerous students educated under the auspices of the Royal Academy. All the members were struck with the propriety, and even with the probability of success that attended the scheme; but Sir Joshua Reynolds, in particular, immediately took it up on a bolder plan, and offered an amendment, saying, that instead of the chapel, they should fly at once at higher game, and undertake St. Paul's Cathedral. The grandeur and magnificent liberality of this idea immediately gained the suffrages and plaudits of all present, and the President was empowered to make the proper application to the Dean and Chapter: an application which was immediately acceded to on their part. At that time Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, was Dean of St. Paul's, who was a strong advocate in favour of their scheme. A meeting of the Academy then took place, when six artists were chosen for the attempt; these were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. West, the present President, Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kauffman. The Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures also took up the business, and added four artists to the original number. The subject which Sir Joshua proposed to execute was that of the Virgin and Christ in the Manger, or the Nativity. But the whole plan was set aside in consequence of Dr. Terrick, then Bishop of London, having refused his consent." This has been noticed by Barry in one of his letters, where he says, "Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had undertaken the management of this business, informed me last Monday, after his return from Plympton, where he was chosen mayor, that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London had never given any consent to it, and that all thoughts of it must consequently drop." The Dean (Bishop Newton) has also left an account of this splendid offer, and its reception, with some additional particulars. He says, "The Dean [himself], in the fullness of his heart, went to communicate it to the great patron of arts, and readily obtained his royal consent and approbation;" and half intimates that it was from jealousy of his having thus anticipated his ecclesiastical superior that the latter refused his consent, although the plea was—the noise and clamour that would be excited against the measure as an artful introduction of Popery. To some such miserable feeling we certainly owe this great national loss, for Dr. Terrick had himself sanctioned the setting up a picture of the Annunciation, by Cipriani, in his own College Chapel, Clare Hall, Cambridge, and, when pressed to admit only two pictures by way of experiment in St. Paul's, returned an equally ungracious refusal. These two were to have adorned the compartments over the doors leading from the choir into the north and south aisles; the painters named were Reynolds and West, the former having, as before mentioned, the Nativity for his subject, the latter the Giving of the Two Tables to Moses from the Cloud of Glory: "Here," as the Dean remarks, "was the beginning both of the Law and the Gospel." To appreciate the value and self-sacrifice of the artists in this offer, it is only necessary to give a single illustration—Reynolds obtained twelve hundred guineas for the picture with which he had proposed to commence at St. Paul's. Allan Cunningham, alluding apparently to the Royal Academy, says, the rejection of this offer is "considered as an injury deserving annual reprobation." It is pleasant to see such a feeling among our chief artists; but a repetition of the offer from them would be pleasanter still, and might be more successful. What say they? It is but justice to the memory of the warm-

hearted and persevering Dean to state that, having failed one way to introduce the Arts, he tried another. He left, by his will, five hundred pounds for the erection of a monument in the Cathedral; but the ecclesiastical heads were as obdurate as ever. And it was not till 1791 that any relaxation of the severe rule of exclusion took place: Howard's statue was then admitted, and soon after Johnson's. How widely the doors were subsequently thrown open we have already seen.

"Is there no monument here to Wren?" is, no doubt, a question often asked, before that inscription over the entrance into the choir has been noticed, but never after. In the few concluding words—"If you would behold his monument, look around you"—a monument has been raised, which makes the cold frigidities of the greater part of the surrounding sculpture positively painful to contemplate. Let us hasten to a more interesting spot. Wren himself lies below in the Crypt, or vaults, a solemn and mysterious looking place, dimly lighted at intervals by the faint beams which alone penetrate into their depths.



[Tomb of Sir Christopher Wren.]

Tread reverently on these stones as you move forward—great men repose beneath. Mark the names which those half-illegible letters form: Sir Thomas Lawrence, Benjamin West, John Opie, James Barry, Sir Joshua Reynolds—a company that may well make death itself proud—gathered together into those few yards of space. Step a little farther, and you add Fuseli's name to the list. Near the men whose works he had so appreciated, and so enthusiastically striven to introduce into his Cathedral, is the grave of Bishop Newton. And, lastly, in the same aisle, in appropriate juxtaposition, the tombs of Mylne and Rennie, the engineers and architects, both men who have adorned their country with some of her most useful and grandest works. The Blackfriars Bridge of the one, and the Waterloo and Southwark Bridges and the famous Breakwater of the other, promise to both a long period of fame, which men of equal merit in other departments of art and science can scarcely hope to enjoy.

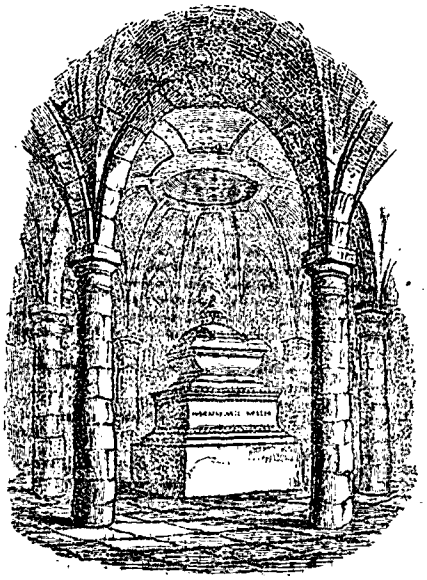
Penetrating still farther into the crypt, along the middle avenue, where the massive character of the piers and arches and pillars constantly remind you that St. Paul's is upon them, the guide lights his lantern, and the grandly picturesque

resting-place of Nelson is before us in the centre of a circle of pillars directly below the dome. The sarcophagus we see was originally prepared by Cardinal Wolsey for his own interment in the chapel at Windsor, but unused on account of his disgrace, and subsequently forgotten. On the top of the sarcophagus are Nelson's coronet and certain knightly emblems; the latter having a suggestive value, which changes what would be otherwise a mere heraldic absurdity into something appropriate and forcible. They seem to remind us that, if the age of chivalry has gone, never perhaps did the spirit of chivalry burn more brightly than in the breast of our great naval commander. There are events in his life as a man which rival some of the most touching stories of the world's history, and which would make his name an honoured one, were it possible that the events of his professional history could be forgotten. Two incidents in particular rise to the recollection, and these are not the only ones of the kind to be found. In the night attack on Teneriffe, where our forces were defeated, he received so severe a wound in his arm, that he must have perished in the boat where he was, but for the assistance rendered him during all the hurry and excitement of the scene; which assistance, of course, was of the rudest kind. The first vessel the retreating boat came across was the Seahorse, commanded by Captain Freemantle, whose newly-married bride was on board. Faint as he was, however, he insisted on being carried to another vessel, saying, "I had rather suffer death than alarm Mrs. Freemantle by letting her see me in this state, when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband;" and so they went on till another was found. It was that wound which caused the loss of his arm, and three months of intense agony before the amputated limb healed. The other incident occurred during the battle of the Nile, when a piece of langridge-shot laid bare his forehead to the bone, and blinded him. He thought the wound was mortal. As soon as he was brought to the cockpit, the surgeon came running to assist him, not unnaturally forgetting every one else around in the appalling danger of losing his commander. "No," said Nelson, quietly, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows;" and he rigidly kept his determination. Who can wonder at the idolatry of the sailors for such a man, or help sympathising in their delight when "Saint Nelson's" turn did come at last, and the dreaded wound was pronounced superficial? His prayer before the battle of Trafalgar, and the circumstances of his death in it, reveal another phase of his character, still more deserving of honour and imitation. "May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, *and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet,*" &c. That these were no empty words, the sad issue of that battle as regards him reminds us but too painfully. Twice did he order his own men to cease firing into the French ship, the Redoubtable, which was alongside, thinking she had struck; but his humanity towards his enemies had outrun their desire to avail themselves of it: he was mistaken, and from that ship received his death-wound soon after. His last words were, "I thank God, I have done my duty;" and they found solemn response in the anguish with which his countrymen generally of all classes and parties received the news of their bereavement. They could think little of the great victory that had been achieved: it appeared at the best only a fatal success. And as the first effects of the blow wore off, and the funeral rites had to

be paid to the hero's remains, the anxiety of the nation generally to lavish all conceivable honours upon them is almost without parallel. At the Nore the body was shifted from the coffin in which it had been brought home, and placed in another, the history of which forms an interesting episode in Nelson's life. After the battle of the Nile, part of the mainmast of l'Orient, the French ship which blew up with so terrible an explosion during that battle, was picked up by Captain Halliwell of the Swiftsure. Some time after Nelson received the strange present described in the following letter:—"Sir, I have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin made from the mainmast of l'Orient, that, when you have finished your military career in this world, you may be buried in one of your military trophies. But that that period may be far distant is the earnest wish of your sincere friend, *Benjamin Halliwell.*" Nelson not only accepted the coffin in the spirit in which it was offered, but caused it to be placed upright against the bulkhead of his cabin, behind the chair in which he usually sat. He was persuaded, however, to remove it out of sight by a faithful and attached servant, and ultimately it was sent to his upholsterer in London. Before leaving London for the last time, he called on the upholsterer, and desired him to engrave the history of the coffin on its lid, remarking that it was highly probable he might want it on his return.

After lying in state in the Painted Chamber at Greenwich, the body was brought in procession to Whitehall Stairs, the sombre but magnificent pageant comprising, first, four principal barges, then the barges of the King, the Lords of the Admiralty, the Lord Mayor, and each of the civic companies, the whole flanked by gun and other boats keeping clear the line of progress, and moving to the sound of the 'Dead March in Saul,' and the occasional booming of the artillery at the Tower and other places passed. From thence the body was conveyed to the Admiralty for the night. The next day, January 9, 1806, the grand procession to St. Paul's thronged the streets with the densest multitude ever perhaps collected in them. To describe the pageant would occupy many pages. Suffice it, therefore, to say that, from the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and Clarence downwards, all that was distinguished in rank, as well as all that was illustrious in judicial, legal, or political station, was present. Hardy and a little band of the other dear companions of the dead chief were objects of especial interest. So were those veterans, forty-eight in number, chosen from Nelson's own ship, from among Nelson's own men. The marked attention to these men is one of the most delightful evidences of the spirit in which the funeral was conducted. Around the opening in the pavement beneath the centre of the dome, where the body was to be lowered into the vaults, they took precedence even of the blood of royalty itself, forming a circle round the beloved remains they were soon to behold no more. Beyond them was a starred and gartered multitude, with all the lesser personages of distinction who had shared in the procession; then a clear space, like a broad encircling ring, the outer line of which was formed by the Highland soldiers, who had been with Abercromby in Egypt; and, lastly, a lofty amphitheatre of densely packed human faces, with other ranges, branching off without interruption along the nave to the very entrance doors. As the afternoon came on a magnificent effect was given to the scene by an octagonal lantern, covered with innumerable lamps, suspended from the centre of the dome. But there were

feelings at work that made the moral grandeur of the scene far outstrip the physical, unprecedented as that seems to have been. Could Nelson have been sensible of all that passed, we doubt not he would have felt more deeply the touching incident that marked the lowering of his body into the grave than all the honours of the magnificent ceremonial. Nelson's flag was to have been placed



[Monument over Nelson's body in the Crypt.]

by his side in the grave; but, just as it was about to be lowered for that purpose, the sailors, moved by one impulse, rent it in pieces, keeping each a fragment. Lord Collingwood, in accordance with his own request, lies near Nelson, beneath a plain altar-tomb.

Retracing our steps, we meet with the graves of Dr. Boyce, next to Purcell perhaps the greatest English musician, and of George Dance, the architect, and last survivor of the original forty of the Academy. But what is this dark recess in the eastern wall, where all sorts of grotesque or mutilated figures are dimly descried? "They are the remains of the monuments of Old St. Paul's," we are told; and the guide, ascending the platform of the recess with his lantern, the cause of their grotesque appearance in the gloom is explained. One statue of goodly aspect, and in complete armour, has lost its legs: strange enough to say, that is supposed to be Elizabeth's dancing Lord Chancellor. Two others, male and female, that appeared to be equally deprived of their fair proportions, we now see are in a sitting posture, a third is noseless, a fourth still more extensively mutilated. Among the additional remains which have been recognised are the effigies of Sir Nicholas Bacon, in full armour, bare-headed, and of Dean Colet. Of all the figures here, but one remains perfect, and that is Donne, the poet, whose whole history is a kind of serious but deeply interesting romance, and in which this effigy itself forms not the least unromantic feature. Why this statue is not carefully cleaned, and placed in one of the best parts of the Cathe-

dral, it is impossible to say. St. Paul's certainly does not possess any other relic of half its interest—the history of the Cathedral presents no name that is calculated to shed so much lasting honour upon it as the poet-dean's. There is a pride of ancestry which every one can appreciate: such was Donne's, who could point to his descent by the mother's side from the author of the 'Utopia.' His father was a merchant, who bred him so carefully at home, that when, at the age of eleven, he was sent to college, some one gave "this censure of him," says delightful old Izaak Walton: "that this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandola; of whom story says that he was rather born than made wise by study." Donne's parents were Roman Catholics, who were anxious that he should remain in the same faith, but the continual mingling through all his studies with Protestants naturally compelled him to think of the respective merits of the two creeds, and he had the additional motive that he was unable to take honours on account of the oath then administered. Accordingly, at the age of nineteen he set down in earnest to the inquiry, and, in a spirit which demands the warmest admiration, "he proceeded," he says, "with humility and diffidence in himself; and by that which he took to be the safest way—namely, frequent prayer, and an indifferent affection to both parties." It does not seem, however, that his judgment rose satisfied from the inquiry: as no result is given by Walton. After travelling abroad for some years he became secretary to the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, an event which materially influenced all Donne's subsequent life. In the Chancellor's household was a young gentlewoman, niece to the Lady Ellesmere, and daughter to Sir George More, Lieutenant of the Tower, who attracted Donne's attention: an acquaintance was formed which soon ripened into love, and mutual promises were interchanged before probably either was aware of the severity of the opposition that would be offered. Sir George, the moment he received intimations of what was passing, removed her into the country, which seems to have only brought matters to a speedier issue: they were married, and in secret. The rage of Sir George was unbounded, and sought the most unnatural modes of gratification. He would not rest till he obtained Donne's discharge from Lord Ellesmere's service, though the latter, in reluctantly acceding to his wishes, observed, "He parted with a friend, and such a secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject." It may give the reader a foretaste of the peculiarities of Donne as an author, to state that in the letter to his wife announcing this melancholy news, he thus subscribed his name:—

"JOHN DONNE, ANNE DONNE, UN-DONE."

Sir George further threw his son-in-law into prison, with the friends who had assisted at his marriage. The imprisonment, however, does not appear to have been protracted. Another misery now awaited him. His wife was kept from him, and only obtained back through the medium of "a long and restless suit in law," which took away nearly the whole of his little patrimony. "Silence and submission," observes Walton, "are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men." Sir George relented in some degree; and, as a first evidence of his altered feelings, endeavoured to obtain his son-in-law's restoration to the secretaryship. Lord Ellesmere's answer was in itself a punishment for all the violence he had exhibited: "That though he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit to discharge and re-

admit servants at the request of passionate petitioners." Most men, under such circumstances, would have endeavoured to do all for Donne and his wife that their own power, at least, enabled them to do: Sir George, however, having given them his paternal blessing, left them to live as they might, and die, apparently, if they could find no mode of living. It is difficult to imagine a more melancholy position than Donne's at this time: his own privations and sufferings were nothing in comparison with those he saw inflicted on his beloved wife, who had been nursed in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to have her lightest wishes anticipated, her lightest troubles made a matter of anxious attention. But there was something about Donne which seems to have won upon every heart that he came in contact with except Sir George's: in the midst of their distress Sir Francis Wolly of Pirford "entreated" them to make his house their home. They did so, and there "remained with much freedom to themselves, and equal content to him, for some years; and as their charge increased—she had yearly a child—so did his love and bounty." Circumstances now began to try searchingly the depths of Donne's character. Dr. Morton, then only a beneficed clergyman, sent for him one day, and told him he had a proposition to make to him, but which he would not declare till Donne had promised him to think it over for three days before giving his answer. The promise was given; and then the good bishop, telling him he was no stranger to his necessities, said, "The King hath yesterday made me Dean of Gloucester, and I am also possessed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal to those of my deanery; I will think my deanery enough for my maintenance—who am, and resolve to die, a single man—and will quit my benefice, and estate you in it—which the patron is willing I shall do—if God shall incline your heart to embrace this motion," &c. Donne received this remarkable offer with a "faint breath and perplexed countenance," showing the inward conflict that at once began, but departed in silence according to his promise. We wish our space admitted of our transcribing his answer in his own words; as it is, we can only observe that, with a heart "full of humility and thanks," he declined the offer, partly on account of "some irregularities" of his early life, which he thought might dishonour the sacred calling, partly that as God's glory should be the first end, and a maintenance only the second motive, to embrace the church, he could not clearly satisfy himself that it would be so with him *in his present condition*, and partly because there were other reasons, which he craved leave to forbear expressing; but which, no doubt, were connected with the undecided nature of his religious tenets. On the death of his noble patron, Sir Francis, he took a house at Mitcham, in Surrey, where his pecuniary difficulties recommenced; nearly his whole dependence being some 80*l.* a-year, wrung from his father-in-law a little before. A second patron again partially relieved him. This was Sir Robert Drewry, "who assigned him and his wife a useful apartment in his own large house in Drury Lane, and not only rent free, but was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathised with him and his, in all their joys and sorrows." Soon after occurred one of the most interesting passages in Donne's life. Sir Robert, determining to go with Lord Hay on his embassy to France, desired Donne to accompany him. His wife, at the time, near her confinement, ill in health and low in spirits, begged him not to leave her, saying, "Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence:"—the affectionate husband

at once agreed. But Sir Robert again pressed so earnestly, that Donne, in a chivalrous sense of gratitude, again sought his wife's consent. It was given, and they parted. The following verses belong to this period and severance. We omit the commencement :—

——" Dull sublunary lovers love,
Whose soul in sense cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.
But we by a love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.
Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.
If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move; but doth if the other do.
And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it;
And grows erect when that comes home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun."*

Whilst in Paris, Donne was one day left alone for a short time in a room where he and Sir Robert and other friends had been dining. "To this place," according to Izaak Walton's narrative, "Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and, as he left, so he found Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him: insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer; but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert replied: 'Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake!' To which Mr. Donne's reply was: 'I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that, at her second appearing, she stopped, and looked me in the face, and vanished.' A servant was immediately sent off to England to satisfy Donne, who returned on the twelfth day with the intelligence that Mrs. Donne had been delivered of a dead child, after a long and dangerous labour, on the same day and about the same hour of the supposed appearance of the apparition." At length a more powerful patron took Donne by the hand—no less a personage than the King (James), who was so pleased with the substance of a conversation he chanced to engage the poet in respecting the Oath of Supremacy and Alle-

* Transcribed from the recent handsome edition of Donne's Works by the Rev. Henry Alford.

giance, as to bid him put his matter into a methodical form. Hence resulted in six weeks Donne's 'Pseudo-Martyr.' James himself now sought to bring him into the ministry, and, all his weightier objections being removed he no longer gave an absolute refusal, but spent three years in preparation. When he did enter preferment was rapid. He was almost immediately made the Royal Chaplain in Ordinary. A delightful instance of his modesty must not be forgotten. His earlier sermons were delivered privately in the neighbouring villages of London, whither he was accustomed to go with some one friend. His biographer's account of his characteristics in the pulpit, given in connection with his first sermon before James at Whitehall, will live as long as the discourses they commemorate. He "showed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to distil into others: a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes *for* his auditory, sometimes *with* them; always preaching to himself, like an angel *from* a cloud, but *in* none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to Heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives: here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it; and a virtue so as to make it beloved, even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace, and an unexpressible addition of comeliness." As an evidence of the general estimation of the beauty and greatness of Donne's character, a circumstance recorded in his biography is very interesting:—In the first year of his ministry he had *fourteen* advowsons of as many benefices offered to him. All the troubles of his earlier years past, a new and greater than all threw an almost impenetrable shadow over his latter ones. His wife, beloved as few wives have been beloved, died and left him with seven children. Walton is evidently guilty of no exaggeration when he says that Donne, having voluntarily assured his children never to bring them under the subjection of a step-mother, buried "with his tears all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, and betook himself to a most retired and solitary life." The first sermon he preached after this event was at St. Clement's in the Strand, taking for his text, "Lo, I am the man that has seen affliction;" and his whole manner told but too sadly the applicability of the words to his own case. He was made Dean of St. Paul's by James, on the removal of Dr. Carey to the bishopric of Exeter. Among other pleasant reminiscences of his connection with St. Paul's, is that of the hymn composed during one of his illnesses, commencing—

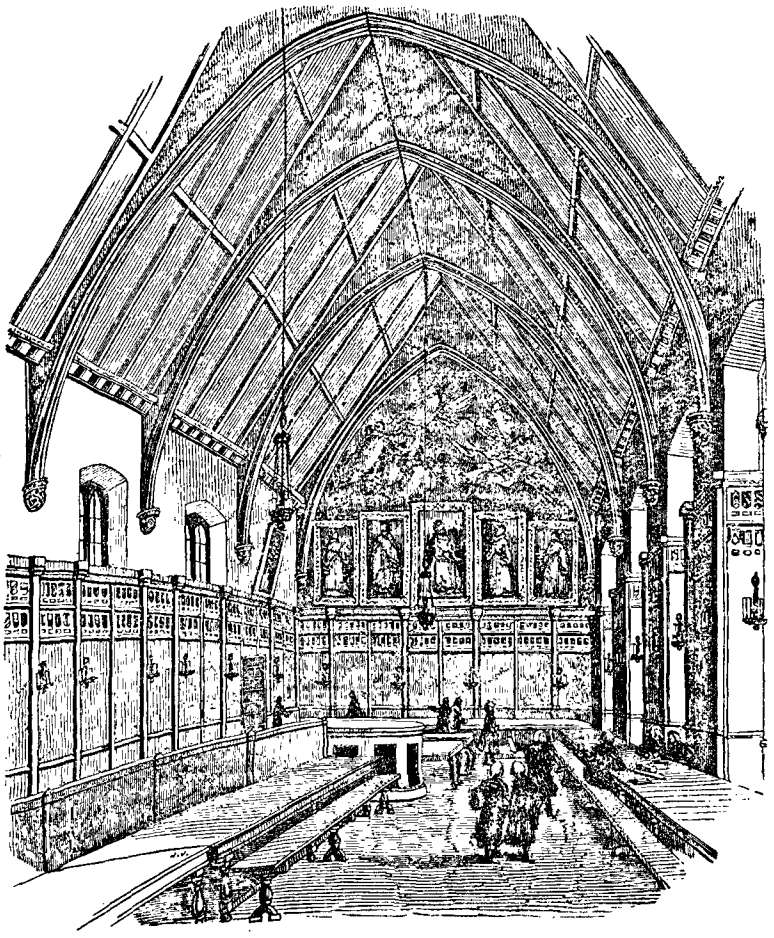
"Wilt thou forgive that sin where I began," &c.

which he caused to be set to "a most grave and solemn tune," and sung frequently by the choristers to the accompaniment of the organ during the evening service. He was wont to say of such occasions, "The words of this hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my sickness, when I composed it. And, O! the power of Church music!" His latter days were spent in a state of beatitude such as we read of only in the lives of the saints of the primitive Christian Church. The monument to which we have referred was originated by Donne's intimate friend, Dr. Fox, who persuaded him to have one made. The mode he adopted of carrying his friend's wishes into effect was not a little remarkable. He first sent for a carver to make him an urn.

"Then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth. Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus Christ." He was drawn in this posture; and the picture became from that time an object of continual contemplation. After his death, the statue seen below was sculptured from it. He died in 1630. With a verse from one of the poems written on his death-bed, a 'Hymn to God, my God, in my Sickness,' we conclude

"Since I am coming to that holy room
Where, with the Choir of Saints, for evermore
I shall be made thy music; as I come
I tune my instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before."

[Statue of Donne.]



[Inner Temple Hall.]

XCVIII.—INNS OF COURT.

THE INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE.

On the Continent of Europe, jurisprudence, and even municipal law, which among the Continental nations is almost universally founded on the Roman civil law, is taught in the universities, among which Leyden, Heidelberg, and Jena have long been famed for the learning of their legal professors and teachers. In England, at a very early date, the science was taught in Inns* of Court, situated in the metropolis, and in the immediate vicinity of the courts of law. The foundation of these *voluntary* bodies may be traced to the promise made by

* *Inn*, a mansion or place: thus Spenser—

"Now whenas Phœbus with his fiery waine
Unto his inne began to draw apace."

John and Henry III. in the Magna Charta, that "common pleas should not thenceforth follow the Court, but be held in some certain place;" which, by the establishment at Westminster of the Court of Common Pleas, necessarily led to the gradual collecting in the metropolis of the whole body of "common" lawyers, who most probably then began to settle themselves in places best suited to their studies, practice, and conferences. Instruction in the learning of the common law was also now felt to be needed; for the ecclesiastical bodies, who in general engrossed all learning, and who alone were competent to impart a knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, had an unconquerable aversion to the common law of England, which the nobility of the country held as their most precious birthright. Jealous as the monks were of the newly established court at Westminster, they would fain have thrown every obstacle in the way of its supporters. Rejected, therefore, by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, over which the ecclesiastics ruled supreme, the lawyers founded hostels, or *hospitia curiæ*, in the metropolis, which were so denominated, as we are informed by Stow, because they were attached to, or dependent upon, the Court. Of these "hostels," one, called Johnson's Inn, is said to have been at Dowgate, another at Fewter's or Fetter's Lane, and a third at Paternoster Row;* from which last we may suppose originated the custom of the serjeants-at-law and "apprentices" sitting in Paul's Walk, each at his own pillar, hearing his client's cause, and taking notes thereof on his knee. A vestige of this ancient custom remained to the reign of Charles II., when, upon the calling of a lawyer to the degree of the coif, a formal procession was made to St. Paul's Cathedral, that the serjeant elect might choose his own peculiar pillar.

At these hostels the gentlemen of the law lived, or rather transacted business, and schools were opened for the purpose of reading and teaching the law; until at length, in 1346, being the twentieth year of Edward III., the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, to whom the forfeited estates of the rival brotherhood of the Templars had, after much entreaty, been granted by the Pope, demised the magnificent buildings, church, gardens, "and all the appurtenances that belonged to the Templars in London," to certain students of the common law, who are traditionally reported to have removed thither from a temporary residence in Thaive's Inn in Holborn, in which part of the town the Knights Templars themselves had resided before the erection of their superb palaces on the Thames.

The new Inn of Court at the Temple was most fortunately placed; and, after its establishment, we hear no more of the ancient hostels, whose scholastic establishments had previously been suppressed by a proclamation of Henry III., enjoining the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the City of London that they "forbid that any one should teach the laws there for the time to come." Thus pleasantly situated, as Fortescue describes the Temple,† "out of the City and the noise thereof, and in the suburbs of London; between the City of Westminster, the place of holding the King's court, and the City of London; for advantage of ready access to the one, and plenty of provisions in the other," the worthy "practisers" of the law lived in peace and quiet, occasionally displaying their

* Crabbe's 'History of English Law,' p. 215. Dugdale, 'Orig. Juris.'

† 'De Laudibus Legum Anglia.'

erudition in the capacious intellects of our Cokes, Fitzherberts, and Seldens, and receiving into the bosom of their fraternity many noble scions of the haughtiest families of England, to whom they imparted their learning, encouraging them also to "dance, to sing, to play on instruments on the *ferial* days, and to study divinity on the *festival*, using such exercises as they did who were brought up in the King's court." Indeed, in the days of the writer whom we here quote, Fortescue, Chief Justice of England to Henry VI., the Inns of Court were only accessible to men of high rank and fortune, the average expense of a young man's education at one of them being annually twenty marks, no small sum at that period. "If he had a servant with him," adds our authority, "his charge is then the greater; so that, by reason of this great expense, the sons of *gentlemen* only do study the law in these Inns, the vulgar sort of people not being able to undergo so great a charge, and merchants are seldom willing to lessen their traffic thereby." Ferne, formerly a student of the Inner Temple, in his 'Glory of Generosity,' also makes honourable mention of the Inns of Court:—"Nobleness of blood, joined with virtue, counteth the person as most meet to the enterprising of any public service; and for that cause it was not for nought that our ancient governors in this land did with especial foresight and wisdom provide that none should be admitted into the Inns of Court, being seminaries sending forth men apt to the government of justice, except he were a gentleman of blood. And that this may seem a truth, I myself have seen a calendar of all those which were together in the society of one of the same houses, about the last year of King Henry V., with the names of their house and family, and marshalled by their names; and I assure you the selfsame monument doth both approve them to be gentlemen of perfect descent, and also the number of them much less than it now is, being at that time in one house scarcely threescore." In the course of a few years the number of students greatly increased; and Fortescue enumerates four Inns of Court, the same now existing, viz., the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn, each containing two hundred members; and ten Inns of Chancery, only one of which, Clifford's Inn, remains to this day.

The Inns of Court and Chancery constituted what Stow quaintly styles "a whole University of Students, Practisers or Pleaders, and Judges of the laws of this realm, not living on common stipends, as in the other universities it is for the most part done, but of their owne private maintenance, as being altogether fed either by their places or practice, or otherwise by their proper revenues, or exhibition of parents and friends: for the younger sort are either gentlemen, or sons of gentlemen, or of other most wealthy persons. Of these houses there may be at this day fourteen in all, whereof nine do stand within the liberties of this citie, and five in the suburbs thereof. . . . These Societies are no corporation, nor have any judicial power over their members, but have certain orders among themselves, which by consent have the force of laws. For slight offences they are only *excommoned*, that is, put out of commons, which is, not to eat with the rest in their halls; and for greater, they lose their chambers, and are expelled the house—and being once expelled, they are not to be admitted by any of the other three societies.

"The gentlemen in these societies may be divided into four ranks—I. Benchers;

II. Utter Barristers; III. Inner Barristers; IV. Students. Benchers are the seniors, to whom the government of the house, and ordering of matters thereof, is committed; and out of these a treasurer is yearly chosen, who receiveth, disburseth, and accounteth for all monies belonging to the house. Utter Barristers are such as from their learning and standing are called by the benchers to implead and argue in the society doubtful cases and questions, which are called *moots*, and whilst they argue the said cases they sit uttermost on the forms of the benchers, which they call *the bar*. Out of these mootmen are chosen Readers for the Inns of *Chancery*, which belong to the Inns of Court of which they are members, where, in term-time and grand vacations, they argue cases in the presence of attornies and clerks. And the rest of the society are accounted Inner Barristers, who, for want of learning or time, are not to argue in these moots; and Students."

These mootings, or discussions on abstruse points of law, took place in the Inn Hall, in the presence of the benchers, one of whose number, styled the Reader, presided and delivered the opinion of the bench on the points mooted. But increased occupation, different modes of life, and the short period now spent by law-students at the Inns of Court, have thrown these mootings into disuse, and there has been no attempt of late years to restore their primitive importance. During his "reading" the Reader always kept a splendid table, entertaining at his own expense the judges, nobility, bishops, ministers of state, and not unfrequently royalty itself, so that it sometimes cost a reader as much as 1000*l.*, a circumstance which, perhaps, had its weight in abolishing these ceremonies.*

But to return to the Temple, in which we find the "studious lawyers" established

> "Where whilome wont the Templar Knights to bide,
> Till they decayed through pride."

From the time that an influential body of lawyers thus acquired a respectable and elegant site for their Inn, they increased rapidly in number and importance, so that, although the Inn suffered greatly, during the short rebellion of Wat Tyler, from the attacks of the mob, who plundered the students and destroyed almost every book and record upon which they could lay hands, it was thought necessary to divide the Inn into two separate bodies, to be called the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, and the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, having separate halls, but making use of the same church, and holding their houses as tenants of the Knights Hospitallers until the general suppression of monasteries and monastic bodies by Henry VIII; and after this event, of the crown by lease.

So strong was the vindictive feeling of the ancient mobs of London against the lawyers, that the Inns of Court were always the first to be singled out as an object for vengeance by the rioters. The complaints of Jack Cade, a fair specimen of this vulgar sentiment, have been graphically portrayed by Shakspere in his scenes of the mad freaks of that renowned rebel: the outpourings of his heart against the law and its instruments are quickly followed by the command to pull down the Inns of Court.

"*Dick.* The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

"*Cade.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the

* 'Antiquities of the Inns of Court and Chancery,' by W. Herbert, 8vo., 1804.

skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say it is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. . . . . Now go, some, and pull down the Savoy; others to the Inns of Court! down with them all!"*

Grievously did the misguided followers of this reckless leader put into execution his orders; and the burning of the Temple Libraries, and the cold-blooded murders of all the students and "practisers" who fell into the hands of the infuriated populace, bore dreadful witness to the ascendency which Cade had gained over the minds of his instruments, and the ill odour in which the gentlemen of the law were then held among the commonalty.

In the sixth year of James I. the whole of the buildings of the two Temples were granted by letters patent, bearing date at Westminster, the 13th day of August, to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Recorder of London, and others, the benchers and treasurers of the Inner and Middle Temple, "to have and to hold the said mansions, with the gardens, &c., unto them and their heirs and assigns for ever, for lodging, reception, and education of the professors and students of the laws of this realm;" and by virtue of these grants do these Inns of the Inner and Middle Temple still continue in the occupation and possession of an incorporated society of the "students and practisers of the laws of England."

From whatever point these beautiful Inns are viewed, the casual observer cannot but be struck by their elegance of appearance and the convenience of their site,—a convenience which increases daily from the immensity of business necessarily flowing in from the greatest and most opulent city in the world. The magnificence, external and internal, of the public buildings, and the commodious, roomy chambers, attract his notice; but how much more interesting does the place appear to the man of taste and of education, in whose mind are raised up associations connected with the troubled lives and chequered fortunes of the first dignitaries of our country, and of the able bulwarks of its liberties, who have at length their earthly "abiding place" where once the haughty soldier's armed heel rang on the pavement, and the red cross was displayed on each resident's mantle. Perhaps he wanders into the garden, where knights, monks, benchers, and children have successively sauntered before him, have marched and countermarched, and, looking around, he feels inclined to believe that Elia might have been right when he asserted of his beloved haunt, that "it is, indeed, the most elegant spot in the metropolis." Its appearance has, however, no less altered since Elia's boyhood, than it had between that date and the seventeenth century. It is a pretty spot, this green oasis, in the midst of the wilderness of houses, with Whitefriars, the Alsatia of Shadwell and Scott, on its one side, and as dense a neighbourhood beyond Essex Street, on the other side. There was a rookery in bygone years, in this Inner Temple Garden, "a colony," as Leigh Hunt tells us,† "brought by Sir Edward Northey, a well-known lawyer in

* Second part of King Henry VI., Act IV. sc. 2 and 7.

† London Journal.

Queen Anne's time, from his grounds at Epsom. It was a pleasant thought, supposing that the colonists had no objection. The rook is a grave legal bird, both in his coat and habits; living in communities, yet to himself, and strongly addicted to discussions of *meum* and *tuum*." Mr. Leigh Hunt adds, that there have been no rooks seen in the garden for many years; thousands of sparrows twitter in their stead on the old trees by the river-side, and on the broad gravel walk which extends from end to end, and remind the visitors of the item in the treasurer's accounts when Daines Barrington filled that office, and which, to the immortal honour of his brother benchers, was disallowed by them:

"*Item*. Disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, 20*s*. for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders."

The Temple Garden does not appear to be so much frequented at present, as it was during the last and the preceding century. Shakspeare makes it the scene of the origin of the factions of York and Lancaster, in the first part of his historical

play of 'Henry the Sixth.' It was a celebrated promenade in the time of Lord Keeper Guilford; and Charles Lamb and Dr. Dibdin have given their recollections of it at the close of the last century. "Towards evening," writes the latter of these gentlemen, "it was the fashion for the leading counsel to promenade, during the summer, in the Temple Gardens. Cocked hats and ruffles, with satin smallclothes and silk stockings, at this time constituted the usual evening dress. Lord Erskine, though a good deal shorter than his brethren, somehow always seemed to take the lead, both in place and in discourse, and shouts of laughter would frequently follow his dicta." The winged horse over the garden gate is the cognizance of the Society of the Inner Temple, as the lamb is of the Middle Temple, and the following epigram is founded on these very different devices:—

" As by the Templar's haunts you go,
The Horse and Lamb display'd,
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade;

That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession,
The lamb sets forth their innocence,—
The horse their expedition!

O, happy Britons, happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay!"

"To charge the law's delay upon the lawyers," says the editor of a recent amusing work ('Law and Lawyers'), in allusion to the above effusion, "is about as just as it would be to ascribe the rapidity with which some medicines effect a cure to the wisdom and honesty of the physicians." The following answer to the above lines is quite as witty, if not more so:—

" Deluded men! their holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to show
Their clients, not themselves.

'Tis all a trick, these all are shams
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care,—for you 're the lambs,
And they the wolves that eat you!

Nor let the thoughts of no delay
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis you 're the showy horse—and they
The jockeys that will ride you!"

The present Hall of the Inner Temple, which was built on the site of a more ancient structure, supposed by Dugdale, from the form of the windows, to be about the age of Edward III., is a fine room, but comparatively small. It is ornamented with emblematical paintings by Sir James Thornhill, and contains full-length portraits, in oil, of Littleton and his commentator, honest, imperious, malignant, incorruptible Coke, the savage prosecutor of Raleigh, and the bold

* [Sir Edward Coke.]

defender of the liberties of his country. No public character of English history has been more vehemently attacked than that of Sir Edward Coke, whose very enemies cannot forget that he alone, of all the judges of England, disdained to succumb to the arbitrary and indecent interference of their pedantic sovereign; and who, in so doing, conferred such lasting benefits on his country, that it is difficult to decide whether even his rival, Bacon, the creator of the new philosophy, has greater claims to the gratitude of posterity. The judges had been long regarded as in some degree bound, by virtue of their offices of royal counsellors, to justify the acts, however arbitrary, of the crown. Coke despised this degrading notion; and, despite the persecutions and cruelty heaped on him in consequence of his upright conduct, laid the foundation of that independence of character which the Bench of England has, for the most part, since preserved inviolate.

In the Hall, dinner is prepared for the members of the Inn, every day during Term time; the Masters of the Bench dining on the *state*, or *dais*, and the Barristers and Students at long tables extending down the hall to the carved screen at the western end. Students keep twenty terms, that is, five years, at the Inns of Court, before they are entitled to be called to the Bar, and they are required to dine in hall at least four times in each term. Graduates of either University are called upon keeping a smaller number of terms.

On the "grand days" the hall is graced not only by the attendance of a large number of the members of the Inner Temple, but occasionally by the presence of the Judges, who dine in succession with each of the four Inns of Court; and on these "grand days" extra commons are served out to the students who are keeping their terms at the Inn. When the room is well illuminated, the scene has an imposing effect. At the *state* sit the Judges of England, surrounded by many of the leading men in the profession, Masters in Chancery, Commissioners in Bankruptcy, equity and common-law lawyers, and occasionally the Attorney or Solicitor General for the time being; and at the tables in the body of the hall sit the men who are to take their places, when they shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil," and shall be "no more than Tully or than Hyde." How many law dignitaries, *in prospectu*, sit unconscious of their future greatness at these long tables!—and how many more, who find that here the race is not always to the swift and the battle to the strong—that the highest talent is not all-powerful—that literature is regarded by the *wise* as an impediment to fortune—and that even the plodder can accomplish little unless he has "a connexion!".

The gentlemen of the Inner Temple were celebrated in former times for their good cheer and sumptuous entertainment, as well as for their individual gallantry and accomplishments. The Christmas of 1561-2 was kept in great splendour at the Inner Temple: many of the Queen's Privy-Council honoured the Inn with their presence, and the Lord of Misrule rode through the city "in complete harness, gilt, with a hundred horse, and gentlemen riding gorgeously with chains of gold, and their horses goodly trapped." On the 18th of January there was a play performed at Westminster "by the gentyll men of the Tempull, after a grett maske, for there was a grett skaffold in the hall, with grett Tryhumphe, as has been sene." The play was 'Ferrex and Porrex,' written by Sackville and Norton, and probably the most ancient tragedy in the English language. The title-page states that "it was shewed before the Queenes most excellent *Majestie in her*

Highnes' Court of Whitehall, the 18th Jany, 1561 (2), by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple." In 1615, forty gentlemen of the Inns of Court, of whom ten were members of the Inner Temple, were appointed to be *Barriers* at Court, in honour of Prince Charles being created Prince of Wales, which they are reported to have performed in great style, the charge being defrayed by a contribution of 30*s.* from each bencher; every barrister, of seven years' standing, 15*s.*; and all other gentlemen in commons, 10*s.* each. At the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James I., to the Elector Palatine, the gentlemen of the Inner Temple and of Gray's Inn performed a mask, written by Beaumont and Fletcher; and in the Christmas of 1634 the four Inns performed another mask at court, at their joint charge. At the grand feast kept in the Inner Temple hall during the readership of Sir Heneage Finch, the Solicitor-General in 1661, the Society was honoured by a visit from the King, who came in his barge from Whitehall, accompanied by the Duke of York, and attended by the Lord Chancellor, the ministers, and the great officers of state. At the stairs, where his Majesty disembarked, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas received him, in his state robes and collar of SS. On "each side, as his Majesty passed, stood the Reader's servants in scarlet cloaks and white tabba doublets; and above them, on each side, the Benchers, Barristers, and other gentlemen of the Society, all in their gowns and formalities; the loud music playing from the time of his landing till he entered the Hall, where he was received with *twenty violins*, which continued as long as his Majesty stayed. Dinner was brought up on this occasion by fifty select gentlemen of the Society in their gowns, who waited the whole time, no others appearing in the hall."* In the succeeding year the Duke of York, the Duke of Buckingham, Prince Rupert, and other noblemen, were admitted Members of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple.

Halloween, Candlemas, and Ascension Day were anciently kept at this Inn in great splendour: the Master of the Revels for the ensuing year was elected at the first of these feasts: his business was to conduct the revels and to arrange the dancing and music, which always constituted the chief entertainment on these days. After the play, which was the usual commencement of the evening, one of the barristers sung *a song* to the judges, serjeants, or masters of the bench, after which the dancing was commenced by the judges and benchers, who, escorted by the master of the revels, or Lord of Misrule, led the dance round the sea-coal fire, and the dances were continued by the younger members of the Inn until the judges or benchers thought fit to retire.

One of these festivals is minutely, but quaintly, described by Gerard Leigh, in his 'Accidence of Armony:' the hero of this feast was Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who euphuistically styled himself on this occasion Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie. Our author's description, somewhat abridged, is as follows: "After I had travelled through the east parts of the unknown world to understand of deeds of arms, and so arriving in the fair river of Thames, I landed within half a league from the city of London, and drawing near the city suddenly heard the shot of double cannons, and demanding of an honest citizen the cause of this great shot, 'It is,' quoth he, 'a warning shot to the Constable-marshal of the Inner Temple to prepare for dinner.' I then demanded what province did that

* Herbert's 'Inns of Court,' p. 205.

officer govern? He answered me, 'The province was not great in quantity, but ancient in true nobility. A place (said he) privileged by the most excellent princess, the high governor of the whole island, wherein are store of gentlemen of the whole realm that repair thither to learn to rule and obey by law, to yield their fleece to their prince and common weal; as also to use all other exercises of body and mind whereunto nature most aptly serveth to adorn the person of a gentleman.' The next day I thought, for my pastime, to walk to this temple; and entering in at the gates, I found the building nothing costly, but many comely gentlemen of face and person, and thereto very courteous, saw I to pass to and fro; and passing forward, entered into a church of ancient building, wherein were many monuments of noble personages in knightly attire, with their coats depainted in ancient shields, whereat I took pleasure to behold. Anon we heard the noise of drum and fife, and so I was brought into a long gallery that stretcheth itself along the hall near the prince's table, where I saw the prince sit; and at the nether end of the table were placed the embassadors of sundry princes; and at divers tables sat the lord steward, treasurer, and keeper of Pallas' seal, with divers honourable personages of nobility, and on the other side (of the hall) the lieutenant of the Tower, with divers captains of footbands and shot. The prince so served with tender meats, sweet fruits, and dainty delicates, that it seemed a wonder a world to observe the provision; and at every course the trumpeters blew the courageous blast of deadly war, with noise of drum and fife, with the sweet harmony of violins, sackbuts, recorders, and cornets, with other instruments of music, as it seemed Apollo's harp had tuned their stroke.

"Thus the hall was served after the most ancient order of the island; in commendation whereof I say I have also seen the service of great princes, in solemn seasons and times of triumph, yet the order hereof was not inferior to any.

"But to proceed, the herehaught of Palaphilos, even before the second course came in, standing at the high table, said, in this manner: 'The mighty Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie, high constable, marshal of the Knights Templars, patron of the honourable order of Pegasus!' and therewith cryeth a largess. The prince, praying the herehaught, bountifully rewarded him with a chain to the value of an hundred talents.

"The supper ended and tables taken up, the high constable arose and awhile stood under the place of honour, where his achievement was beautifully embroidered, and devised of sundry matters with the embassadors of foreign nations, as he thought good, till Palaphilos' king-at-arms came in, his herehaught, marshal, and pursuivant before him, and after followed his messenger and caligate knight, who, putting off his coronal, made his humble obeysance to the prince, by whom he was commanded to draw near and understand his pleasure, saying to him in few words to this effect: that he should, choosing throughout the whole army of Templars then present, select the number of XXIII special gentlemen to appear in the presence of their prince in knightly habit. This done, Palaphilos obeying his prince's commandment with XXIII valiant knights, all apparelled in long white vestures, with each man a scarf of Pallas' colours, who them presented with their names to the prince."

The Christmassings lasted several days, and on each day the ceremony differed;

the dull ceremonious presentation of "special gentlemen" to the Prince of Sophie gave place to more festive and humourous entertainment: each day after dinner the carolls or songs were "very decently performed," and on Christmas-day, after breakfasting on "brawn, mustard, and malmsey," and the presentation of the boar's head at dinner, the gentlemen of the Temple honoured the day by giving a grand feast to their friends and acquaintance, "with minstraylsie."

Hardly a vestige of these hospitable proceedings now remains in the Inns of Court. The Templars have long ceased to boast of any prince, much less of the "renowned Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie," being themselves a pure aristocracy; we have not lately heard of any Master of the Revels exercising his office, nor, though we occasionally pass through the Temple cloisters, and under the ancient Hall, do we remember ever to have heard the "courageous blast of deadly war" braying out the "triumph" of the benchers' "pledge."

After dining in the hall, the benchers retire to their Parliament chamber, in which the business of the society is transacted: one from among the Masters of the Bench is annually elected to fill the office of treasurer: he is the virtual head of the society, carrying into execution all the resolutions of the bench "in Parliament assembled," presiding at dinner in the hall, and receiving and expending all monies on behalf of the whole society.

Pepys's account of the quarrel between the Temple and the City is a striking picture of the yet rude and unpolished manners of the time, when the "young *gentlemen*" of the Temple so grossly insulted their guest as to force him to leave their hall. "Meeting Mr. Bellwood," says the autobiographer, "did hear how my Lord Mayor being invited this day to dinner at the reader's at the Temple, and endeavouring to carry his sword up, the students did pull it down, and forced him to go and stay all the day in a private councillor's chamber, until the reader himself could get the young gentlemen to dinner, and then my Lord Mayor did retreat out of the Temple by stealth with his sword up. This do make great heat among the students; and my Lord Mayor did send to the king; and also I hear that Sir Richard Browne did cause the drums to beat for the trainbands; but all this is over, only I hear that the students do resolve to *try the charter of the city.*"—*March 3rd*, 1668-9.

"I to the council-chamber, and there heard the great complaint of the city tried against the gentlemen of the Temple for the late riot, as they would have it, when my Lord Mayor was there. But upon hearing of the whole business, the city was certainly to blame to charge them in this manner as with a riot; but the king and council did forbear to determine anything in it till the other business of the title and privilege be decided, which is now under dispute at law between them, whether the Temple be within the liberties of the city or no. But I was sorry to see the city so ill-advised as to complain in a thing where their proofs were so weak."—*April 3rd*, 1668-9.

Crossing the lane which divides the Inner from the Middle Temple, the celebrated hall of the latter Inn presents itself to the view; abutting on the garden towards the west, at the upper end of which the "only fountain in London" throws up its small torrent the whole day, stands this famous hall, in which the lawyers had the honour of representing 'Twelfth Night,' probably for the first time; in which Eldon and Hardwicke have feasted, and Curran has "set the

table in a roar." A communication was formerly made to the Society of the Middle Temple, offering to hold the Chancery Courts in vacation in their hall, a proceeding which offered great advantages by rendering the property round the hall much more valuable than formerly, but the offer was not accepted: the Society did not wish that their hall should be applied to such a purpose, and the Society of Lincoln's Inn ultimately lent their hall, a much smaller one, to the Court of Chancery. The Middle Temple Hall was commenced in the year 1562, and completed in 1572, in the treasurership of Edmund Plowden, the eminent jurist.

In the Cottonian collection of MSS. in the British Museum is one written in the time of Henry VIII., entitled, 'A Description of the Form and Manner, how and by what Orders and Customes the state of the Fellowship of the Middle Temple (one of the Houses of the Court) is maintained, and what ways they have to attaine unto learning.'

The chief grievance mentioned in this document is the want of a hall: in lieu of this necessary appendage to an Inn of Court, the Temple Church was used as a place "to walk in, and talk, and confer their learnings," and it is not difficult to believe that "from this cause the place, all the terme times, hath in it no more quietnesse than the *pervyse of Pawles*, by occasion of the confluence and concourse of such as are suters in the law."

The same authority also informs us, "there is no lands or revenues belonging to the house, whereby any learner or student mought be holpen and encouraged to study, by means of some yearly stipend or salary; which is the occasion that many a good witt, for lack of exhibition, is compelled to give over and forsake study, before he have any perfect knowledge in the lawe, and to fall to practysing, and become a *typler* in the lawe."

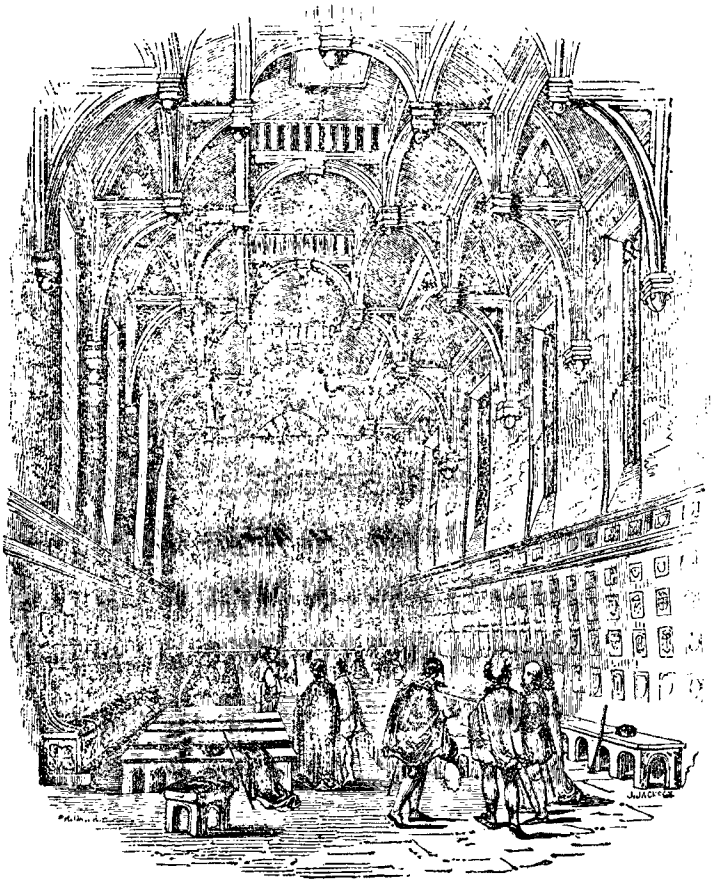
This being the case, the Society, by a subscription of all the members, erected the present beautiful building. Entering the hall by one of the doors beneath the music gallery, the *coup d'œil* which presents itself is truly magnificent. The emblazoned arms, the elaborate carvings, Vandyke's paintings, all contribute to render this the most sumptuous, as it is the largest, hall of the Inns of Court, and worthy of a Society reckoning among its members the names of Somers, Hardwicke, Cowper, Thurlow, Dunning, Eldon, Blackstone, Stowell, Tenterden, Curran, and many other legal worthies. The arms of these and of upwards of a hundred others, all of whom received their legal education in this Inn, are emblazoned on the windows on either side of the hall: the great bay-window in the south-west corner alone contains thirty coats of arms, among the most conspicuous appearing the arms of Hardwicke and Somers. In the opposite recess shine the arms of the late Lord Tenterden and Lord Gifford; and of the two Scotts, Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, whose busts in marble also adorn the room. These are the only marble busts which the Middle Temple Hall contains; but round the hall are placed busts of the Twelve Cæsars in imitation of bronze, and over the "state" are hung portraits of Charles I. and II., *James II.* when Duke of York, William III., Queen Anne, and George II.: the central portrait by Vandyke, of Charles I. on horseback, is a noble painting, one of three by the same great master, each of which is claimed as the original. It is difficult to decide upon the real claims of Windsor, Warwick, and the Middle

Temple. Each of the pictures is admirable, and no doubt from the same hand.

[Charles I.]

Standing on the raised dais, or "state," let us view the hall from its western end. The carved screen and music-gallery at the eastern end, the armour and weapons of the Elizabethan era, which are almost hidden from the view on entering the hall, form from this position as beautiful an appearance as the pictures, stained glass, elevated dais, and massive furniture give to the room when seen from the screen: the strong oaken tables extend from end to end of the hall, the same tables at which the members dined in the sixteenth century, when the noble spirits, whose arms are now emblazoned on the walls and windows, with many more, their companions, gathered round them, some to speak of decisions by Coke, or Popham, or Bacon, some to laugh at some newly-reported anecdote of Will Shakspere or Burbage, such as we find in the 'Templar's Diary,' preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. This diary appears to have been kept by a member of the Society of the Middle Temple, and extends from Christmas 1601-2, to April 14, 1603-4. The diary contains the following entry:—

"*Feb.* 1601.—At our fest we had a play called 'Twelfth Night; or, What you will,' much like the comedy of errors, or 'Menechmis' in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called 'Inganni.' A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c.; and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad."



[Middle Temple Hall.]

The editor of the Pictorial Edition of Shakspere thus notices this entry in connection with the noble hall:—"There is something to our minds very precious in that memorial of Shakspere which is preserved in the little Table-book of the Student of the Middle Temple: 'Feb. 2, 1601 [2]. At our feast we had a play called 'Twelfth Night; or, What you will.' What a scene do these few plain words call up before us! The Christmas festivities have lingered on till Candlemas. The Lord of Misrule has resigned his sceptre; the Fox and the Cat have been hunted round the hall; the Masters of the Revels have sung their songs; the drums are silent which lent their noisy chorus to the Marshal's proclamations; and Sir Francis Flatterer and Sir Randle Rackabite have passed

into the ranks of ordinary men. But there is still a feast; and after the dinner a play; and that play Shakspere's 'Twelfth Night.' And the actual roof under which the happy company of benchers, and barristers, and students first listened to that joyous and exhilarating play, full of the truest and most beautiful humanities, especially fitted for a season of cordial mirthfulness, is still standing; and we may walk into that stately hall and think,—Here Shakspere's 'Twelfth Night' was acted in the Christmas of 1601; and here its exquisite poetry first fell upon the ear of some secluded scholar, and was to him as a fragrant flower blooming amidst the arid sands of his Bracton and his Fleta; and here its gentle satire upon the vain and the foolish penetrated into the natural heart of some grave and formal dispenser of justice, and made him look with tolerance, if not with sympathy, upon the mistakes of less grave and formal fellow-men; and here its ever-gushing spirit of enjoyment,—of fun without malice, of wit without grossness, of humour without extravagance,—taught the swaggering, roaring, overgrown boy, miscalled student, that there were higher sources of mirth than affrays in Fleet Street or drunkenness in Whitefriars. Venerable Hall of the Middle Temple, thou art to our eyes more stately and more to be admired since we looked upon that entry in the Table-book of John Manningham! The Globe has perished, and so has the Blackfriars. The works of the poet who made the names of these frail buildings immortal need no associations to recommend them; but it is yet pleasant to know that there is one locality remaining where a play of Shakspere was listened to by his contemporaries; and that play, 'Twelfth Night.'"

The author of the 'Diary' gives us no account of any of "the ferial days," and the glorious merrymakings of the lawyers of his age. Even the important event of the representation of one of Shakspere's comedies in the presence of the most eminent lawyers of England is dismissed in the above entry. Yet the Templars' feasts were not often "done by halves;" and though stately was the measured step of the old benchers as they led the dance, following their Master of the Revels round the sea-coal fire, the younger members of the profession did not fail, in the language of the comedy so peculiarly their own, "to make the welkin dance indeed," and "to rouse the night-owl in a catch that would draw three souls out of one weaver!" We find record but of one of the Templars to whose soul these noisy feasts were uncongenial, who longed for the blissful shades and sober retirement of his beloved Wotton: in December, 1642, Evelyn thus writes:—"I was elected one of the comptrollers of the Middle Temple revellers, as ye fashion of the young students and gentlemen was, the Christmas being kept this yeare with great solemnity; but being desirous to passe it in the country, I got leave to resigne my staff of office, and went with my brother Richard to Wotton."

And again in 1668:—"Went to see the Revells at the Middle Temple, which is also an old, but riotous custom, and has relation neither to virtue nor policy."

Truly, were it not the philosophic and amiable Evelyn, we should be inclined to employ the words of 'Twelfth Night' once more, and say—"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" But perhaps old customs had lost their innocence. The times of Evelyn were those of Charles II. But, however they may have been corrupted in a vicious age, our

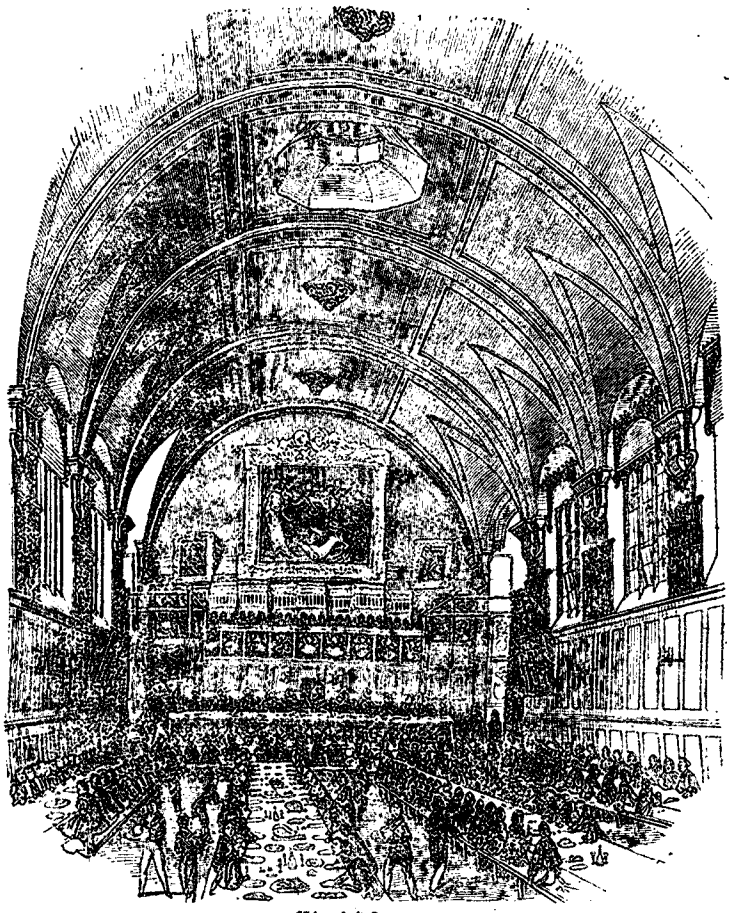
ancestors showed their wisdom in no small degree in these periodical festivities. Differences between neighbours, which otherwise might have long festered in their hearts, were healed in these revels and joyous Christmassings. They had their good effects, like the ancient custom we have elsewhere mentioned, of going into the fields round the metropolis, to gather the dew in the "merry month of May," thence to bring rosy cheeks and glad hearts to enliven the streets and the firesides of smoky old London!

In kind remembrance, then, of the ancient members of these Inns in the Temple, let us take one more turn on their velvet lawn, and look around us once more at this interesting locality! That old red-brick house in King's Bench Walk is the "Number five" of Pope's 'Ode to Venus,' the house where the poet visited his friend Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield. It is but five years since we could have shown you, gentle reader, the rooms in which Anstey, the witty author of the 'Pleader's Guide,' resided; and we could fill a dozen pages with the names of other spots as interesting, in—

> "Fig-Tree, or Fountain-Side, or learned shade
> Of King's Bench Walk, by pleadings vocal made,—
> Thrice hallow'd shades! where slipshod benchers muse,
> Attorneys haunt, and special pleaders cruise!"

But, at least, before we quit the Temple for the other Inns of Court, let us wish all health and happiness to the kind souls who have left us one green spot in the great metropolis! Can we conclude in words more appropriate than those of Charles Lamb?—

"So may the winged horse, your ancient badge and cognizance, still flourish! So may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your Church and chambers! So may the sparrows, in default of more melodious quiristers, unpoisoned hop about your walks! So may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nursery-maid, who, by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! So may the younkers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration with which the child Elia gazed on the old worthies that solemnized the Parade before you."



[Lincoln's Inn Hall.]

XCIX.—INNS OF COURT. No. II.

LINCOLN'S INN—GRAY'S INN.

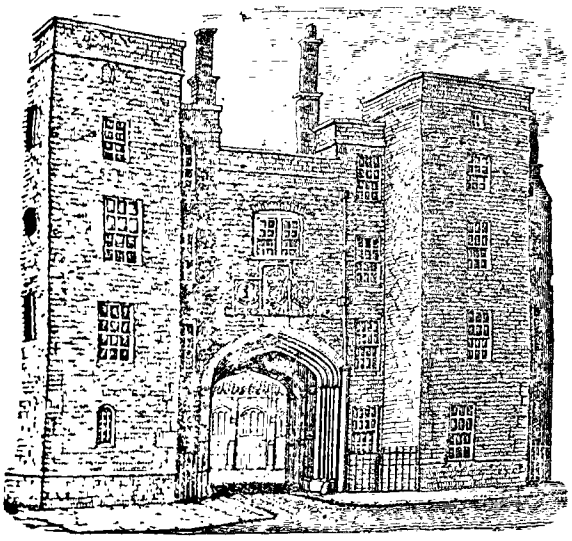
LINCOLN'S INN, the next in importance to the Inner and Middle Temple, is situate on the west side of Chancery Lane, the "New Street" of Stow, and subsequently styled "Chancellor's Lane." Chancery Lane was the birth-place of the celebrated and unfortunate Lord Strafford, who discovered, too late, that he should have "put not his trust in princes," and died the victim of his own credulity and his sovereign's weakness, unlamented even by the party whom he had served—but deserted. In Chancery Lane also, at the wall of the garden of Lincoln's Inn, Ben Jonson is reported, on the authority of Fuller, to have worked, in his capacity of bricklayer, with a trowel in one hand and his Horace in the other. A strange medley of personages, as Mr. Leigh Hunt remarks

have passed up and down this narrow thoroughfare, a world of vice and virtue, fraud and impudence, truth and chicanery, violence and tranquil wisdom! "Through this lane, the connecting link of all the Inns of Court and Chancery, must have passed all the great and eminent lawyers, from Coke and Hale to Erskine and Romilly; Sir Thomas More with his weighty aspect; Bacon with his eye of intuition; the coarse Thurlow, and the elegant Mansfield!" Many a suitor has impatiently traversed this little street again and again in breathless agitation: the dun, the bailiff, and the hired perjurer may be daily found there, and perhaps more misery, injustice, and rapacity have originated in its neighbourhood than in any other part of London.

But if Chancery Lane affords instances of the foulest practices, of gross immorality and roguish cunning, its outward appearance, at least, does not belie the character which it is said to bear; it is almost invariably dirty under foot in Chancery Lane. In the time of Edward I., John Briton, *custos* of London, had it barred up, to prevent any accidents that might happen, were people allowed to pass that way; and the Bishop of Chichester, avowedly for the same reason, kept the bar up for many years. "Afterwards, however, upon an inquisition being made of the annoyances of London, the inquest presented that John, Bishop of Chichester, ten years past, stopped up a certain lane, called Chancellor's Lane, *levando ibid. duas stapulas cum una barra,* whereby men with carts and other carriages could not pass. And the Bishop answered, that John Briton, while *custos* of London, for that the said lane was so dirty that no man could pass, set up the said staples and bar, *ad viam illam defutand.;* and he granted that what was an annoyance should be taken away; which was done by the sheriff accordingly." The nuisance of an almost impassable and most unwholesome thoroughfare, however, remained until the year 1540, when it was paved with stone at the expense of the Society of Lincoln's Inn.

A considerable part of the west side of this street is occupied by the buildings of Lincoln's Inn, so called from its having been the site of the palace of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln and constable of Chester, who died there in the year 1310, into whose hands the ground passed by virtue of a grant from King Edward I. "of the old friars' house *juxta* Oldbourne:" the friars here mentioned were a house of Black Friars, who subsequently established themselves in the quarter now denominated from them Blackfriars. The Earl of Lincoln assigned the ground formerly occupied by these friars, and his own mansion, Chichester House, to certain professors of the law, who, adding to the space thus obtained the greater part of that belonging to the see of Chichester, built there an Inn of Court for the study of the laws of England. Part of the Inn, namely, the part which belonged to the bishopric, was leased to the Society until the twenty-eighth year of Henry VIII., when the Bishop of Chichester granted the inheritance to Francis Sulyard and his brother Eustace, both students, the survivor of whom, in the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth, sold the fee to the Benchers for 520*l.*

The fine old gateway, or gatehouse tower, so conspicuous a feature of Chancery Lane, was the work of the early part of the sixteenth century, having been completed in the ninth year of Henry VIII., and almost entirely at the charge of Sir Thomas Lovell, the founder of Holywell Nunnery, a member of the



[Lincoln's Inn Gateway.]

Society of Lincoln's Inn, and a knight of the Garter. The arms of this worthy adorn the gatehouse, on which are also placed the escutcheons of the Lacy family, which also were "cast and wrought in lead, on the louer * of the hall of the house, which was in the three escutcheons, a lion rampant for Lacie, seven mascules voided for Quincie, and three wheatsheafs for Chester."† These escutcheons, however, had, in the course of repairing and altering the public buildings, disappeared before the close of the sixteenth century, and the only memorials of Sir Thomas Lovell now existing may be seen over the ancient gateway in Chancery Lane. The bricks and tiles used in the building of this gateway and of the hall were made from clay dug from a piece of ground, then called Coneygarth, lying on the west side of the Inn adjoining to Lincoln's Inn Fields; and we are further informed by the indefatigable chronicler of these legal localities, that the cost of sculpturing the arms over the gate, together with the wroughtwork for the chimnies, and forty-three loads of freestone, was 16*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.* The gatehouse and all the buildings facing Chancery Lane are now completely saturated with smoke, but some of the buildings in the interior of the Inn, especially the "Stone Buildings," are both handsome and commodious; the chambers are chiefly occupied by chancery barristers, conveyancers, and persons in attendance on the Court of Chancery, now held in the hall of Lincoln's Inn and in two temporary Vice-Chancellors' courts, which now occupy nearly the whole of the small square, of which the gatehouse forms the eastern side. The gardens, in which Bickerstaff ('Tatler,' No. 100) delighted to walk, being privileged so to do by the Benchers "who had grown old" with him, are extensive. From the garden the spectator may readily distinguish the modern erections from the more ancient buildings of the sixteenth century: the former occupy the

* Louer, or loover, from the Latin *lobia, laubia,* or *lobium,* a gallery (Ducange's Glossarium). Hence also *Louvre,* Gall.

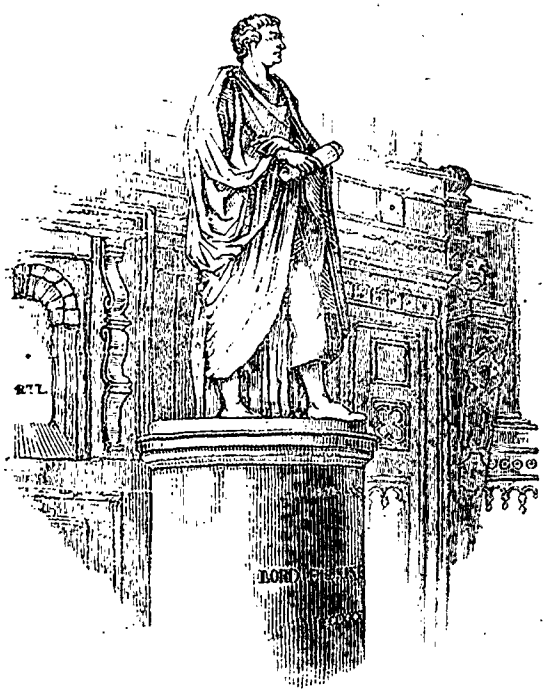
† Stow's Survey.

greatest extent, and consist of the Stone Buildings and New Square, formerly called "Searle's Court," from Henry Searle, Esq., a Bencher of this Inn, whose property this square was about 1697, when it was purchased by the Society. In the centre of the square stood a small Corinthian column, designed by Inigo Jones: at the four corners of the pedestal were infant tritons holding shells, which formerly spouted water; this was intended for a fountain, but, from some mismanagement, it has long ceased to be entitled to that name. The Stone Buildings are from the design of Sir Robert Taylor, and are only part of a noble plan for rebuilding the whole Inn, but which has never yet been carried out. Several plans have been devised at various times for the embellishment of this Inn and its vicinity, among which those of Inigo Jones prove that that great man, however pure and elegant his taste, was never formed for a Gothic architect: the Chapel, his design, is built upon huge pillars and arches, which once formed a promenade beneath, cold and damp in bad weather, and in fine weather too retired: this has been of late years enclosed with an iron railing, and has been used as a place of interment for the Benchers.

From the terrace walk of the garden a fine view is obtained of one of the largest squares in Europe, for the embellishment of which the same architect had formed some grand ideas, intending to have built all the houses in the same style and taste, and to have laid out the garden and formed the inlets to this beautiful square on a most magnificent scale; but unfortunately his designs were never carried out, "because the inhabitants had not taste enough to be of the same mind, or to unite their sentiments for the public ornament and reputation." There are plans entertained of building new courts of justice in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in lieu of the present courts at Westminster, which are thought to be inconveniently far from the Inns of Court, and for building a new hall for Lincoln's Inn, on the western side of the garden of that Inn, near the spot mentioned above as the ancient "Coneygarth."

Lincoln's Inn Hall, which has been repeatedly altered and modernised, was commenced in 1506, and is an exceedingly fine room, though smaller and by no means so handsome as the halls of the Inner and Middle Temple. It is used for the sittings of the Lord Chancellor out of term time, as well as for the usual *commons* of the Society during term. At the end is a picture by Hogarth of 'Paul preaching before Felix;' a lamentable failure of that eminent painter, so great in his own walk. The statue of Thomas Erskine, instead of encumbering Westminster Abbey, is most appropriately placed at the southern end of the Hall, opposite to the chair of the Lord Chancellor.

Erskine was a member of this Inn, and his coat of arms decorates the walls of the Hall, together with the escutcheons of Spencer Perceval, Canning, Lyndhurst, Brougham, and other eminent lawyers; and here also are the arms of the clergymen emblazoned who have filled the office of preacher to the Honourable Society. Among these appear the names of Reginald Heber, William Warburton, and John Tillotson. Erskine's career was a splendid one, though his parts were more shining than solid. At an early age, while in the army, he married a young lady to whom he was much attached, and who accompanied him to Minorca; and this union, foolish and thoughtless as it was considered by his family, was always declared by himself to have been the incitement which



[Statue of Erskine.]

spurred him on to exertion. In the year 1772 he returned to England, and shortly afterwards, conceiving that his talents were hidden in the poor society of marching regiment, he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and immediately commenced his studies at the Bar. Amongst the distinguished characters who assembled at the house of Mrs. Montague, Mr. Erskine was not unfrequently seen. "He talked," says Boswell, "with a vivacity, fluency, and precision so uncommon, that he attracted particular attention." Erskine, a husband and a father, struggled hard with pecuniary difficulties. The time at length arrived when he was at liberty to commence his professional life; but, on rising to speak, though it was but to make a motion of course, he was so overcome with confusion, that he was about to sit down. "At that time," he was accustomed to relate, "I fancied I could feel my little children tugging at my gown, so I made an effort—went on—and succeeded."

Of one famous member of this Inn of Court—Prynne—we have spoken in our Number on "Ely Place," and again in Number LXVIII., and in the former we have given Whitelock's account of the famous masque which the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, with this historian at their head, determined on performing in the most splendid manner, in order to eradicate entirely the bad effects of the "Histriomastix." Lincoln's Inn was never behind the Temple in its masques, revels, Christmasings; nor were the exercises of dancing and singing merely permitted at this Inn, but insisted on: for, by an order, made on the 6th of February, in the 7th of James I., it appears "that the under-barristers were by decimation *put out of commons, for example's sake*, because the whole Bar were offended by

their not dancing on the Candlemas-day preceding, according to the ancient order of the Society, when the Judges were present," and a threat that if the like fault were repeated, they should be fined or *disbarred*. Instead of the Temple Lord of Misrule, the "King of the Cocknies" ruled over the festivities at Lincoln's Inn, and they also had a "Jack Straw," but "he and all his adherents were utterly banished in the time of Elizabeth," and an order issued that they "should no more be used, upon pain of forfeit for every time five pound, to be levied on every fellow offending against this rule." From the following entry in the register, it would seem that the grand Christmasings were not kept regularly: "It is agreed, that if the two Temples do kepe Chrystemas, then Chrystemas to be kept here; and, to know this, the steward of the house ys commanded to get knowledge, and to advertise my masters by the next day at night." The men of this Inn appear, however, to have been rather "topping the mode," so that it was deemed proper in Elizabeth's reign, besides curtailing the grand banquets and limiting the number of assumed characters represented at them, to enact sumptuary laws, prohibiting long hair and lace ruffs, also the introduction into the ball of cloaks, swords, and spurs; while, unmindful of Justice Shallow's chaunt,—

"'Tis merry in hall
When beards wag all"—

the Benchers had previously forbidden *beards* at dinner, under pain of paying double commons; the fashion of wearing beards was, nevertheless, found too deeply rooted, and the prohibition was subsequently repealed. Hale, one of the *youngsters* of 1630, was considered a gay young fellow, and, doubtless, parted more readily with his fine of double commons than his beard; and Hale, Denham, and Ellesmere were young once. The gayest young student on record, and he was a Templar, was Samuel Foote! "He came into the room," says Dr. Harrowby, "dressed out in a frock suit of green and silver lace, bag-wig, sword, bouquet, and point ruffles, and immediately joined the critical circle of the upper end of the room. Nobody knew him. He, however, soon boldly entered into conversation, and, by the brilliancy of his wit, the justness of his remarks, and the unembarrassed freedom of his manners, attracted the general notice. The buz of the room went round, 'Who is he?' 'Whence comes he?' To which nobody could answer, until a handsome carriage stopping at the door to take him to the assembly of a lady of fashion, they learned from the servants that his name was Foote, that he was a young gentleman of family and fortune, and a student of the Inner Temple." The scene of this was Nando's coffee-house, the resort of the great leaders of the Bar for many years, where, of later years, Erskine, Gibbs, Garrow, Plumer, Park, and Jekyll—in short, all who were eminent in their profession waited until the full court, to which they belonged, was assembled.

To return to the gay members of Lincoln's Inn and their feasts. In the Christmas of 1661 Pepys writes:—

"The King visited Lincoln's Inn, to see the revells there; there being, according to an old custome, a prince and all his nobles, and other matters of sport and charge."

This must have been a glorious Christmas at Lincoln's Inn, Charles II.'s pre-

sence, the attendance of Clarendon, Ormond, and Shaftesbury, and the performance at the revels of Hale, Ley, and Denham; Prynne standing by, and gloomily regarding the merriment and joyous faces, which he held both profane and unworthy of a pious man: the whole must have presented a curious spectacle, but we have but a crude report of it by Pepys. Yet these representations must have been "meat and drink" to him; and some of the masques presented by these learned societies were written by men of genius, and contain beautiful poetry, as in the 'Circe and Ulysses' by Browne, of which some specimens have been given to the world by Sir Egerton Brydges. Decker, in his satire against Ben Jonson, accuses him of having stolen his jokes from the Christmas Plays of the Templars: "You shall sweare not to bumbast out a new play with the old lyning of jestes stolen from the Temple Revells."

Whether the native talent of the Inns was considered of a high character by this dramatist does not appear: it is more probable that the usual custom was to employ a professional playwriter for the purpose of composing the masques at these place. Thus, in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, we have "The Masque of the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn," &c.

Sir Matthew Hale contributed a large collection of Manuscripts to the Library of this Society, which is now situate in Stone Buildings. The formation of this Library was begun in the reign of Henry VII.; and in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth the first building was erected, and the accumulation of books greatly forwarded by an order made in the sixth year of James I., "for the more speedy furnishing of the Library, every one that should thenceforth be called to the Bench in this Society should give xx *s.* toward the buying of bookes for the same Library; and every one thenceforth called to the bar xiii *s.* iiii *d.*: all which summs to be paid to Mr. Matthew Hadde, who, for the better ordering of the said Library, was then made master thereof." The Library is now greatly enlarged, and besides the valuable bequests of Sir Matthew Hale and other members of the Society, contains some thousands of volumes, principally on law and history, to which additions are continually made from the funds of the Society. The books, of course, must not be removed from the Library, but with few other restrictions they are always open to the examination of the curious. The MSS. of Sir Matthew Hale are very valuable, relating chiefly to professional subjects; and by a clause in his will, in which he speaks somewhat egotistically of his own lucubrations, he expressly forbids any lending of his donations, "unless there be any of my posterity that desires to transcribe any book, and gives very good security to restore it again within a prefixed time; then, and not otherwise, only one book at any one time may be lent out to them by the Society;" adding "they are a treasure not fit for every man's view, nor is every man capable of making use of them." Valuable additions have also been made, in pursuance to testamentary orders, out of the private libraries of various deceased members of the Society: several volumes of MS. in Selden's handwriting are here preserved, and a tolerably extensive collection on legal subjects bequeathed by Mr. Sergeant Maynard, Mr. Coxe, and Mr. S. Hill.

Lincoln's Inn, containing at the present day the Chancery Courts, is more occupied by counsel attending the equity bar than by common-law lawyers. Of the latter, the greater number have their chambers in the Temple: Gray's Inn

has also a large number of resident members, but, from its increased distance from legal business, is not so greatly occupied by barristers or attorneys.

[Gray's Inn Hall.]

Gray's Inn, the fourth Inn of Court in importance and in size, derives its name from the Lords Gray of Wilton, whose residence it originally was, and one of whom, Edmund, Lord Gray of Wilton, in August, 1505, by indenture of bargain and sale, passed to Hugh Denny, Esq., his heirs and assigns, "the manor of Portpoole, otherwise called Gray's Inn, four messuages, four gardens, the site of a windmill, eight acres of land, ten shillings of free rent, and the advowson of the chantry of Portpoole." The parties into whose possession this property afterwards came, disposed of it to the prior and convent of East Sheen, in Surrey, a place celebrated for having been the nursery of Cardinal Pole and many other eminent ecclesiastics of the sixteenth century. The convent leased the mansion of Portpoole, as Gray's Inn was then frequently denominated, to certain students of the law, at the annual rent of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, at which rent they continued to hold them until the suppression of the ecclesiastical communities by Henry VIII., when they received a grant from the King, who seized these estates, together with the Temple and all other monastic property, upon which *he could lay his*

hands; and the Benchers of Gray's Inn were thenceforth entered in the King's books as the fee-farm tenants of the crown, paying annually the same rent as was reserved by their former landlords, the monks of Sheen.

As Chancery Lane bounds Lincoln's Inn on the east, so does Gray's Inn Lane bound Gray's Inn, and if there be a shade of difference between these two streets, certainly the former must be allowed to have the advantage both in cleanliness and respectability. Yet the northern end of Gray's Inn Lane, though not so richly "furnished with fair buildings and many tenements on both the sides," as in the times of Stow, has yet a very neat aspect, and assumes a fresher appearance as the distance increases from Holborn Bars, "leading to the fields towards Highgate and Hampsted." The garden was first planted about the year 1600, at which period Mr. Francis Bacon, afterwards Lord Verulam, in his account as treasurer of the Society, debits the Inn in the sum

[Monument of Bacon.]

of 7*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for the planting of elm trees therein. Gray's Inn at present consists of two large squares, of which that which is entered immediately from the Lane is the handsomer, but the recent restoration of the public buildings of the Society has rendered the square very much more elegant than it formerly was. The Hall and Chapel separate these squares, and occupy the whole of the south-side of the larger; the former was built in Queen Mary's reign, and completed in 1560, costing 863*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*: it is a very handsome chamber, little inferior to Middle Temple Hall, and its carved wainscot and timber roof render it much more magnificent than the Inner Temple or Lincoln's Inn Hall. Its windows also are richly emblazoned with the armorial bearings of Burleigh, Lord Verulam, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Jenkins, and others. The Chapel is of modern erection. it was probably built on the site of the "Chauntry of Portpoole," mentioned in the grant to Hugh Denny. In this "chauntry" divine service was daily performed, and masses sung for the soul of John, the son of Reginald de

Gray, for which certain lands were then granted to the Prior and Convent of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. And, at the expense of the latter, divine service in succeeding ages was here performed on behalf of the students and other members of this Society, as is evident from a decree made in the Augmentation Court, 10th November, 33 Henry VIII. This decree further expresses that the said Prior and Convent, and their predecessors, were yearly charged with the pension of 7*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for the salary or stipend of the chaplain for this chauntry, and that the said house of St. Bartholomew being then dissolved, this Society, "in recompense thereof, should receive of the King's Highness, for finding of the said chaplain, during the King's pleasure, the sum of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* sterling, yearly, to be paid by the hands of the treasurer of the said Court of Augmentations, at the feasts of the Nativity of St. John Baptist and St. Michael Archangel, by even portions."

The internal economy and manners of this Inn seem to have been very similar to that of the other Inns of Court at the same period: their masques and revels were participated in by the men of Gray's Inn, as we find was the case in the famous masque conducted by Whitelocke, and arranged at Ely Place; but though the "practisers" of Gray's occasionally displayed a gorgeous interlude and held a plenteous Christmasing, the same bad report attaches to them as their brother barristers of Chancery Lane had incurred, by their laxity in the "ferial" days, of which fault the Templars had never been accused. In Michaelmas term, 21 Henry VIII., there was an order made that "whenever there are revells, the fellows of the house shall not depart out of the hall until the said revells shall be ended, under the penalty of 12*d.*"

The famous comedy, which was acted here at Christmas of the year 1527, and was written by John Roos, a student of this Inn, and afterwards Sergeant-at-Law, gave such offence to Cardinal Wolsey, probably by its containing reflections on the pomp and arrogance of the clergy, that its author was degraded and imprisoned. Nor was this the first time that the power of the Chancellor had been felt in the Inns of Court. In the year 1501, Sir Amias Paulet having found it necessary, in his capacity of Justice of the Peace, to put Wolsey, then only parson of Lymington, into the stocks, the Prelate never forgot the insult; and about 1520 Sir Amias was glad to make peace with the haughty Prelate by rebuilding the gatehouse of Middle Temple, which he did, adorning it with the Cardinal's hat and cognizance in a "most glorious manner." On the site of this gatehouse, which was destroyed by fire, was the present erected.

The two most eminent members of whom Gray's Inn can boast are Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and Lord Burleigh, the celebrated minister of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Cecil had entered at Gray's Inn, as he informs us, in his MS. diary, in 1541: "Whether this removal to Gray's Inn," says Dr. Nares, "were for the purpose of his being bred wholly up to the profession of the law, we are not able to say, since it was no unusual thing in those days for young men of family and talents, who had any prospect of becoming members of the legislature, to go through a course of law at some one of our Inns of Court, in order to become better acquainted with the laws and constitution of their country. It was regarded, indeed, as almost a necessary qualification." An anecdote of Burleigh's Gray's-Inn days is related by his old historian, in the quaint language of

[Cecil.]

the age in which he flourished: "A mad companion having enticed him to play, in a short time he lost all his money, bedding, and books to his companion, having never used play before. And being afterwards among his other company, he told them how such a one had misled him, saying he would presently have a device to be even with him. And with a long trouke he made a hole in the wall, near his playfellow's bedhead, and in a fearful voice spake thus through the trouke: 'O mortal man, repent! repent of thy horrible time consumed in play, cozenage, and lewdness, or else thou art damned and canst not be saved!' Which being spoken at midnight, when he was all alone, so amazed him, as drove him into a sweat for fear. Most penitent and heavy, the next day, in presence of the youths, he told with trembling what a fearful voice spake to him at midnight, vowing never to play again; and calling for Mr. Cecil, asked him forgiveness on his knees, and restored him all his money, bedding, and books. So two gamesters were both reclaimed with this merry device, and never played more. Many other the like merry jests (?) I have heard him tell, too long to be here noted.' Who Burleigh's "playfellows" were nowhere appears, but the future statesman himself was a married man during the greater part of his sojourn at Gray's Inn, and ought to have been more steady than to stake his "books and bedding," after losing his "money;" but, from many memoranda of Gray's Inn which have come down to our time, it would seem that the students of this society were rather an unruly set. Pepys writes thus in May, 1667: "Great talk of how the barristers and students of Gray's Inn rose in rebellion against the benchers the other day, who outlawed them, and a great deal to do; but now they are at peace again."

Romilly was a member of Gray's Inn. "I sometimes lose all courage," writes he, despondingly, to a friend, in the year 1783, "and wonder what fond opinion of my talents could ever have induced me to venture on so bold an undertaking: but it often happens (and I fear it has been my case) that men mistake the desire for the ability of acting some distinguished part." Romilly studied diligently and successfully, and, like Erskine, Burke, and Curran, delighted in attending on the debating societies, which among the modern law-students have taken the place of the ancient *mootings* of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Curran's account of his introduction and *début* at one of these societies is most witty and instructive: it is the identical "first appearance" of hundreds. "Upon the first occasion of our assembling, I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honour of being styled 'the learned member that opened the debate,' or 'the *very eloquent* gentleman who has just sat down.' All day the coming scene had been flitting before my fancy and cajoling it; my ear already caught the glorious melody of 'Hear him, hear him!' Already I was practising how to steal a cunning sidelong glance at the tear of generous approbation bubbling in the eyes of my little auditory; never suspecting, alas! that a modern eye may have so little affinity with moisture, that the finest gunpowder may be dried upon it. I stood up—my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter; but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre; but remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage,-and had actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet was it, to my panic-struck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb; my friends cried, 'Hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation; but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, upon coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow; or rather like poor Punch, as I once saw him, grimacing a soliloquy, of which his prompter had most indiscreetly neglected to administer the words." Need we add that it was not many months before the sun shone forth in all its splendour, and "stuttering Jack Curran," or "orator Mum," as he was frequently styled, became inappropriate epithets when applied to this gem of the Sister Isle.

In connection with the Inns of Court, and their associations and inhabitants, it will be proper to make some mention of the Inns of Chancery, formerly the nurseries of our great lawyers, but at present attached only by name to the parent Inns of Court. Of these Inns of Chancery, the Inner Temple has three, Clement's, Clifford's, and Lyon's Inn; the Middle Temple, one, New Inn; Lincoln's Inn, two, Thavies' and Furnival's; and Gray's Inn, two, Barnard's and Staples'. Strand Inn, or Stronde Inn, was an Inn of Chancery in the reign of *Henry VIII.*, and probably long before that period, and belonged to the *Middle Temple: this*, together with the Bishop of Worcester's Inn, and the *Bishop of Coventry* and Lichfield's house, commonly called Chester Inn, were pulled *down by the Duke*

of Somerset, in making room for his mansion, Somerset House. The Inns of Chancery are principally inhabited by attorneys; but anciently it was considered indispensable that a student should spend some years at one of these, employing himself in learning the forms of the writs which issued from the High Court of Chancery to the courts of common law. Thus Sir Edward Coke was one year at Clifford's Inn and six at the Inner Temple; and even "Master Robert Shallow, Esquire, justice of the peace and quorum," though doubtless not one of the brightest ornaments of his time, passed some time at Clement's Inn.

In the middle of the garden of Clement's Inn is a sundial, supported by a figure of considerable merit, kneeling (a naked Moor or African), which was presented to the society by Lord Clare, by whom it was brought from Italy. The following verses are said to have been found stuck upon this figure:—

"In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.
From cannibals thou fled'st in vain,
Lawyers less quarter give:
The *first* won't eat you 'till you're dead,
The *last* will do't *alive!*"

The Inns, denominated "Sergeants' Inns," one of which is in Chancery Lane, and the other in Fleet Street, are exclusively appropriated to gentlemen who have been called to the degree of the coif: the Judges are always members of Sergeants' Inn, and have official chambers in Rolls Garden, Chancery Lane, where a great deal of the minor business of a suit at law is transacted. But little of this sort of information needs to be included in a sketch of the Inns of Court and Chancery. The lawyers of London are not, at the present day, so corporate a class of men as at former periods; the Inns of Court are not so much a place of residence as formerly; the habits of the barrister are the habits of any other gentleman. Morning visits are not made in black silk gowns and powdered wigs; and the Chief Justices of our courts have ceased to wear fans, as Sir Edward Coke was in the habit of doing, carrying about one of those "prodigious" fans, which Dugdale mentions, having long handles, with which the *gentlemen* of those times "slasht their daughters when they were perfect women." Society has gained much by the great abandonment of the Inns as places of residence, except for the younger members; and the curtailment of a few hours a-day from professional avocations, since the Masters in Chancery sat at five in the morning, must have acted beneficially on all classes.

It may be desirable to conclude this sketch of some of the peculiarities of the Inns of Court by a notice of the modes of admitting Students, and of calling them to the Bar after the required course of probation.

Each of the Inns of Court is independent. They agree, however, in the observance of certain common regulations. Though without any control over each other, they have all undertaken, voluntarily, by committees of the benchers, the observance of certain general and mutually-advantageous resolutions. No person can keep a term in any of them without being three days in the hall when the grace is said after dinner. None of the societies can call a gentleman to the

bar before he has been five years a member of the society, unless he is a master of arts or a bachelor of laws of any of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin, when three years is the period required. No person in trade or in deacon's orders, and no one who has held the situation of a conveyancer's clerk, can be admitted at all; and solicitors and attorneys must have their names struck off the rolls for two years, and the articles of clerks must be expired or cancelled two years, before they can be admitted. If one of the societies reject an applicant for admission, the circumstance is communicated to all the other inns, and, according to the resolutions by which all the societies are voluntarily bound, none of them can admit him. No one can be called to the bar until his name and description have been put up on the screen in the hall of the society to which he belongs for a fortnight previous to his call, and communicated to all the other societies. Before the call, the oaths of allegiance and supremacy are required. If the applicant gives a wrong description of himself in any one respect, his application will be rejected. Without the approbation of the treasurer or one of the benchers, no gentleman can be admitted.

The mode of admission varies little in the Inns. In stating his wishes to the society, the applicant must describe his age and condition in life, and the abode and condition in life of his father,—set forth the object which he has in view in seeking admission,—and bind himself to abstain from practice as a conveyancer unless he obtains the permission of the benchers. Recommended as a gentleman of respectability by two barristers, with the surety of a householder or a barrister for the payment of his dues, the applicant must give in a paper, containing his application, recommendation, and surety, to the steward of the society, for the approval of a bencher or the treasurer. When his application is approved, the admission takes place on the payment of a sum for the stamp, the bond, the admission-money, and other items, varying in the different Inns from 30*l.* to 40*l.* On his admission, the Student enters into a bond of 100*l.* penalty, along with another member of the Inn, for the payment of his commons or dinners while a student. Before he can keep terms, that is, eat a certain number of dinners in each term, he must deposit 100*l.* (which will be returned without interest on his call to the bar, or when he leaves the society), or produce a certificate of having kept the requisite number of terms at Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin, or of membership of the Faculty of Advocates in Scotland. In all the Inns the Student must keep twelve terms before he can be called.* Irish Students must keep eight in England, and nine in Dublin, and there is a ceremonial of nine exercises which all Students must undergo, the object of which is to make the benchers acquainted with the persons of the Students. In the Inner Temple this assumes the form of an examination, in order rather to learn how the Student has spent his time than to ascertain his abilities and acquirements.

On the expiring of his terms, his age being more than twenty-one years, and his certificate on commencing his exercises having been approved, the student informs the steward of his inn of his intention, some days previous to the commencement of the term in which he wishes to be called, in order that the necessary preparations may be made. Having obtained the support of one of the benchers to his petition, which he addresses to the benchers at a special council,

* By an oversight, the number of terms to be kept was stated as twenty, in the preceding Number.

if he obtains their approbation he attends the benchers after dinner, the usual oaths are administered, and he is called to the bar. When this has taken place, new bonds are entered into for the payment of his dues under a penalty of 200*l.*; and the expense, made up of various items, differs in the inns from about 66*l.* (the expense of being called in Gray's Inn) to 93*l.* (the expense in Lincoln's Inn).

There are different degrees among the members of the inns. The barristers were anciently called apprentices of the law, from *apprendre*, to learn. Above them formerly were the *ancients*—this was a degree of precedence bestowed as a mark of honour upon barristers, though enjoyed as a right by the sons of judges. The serjeants are the highest degree at common law, as the doctors are in civil law. The Court of Common Pleas was, until lately, set apart to this order of barristers. Serjeants-at-law are made by the King's writ, directed to the barristers upon whom the honour is conferred, commanding them to take upon them that degree by a certain day. The appointment of a barrister to the office of Queen's Counsel is another mode of conferring rank, technically called giving a silk gown, by which costume the bearers of this honour are distinguished. This honour is sometimes conferred by letters patent of precedence.

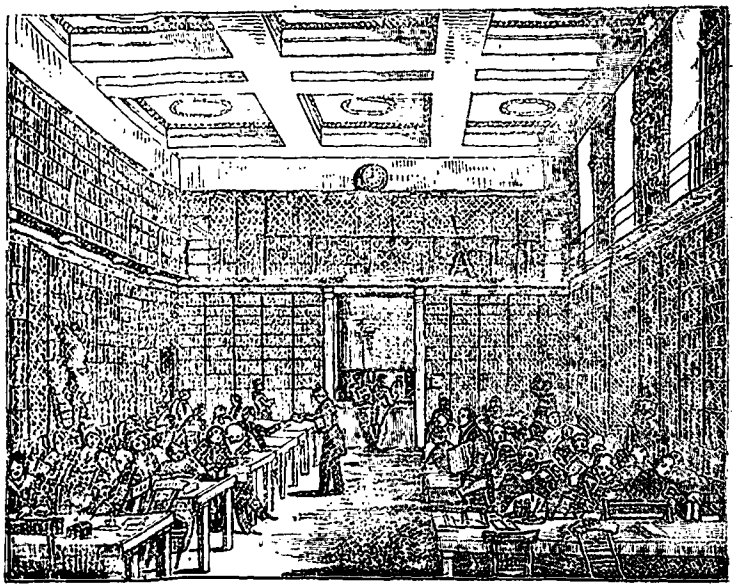
The benchers are elected out of barristers at the bar according to seniority. They govern and direct the Society. Their power is discretionary, and cannot be questioned. They may reject an application for admission without even assigning a reason. They possess this power, however, only in common with all voluntary societies. There is no appeal from their decision. The twelve judges are visiters of the inns. It is their province to take cognizance of the conduct of the benchers to the members of the inns; so that, though a person never admitted has no appeal to the judges, the refusal of a call to a member may be subjected to the revision of the visiters. The privilege of conferring upon individuals the right of pleading is enjoyed by the inns only in consequence of the permission of the judges.

The authority of the benchers in the rejection of an applicant for admission was tried in Michaelmas term, 1825, before the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Mr. Thomas Jonathan Wooler. Mr. Wooler applied in Michaelmas term, 1824, for admission as a member of Lincoln's Inn, but received, on the 27th of January following, an official communication of his rejection from the steward, without any reason assigned. He then petitioned the benchers for a statement of the reasons of his rejection, and a hearing in his own behalf; and having received no answer from them, he petitioned the twelve judges for redress. He was informed by the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, that the twelve judges had no power to interfere in the case. Mr. Wooler then applied for a *mandamus*—a *prerogative writ*, used in all cases where the law has established no other mode of redress—on the ground, that if the judges had no jurisdiction in such cases, the powers of the benchers were both grievous and unconstitutional. The judges delivered their opinions *seriatim*, which coincided with the opinion formerly expressed by Lord Mansfield—that the society was a voluntary body, and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of the Court—that no one had an inchoate right to admission, since the Inns of Court were not incorporations, but voluntary societies, enjoying the privilege of calling persons to the bar by the permission of the judges—and that, unless in the case of a member refused a call to the

bar, when, as visiters, they might revise the decision of the benchers, or in case the system of exclusion were carried so far as not to call a sufficient number of persons to the bar to transact the public business conveniently, the twelve judges had no right to interfere with the conduct of the benchers.

The way in which the benchers have exercised their powers may be ascertained, in some degree, from a few facts to be found in the evidence taken before the Common Law Commissioners. It appeared from the examination of Mr. Thomas Lane, steward of Lincoln's Inn, that from ninety to upwards of a hundred gentlemen were admitted members of the society every year, while the average number of calls to the bar was forty-two in the course of a year. He had held the office of steward for forty-one years, and remembered only one rejection of an applicant for admission, and two of persons applying to be called to the bar. Both the gentlemen rejected were afterwards called to the bar. One of them was an editor of a newspaper, and was rejected upon the ground of having been convicted of a libel. Neither Mr. Burrell the treasurer, nor Mr. Griffith the steward of Gray's Inn, were aware of any refusals of admission into the society to which they belong. Mr. Griffith stated that one individual had been refused admission to the bar because he was an uncertificated bankrupt. He appealed to the judges, and was heard by his counsel, Mr. Denman, but the judges sanctioned the refusal of the benchers. Mr. James Gardiner stated that four persons had been refused admission to the Inner Temple since he was under-treasurer. One was refused because he had been in trade, was a bankrupt, and did not intend to be called to the bar; another because he did not intend to be called to the bar, and was a barrister's clerk. Mr. Gardiner mentioned two cases which occurred in his predecessor's time. One of them was a person who had stolen papers from an attorney's office, and the other was this person's brother.

The Irish Inns of Court were established after the model of the English Inns, on the establishment of courts of justice in Dublin. By an old statute, Irish students must keep eight terms in one of the English Inns, as well as nine in the King's Inns, Dublin, before they can be called to the Irish bar. The original intention of this statute was to cultivate English habits and associations, as well as to enable them to observe the working of the law in the courts at Westminster. It is complained of as a grievance. Irish students may keep terms in London and Dublin alternately, or in any other order they think proper. Gray's Inn is the resort of the generality of Irish students, it being by far the most convenient to them, not only on account of the facility of keeping terms there, but also that of admission; for they are not required at this Inn to have their entrance document signed by two barristers, or to procure two housekeepers to enter into a bond. It will suffice if any other student or member of the Inn sign both. There is also no charge made for absent commons, as in Lincoln's Inn.



[Reading Room—British Museum.]

C.—THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY JAMES M'TURK, ESQ.

Most of our readers are familiar with the saloons of the British Museum which are opened to the public. They are at present requested to accompany us into a corner of the building frequented by more constant but less numerous visitors. From Montague Place, a short lane, entered by a gate, conducts to the north-east angle of the building. Let us pause a moment in the vestibule, and moralise on the contagious influence of a scientific atmosphere. The very doorkeepers, who take your umbrella and great-coat, evince a taste for reading. That fresh-looking young man, who sits behind the gate in a wooden box that looks like a dog-house, made for a Newfoundland dog accustomed to walk on his hinder legs, has his newspaper; and our stout friend within doors here, has his magazine or review. Those cabalistic strokes which he is drawing upon the piece of paper before him, with a pencil, are for the edification of our legislators. In this age all kinds of information are brought to the test of figures. The average number of daily visitors to the Museum is multiplied by the number of days it is open in a year, and the product is the amount of learning the institution diffuses through the nation. The calculation is laid before Parliament, in order that members may be able to estimate the intelligence of their constituents. But we are obstructing the entrance: move on. An ascent of one pair of stairs brings us into a short passage, or wide doorway, which connects two spacious, lofty rooms,

which, notwithstanding the party-wall, may be described as one hall, contracted in the middle, and bulging out at both ends like a square hour-glass, or a dandy, when dandies existed, and wore stays.

A lane, if we may be allowed to use so bold a figure of speech, runs from one end of this apartment to the other, and on each side of it are rows of parallel tables. The tables are capacious,—twelve in the western room, and ten in the eastern. The walls are clad with presses containing books; a gallery runs round each room at mid-height of the wall. The windows are in the north side, and extend from the gallery to the roof. At the west end of the western apartment is a door, with a kind of low counter across it, through which a glimpse is obtained into a suite of apartments with similar book-clad walls. At the opposite end of the same apartment is, on your right hand as you look to the west, a low table; on the left, a tall double desk, with double rows of folios, like ledgers, ranged along the top of it.

At each of the parallel tables above-mentioned is accommodation for eight persons; and they are generally occupied by their complement of individuals, surrounded by piles of books, writing away busily and in solemn silence. Within the doorway, across which the low counter stretches, is seated an intelligent, civil-looking person, of middle age; at the low table, on the right hand, at the opposite end of that apartment, is seated a venerable, portly gentleman, with hair of silvery white. Ever and anon one of the busy writers at the tables may be seen to rise, approach the double desk, reach down one of the folios, transcribe something from it on a small scrap of paper, and, after handing the note to the gentleman within the doorway, resume his seat. Another may be seen approaching the venerable gentleman, who, after a short whispered conversation, rises, and, proceeding to the double desk, hands down one of the folios, and appears to explain something. A third betakes himself to a single desk against the wall in the twin apartment, transcribes from a range of folios standing there, and hands his note to a burly senior seated at the end of the second table from the desk. Meanwhile two or more persons, similar in age and appearance to him who sits within the doorway, are passing incessantly backwards and forwards from that receipt of custom, where they receive books, to the tables, where they deposit them. The occupants of the tables are both male and female, the ruder sex predominating. A solemn silence pervades the hall; there is no conversation to be heard passing between the studious apparitions immersed among their books and papers, seemingly unconscious of the existence of the neighbours with whom they are rubbing shoulders; those who have occasion to move about flit with tiptoe, slipshod silence, from place to place; you might at any time hear a pin drop from one extremity of the space to the other.

The suite of apartments into which it has been said a glimpse is obtained over the head of the taker of receipts and giver-out of books must not be passed over in silence. There is something extremely imposing in the idea it impresses of an endless succession of book-walled aisles. Once, in days long gone, we were heralded by a meagre slipshod candidate for some of the lower orders of the priesthood through the vaults of two churches in Cologne, lined, *one with the skulls of St. Ursula and her ten thousand virgins, the other with the skulls*

of a whole legion of Roman soldiers, martyred at once for their faith. It was a grisly sight, all those grim grinning receptacles of busy and working intellects which had long deserted them. These book-clad walls, radiant in the light of day, are the very converse of the picture: here are all the intellects, and more numerous and better intellects, shelled out of their skulls like prawns when beat up into fish-sauce. It is, when on some rare occasion, and by special favour, one gets admitted into this *sanctum sanctorum*, an impressive and elevating feeling to pace those wide and lofty galleries, and imagine that you are breathing an atmosphere impregnated with book-learning. Nor is it unedifying, in the pauses of one's scribbling toils, to look up and catch a glimpse of their inmates—for inmates they have, both permanent and occasional. The permanent are those ministering spirits who convey the books from their snug resting-places to the *employé* whose office it is to distribute them to the neophytes in the double apartment above described—the makers of catalogues and indexes—and the *dii majores* who control and regulate their motions. The occasional are bright visions of fairy faces—looking at this season radiantly from amid thickets of flowers—whom the ever gallant T—— may be seen squiring through the Library, and who, as they pass the opening through which we espy them, steal furtive looks of wonderment at the strange assemblage congregated in the apartment to which the reader has just been introduced, and to which we now recall our wandering thoughts.

This is the Reading-room of the British Museum. Those little billets, hastily scrawled at the double desk, are receipts upon the credit of which any of the innumerable volumes which crowd the walls of the mile-long galleries of the Library of this great national institution are delivered to the drawer of that bill on the bank of knowledge, that he may study them. Spells they are of power, these little scraps of scrawled paper, to wake the spirits of the wise, and learned, and imaginative, and fantastic of all ages, and force them to converse with the writer—to pour out to him all their varied stores of racy, instructive, or elevating observation. This is the great national school, to which any one can, on the recommendation of some person known to the curators of the precious depôt, obtain access day after day, there to pursue his studies free of expense. This is the great national manufactory of books, in which intellectual machines are engaged week after week, month after month throughout the year, and from one year to another, grinding down the matter of old books in order to make new ones. This is the task in which by far the greater part of the busy, silent occupants of the tables are engaged; and those who move about are the ministering servants of this intellectual refectory, who bring to them the raw or manufactured material upon which they are to operate. No disparagement to our industrious brethren —those indefatigable "slaves of the lamp"—we never behold them taking their places of a morning, and waiting till their books are brought to them, but we think of so many chickens in a coop waiting to have their corn thrown down to them.

"Little," says Lenze, in 'Götz von Berlichingen,' while the Imperial troops are beleaguering his master's castle, "little did my father, when he begot me, think what worms should feed upon me, or what fowls of heaven should pick my

bones." When Lord Montagu laid the foundation of his princely abode in the fields now crowded with streets and squares, little did he imagine that the halls upon which the best artists of the day had lavished their powers of adornment should become the abode of a museum and library, and that these lifeless tenants, swelling in bulk and variety, should as it were in time burst the narrow walls, and render it necessary to build a wider crust around them. Nay, little did the first founder or founders of the Museum foresee the appending to it of the Port Esquiline we have been describing, through which its digested stores of intellectual food were to be conveyed backwards, to be spread over the surface of the national mind in order to enrich it.

London has at no time—at least, at no time since the art of printing was fairly established within its walls—been without its literary factories. In earlier times they were private establishments: each enterprising printer or publisher had his own establishment. Fielding, after his graceless fashion, has left us a sketch of one of these book-mills:—

"*Bookwright.* Fie upon it, gentlemen!—what! not at your pens? Do you consider, Mr. Quibble, that it is a fortnight since your 'Letter to a Friend in the Country' was published? Is it not time for an 'Answer' to come out? At this rate, before your 'Answer' is printed, your 'Letter' will be forgot. I love to keep a controversy up warm. I have had authors who have writ a pamphlet in the morning, answered it in the afternoon, and answered that again at night.

"*Quibble.* Sir, I will be as expeditious as possible; but it is harder to write on this side of the question, because it is the wrong side.

"*Book.* Not a jot. So far on the contrary, that I have known some authors choose it as the properest to show their genius. * * * Well, Mr. Dash, have you done that murder yet?

"*Dash.* Yes, sir, the murder is done: I am only about a few moral reflections to place before it.

"*Book.* Very well: then let me have the ghost finished by this day se'ennight.

"*Dash.* What sort of a ghost would you have this, sir? The last was a pale one.

"*Book.* Then let this be a bloody one. Mr. Quibble, you may lay by that 'Life' which you are about, for I hear the person is recovered, and write me out proposals for delivering five sheets of Mr. Bailey's 'English Dictionary' every week, till the whole be finished. If you do not know the form, you may copy the proposals for printing 'Bayle's Dictionary' in the same manner. The same words will do for both.

* * * * *

"*Scarecrow.* I have a translation of Virgil's 'Æneid,' if we can agree about the price.

"*Book.* Why, what price would you have?

"*Scare.* You shall read it first, otherwise how will you know the value?

"*Book.* No, no, sir; I never deal that way: a poem is a poem, and a pamphlet a pamphlet, with me. Give me a good handsome large volume, with a full promising title-page at the head of it, printed on a good paper and letter, the whole well bound and gilt, and I'll warrant its selling. You have the common error of

authors, that people buy books to read. No, no; books are only bought to furnish libraries, as pictures and glasses, and beds and chairs, for other rooms. Look ye, sir, I don't like your title-page: however, to oblige a young beginner, I don't care if I do print it at my own expense.

"*Scare.* But pray, sir, at whose expense shall I eat?

"*Book.* At whose? Why, at mine, sir, at mine. I am as great a friend to learning as the Dutch are to trade: no one can want bread with me who will earn it; therefore, sir, if you please to take your seat at my table, here will be everything necessary provided for you,—good milk porridge, very often twice a-day; which is good wholesome food, and proper for students. A translator, too, is what I want at present, my last being in Newgate for shoplifting. The rogue had a trick of translating out of the shops as well as the languages.

"*Scare.* But I am afraid I am not qualified for a translator, for I understand no language but my own.

"*Book.* What, and translate Virgil!

"*Scare.* Alas, I translated him out of Dryden.

"*Book.* Lay by your hat, sir; lay by your hat immediately. Not qualified!—thou art as well versed in thy trade as if thou hadst laboured in my garret these ten years."

From one of the publications of the immaculate Lætitia Pilkington, we learn that Curll sat for the portrait of Bookwright; and the lady gives an account of an interview in which he attempted to recruit her for "my garret." Fielding was in a savage humour when he wrote the scenes of which the dialogues just quoted are a part. He has scarcely done justice to the garreteers of his day: neither the men nor their books were so contemptible as he represents them. Ralph was one of these garreteers. To many he may only be known by Pope's distich:—

> "Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
> Making night hideous: answer him, ye owls."

But Ralph was no fool. In Franklin's Memoirs we read how he came to England with the printer's boy, who was to be the founder of a republic, to push his way as a wit and poet. "Pope drove that out of his head;" and in Bubb Doddington's Memoirs we read how he had made himself necessary to the political leaders of his time by his pamphleteering skill. Ralph's 'History of England,' though lightly spoken of by the wits and witlings of his day, has risen in estimation as time effaced the personal prejudice against the author; and it was a "garret" production. Nay, a greater than Ralph—Samuel Johnson—belonged, for long after his first arrival in town (and, indeed, during the whole of his active literary career), to the "garret" school. His Dictionary is one of that class of works which the 'Annual,' 'Magazine,' and 'Minerva Press' school of literature look down upon as incompatible with *genius*. His 'Lives of the Poets' were undertaken for a bookseller's speculation—a collective edition of English poets. He was in great request for prefaces and dedications. What Curll was to Quibble and Scarecrow, Cave was at one time to Samuel Johnson. If our recollection deceive us not, it was Richardson who told how, having praised a paper of the 'Rambler' one day while dining with Cave, that publisher said to him

next morning, "You made a man happy by your praise yesterday." "How so?" "Did you not observe that, while we sat at dinner, a plate of victuals was sent to some one behind the screen?—it was the author of the paper we spoke of, who did not like to appear on account of the shabbiness of his dress."

"I have much to say in behalf of that same Falstaff," cries the fat Knight, indignant that his play should be broken off by such a trifle as the Sheriff coming to apprehend him for a robbery. And I have much to say in behalf of that respectable body of book-makers of which it is my boast to be an unworthy member. The history of science and literature has been in general written too much in the spirit in which Sergeant Kite relates the military annals of his country to raw recruits. The distinguished heroes, the drawers of the great prizes, alone are commemorated. The generals are spoken of as if they had fought and won their battles single-handed: the privates and subaltern officers are passed over in solemn silence. Richard Steele understood true worth better, and immortalised in his 'Tatler' the heroic letter of a sergeant in the British army in Flanders—where, according to my Uncle Toby's account of it, they swore terribly. When will another Steele arise, to do justice to the toils and destinies obscure of scholars unknown to fame?

Aristotle, Euclid, Homer, Ptolemy, Gibbon, Voltaire, even Shakspere, are the names not so much of individual men, as of encyclopædiacal minds which comprehended and uttered the collective thoughts of themselves, their contemporaries, and predecessors. No one man's strength could have raised them to the pinnacles they attained: the intercommunication of thoughts, by books or oral converse, was necessary to develop their powers. There must be a *literary* public before a great genius can arise: his works may overshadow all others, but they can only be produced when others have been produced before them, or are producing at the same time. The veriest index-maker has his share in maturing thoughts, the common property of thinkers, in order that they may in time take their places in the masterpieces which genius alone can put together. The co-operative thinking of society is incessantly going on: the little labours of our contributors to reviews and magazines—our compilers of papers for societies literary and scientific—our travellers, experimenters with blowpipes and crucibles, and peepers through telescopes—all who fancy they are doing something very great, while in reality, like Berkeley's "minute philosopher," their labours belong to the category of the infinitely little—are, however trivially, yet honourably, and even usefully, employed. All their small doings will be turned to good account the next time a Newton or a D'Alembert is born. This was the case with the book-vampers of the days of Curll and Lintot; and it is much more true of their successors in our own.

For a wider public, and an improved literary machinery, have elevated the professional book-maker in the scale of society. He is less tied down to one employer; there is a steadier and wider market for his wares. So late as the days of Fielding and Johnson, the poor scholar was found in books by the bookseller for whom he compiled; he was bound to work in the shop of the person who provided him with tools. But now we find our tools in the public libraries, and bargain with the dealers who pay us best. There is steady work for those who will work; there

is competition among employers; and, with patience, industry, and prudence, there is certainty of success for any one of fair average intellect. And even when the boy's dream of rising to the first distinctions of science or poetry has faded—when the ripe man has learned to estimate his real powers and position—there is something humanising and ennobling in the very humblest walks of literary labour. The intellect is cultivated; and wherever that is the case, the spirit of the gentleman is more or less developed.

This is nowhere more strikingly displayed than in the hall into which we have now led the reader. Bating some waifs and strays who occasionally resort hither (of whom more anon), the inmates of the apartment are professional *literati* of all grades. Some "queer enough customers" there are among them, God knows; for literature is not like the legalised and formalised professions of divinity, law, and medicine, to which men are regularly inducted; it is a trade which any man may take up at his own hand. Among the "hommes de lettres," that professional decorum and etiquette which is required at the hands of the high-priests of the three black graces cannot well be exacted. They are many of them, like Falstaff's recruits, picked up in strange out-of-the-way corners. Hitherward drift in our days great part of those who "cannot dig, and to beg are ashamed." The briefless barrister, the clergyman who cannot get a living, the doctor whom no patient will trust, the half-pay midshipman, all betake themselves to some branch of book-making; and many yet more eccentric adventurers, who have been strangely kicked and buffeted about this rude world, may be seen seeking in this workshop of letters a haven of repose.

Here may be seen intelligent and ambitious individuals, who, without the advantages of a regular education, have become ambitious of writing as well as reading, or perhaps (for the disease often takes that form) have learned to suspect that mechanical pursuits are beneath them. One such we remember to have had under our eyes many years ago. Bred a bookbinder, he had a soul above calf-skin. He played the fiddle, had picked up a smattering of French, and aspired to indite "good matter in a song." By means of the undefinably ramified connections between all the mechanical coadjutors of literature, he scraped acquaintance with one of the respectable class of penny-a-liners, and some of his prose, if not of his verse, found its way into print. After reaching this point, he set up at once as a man of letters or artist, it is impossible to say precisely which. He taught himself grammar and composition, in both of which he was utterly deficient, by comparing his published effusions with the original drafts, which he kept for himself. He eked out the scanty returns of his literary labours by playing on the fiddle, and by giving foreigners instructions in English. At last he fought his way to the editorship of a cheap *réchauffé* of tales and essays, undertook to print for himself, and having with all his eccentricities an eye to the main chance, saved some little money and got above the world. As he became prosperous, he learned to calculate more soberly upon appearances. His second-hand frock-coat with frogs, his long greasy locks, and feeble attempt at a moustache, gave way to a plain, tidy, unpretending suit and appearance. The dirty minor-theatrical dandy ripened into an irreproachable commonplace man of business. He minds the shop, and has deserted the reading-room.

Not so one who might often be seen seated beside him, although they did not appear to be acquaintances—at least, did not recognise each other in public. This lorn turtle—bereft of him who in outward show balanced him as admirably as one cabinet picture of Berghem could another—cannot be said to be regular in his attendance. On the contrary, his "apparitions" are as incalculable as those of a comet. Long and shambling, with redundant carroty locks which might put to the blush those brought to London by Roderick Random, and the whole outer man oscillating between shabby and particularly shabby, he seems only to appear among us when he cannot help it. He stumbles up and down as if the daylight were too strong for him, and he sought to contract himself into invisibility—making more noise than all the rest put together, precisely because he wishes to make less. He is a mystery—no one has been able to trace or conjecture his haunts. But there are rumours that he only comes here when hard pushed, in order to make as much money by copying MSS. as will enable him to start again in his favourite occupation of a night-cabman.

But much more alarming and portentous wild-fowl than these home-grown caricatures, are some foreign birds which have strayed into this grove of the Muses. They aspire to be taken for gentlemen who do business in the patriot line—"voyageurs pour la maison de Lafayette," as we once heard a high-spirited Polish emigrant call them, with a most unequivocal curl of his upper lip. Well might he be indignant, for "Polish exile" is the name assumed by many among them, who, if ever they left Poland, left it only because they thought their itinerant traffic in goose-quills might be carried on to more advantage elsewhere. This class of visitors are birds of passage, and only appear within these precincts during the winter season. In summer, probably, they are akin to the chosen associates of Amiens:—

> "Under this greenwood tree
> Who love to lie with me:"

but in winter the reading-room of the Museum is an economical *café*, in which they have coals for nothing; and if they have not succeeded in picking up a stray newspaper (each of them generally brings one in his pocket), why then they can have the fashionable novels to while away their time with; and, with a humane attention to the wants of these unfortunates, which is beyond praise, there has lately been compiled a special catalogue of the more modern novels and romances.

We would not for the world be churlish—far from us be the thought of debarring any student, even of novels and newspapers, from access to the treasures of their favourite lore contained in the Library of the British Museum. But seeing that the hard-working portion of us who haunt the room often find little enough space at the tables, and find difficulty in getting a peep at the catalogues, there is a suggestion to which we would with all due deference and respect implore the attention of the trustees. Could not an apartment—there appear to be some unoccupied in the basement story—be set apart for the exclusive use of the newspaper and novel readers, foreign and domestic, and the space they now occupy in the Reading-room be left free to the professional *littérateurs?* If this hint were acted upon, there are others who might be beneficially relegated

to the new ward—the juvenile students in the Greek and Latin classes of University College, who are in the habit of frequenting the Reading-room in order to con their tasks. Perhaps it were too much to expect that each young collegian should be at the expense of purchasing a Schrevelius's Lexicon, and using it at home; but if the Museum Library is to be accessible to schoolboys of the lower form, as well as to students "of a larger growth," it would be desirable to have a separate class-room for them.

It is in no spirit of wanton or ill-natured merriment that we have made some of the grotesques of the Reading-room thus prominent, but for the sake of enforcing the remark with which we introduced them on the humanising influence of literary pursuits. The admission to the Library is, as it ought to be, all but indiscriminate; and many who haunt it, it may be conjectured from what has been said, are not exactly the most polished or tractable members of society. [Even young walkers of the hospitals are to be found here.] Yet we have never seen among this motley multitude anything but the most guarded politeness. The poorest, threadbare, ungainly scholar (if he be indeed a scholar) is a gentleman in his feelings: Dominie Sampson had a noble and fine spirit of chivalry in him, and the preponderance of this class in the Reading-room rebukes and keeps in check all contrary dispositions among the rest. If we had a son or ward, whom we wished to make a perfect gentleman—one who combined the noiseless courtesy of the diplomatist with the genuine feeling of which his is too often a mere counterfeit—we know of no better school to which we could send him than the Reading-room of the British Museum. The "Gentlemen of the Press"—a designation which, in this land of politicians, has come to be synonymous with reporter—are sometimes, we grieve to say it, anything but gentlemen: the custom of poking and prying into every body's business, and of fighting and scuffling for the best seats on public occasions, gives them unamiable habits; but the purely literary drudge is always a gentleman.

Were we inclined to laugh—as has been the custom since the days of Juvenal—at the loutish manners, threadbare cloak, and clouted shoe of the mere man of letters, nowhere could more excellent subjects be found than here. But the joke is stale, and worse, if it be treated merely as a joke—it is heartless. The emotion we feel, on looking at the most uncouth among them, is rarely the light inclination to laugh. That tall, emaciated figure, wrapt in a half-worn great-coat, with unfathomable skirts—with shoulders destitute of breadth, and boots rivalling those of a Dutch fisherman, each wide enough to contain his narrow shoulders—a human obelisk, tapering upwards from his base—has yet, in his voluminous grey hair and whiskers, in the hat pulled deep over his determined brows, and the grim intentness with which he pores upon the enormous folio before him, a homely dignity which commands respect, and repels levity. On the other hand, that little man, with a remarkably commonplace countenance, who seems incapable of sitting still or fixing his attention for five minutes consecutively, who is now beckoning with "wreathed smiles" to an acquaintance he has recognised for the first time to-day, anon slipping to the farthest end of the apartment to proffer a pinch to one of the assistants in the library, and again bending over a friend's shoulder to communicate some important nothing to him in a whisper—there is a

bonhommie about him that can only be liked. He is, with all his fidgetiness, in no man's way: for he moves about noiselessly, he never intrudes when you are busy, nor approaches till he has asked and obtained leave by looks; and his restlessness is the pure effusion of an excessive craving for friendly, social intercourse.

These are our bookmen, a modest, unpretending race. We know that our place is "below the salt" at the great table of literature, and demean ourselves accordingly. Not so the dealers with MSS. The mere copyists—an indefatigable class—are well enough; but they who take upon them to blazon forth what has been passed over with neglect by all the world are more aspiring. One could almost fancy that, on the strength of the compositions which they from time to time usher into the world having never been printed before, they believed themselves entitled to the full honours of original authorship. So have we seen a portly chaperon at a rout as proud of a young débutante, nowise related to her, as if the pretty creature had been her own flesh and blood: thus have we seen the hen which had hatched a brood of ducklings, puff out her feathers, and cluck and strut, as if she had laid every egg from which the broad-footed waddlers had emerged. They are a strange set, these discoverers and editors of old MSS.; testy and wayward with all—continually squabbling among themselves—the "choleric boys" of our otherwise peaceable establishment, not one of them can by any chance see the slightest merit in another's discoveries, and yet they critically inspect them all, and watch with fidgety eagerness the process of extracting them from musty and mouldering rolls. If a controversy chance to get up between two of them, it is odds but each can tell how many days each has had in hand the volume which contains the MS. about which they are debating, and how many hours and minutes of each day.

If we were to go farther, and attempt to penetrate below the mere surface—if we were, in fancy, as Sterne has taken a captive in his dungeon—to follow some of the more striking of these figures to their humble homes, what revelations of the secret workings of human nature might we not receive! The diversity of the haunts from which so many repair daily to this place as to a common centre of activity can scarcely be less than that which characterises the frequenters of any other of busy London's marts. The chapters of accidents, of which many have been the heroes before they settled here, might be called the romance of real life, had not that word got into the Annuals, and become hackneyed and unmeaning. The high-minded exile, from less-favoured lands, may be seen here, drawing as much upon his own observation of real life as upon the books piled up before him, while he narrates the revolutionary struggles of the last half-century. He who has in vain sought to better his condition in our colonies may be seen seated beside him who has rambled without definite purpose through many lands, "gathering, like all rolling stones, no moss"—

> "———— an idler in the land,
> Contented if he might enjoy
> The things which others understand."

The ardent boy, fresh from the University, who yet dreams that all the honours of society may be earned by a bold and aspiring spirit, and who regards the

drudgery of literature as a rough but brief apprenticeship through which he must pass to fame, is here beside him who has already passed the culminating point of his life, whose day-dreams have faded, and who, if he would not feel his heart wither up, must anchor it upon the young, who are starting on the same career of glad and vague delusion which he has run through. From every clime, from all professions, you will find some who have drifted down here. Were they, in confidence, to exchange confessions, the scenes through which they have passed would be found varied in the extreme, the characters of those who have passed through them uniform to monotony. "Tush! nothing could have brought a man to this pass but his unkind daughters:" there is but one cause that brings a man to become an *habitué* of the Reading-room—his unfitness for any active profession. The ballad-singer is the type of the whole literary tribe: they amuse the holders of the world's wealth, and have some of the superfluity flung to them for their pains. No man will betake himself to such a trade unless he has an irresistible propensity to dream away good part of his time. Such a one may make convulsive efforts and desperate resolves to settle to some honest trade, but nature proves too strong for him, and he is sure to come here, or to some similar resort at last. Burns's picture of the musings of his class is exaggerated, but founded in fact:—

"Had I to good advice but harkit,
I might ere this have led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and clerkit
My cash account;
But now, half-clad, half-fed, half-sarkit
Is a' the amount."

"His unkind daughters:" the allusion reminds us of an omission—the fair visitants of the Reading-room. They are not numerous, but they are ominous of a social revolution. It has been the fashion with women of genius to complain of their sex being held in subjection—to assert their right to an entire fellowship and equality with the male monsters. It may be questioned whether they would gain by the exchange. The graceful courtesy and deference paid to woman has its root in the belief of her weakness and necessarily subject condition. If, by any change in the opinions and arrangements of society, women were able to assert an entire equality, it is difficult to see how this gallantry could maintain its ground. If women are to co-operate with and rival men in the schools, in the senate, and on the mart, they will be treated like men. The Britomarts of chivalry received the homage due to their sex, after they had just been thwacking their worshippers, because they were exceptions; but the Amazons of classical time got buffet for buffet, because they were the rule. But be this as it may, it cannot be denied that the tendency of society is towards a greater independence in the position of women, and that the change has its advantages. We have that confidence in human nature, and its Creator, that we believe the transition will be effected by degrees, to the benefit of all parties, without one sacrifice of what is beautiful and amiable in the relations of the sexes. And it is in the pursuits of art and literature that we think we recognise one of the means for asserting the independence of woman, without any sacrifice of the gentler graces of her sex. It is beyond

question that the habit of seeing ladies publicly engaged in literary pursuits is familiarising the minds of a portion of society to the coming revolution, as the independent habits of thought and action, produced in them by a remunerative profession, is bringing it about. And there can be little doubt that the general polished tone that pervades the inmates of the room is heightened by their presence. It would savour of the school-boy style of composition to attach a romantic or sentimental story to every owner of a pretty face (and pretty faces, and modest ones too, are to be met here as well as elsewhere) that may be seen reading or drawing in the Museum. And our allegiance and fair fealty to all womankind forbids us to take the liberty of smiling at some, with respect to whom less Quixotic persons than ourselves might not be so scrupulous. In the shadowy piece of antiquated virginity, immersed amid Greek MSS. in the corner, we respect the romantic young lady of fifty years ago: she is the incarnation of Narcissa's aunt in 'Roderick Random,' who was a genuine lady, with all her foibles. In her more ancient neighbour, whose cap is even yet worn under an air of pretension, and whose clear carnated complexion is, to say the least, very suspicious, we admire the triumph of imagination over reality. It is any odds that the folio before her is Sidney's 'Arcadia,' or one of Scudoni's romances, and that she is reading it with all the faith, interest, and self-application of fifteen.

Casting a look backwards to see if no other omissions have been made, it appears that we have unpardonably overlooked a class of monomaniacs who occasionally stray hitherward. There is a comely gentleman sitting opposite us, with a smooth open brow: somewhat bald he is, and what hair he has is white. His blue coat and clear metal buttons, and, in short, all his attire, is irreproachably neat and clean. There is a deferential civility in all his movements. His complexion is clear to boyishness; the only symptom of the encroaching feebleness of age is a slight, barely perceptible paralytic tremour in his hands. He sits amid a pile of parchments—volumes and rolls—all heraldic. He has spent his life in a government office, and might have retired upon a pension years ago, but he could not live without his accustomed occupation, and it would be difficult to supply his place with one so completely fitted for it by nature and experience. He has but one taste beyond the range of his official duties, and that is heraldic genealogy. He has long practised as an amateur, for the gratification of others, dressing up pedigrees for such of his friends as were ambitious of them. But the disease rarely stops at that stage: he imagines that he has stumbled upon a discovery which will lead to the revival of a dormant peerage in the person of a distant relation, and establish a claim to a landed estate in an English county in his own. With much solicitation he has obtained a fortnight's leave of absence from his office, to pursue his search among the MSS. of the Museum—with much solicitation, for his superiors had a difficult card to play: the old man's heart would have broke had leave been refused, and it is odds but too ready compliance with his request, seeming to imply his services might be dispensed with, would have produced the same effect. And there he sits placid and happy, buoyed up with the consciousness that he is indispensable in his office, inspired with the anticipation of some unimaginable happiness he is to derive from becoming rich, and escaping from the routine of an office out of which he

could not live; shaping out visions of the future, as if he were just starting in life, instead of drawing near its close.

There are many as arrant dreamers among us: some shaping out colonial constitutions, others squaring the circle. Sometimes a speculative ex-landowner may be detected, who, having improved away his own acres, is devising methods by which others may follow his example. But for none of these do we entertain such an entire affection—do we contemplate with such unmixed pleasure as our heraldic friend.

It is difficult to decide how we ought to classify another sort of gentlemen who may sometimes be found labouring among us. On the eve of an important parliamentary debate, some of the "collective wisdom" may occasionally be seen gathering here like gulls on an inland meadow before a coming storm. That dapper personage, half hidden behind a colossal pile of folios, is not only a Member of the Lower House, but the lucky holder of one of the non-Cabinet appointments. He is busy "cramming" for the great debate on India affairs which is to come on in a week or so, and has been emancipated from his desk, where he does no harm, to prepare for the Senate, where the satirically-minded might say he will do no good. He is not the only getter up of a display "for that night only" by a goodly many, though, in general, the cramming practice is gone through in private. May Providence endow the doomed listeners (when the rival wits come to vomit their undigested facts, figures, and arguments against each other) with patience and powers of endurance adequate to the arduous occasion! That is no concern of ours, for he will be clever who can catch us hazarding the trial. Our only concern with the "crammers" is, whether to class them with the dreamers above described (and their airy visions of their own importance would almost entitle us to do so), or with the "practical men," who secure their share of the good things of life—and that, after all, is their proper place.

A few words are due to the magnificent collection of books—the honeyed hive which attracts so many busy bees. It is easy to cavil, and objections have sometimes been urged, both to the Library and its management, but it is more easy to find fault than improve. Access can easily be obtained to it by all who really wish to use it; and a library is no attractive lounge for sight-seers, and ought not [redacted]d upon them if it were. After a considerable experience, we can b[redacted] to the unwearying activity and unvarying civility of the officials w[redacted]pon the readers. If any thing remains to be wished for, it is that s[redacted]in the collection might be filled up, and arrangements made for the progressive addition of all new continental works of merit as they appear. The Library, though valuable from its immense extent, has the appearance of having accumulated by accident rather than of having been systematically collected. There are in it some departments of literature unrivalled for completeness; there are others which are pitiably deficient. The department of Mathematical Science, for example, is very incomplete; so is that of History. Jurisprudence—both domestic and foreign, both civil and international—is below contempt. But for these defects—not the managers of the Museum or Library—the nation, or the statesmen who take upon them to speak and act in its name, are responsible. An outlay which to this nation would be trifling would suffice to put the Library

in a condition of completeness, and to keep it advancing with the advances of literature and science. It is the noblest intellectual monument a great State can erect of its own power and worth. A great national library is the most efficient of universities. The Library of the British Museum has been improved to a degree that will stamp both the people and their rulers with childish vacillation and inconsequence of purpose, if it be not yet further improved. It is the fashion among our public men to talk about national education, and the diffusion of knowledge; the neglect which this institution has experienced at the hands both of ministers and members of Parliament is little calculated to make such professions regarded as anything more than empty words. Once a year during the sitting of Parliament, a minister may take occasion, when the annual estimate for the Museum is submitted to the House, to brag about the Library, or an opposition member to cavil at the management of it. Both speak with equally imperfect knowledge of the subject; and after they have said their little say, the theme is shelved again till the same time next year. There is no minister to whose department the Museum and Library properly belong. Had we in this country a Minister of Public Instruction, something might be hoped; but there is little prospect of John Bull either asking for or consenting to such an un-English novelty.

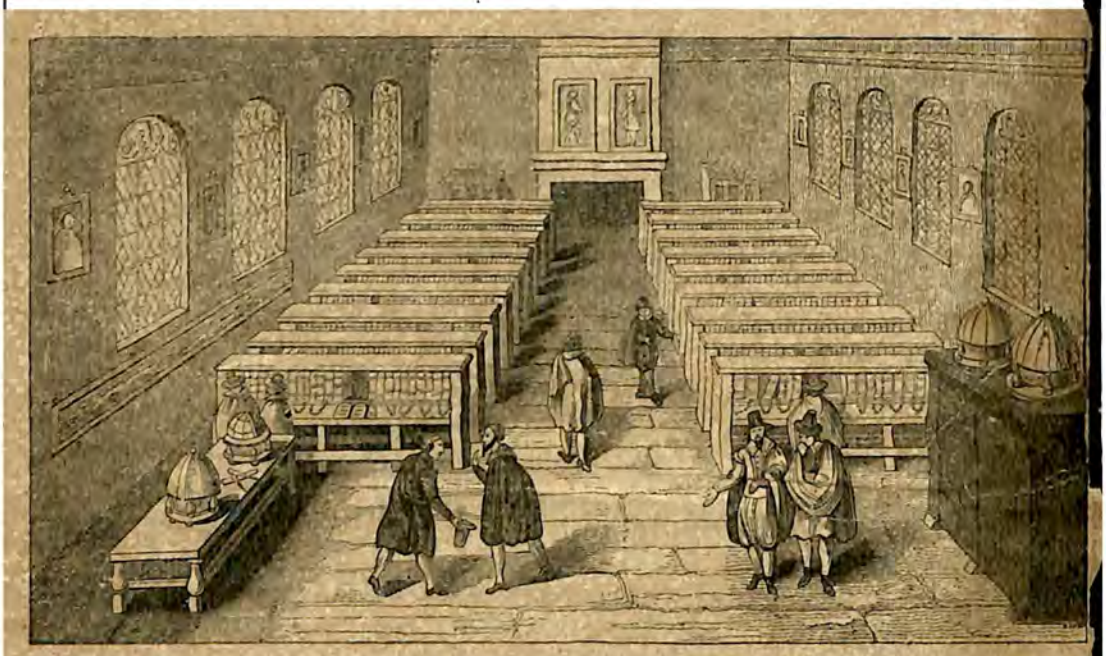
Paulo minora canamus: this is a flight beyond our commission—we return to the little things of our own familiar sphere. It may seem a monotonous life, repairing hither day after day, reading and writing, preparing "copy" and correcting proofs. But nothing in this world is smooth, philosophers will tell you, unless looked at from a distance or without a microscope. A proper magnifying glass will show a thousand roughnesses on our smooth-seeming surface. A book is wanted in order to complete an article, and the gentleman or (more hopeless case still) the lady, your *vis-à-vis*, has got hold of it: or a fact or a date is wanting to complete a paper upon which you have been long labouring, and you can neither find nor conjecture any book which contains the information you want; and all the while some merciless publisher, or editor, or sub-editor, or printer's devil is dunning you for copy with imperturbable civility, but unintermitting pertinacity. And, worst of all, a treacherous conscience takes occasion to remind you that if you had been an immaculate steady-going piece of clock-work, y[redacted]r have got into the dilemma. Oh how at such a moment the "pe[redacted]" opens and shuts catalogues, and collects around him books he has no [redacted]n-sult, and sweats intellectual sweat!—Job was no labourer in the Rea[redacted]of the British Museum, or Satan would soon have had him at his mercy!

There are trials worse than these in reality, though, perhaps, not so hard to bear, seeing that when they beset a man he can throw the blame off his own shoulders and sit in the conscious dignity of a martyr to an unkind fate. In all countries, we believe, of the habitable globe, the word mist or fog is more or less understood; but nowhere, except perhaps in Amsterdam, does the dark fog-king so love to take up his abode as in London. He swathes this his own regal seat in winter in his very "dunnest pall." Now when he has thickened the air the city merchant can shut his shutters and light his lamp, the cabman can lead his horse with one hand and hold a link with the other; but no lights can be allowed in the

rich library of the British Museum for fear of untoward accidents. Almost every other branch of industry can make a shift in these dark days, but the luckless author is extinguished—fog-bound. There may be some still alive who remember the great annular eclipse which was visible over great part of these islands three or four years ago; and they can scarcely have forgotten the consternation and annoyance excited among the feathered creation by that phenomenon—how rooks, pigeons, poultry, and skylarks, as the day grew darker and darker, hurried to their roosts, like Cinderella belated at the ball, wondering in their little hearts what could have made the day appear so short. Such and more melancholy yet is the aspect of the Reading-room when fog sheds its "dim eclipse," its "disastrous twilight," over and through it. First, as the darkness begins to grow palpable, there is a general uneasy flutter, a looking upwards to the windows, an occasional lifting up of a volume closer to the eye: then some of those whose visions require most sunlight stop, fold their arms, and appear to consider what is now to be done: then, after an interval, some hasty spirits collect and return their books and take their departure. The more hopeful flatter themselves that the dark hour may soon pass over; unwilling to lose a whole day, they linger on. As the room thins the lingerers gather into knots, and a rustling sound of whispered conversations is heard from many quarters. This and the appearance of clustering masses dimly seen through the embrowned air is soon the only indication of life in the room. By and by, all have departed, and the library assistants are left to solitude and their own meditations. Much sympathy has been thrown away upon poor gardeners and watermen "frozen out:" they have, at least, what Ajax prayed for when Jupiter sent a fog over the Greeks—they have broad daylight whereby to see their coming fate. But whoever would witness the extreme of human dejectedness, let him contemplate unfortunate authors FOGGED OUT.

It is a strange thing, Conscience. As we write with a goodly collection of folios most hypocritically gathered around us, not one of our neighbours can suspect that "a chiel 's among them takin' notes;" and yet it seems as if the writers at the same table were edging away their chairs—and as if that black-eyed brunette, copying a flower, were drawing her bonnet deeper over her brow—and the [redacted]ant, whose habitual attentions to the fair frequenters of the Read-[redacted]fy him to be called "the Squire of Dames," were more than half [redacted]tep this way, and ask us "what we are about." So, in good time, [redacted]f the clock points to the last minute on the dial at which readers are [redacted] to remain. For some quarter of an hour or more, one or another of our fellow-labourers has been throwing down his pen, gathering his manuscript together, returning his books, and taking his departure. The assistants in the interior—the fetchers and carriers of books—have been gathering round the opening, through which we catch a glimpse of that region, like sailors in the galley, when their task is completed. In the centre of their front line is a tall figure, slightly bent with a gentle touch of years, clad in a courtly suit of black, the leader and controller of the band. They are gazing listlessly at the scribblers, who yet linger, scrawling with redoubled speed as the last minute of their

limited stay approaches. It, has come, and the tall senior giving the signal to him who sits behind the counter within the doorway, that Lablache of the establishment sings aloud, in his deep, mellow bass, with the cadence of a night-watchman of the old school, "All out!" Whereat most of the loitering writers start and hurriedly scramble their books together. One or two attempt to finish another line, but the repetition of "All out!" in quicker time and with a sharper accent, forces even them to pause, and in a minute the room is empty: all its busy occupants "fled, like a dream, until the morrow day."



[A Public Reading-room in 1616.]

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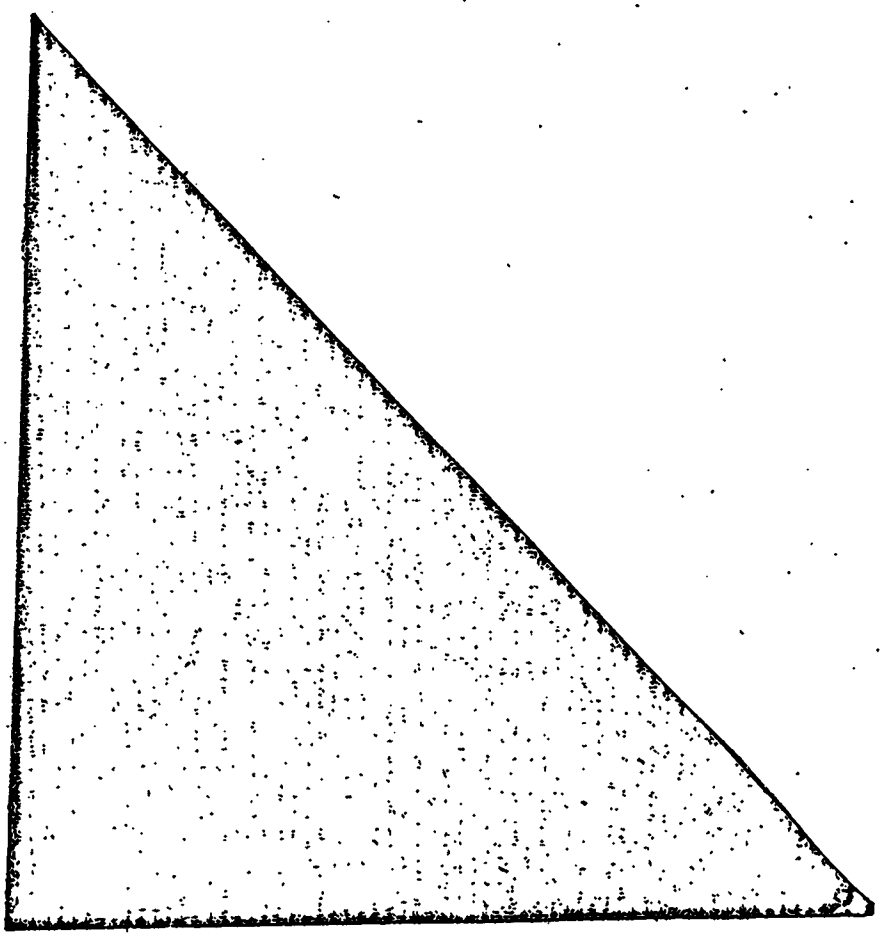

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